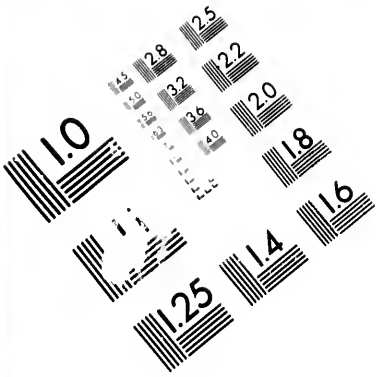

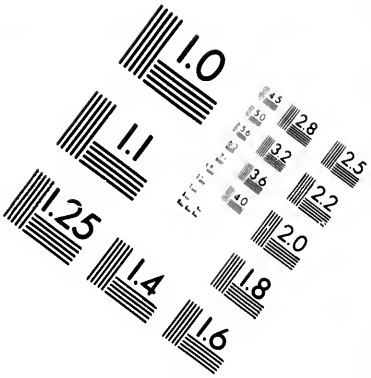

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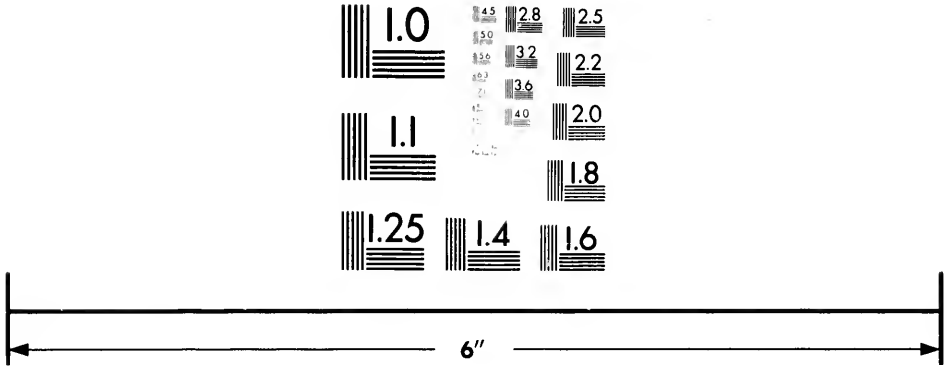

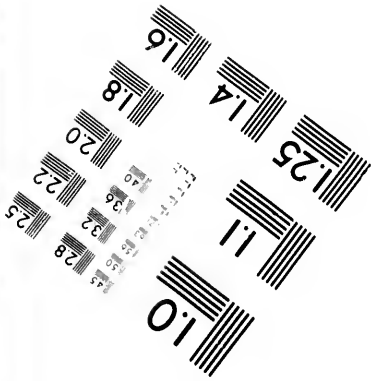

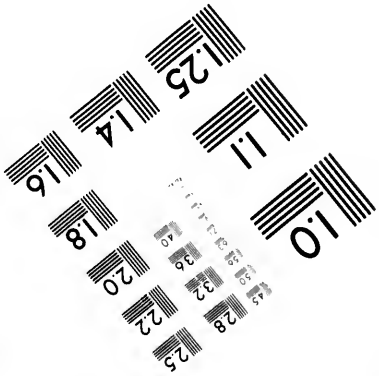

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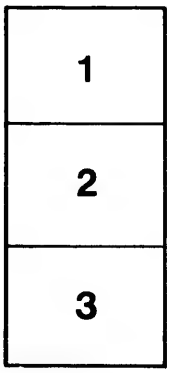
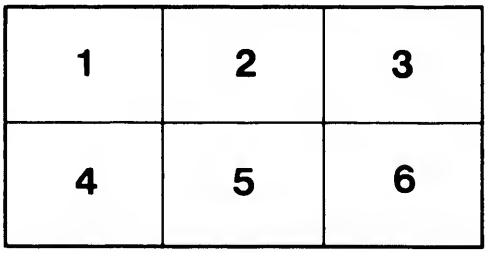




ANECDOTES

OF

IRELAND

A SERIES OF SKETCHES ILLUSTRATIVE OF THE

PRINCIPAL CHARACTERS OF IRISH HISTORY,

BY

CORNELIUS DONOVAN.

Our memory shall often in dreams sublime,
Catch a glimpse of the days that are over;
And sighing look through the waves of time,
For the long faded glories they cover.—MOORE.

HAMILTON:

EVENING TIMES PUBLISHING HOUSE, 3 HUGHSON STREET.

1872.

TO THE

IRISHMEN OF CANADA

THIS HUMBLE VOLUME

IS RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED

BY THE

AUTHOR.

THE ARGUMENT.

In introducing to the notice of the world of literature this our virgin production, we are influenced by the sole desire of placing in the possession of our patrons a pithy, yet comprehensive and reliable narrative of Ireland's prominent men. This is a subject that affords a wide scope for the ability of an author, and to do it full justice—that is, to give a detailed account of the actions of the legion of renowned characters that have at various times appeared on the stage of the great theatre of Irish history—would be a vast undertaking, filling many volumes, and worthy of the genius of the most famous writers. No country in the world can boast of a brighter galaxy of luminaries than Ireland, whether as warriors, churchmen, poets, orators or statesmen. Her warriors have never been excelled in any age for their bravery and chivalry; her ecclesiastics of every degree, from the days of St. Patrick down to those of Cardinal Cullen, have been examples of sanctity and learning for their contemporaries of other nations; her poets, whether under the guise of the simple bard of the ancient chieftain, or

the more refined muse of modern times, have given to the world conceptions of genius unexcelled in the history of their respective periods; and her orators by their impassioned eloquence and fiery rhetoric, have elevated themselves to the summit of the temple of fame, from which they can gaze down with a sublime consciousness of power on the futile efforts of the would be rivals at their feet. To give a graphic description of all these is beyond the reach of this liliputian volume; but to delineate the chief among the four classes enumerated, in a brief, logical and systematic manner, thereby supplying a long felt desideratum in Irish literature, is our humble task, and for any slight inaccuracies that we may be guilty of in endeavoring to fulfil it, we crave the forbearance of all friendly critics.

THE AUTHOR.

March, 1872.

IRISH PEARLS.

ANECDOTES OF IRELAND.

IRELAND AS IT WAS.

Afar from thee sojourning,
Whether I sigh or smile,
I call thee still "Mavourneen,"
My own Green Isle.

—IRISH MAIDEN'S SONG.

THE GEM OF THE SEA has had its history expatiated on by friends and enemies from time immemorial; and if a few of the former have been given to excessive laudations, the great body of the latter, as a rule, have vented their venom and spleen by shameful misrepresentations or by equally reprehensible omissions. Passing on without further reference to the advocates of our national cause, we will at once join issue with its adversaries, and in as few words as possible analyze the subterfuges of those who traduce our country by sins of omission.

What benefit, they ask, can be derived by the student of classical history, from the perusal of the

records of Ireland, a country whose chief historical features are characterized by bloody wars, deadly feuds and wild superstitions? We answer, it is as beneficial as a knowledge of the events of those famous countries of antiquity, Greece and Rome, so highly recommended, whose internal conflicts were as numerous and no more to be admired than those of Hibernia. The civil strife of the Irish never entailed more misery on their country than did the factions of Marius, Sylla and the Triumvirates, on the Roman people, or the bloody struggles of Athens and Sparta on the several Grecian States; and the absurd mythology of these refined countries, with their host of divinities as numerous as the stars of the firmament, exceeded the wildest dreams of superstition that ever entered the brain of the most imaginative son of Erin.

It is true, we cannot boast of having conquered the world, neither can we shew a Pass of Thermopylæ; but we can point to a roll of honor composed of men equal to the "bravest Roman of them all"—men whose patriotism exhibited itself equally palpable when fighting against the marauding Dane Sitrick, the steel-clad followers of the Norman chiefs De Burgo and De Courcy, or the red-coated brigades of general Munroe and Oliver Cromwell. Even in later years, when centuries of dependence on a foreign government had succeeded the fearless times of Nial of the Nine Hostages and Conn of the Hundred Battles, we find "the Irish abroad" carrying terror

and defeat into the ranks of the enemies of their allies. We have no Stoics, Sophists, or any other branch of those Greek philosophers, who believed that the cultivation of misery and the ability to prove that right was wrong, and *vice versa*, were the noblest virtues man could possess; but we can record the deeds of an army of scholars (clergy and laity) who were so proficient in the sciences of the day as to become eventually the teachers of Europe—not of mere flimsy and evanescent ideas, but of everything that would lead to the elevation of men's minds, both in a temporal and spiritual manner. The boasted efforts of their poets, a Homer and a Hesiod, we can annihilate by the pathos of a Carolan, the humor of a Lover, and the sentiment of a Moore; and finally, the heaven-lauded oratory of a Cicero and a Demosthenes, in stirring up their countrymen against the crimes of a Catiline or the intrigues of a Philip, we can oppose with the burning eloquence of a Grattan and an O'Connell, and then boldly ask these champions of the "classic land of Greece" as opposed to "barbarous Ireland" if they can "play to that."

The traditionary history of Pagan Ireland is strongly associated with its *bona fide* records in almost every particular. In connection with the fact of the landing of the Milesians, we find an account of a terrible conflict between the latter and the aboriginal inhabitants of the island, in which each party invoked and received the assistance of the

powers of the other world! Whether it was owing to the effeminacy of the aborigines or their allies we know not, but at any rate the sons of Milesius triumphed and divided the island into five kingdoms, nominally subject to a federal government. Again, we hear of one of their descendants being compelled by an offended deity to wear asses ears during his lifetime; the three daughters of Manam McLir being changed by malicious enchantment into swans to swim on a mystic river for an indefinite period; and the cruel betrayal of the sons of Usna by the treacherous prince of Dalriada, which provoked that beautiful allegory called the Lamentation of Deirdre. Even during this misty period our island was famous for the learning of its Druids or pagan priests, and the piety and hospitality of its inhabitants. The valor of its soldiers was felt throughout the neighboring islands, and even far away on the confines of Italy and Germany, had its warlike chieftains made the name of the Irish Gael as much respected and feared, as the learning of its scholars had caused it to be admired and venerated. The tramp of the Roman legionary, the conqueror of the world, was never heard on Irish ground; for although the renowned Roman general Plautius Seutonius, who with his 10,000 invincible soldiers annihilated the immense host of the British queen Boadicea, gazed from the summit of Mount Snowdon on the dimly visible wooded Isle of the West, it was with feelings of awe and dread rather than a desire of conquest;

and when the still more famous Julius Agricola performed a voyage of observation around the conquered island of Britain, the same superstitious feelings induced him to give a wide berth to the shores of Green Erin. Whether this can be a cause of congratulation or not we leave to the sentiments of our readers to determine; but this we know, that the absence from Ireland of the Imperial sway of Rome, during the period she governed Britain, has deprived our historians, in a great measure, of the means of obtaining that authenticity which exhibits itself in the history of other countries where the Roman authority had been established.

The light of the Gospel diffused throughout the Island by the sacred ministry of St. Patrick, enlightened the minds of its inhabitants and directed their aspirations into a nobler channel. They who had been famous throughout Europe for their attachment to the rites of Druidism, now became equally commendable for their Christian virtues and sanctity, and their unswerving zeal in the service of the one true God. The poets and musicians whose talents had been devoted to the praises of the pagan god Crom and his associates, now attached themselves with increased ardor and devotion to the cause of Jesus Christ; and those learned men who by their erudition had earned for themselves the respect of the world, now found their abilities enhanced and their labors sweetened when accompanied by the sublime truths of Christianity. For three centuries Ireland

was the Academy of Europe ;—her priests spreading the Gospel throughout the savage countries of the continent, and her scholars diffusing learning among the more civilized, where records of their actions remain even to the present day.

But the Danes broke in on this admirable and peaceful condition of affairs, like a hideous nightmare in a pleasant dream, and introduced their savage barbarities and vitiating influences among the accumulated virtue and refinement of so many centuries. One by one the great seminaries of learning were destroyed, the sanctuaries polluted and pillaged, the monasteries razed and their inmates cruelly murdered by these blood-thirsty pirates of the North. The inhabitants, so long unused to the implements of war, at first made but a feeble resistance to the encroachments of the Danes; but as time wore on, their incapacity disappeared, and goaded to madness by the savage cruelties of the invaders, engaged in a fierce struggle for the preservation of home and kindred; and finally, after a contest that extended over a period of 300 years, expelled the pests from the island, at a period when their sway seemed more than ever irrevocably fixed in the country. A short respite succeeded, during which religion, arts and science made a wonderful revival towards their pristine splendor. It is true, that numerous dissensions existed among the native princes struggling for pre-eminency; but they were no more excessive than those of contemporary na-

tions, and had not fate otherwise decreed it, these reprehensible features would have eventually disappeared under the dominant but salient sway of a Brian Boru or a Malachy II.

It was a woman that wrought the destruction of Troy; and, in considering this, the "classical" author will find a parallel in Ireland, with this difference, that in the former case the ill-fated Trojans ended their miseries with the loss of their city, while in the latter, the inhabitants were doomed to endure centuries of calamities, as if to atone for the crime of a fickle fair one who srcrificed the sacred principle of honor on the voluptuous altar of passion. The Anglo-Norman then appeared upon the scene, a willing mercenary of a treacherous Dermot, whose dastardly conduct aroused the vengeance of an injured husband and the wrath of a virtuous sovereign, and the ultimate consequence was that

Ages of bondage and slaughter

succeeded, where freedom and prosperity had previously reigned supreme.

The conquest of Ireland was not effected with that ease and facility which Mr. Pinnock and some other historians of his class would have us believe. For, from the landing of the avaricious Henry II in 1172 to the advent of the hypocritical Cromwell in 1650, the state of affairs exhibited little more than an almost incessant struggle between the natives and the invaders—the former fighting for

their liberty and subsequently for their religion, and the latter for the subugation of the country and the possession of the rich spoils it afforded. During this gloomy period, Ireland can point with pride to many noble spirits that appeared from time to time, battling for her natural rights, and whose patriotism, ability and genius were discovered with equal force to the world, whether they appeared in the warlike dress of a chieftain or the more peaceful garb of a priest of God—the one opposing her enemies in the tented field, and the other defending the minds and intellects of the people against the irreligion, impiety and degeneracy which were concomitant associates of a bloody and savage warfare. The defeats sustained by the Irish, commencing with the burning of Waterford by the unprincipled Strongbow, down to the crushing reverse at Athenry in 1317, and the equally humiliating overthrow at Kinsale in 1601, and thence to the surrender of Limerick in 1691, and the final overthrow of the great rebellion of 1798, will find an offset in the victories over their enemies during the same period, commencing with their defeat of Strongbow in 1171 at the battle of Thurles, and continuing with their triumphs over King Richard II. in Meath, 1394, their successes during the reign of Henry VIII., the glorious victories of the Yellow Ford and Curlieu in 1598-99, the ever memorbale triumph at Benburb, 1646, and the heriosim displayed during the stormy times of Cromwell and William III.—all of which, although

fought in vain, yet retarded the conquest of the country for nearly 500 years; and it was not until the close of the seventeeth century that the rule of the British sovereigns extended itself throughout the island. Had not the despicable intrigues suggested by the crafty lord Bacon been brought to bear on the condition of the country, Ireland would never have been annexed to the British crown as a conquered province. For we find that during that long succession of ages between the appearance of Strongbow and the reign of Henry VIII., the Irish, in a more or less degree held possession of the greater part of the country, retaining their own laws and customs; and that notwithstanding the valor of the De Burgos, De Birminghams and De Courcys, the invaders experienced an inglorious defeat as often as they obtained a triumph, when opposed to the redoubtable O'Neills, O'Donnells, McCarthys, O'Brians and O'Connors. The consequence was, such was the fierce opposition of the Irish people directed by the ability of their chieftains, that up to the middle of the sixteenth century, the territory in possession of the English consisted of little more than a narrow strip along the east and south-east coasts, and the rule of the Viceroy on more than one occasion extended little beyond the walls of Dublin. Even the knights of the "Pale" as the conquered district was called, in many instances adopted the cause of the struggling Irish, and, as the deeds of the famous Geraldines alone amply

prove, made themselves exceedingly troublesome to the English rulers. But the introduction of Lord Bacon's "princlie policie"—than which no baser means were ever resorted to for the subugation of a country, by which the chieftains were divided against each other through a series of intrigues deceptive and treacherous in the extreme, broke down the power of the Irish and paved the way for their final overthrow. The country was completely overrun, the lands confiscated to the myrmidons of the crown, the ancient laws of the people abolished, their religion and language interdicted, their clergy hunted down like beasts of the forest, their lives and fortunes set at nought, and a brave and generous nation compelled to lie for centuries crushed and bleeding from the effects of a code of cruel and barbarous laws, that more resembled the bloody dictates of an Athenian Draco or a Roman Nero, than the civilized enactments of a *virgin* Tudor or a pedantic Stuart.

This gloomy period continued without interruption up to the close of the 17th century. Neither the noble efforts of the brave spirits of the Kilkenny Confederation, nor the heroic and self-sacrificing Patrick Sarsfield, could loosen the bonds of persecution or give relief to the unheard of sufferings of their countrymen, and the failure of each attempt but served to rivet their fetters more firmly, and increase their miseries, if possible, to a still greater degree. The hellish deeds of torture and inhuman-

ity inflicted on the people of Ireland by the regicide Oliver Cromwell and his graceless son-in-law, Henry Ireton, stamps these canting hyprocrites, and their equally blasphemous fellows (mis-called soldiers), with a stranger resemblance to the emissaries of the Arch fiend rather than representatives of evangelical England; and even at the present day the lover of Ireland requires his full quota of Christian virtue to prevent an utterance of malediction on the destroyers of Drogheda, Wexford and Limerick. The reign of William III., infamous for the violation of the treaty of Limerick, whereby the comparitively favorable concessions extorted by the bravery of Sarsfield and his band of heroes, were shamefully disregarded, and those of Queen Ann and the two first Georges, disgraceful to liberty loving England, for the cruel and bitter enforcement of the penal laws, passed (to the Irish) lingeringly and painfully onward, and twenty years of the reign of the third George had gone by before we catch a glimpse of that

One lucid interval snatched from the gloom,

which enveloped the affairs of Ireland so long, and hid from the eyes of her people those rights and privileges that justly belonged to them. That interval so well-known and proudly commented on by Irishmen was of short duration, and owed its existence more to the fears which a brave and unselfish phalanx of patriots impressed on the government, rather than any liberal desire on the part of

the latter to generate the principles of liberty and equality. The authors of this prosperous and happy condition, Grattan, Curran, Flood and their associates, have fixed the memory of their deeds indelibly in the minds of their countrymen, and have earned for themselves a position in history, which for pure and unalloyed patriotism remains unsurpassed in the annals of any nation. The revival of the Baconian policy by a corrupt and jealous ministry produced a gradual retrogression in that prosperity and ease, which the country had for a few years enjoyed, and ultimately goaded the people on to desperate resources. The rebellion of 1798 however ill-advised in its policy bore at least the merrit of being a struggle for liberty, and although unsuccessful, it was not through want of bravery, but through an overwhelming predominance of Might over Right. The consequence was the passage of the odious Union Act; not by the action of the people, for they had no voice in the matter; not by the people's representatives, for owing to the existing laws the religion of the masses precluded their co-religionists from the legislative halls; but by an unlimited and unsparing distribution of gold and coronets to the weak and avaricious, whose country was but a secondary consideration, when filthy emoluments and empty honors were dangled temptingly before their eyes. The superhuman efforts of the heroes of 1782 were unavailing in this crisis, and they were compelled

to see their country shorn of its last remnant of independence, after the manful and, at one time, not ineffectual struggles they had offered in its behalf. This was the last drop in the cup of Ireland's misery, and although affairs retained their sombre hue for a long time, it was as the darkness that precedes the dawn, as from this period may be dated her gradual rise from the depths of woe, into which she was sunk for ages.

In thus condensing a very long history into an exceedingly small nutshell, so to speak, we have for the moment lost sight of those silent and unobtrusive but inflexible preservers of Christian morals—the members of the priesthood. Throughout the whole length of Irish story, whether at the stormy period when the combatants on the one side struggle for "virtue and Erin," and on the other for "Saxon and guilt;" or during these gloomy times when the minds of the people were filled with despondency, and the laws of the conqueror interdicted the practice of the doctrines of their religion, we find the Catholic Church fulfilling its sacred mission in teaching the ignorant, curbing the headstrong, cheering the hopeless, supporting the helpless, and ever in the foreground inculcating the divine attributes of Christianity.

We will now proceed with our sketches, and endeavor in our humble words to do justice to the four branches into which we have divided our subject, viz: The Warrior, the Ecclesiastic, the Orator and the Poet.

ANECDOTES OF IRELAND.

THE WARRIOR.

The star of the field which so often has poured,
Its beam on the battle is set;
But enough of its glory remains on each sword
To light us to victory yet!—MOORE.

CHAPTER I.

THE HEROIC PERIOD.

As it is necessary in all undertakings to adopt a starting point from which to proceed to completion, so we commence our sketches with him whom Irishmen designate as their common ancestor and from whom they derive their patronymic Milesian. Looking forward from that far distant period at the myriads of noble warriors for whom Ireland is so famous, the writer would deem it a hopeless task to attempt a deserving description of all; he will therefore limit himself to those by whom the history of Ireland is most effected.

According to the generality of Irish historians, the Celtic colony of Milesius has been assigned an

eastern origin. They landed in Ireland fully equipped with warlike implements, and under the direction of Eber and Eremhon (their father Milesius having died in passaing through Spain) advanced into the country then in the possession of the Firbolgs, a race of people who arrived many centuries before. A bloody and protracted war ensued with varying success, but the fierce and impulsive bravery of the Celts finally triumphed. The first battle was fought at the foot of Sliabhmis in Kerry, and although the Firbolgs were defeated they subsequently displayed considerable dexterity in drawing them into ambuscades and otherwise harassing them severly in their progress towards the interior of the country. The great battle of Telltown in Meath, in which the Firbolgs lost the flower of their army, and in which Eber and Eremhon slew with their own hands the three kings of the aborigines, was decisive. Eber and Eremhon then divided the island between them, the former taking the southern half and the latter the northern. But each, in time, seemed to think that his share was insufficient, and the consequence was that a dispute arose before many years had passed away. Hostilities followed in the wake of illfeeling and jealousy, and at length we find that Eber was defeated and slain in a pitched battle, and Eremhon, as conqueror, took possession of his brother's dominions. He introduced several important measures into the government of the country, and divided the island into four principalities; Ulster, Leinster,

Munster and Connaught. The last we hear of Eremhon, previous to his death, was his connection with a battle which he fought against a marauding tribe of Britons, over whom he gained a complete victory. He died in the year 488 B. C.

TUATHAL ascended the Irish throne the third in succession from OLLAMH FODHA, distinguished as the founder of the parliament held at Tara, the seat of government, every three years. Several important actions are recorded in favor of this monarch. Among others, the overthrow of a conspiracy framed by the remnant of the Firbolgs, for the extirpation of the Milesians. He enforced his authority over his subordinate princes, and carried his conquests into the neighboring islands to a considerable extent. He died after a reign of 25 years, A.D. 70.

CONN OF THE HUNDRED BATTLES is the next prominent personage we meet with in Irish history. He began his career by the overthrow of the reigning Ard-righ, to whose vacant throne he had the ability to elevate himself, after a gigantic struggle with the prince of Munster. He derived his name from the number of his fights, the majority of which were fought against the local princes who contended with him for the paramount sovereignty, He died in the year 160.

CORMAC ULFADHA ascended the throne of Ireland about the year 229, and is described as a most accomplished prince and enterprising warrior. The turbulent provincial princes at first gave him con-

siderable trouble, but having defeated them in several bloody engagements, they were at length brought under complete subjection. He organized a well drilled army, and constructed a large fleet, by means of which he made Ireland respected among the neighboring nations. He conceived a violent dislike for the Druidical superstitions, but expressing his opinions too loudly, he was compelled to abdicate his throne and fly for refuge to Albyn (Scotland). After a few years sojournment in the latter country, he returned to Ireland with a large army and overthrowing his antagonists, regained his throne. The reign of this monarch deserves more than a passing mention. Besides his warlike enterprises, which were numerous and successful, he made many useful and important discoveries beneficial to his people. His reign was the golden era of pagan Ireland, as under it flourished the arts and sciences of the day to an extent outstripping the other nations of western Europe, except the immediate vicincity of Rome. His system of government would do credit to a Justinian, and his diversity of genius made him as famous in his limited sphere as the great heroes of modern times in their more extended scale. He died after a glorious reign of 40 years, A. D. 269.

CRIMTHANN, who became chief monarch about one hundred years after the death of Cormac, was also a bold and warlike prince. Having secured peace at home, he led an army to the invasion of

Scotland, where he was eminently successful. Becoming emboldened thereby, he passed over to Britain and advanced to the south-east coast, conquering as he went, and terrifying the inhabitants in his march by the fierce and determined aspect of his soldiers. His continued success urged him on to the invasion of Gaul, and notwithstanding the boasted invincibility of the Romans, who still held that country, he overthrew all the opposition they placed in his way, and did not stop until he arrived at the foot of the Alps. He then returned to his own country, his soldiers laden with the spoils of conquest. His end was tragic, being poisoned after after a reign of 12 years.

NIAL OF THE NINE HOSTAGES was one of the most distinguished of ancient Irish warriors, in fact he had very few equals among his predecessors. On his accession to the palace of Tara he followed in the footsteps of Crimthann, outstripping him in deeds of daring and brilliant achievements. He thoroughly routed the Picts who had made incursions into the Irish colony in Albyn, (Scotland); he severely chastised the Britons, and carried fire and sword into the heart of the Roman province of Gaul. He derived his name from the fact of his having at one time as many as nine hostages from the different kings with whom he waged war. He was engaged in warfare during the whole of his reign, and his fame extended even to the city of Rome. He was the last but two of the pagan monarchs of Ireland,

and he it was, who among the captives from Gaul carried with him the revered St. Patrick, then a youth of sixteen. Nial was the founder of that famous race of Irish princes of the Hy-Nials or O'Neils. He was assassinated about the year 410, leaving behind him eight sons, from whom were descended many noble Irish families.

The reign of LEAGHAIRE, peaceful in itself, was remarkable for the establishment of Christianity in the island through the labors of St. Patrick, and the final conversion of the entire nation to his teachings. (See Section II.)

Ireland being at peace with the world for centuries after the appearance of St. Patrick and being absorbed in religion and learning, produced no famous warrior during that period; but the invasion of the Danes towards the close of the eighth century necessitated a resumption of the sword. The invaders made their first predatory incursion during the reign of the monarch Hugh, and continued through the successive reigns of Connor and Nial III., each side sustaining alternate victory and defeat in the terrible struggles of the day.

CHAPTER II.

ERA OF BRIAN BORU.

> Remember the glories of Brian the Brave,
> Though the days of hero are o'er;
> Though lost to Mononia and cold in the grave,
> He returns to Kinkora no more.—MOORE.

MALACHY THE FIRST became Ard-righ in the year 845. Previous to that time he was king of the province of Meath, and in that subordinate capacity distinguished himself as a brave and skilful soldier. In his contests with the Danes, who at this time had overrun a large portion of the country, he was wonderfully successful throughout, displaying a tact and energy that completely bewildered his enemies. The great Danish chieftain Turgesius, who had plundered and burned the churches of Clonmacnois and Chorra, ravished the greater part of Conacia and Meath, and inflicted untold miseries on the inhabitants, he completely defeated and destroyed at his stronghold in Westmeath, by a piece of strategy, as brilliant in its conception as it was successful in its execution. His accession to sovereignty on the death of Nial IV. served to increase his warlike ardor and his hatred to the despoilers of his country. He advanced against Dublin, which had been made the stronghold of the Northmen, and after a fierce resistance took the city by storm, putting numbers of the enemy to the

sword, and destroying all their available property. Notwithstanding their numerous defeats, the barbarians continued to pour in hordes on various parts of the island, and the indefatigable Malachy was compelled to be ever on the alert. He turned his arms against the Danes of Munster, over whom he gained three successive victories, and forcing them to acknowledge his sovereignty. But during his absence in the south, the Danes had regained possession of Dublin, and restored its fortifications to an almost impregnable degree of strength. Malachy nothing daunted, rapidly returned to the scene of his former glory, and meeting the Northmen, who had advanced to meet him, in the vicinity of that region now known as the King's County, gained a signal triumph, and compelled them to retire in confusion to their fortress. He failed to follow up his victory, owing to the necessity of his repairing the evils caused by the jealousies of several native princes, and the monstrosities committed by the marauding bands of Danes that infested the country in every direction. This was a herculean labor, but he had the satisfaction of seeing his efforts rewarded with comparitive success before he died. The last event occurred about the year 860, after a reign of fifteen years.

Hugh VII. was the successor of Malachy, and was a worthy pupil of that great king. The vigor and [illegible] of Malachy seemed to have infused [illegible] into the hearts of the Irish and their

new king, as shortly after the accession of the latter we hear of numerous bloody battles being fought at different points, in most of which the fiery onslaughts of the natives proved too much for the endurance of the savage invaders. The decisive victories of Lough Foyle and Kiladerry retarded the progress of the foreigners and encouraged the Irish to the performance of still greater deeds of heroism. The reign of this monarch was a stormy one, as were in fact the reigns of the various kings of that troubled period—the Danes keeping up a continual desultory warfare, and annoying the inhabitants by an almost uninterrupted series of massacres, plunderings and conflagrations.

The famous warriors of Ireland, at the period of which we write, were not solely confined to the chief monarchs. Examples of prowess have exhibited themselves among the subordinate princes; and MacNeill, prince of Ulster, during the reign of Donough, has been acknowledged by all to have been one of the greatest warriors of his time. With a small army consisting of 1000 picked men he commenced a march around the whole island with the fixed determination of uprooting the foreigners from the soil or enforcing a tribute on them as a guarantee for their submission and future good behavior. He was successful in three of the provinces, and had every chance in his favor for the remainder, when his career was stopped short at

Ardee by the axe of a treacherous Dane who fell on him while he slept. A.D. 944.

The next distinguished warrior of Irish history was Malachy II. surnamed the Great, who ascended the Irish throne about the year 980, and at once commenced a splendid career of victory that covered himself and his army with glory, and was productive of many beneficial results to the country.

The ancient seat of the Irish monarchs was the scene of his first great victory, and the Danes thus vanquished at the hill of Tava, retired in dismay on Dublin. Malachy vigorously following them up, drove them in inside the walls, and laid siege to the city, which he took after a short but sharp struggle. Here he spent some time in regulating the condition of the citizens who had been reduced to abject misery through the tyranny of the Danes.

In the meantime a power was gradually rising in the South, that was destined at no distant day to effect a complete revolution in existing institutions, and be the cause of freeing Ireland from these harassing inroads of the barbarians of the North, which she had endured for so many generations. This was the renowned Brian Boru, the most prominent monarch and warrior of ancient Ireland. Originally chief of but a small county in the Province of Munster, he gradually advanced by his genius from one position to another until the entire Province was brought under his control. In a few years his ability as ruler had increased it to a wonderful

degree of wealth and importance, and attracted the attention of the Ardrigh who allowed himself to be carried away by jealousy and a desire for the overthrow of Brian. The rival monarchs were representatives of the two great parties that arose in Ireland after the death of the sons of Milesius, Eber and Eremhon. The sovereignty of Ireland had remained in the family of the latter almost uninterruptedly, despite the various attempts of the descendant of the former to obtain possession of what they considered to be their just right. Brian, who was of the line of Eber, was, it seems no less anxious to engage in a "war of races" than Malachy, and these two great warriors were soon embroiled in a deadly conflict for the supremacy. The contest was long, fierce and bloody. Malachy advanced into Munster with fire and sword, creating havoc and destruction in his path, and the succeeding year ravaged the Provinces of Leinster and Connaught, inflicting immense loss on the forces of Brian. The Mononian king, however, did not hold personal command except in one battle. After the last invasion of Munster, Brian seemingly endeavored to cultivate the friendship of his rival, and, after a short negotiation, a reconciliation and an alliance was effected. With united armies they turned their attention to the Danes, who, during the civil war, had made considerable headway. They stormed and ravaged Dublin; they defeated the Danes in various parts of the country—routing

their armies and destroying their property, and would ultimately have cleared the island of the barbarians' presence, had not the demon of jealousy again made its appearance.

Brian had not lost sight of his design on the crown, and he disguised his ambition no longer than dissimulation was necessary. His first attempts were again unsuccessful, but Brian was not a man to allow defeat to discourage him as long as hope of victory appeared in the future. Collecting an immense army, which he lured from the various princes of Lienster, Munster and Connaught, he compelled the Tanist or prince royal who ruled in Ulster to forego his right to the succession, and then massing his army in one overwhelming body he suddenly appeared before Malachy, who was at Athlone superintending some public works he designed for the improvement of that part of his dominions. Malachy was now offered the alternative, either to abdicate or come to a pitched battle, and feeling himself incapacitated to sustain a struggle, he quietly surrendered his crown into the hands of the indefatigable Briar. The position Brian Boru now held, although he obtained it by force, he was far from abusing. He prosecuted the designs of his predecessor for the improvement of his country to a successful issue,—building bridges and fortifications, opening roads and establishing seminaries of education. He patronized learning and religion to the full extent of his power, and encouraged literature

and science. He chastised the turbulent spirits of the kingdom so severely, and impressed the principles of justice to such a degree, that it has been said that any one of his subjects, male or female, no matter what degree of birth, could pass unattended and unarmed in safety from one end of the island to the other. He was unquestionably the greatest of all the Irish kings.

Having now made himself master of the whole country, and introduced peace and prosperity among his subjects, he turned his attention to the expulsion of the Danes, who still held possession of Dublin and other strongholds, from which they regularly issued to plunder the neighboring country. Calling in the contingent princes of the various provinces, he placed himself at their head, and in company with his two sons advanced against the barbarians. The latter hearing of the approach of the renowned Brian, whose name they had been accustomed to fear and respect for so many years, collected all their available reinforcements, and choosing Sitrick for their chief, confidently awaited the result. Their immense host, far outnumbering the Irish, inspired their chiefs with a certainty of victory, and they accordingly directed their march to Clontarf, where the army of Brian had taken up its position. The dispositions made by each army previous to the battle showed the significance in which the result was held. The Danes had summoned their allies from all the northern countries of Europe, with the

intention of making a final effort to secure the possession of a prize which they coveted so much, and which was so often almost in their grasp. On the other hand, the Irish exhibited the greatest patriotism; every chieftain of the land (the dethroned Malachy among the rest) nobly responded to the call of the monarch, and the whole army was imbued with the determination to rid the country once and forever of the plague that had burdened it so long. The battle was fought on Good Friday, 1014; the Danes commencing the attack. Brian and his sons, and the ex-king Malachy performed deeds of astounding valor, which their followers were not slow to profit by as the masses of the enemy were hurled against them. The contest was fierce and bloody, and terminated in a glorious victory for the Irish. The Danes, confident of success, made a succession of furious onslaughts on the Irish ranks, who bravely withstood them, and then, when the Northmen became weary, became the aggressors in their turn, sweeping the enemy off the field in one grand overwhelming charge. Brian, who during the battle had been going through the ranks with a sword in one hand and a crucifix in the other, exhorting the soldiers to fight for their country and their God, now retired to his tent to return thanks to the Supreme Being for their great triumph. While engaged in this pious vocation he was killed by a small body of retreating Danes, and thus the joyful sounds of

victory were mingled with lamentations for the brave and heroic Brian. The victory was, however, decisive; and although the Irish suffered severely, the loss sustained by the Danes was enormeus—the greater part of their army either perished by the sword or by the waters of the sea, whither they were driven by the victorious Irish. The power of the Danes was completely broken in this terrible battle, and very little mention is made of them in the subsequent history of Ireland.

The conqueror in this battle, the lamented Brian who perished before he could enjoy the fruits of his victory, by the genus he had displayed throughout the whole of his reign, surpassed all his European contemporaries. To restore to perfect order and prosperity, the affairs of a country so long impoverished and confused by the depredations of the savage Northmen, required no ordinary ability; and the success which rewarded his hereulean labors, as a warrior and a statesman, cannot receive too much praise, and proves conclusively that had Brian lived at a more auspicious period of history, he would have fallen little short of a Cæsar or a Napoleon. As it is, he will successfully stand the test of a comparison with that celebrated English king, Alfred the Great, and a marked similarity between their reigns can be traced in almost every particular.

The battle of Clontarf so successful to the Irish cause in ridding them of their formidable enemies, was the indirect cause of much confusion and

anarchy. By it the people were deprived of their king, his son, the Tanist, and his grand-son—the direct line of succession being thus completely interrupted, and the most deplorable consequences ensuing. A host of competitors sprang up claiming an individual right to the sovereignty, and as each one endeavored to enforce his claim by recourse to arms, a long a bloody civil war resulted. The great kingdom, which the genius of Brian had built up and consolidated, became divided into a number of petty principalities, acknowledging no authority outside their own territory, and keeping up a continual warfare among each other. The re-appearance of the aged Malachy at the head of the Irish nation restored for a time a semblance of order and unanimity, and during the few years that elapsed before the death of that virtuous monarch, everything exhibited signs of prosperity; but after the demise of Malachy the War of Succession was resumed with all its fury.

The struggle finally narrowed down to a contest for supremacy between the rival houses of the northern and southern Hy-Nialls, represented by such names as Turlogh and Donogh O'Brian, Diarmid MacMael, Turlogh O'Connor and Dhonal O'Laughlan, in which alternate victory and defeat attended their respective armies, and neither party being at any time sufficiently successful to retain for any length of time the dignified title of paramount sovereign of Ireland.

CHAPTER III.

THE ADVENT OF THE NORMAN.

> Already the curse is upon her,
> And strangers her valleys profane;
> They come to divide—to dishonor,
> And tyrants they long will remain.
>
> SONG OF O'RUARC.

RODERICK O'CONNOR was the last potentate invested with supreme authority. He was the son of Teulogh O'Connor, King of Connaught, (the most powerful competitor for the monarchy), and was acknowledged King of all Ireland in 1160, after a protracted conflict with the reigning sovereign Muirchaertach. Roderick spent the early portion of his reign in visiting the various divisions of his kingdom, settling disputes and introducing peace and harmony where intestine conflicts had so long prevailed.

But the time had now arrived when words of peace were to be thrown aside, and all Irishmen, from the north, south, east and west, compelled to take up arms for the defence of their country; for the armor-clad Anglo Norman had cast a covetous eye on the Isle of Saints, and was preparing to attempt its conquest. The expulsion of Dermot, king of Leinster, for the abduction of the wife of O'Ruarc, prince of Breffni, hastened the catastrophe; for the dethroned monarch craving the assistance of

Henry II. of England, received a large force from the English king, with which he returned to Ireland, filled with hatred against the virtuous avenger of his crime. The earl of Pembroke commanded the English army, and having landed at Waterford, advanced against Dublin. The Ard-righ undauntedly led his army to meet the invaders; but finding them to be better armed and disciplined than his own brave but irregular troops, adopted the Fabian policy of harassing and obstructing the march of the former. Pembroke continued to receive reinforcements in his progress towards the capital, which he finally secretly approached and took by assault, A. D. 1170. Roderick acting with equal decision, threw an army of 50,000 men around the city, and threatened the followers of Strongbow (Pembroke) with starvation. Everything betokened success to the national forces, when the garrison in desperation made a night attack on their beseigers, who little expected it, and compelled Roderick to retreat. The appearance of Henry II., with a fresh army increased the disasters of the Irish. The Anglo-Norman followers of the English king spread themselves over the country, and by their system of warfare so new to the natives, at first gained several successes and made extensive conquests; but a reaction set in, and the Irish learning experience from their enemies, gradually regained their lost ground. Strongbow with a large army, was completely defeated at Thurles by Conor Mainmoy and

Donald O'Brian, chieftain of Thomand; and Miles de Cogan, another Norman knight, suffered a like reverse at Trim at the hands of O'Conor. The Irish men sprang to arms in all directions, and led on by their aged monarch and his faithful chiefs, followed up their previous successes. Their impetuosity forced the invaders from all their hard won strongholds, and the Irish did not cease their efforts until little more than the cities of Dublin, Waterford and Cork remained in the possession of their foes. The introduction of new adventurers from time to time kept the conflict alive almost uninterruptedly, and the period of which we write is remarkable for the number of bold and fearless warriors.

The Norman chiefs divided the island among them, and having settled these prelimenaries to their own satisfaction, without taking into consideration the opinions of their would-be subjects, immediately set about the task of subduing their alloted portions. John de Courcy proceeded to the conquest of Ulster or Ullidia, having for his opponent the brave and gallent MacDualevy. This chieftain skillfully evaded the attacks of de Courcy for a long time, suffering in the intervals one or two rather severe reverses,—but, at length, turning on his pursuer, he inflicted a terrible defeat at Glenure, in 1178, and the following season routed his army in a battle so disastrous, that De Courcy barely escaped with his life, and retired disgraced and humiliated to Dublin. De Courcy and his com-

panions having thus found the direct conquest of Ulster to be a matter of considerable difficulty, had resource to other means for the acquisition of the territory. He skirted along the coast, and building castles at stated intervals, placed garrisons therein, from which they could make predatory incursions, from time to time, on the neighboring country. The conquest of Connaught was attempted in a similar manner by Milo de Cogan, and with a like result. The western chiefs led him on a bootless journey from place to place, and then, having exhausted his powers and patience, compelled him to seek refuge in an inglorious retreat. In this campaign Conor Moinmoy, the second son of Roderick, was leading character.

The great native chieftains of the south at this period, were Donald More O'Brian and Cormac McCarthy, and their prowess was felt by the invaders in many a bloody field. They defeated the attempts of every Norman knight sent against them, and during the presence of prince John in Ireland, made the country so hot for him that he was glad to return to England.

Hugh de Lacy and John de Courcy were the most powerful of the early Norman adventurers. The former exercised considerable influence over the minor native chiefs, and held a large portion of country under subjection; the latter, although suffering defeat as often as enjoying victory, clung with tenacity to an unsatiable desire of conquest.

De Lacy met a tragic fate from the hands of a native, but his place was supplied by the famous William de Burgh, whose carrer appears conjointly with that of John de Courcy. The latter chieftain, after the death of De Lacy, advanced into Connaught, and was opposed by the celebrated Donald More O'Brian and Conor Moinmoy. These two famous warriors defeated all the attempts of De Courcy, and being joined by O'Flaherty of Donegall, assumed the offensive, driving De Courcy from the province. This intrepid soldier subsequently retired to England, where he died, as respected by his Irish opponents as by his own friends.

Cathal O'Connor, surnamed *Crovdhearg*, or the "Red Hand," was the most distinguished Irish warrior after the death of Donald More O'Brian, which occurred about the same time that De Courcy retired to England. He succeeded in restoring order to his patrimony, the province of Connaught, which had been torn by civil dissensions during the recent troubles of the nation. He had the skill and address to obtain the aid of one Norman chief against another, on several occasions, and took good care that his country profited thereby. He was looked upon by the Irish as their head, although not formally declared Ard-righ, as by his bravery and his diplomatic skill he offered a successful opposition to the encroachments of the Normans. He died in 1213, to the regret of the Irish and the extreme pleasure of the Norman, who were now

certain of having everything their own way. He was the greatest soldier of his time, as well as the most consummate statesman. He overthrew all the efforts of the greatest of England's commanders for his subjugation, routing their armies in a series of wonderful victories, that made his name a terror throughout the British islands. Those renowned chieftains, the De Burgos, could make no head agaist him, and we find even the English king John courting his alliance in order to put down the rebellion of the De Lacys and other knights of the "Pale." No wonder his enemies were joyful at his death. He died full of years and piety, at the abbey of Knockmoy, in his native province, and many generations passed away before Ireland produced his equal.

As a history of Ireland is not the object of this work, we must pass over with a bare mention those years of desultory warfare between the contending parties, which elapsed between the death of Cathal and the appearance of Richard de Burgh called the "Red Earl," and the greatest Norman chief of that name.

In the early portion of this period, a chieftain rose suddently into prominence in the south, who for the space of twenty years kept the advance of the invaders not only in check but frequently carried the war within the limits of the "Pale," always inflicting severe chastisement on his enemies. This was the celebrated FLORENCE MCCARTHY, a worthy

decendant of the great Cormac, who fought side by side with the famous Donald More O'Brian. The authority of the elder McCarthy, called More or the Great, extended from Tralee to Lismore, and from Kilmallock to the sea shore, so that Florence, who reprerented the junior branch, called the lords of Carbury, possessed very little property and still less authority. But what he lacked in possessions, he made up in personal accomplishments, which in time made him a formidable rival to McCarthy More and the other powerful chieftains of the south.

The troubles which the rivalry of these clans threatened to bring upon Munster, awakened the attention of the lords of the Pale to the fact that that province could be easily subdued. John Fitz Gerald, earl of Desmond, accordingly advanced to what he considered certain conquest in the year 1260. McCarthy Reagh, as Florence was called, assembled all his available forces and threw himself in the way of the approaching Geraldine, using all the strategy of which he was master in order to draw him into a net. He abandoned his stronghold at Dunmanway and retreated westward to Kenmare, closely followed by the confident earl, who attacked him with a powerful army at the Callan Glen, with every prospect of success. The hopes of Desmond were doomed to be blasted, for in the battle that ensued, he himself was killed and his army completely routed beyond the power of rallying, and no other alternative left them than a long retreat through a hostile

country. Reagh followed with his victorious Irishmen, and pressed unceasingly on the rear and flanks of the retreating Geraldines.

The defeat of Fitzgerald was complete; his demoralized army fled in confusion before the redoubtable McCarthy, and being composed principally of Englishmen, many a weary mile was passed over, and many a sigh of anguish escaped them ere they again heard the familiar accents of their native language.

This great victory spread the fame of Florence far and wide, and thoroughly united all the principal clans of Munster under his standard. With this consolidated army, he stormed and captured all the principal Anglo-Norman castles in the province in rapid succession, and almost totally uprooted the power of the English. His death while engaged in an assault on one of the English strongholds, prevented the total extirpation of the foreigners; but for fifty years after his demise, the remembrance of the prowess of Florence McCarthy precluded the recurrence of an escapade similar to the Geraldine's inglorious defeat. In fact, so little was the authority of the English feared or felt in the land, that the various chieftains, from the highest to the lowest, with their clans, roamed at pleasure from place to place, approaching even to the ramparts of Dublin and braving to their teeth the "Government" of that city, thus proving that after a century of warfare Ireland was as far from being conquered as ever.

Contemporary with Florence McCarthy was the celebrated Art O'Melaghlin, who during a period of 17 years made himself a terror to the English, routing their armies, burning their castles, and inflicting on them a loss of men and money that was severely felt. His exploits extended throughout the provinces of Meath and Leinster, and in no instance is a defeat recorded against him. The bloody battles of Brosna and Shannon harbor, proved that neither the bravery of England's soldiers nor the fame of her general, Walter de Burgh, were sufficient to overcome the heroic Art and his gallant gallowglasses. Defeat and ruin was the portion of invader in both battles, accompanied by a humiliation from which he was slow in recovering. Art O'Melaghlin died in 1283.

CHAPTER IV.

THE WAR OF RACES.

Unequal they engage in battle,
The foreigner and the Gael of Tara;
Fine linen shirts on the race of Conn,
And the strangers one mass of iron.

EPIC OF MACNAMEE.

TOWARDS the close of the thirteenth century Richard de Burgh made his appearance among the horde of Norman chiefs, who were laboring for the conquest of Ireland. During the eventful career of this giant warrior, all his contemporary compeers dwindled into insignificance. There was not a native Irish chieftain to make head against him; and the most powerful clans of Ulster and Connaught, against whom he directed his chief attention, were compelled to acknowledge his authority. The O'Connor, the O'Neill, the O'Donnell and other redoubtable warriors had to succumb to his prowess, and even the knights of the Pale did not escape his conquering arm. But though his power was enormous, he never abused it, and the stigma of tyrant cannot be affixed to the name of the "Red Earl," as he was called. The Irish always found him a brave and generous enemy, and the chroniclers of the times acknowledge him to have been superior to any of his predecessors. As he lived at a time when the characteristics of the Norman were fast disappear-

ing, and a gradual fusion of the different elements of England's population going on, he might be properly considered the last of those iron-sinewed soldiers whose appearance in Ireland originated with Strongbow.

Donald O'Neill, lord of Ulster, was the first to make head against the "Red Earl," and being assisted by Edward Bruce, brother of the reigning Scottish monarch, with a large auxillary force, marched southward, overthrowing all obstacles in their path. O'Donnell, prince of Tyrconnell, declared war against the common enemy, and commited great havoc among the English forces in his vicinity; and O'Connor of Sligo, casting aside the authority of the minions of De Burgh, to whom he had been compelled to pay tribute, also joined the national standard. In the short but bloody war that now followed, the Irish fought with their accustomed bravery, and although unsuccessful in the end, their misfortunes were owing to a force of circumstances over which they had no control. Their reverses commenced at the battle of Athenry, in 1317, where Felim O'Connor and his chief clansmen were slain, and his army cut off to a man, under the terrible blows of John de Birmingham and his Norman followers. The result of the battle of Faughard the following year, was equally disastrous to the national cause. De Birmingham triumphed once more. Donald O'Neill retreated to the north with the remnant of his army; and his Scottish allies

barely escaped the pursuer, leaving their commander, Edward Bruce, dead on the field of battle. The chief result of these momentous events, was the instituting of the English earldoms of Kildare, Ulster, Desmond, Thomond, etc., in Ireland, originally mere nominal titles, but eventually possessing great power and influence. They have made themselves famous in Irish history through their assimilation with native interests, and their sympathy with and participation in the various struggles of Ireland's chequred career. The statute of Kilkenny, enacted in the early part of this period, did not prevent this gradual affiliation, and only served to increase the evil it intended to extinguish. But to return to our warriors.

The deeds of the race of McMurrough in the twelfth century were a cause of disgrace to the name, and productive of incalculable injury to the whole country; but the fourteenth century was destined to discover a McMurrough, who in genius and fame towered high above his contemporaries, causing Ireland's star of destiny to shine out for a time with its wonted brilliancy. ART MCMURROUGH was a worthy compeer of the great men who preceded him—a man of indomitable bravery, unswerving energy and perseverance and uncompromising integrity. He appeared at a time when his abilities were most needed—just when the evil effects of the overwhelming reverses of Athenry and Faughard were most felt by the people of Ireland

—and most consummately did he prove his powers equal to the iron spirit of the times. He was born in 1357, and at an early age exhibited those characteristics that made him so famous in after years. He succeeded to the chieftainship on the death of his father, in 1375. His youthful years did not render him inactive; on the contrary, he had scarcely been elected chief of his clan, before he began asserting that supremancy which was soon acknowledged by all, whether English, Anglo-Normans, "Palesmen," or native Irish. He overwhelmed the English settlers in Leinster to such an extent that they were forced to pay him an annual tribute, which was continued to his successors for nearly two hundred years; and before he had completed his twentieth year, his prowess had placed him at the head of the chieftainry of his native province. His alliance was courted by the earls of Kildare and Desmond, known in history as Fitzgeralds and Geraldines, and so wonderfully, had his power ultimately increased, that the English king Edward III. spoke of him as his "Royal Cousinne." His influence and territory continued to increase, and to set at defiance the whole power of the English, whose arms he vanquished and whose strongholds he captured.

To remedy this state of affairs and restore the prestige given to the English name by De Birmingham and De Burg, king Richard III. determined to invade Ireland. He landed at Waterford in 1394,

with an army of 40,000 men, commanded by the ablest generals of the day. Boasting of their ability to exterminate the clans of McMurrough in a trice the English arrogantly advanced into the country, treating the inhabitants with contumely as they marched along. Art McMurrough as defiantly opposed their progress, and seemingly more anxious to inflict sufferings and misery on the enemy rather than come to a pitched battle—although formidiable enough to do so—he hovered around the invading army like an angel of destruction; harassing their flanks, advance and rear, without giving them the opportunity of a reprisal, cutting off reinforcements, destroying their baggage, ammunition and provisions, and otherwise showering annihilating blows with an energy and rapidity that completely bewildered the army of the luckless Richard. The latter, abandoning all hopes of conquering McMurrough, led his forces by uufrequented roads and by-ways, continually followed by the avenging Art, until he finally arrived at Dublin with a starving, shivering, demoralized army, which presented a sorry contrast to the vaunting host that landed at Waterford but a few weeks before.

The humiliated Richard soon after invited McMurrough to a friendly intercourse at Dublin, and having by this means inveigled the unsuspecting chief within his power, treacherously cast him into prison, from which he was not released until he promised submission to the English authority. But

McMurrough considering that a promise extorted under such circumstances was not binding, immediately after his release made preparations for being revenged for such a gross violation of the laws of chivalry and hospitality. Marshalling his clans he advanced with his usual impetuousity against the enemy, and inaugurated an uninterruped career of victory, which commenced with the storming and capture of Carlow in 1396, and terminating with the bloody battle of Kells in 1398, resulting in the rout of the English army and the death of the prince, and spreading terror and dismay through all the English settlements.

Richard levied another large army, and with the determination to wipe away the stain of these reverses, once more invaded Ireland by the same course he had taken in 1394. His success on this occasion was no better than the former. His army dwindled away before the repeated attacks of the invincible McMurrough and his fierce gallowglasses; disaster followed disaster in rapid succession, and McMurrough pursuing his favorite Fabian policy had the satisfaction of seeing his beaten and humiliated enemy seek refuge within the walls of Dublin. Richard was compelled soon after to return to England, a rebellion having broken out during his absence.

After the departure of the king, Art McMurrough pursued his conquests in Leinster, victorious in every engagement. He overthrew everything in

his progress. Cities were stormed, castles razed, armies destroyed, and consternation scattered broadcast among his enemies. The Duke of Lan caster formed a formidable coalition of "Palesmen" against him, and in conjunction with a powerful English army advanced to (as he thought) subdue the Leinster king, in the summer of 1406. But McMurrough, whose advancing age had neither weakened his arm nor shaken the strength of his partiotism, taking time by the forelock, unexpectly confronted the noble duke in the field of Kilmainham, in the vicinity of Dublin, and not far from the battle ground of Clontarf.

On this spot was fought one of the greatest battles of Irish history, and here it was that the trained soldiers of England suffered one of their most humiliating defeats ever received at the hands of the brave but irregular clansmen of Erin. The duke of Lancaster with the loss of half of his army fled in confusion to Dublin, leaving the heroic Art master of the field. Years passed away before the Irish of the east were again molested, so severely was the defeat of Kilmainham felt by the English. It was the last important event in the life of McMurrough, and he was allowed to remain in peaceable possession of his dominions during the remainder of his reign. He died in 1417, at the advanced age of 60 years, 44 of which he had spent in the service of his country. He is represented as

being equally famous for his learning and religion as for his bravery and genius.

In 1446, Thaddeus O'Brian, of the royal house of Munster and a man of considerable merit as a warrior, conceived the idea of restoring the Irish monarchy in his own person. He was successful in obtaining the adhesion of the chiefs of his native province, and crossing into Leinster, he obtained some advantages over the "Palesmen." But having failed in his attempt to be acknowledged by the men of the west, he returned to Kinkora, his place of residence, and disappeared from the scene.

About this time the Geraldines of Kildare and Desmond began to be conspicuous. These noblemen, together with other descendants of the Anglo-Norman chiefs, had gradually identified themselves with the native Irish, and now we find that they were as bitter opponents of the encroachments of the English as the Irish themselves. The earls of Kildare and Desmond played a most prominent part in Ireland's history, and consequently deserve more than a passing mention.

Gerald, the eighth earl of Kildare, who comes into notice about the time of the disappearance of Thaddeus O'Brian, was one of the most consummate diplomats of his time. We find him to-day espousing the English interests with all his influence, and to-morrow working with might and main in behalf of the Irish. His duplicity did not escape the notice of the government, but his cunning and skill pre-

vented for a time the possibility of his falling into their power. He became at length so obnoxious, that he was seized and cast into the tower; but afterwards being released, he was reappointed lord deputy, a position which he had fulfilled previous to his arrest. He then began to court the favor of the great chieftains of the country, and eventually succeeded in obtaining a wide spread influence over them by a system of conciliation, among which a spice of duplicity was strongly observable. This deceit not being relished by many, a combination was formed against him, headed by Turlogh O'Brian, and a battle fought at Knockdoe in 1505. Kildare was assisted by several northern chieftains, and after an obstinate fight, remained master of the field. This victory left him without an enemy in the field for five years, when O'Brian and his allies recovering from their defeat, renewed the war with determination and vigor. They attacked and routed his army at Minabraher, inflicted on them a severe loss, and forced them to take refuge in Limerick. This defeat was overwhelming, as by it Kildare lost nearly all his power and influence. He lost his life some years later in a skirmish with the O'Moores.

Notwithstanding his double-dealings between the two parties, Gerald was far from being a tyrant, and during his rule as lord deputy he was distinguished for his mildness and clemency.

The condition of the Irish chieftains, on the accession of Henry VIII. to the throne, was much the

same as in the preceding two centuries. Each one held possession of his own patrimony—the majority independent of English rule, and the remainder, with the exception of the "Pale" territory, acknowledging but a nominal subjection. The aspiring king of England, disgusted with the fact that the authority of the crown did not extend much farther than the limits of Dublin, Cork, Wexford, and a few other large cities, determined to effect a conquest of the whole country, and unite the English and Irish crowns under one head. Aware of the herculean task an armed conflict would produce, he had recourse to political intrigues and devices to effect his object. He spread disunion among the chiefs by impressing each one with the necessity of being on his guard against his neighbors, and then tendering to them his friendship and alliance, individually, in return for their acknowledgement of his authority. The bait took, and we find several of the great chieftains surrendering their fealty to the English king in order to preserve their lands from the attacks of those rapacious neighbors which the wily Henry had stirred up against them.

Lord Thomas Fitzgerald, the ninth earl of Kildare, seeing himself in a fair way of being despoiled of his territory by the crafty policy of Henry, endeavored to form alliances with several prominent chiefs. While prosecuting this design, which was conducted with great secrecy, he was summoned to London on a trumped up pretext, but on his arrival

he was imprisoned in the tower and subsequently put to death, A. D. 1533.

His son, also Lord Thomas Fitzgerald, commonly called "Silken Thomas," roused to indignation by the cruel execution of his father, raised the standard of rebellion. He was followed by several of the Leinster chiefs and was at first successful, taking several strongholds and penetrating as far as Dublin castle; but the tide soon turned against him and before the year was over the six Geraldines, consisting of lord Thomas and his five uncles, were taken by the English, confined in the tower and executed, February, 1537.

After the destruction of the Geraldine league, Henry found little opposition in the field in the execution of his ambitious designs against the liberty of the Irish. He made use of every species of deception and corruption to bring the native chiefs to an acknowledgement of his soverignty, and when he considered the time was now ripe for the execution of his plans he summoned a congress of the great men to meet him at Dublin. There, amid great flourish of trumpets, the ceremony of crowning Henry VIII. of England, as monarch of Ireland, was performed 1544. The Milesian chiefs and Anglo-Norman barins returned to their homes, satisfied that everything was now settled. Henry went back to London exulting over his victory, and indulging in the hope that the shamrock was now peacefully interwoven with the rose. The end showed

how miserably both parties were deceived. Before a generation had passed away all the fierce passions of the rival nations were aroused by the introduction of the principles of the reformation. The Milesian chiefs with one accord repudiated the sovereignty of the English king, on account of his shameful disregard for their rights and priviliges, and the thunders of war between the two races again reechoed throughout the island.

CHAPTER V.

THE RED HAND OF ULSTER.

Oh for the swords of former time!
Oh for the men that bore them,
When armed for right they stood sublime,
And tyrants crouched before them!

DURING the enactment of Ireland's eventful drama, the race of the O'Neills and O'Donnells continually played a prominent part, from the days of Nial their common ancester, in the fourth century, down to the final scene of the tragedy at Limerick in 1691. We hear of an O'Neill in early times giving expression to a prophetic exclamation, when the Anglo-Norman invaders were striving to deprive the people of Ireland of their liberty, that "we (the Irish) shall not cease to fight against the invader until they shall for want of power have ceased to do us harm,"—a prophecy that has been wonderfully fulfilled. During the time of the De Courcys, De Burghs, De Birminghams and Geraldines, many stout warriors appeared among the chieftains of those two clans, but it was not until the reign of Queen Elisabeth of England, that those renowned warriors arose, who have immortalized their names and country in connection with the history of that period. In the previous reign they had been reduced to a rather straitened condition, but scarcely had Elizabeth ascended the throne, when their

torpor was shaken off, and the O'Neills began to assert their rights.

JOHN O'NEILL, otherwise "Shane the Proud," was chosen "O'Neil" in 1560, and at once set to work to devise a plan for the restoration of the ancient prestige of his clan. The troubled state of the country was not slow in affording him an opportunity. He commenced by enforcing the alliance of the neighboring petty chiefs, and when he found himself sufficently strong, he attacked the more powerful, ultimately with the intention of working up a combination that would produce the overthrow of the English power in Ireland, and restore to the natives their pristine customs and immunities. Having succeeded in this to his entire satisfaction, he proceeded to the expulsion of the English garrisons stationed in the principal places of Ulster. Victory attended his progress at every step. He acted with a promptness, daring and energy that confounded his enemies, and left them no hope of success. Onward he marched resistlessly and impetuously, hurling lightning like blows right and left on his bewildered foes, driving them before him in one confused mass, meeting with no permanent opposition until he arrived within twenty miles of Dublin. The terrified deputy hastily collected all the available forces at his command, and placing them under the direction of the earls of Kildare, Desmond and Ormond, despatched them north against O'Neill. But O'Neill as cautious as he was

brave, avoiding a general engagement, weakened and wearied his foes first by cutting off his supplies and by a system of false alarms and night attacks, and subsequently by having recourse to the bold and daring plan of throwing himself between the enemy and the city of Dublin, which he effected by a forced march, after placing the English commander on a false scent. These manœuvres ensured the success of O'Neill, and the army that had advanced to subdue this redoubtable chief terminated their campaign by offering terms of peace highly favorable him, A. D. 1562.

This treaty of peace was afterwards ratified personally between John the Proud and Queen Elizabeth, and the former returned to his own country vested with supreme authority over the province of Ulster, and bearing the dignity of an ally where he had formerly acted the part of a subject. But the English feared for ther possessions in Ireland while John the Proud lived ; and the man they could not conquer in the open field they attempted to remove by secret assassination,—failing in that they had recourse to the old method of stirring up disunions among the subordinate chieftains and thereby weaken the power of O'Neill. In this they were successful ; and an English army assisted by several treacherous chiefs once more advanced into the dominions of John O'Neill.

Despite the numerical superiority of the invaders and the advantages which a civil war afforded them,

the overthrow of *Shane* was not accomplished without the expenditure of an immensity of treasure. Surrounded on all sides, this hitherto invincible soldier was at length obliged to succumb to the overwhelming odds brought against him. Deprived of his army by a crushing disaster, he maintained the struggle with a small band among the mountains, but finally perished, fighting single-handed against a marauding squad of Islesmen, towards the close of the year 1567. He was a brave soldier and a skilful commander, and the English generals of the day could not produce his equal; but his private character was stamped with vices which the memory of his warlike deeds cannot efface. His shameful treatment of his father-in-law, O'Donnell, whose life happiness he destroyed by seducing his consort, and his heartless conduct towards his own wife, in supplanting her with an unprincipled woman, are crimes the avenging of which he did not escape, as his final defeat and tragic death were produced through the instrumentality of the much-abused O'Donnell.

During the period that elapsed between the death of John the Proud and the rise of Hugh O'Neill, were transacted the events of the Second Geraldine League—the insurrection of Silken Thomas and his five uncles being considered the first. This contest grew out of the enforcement of the penal laws on the Catholics, and continued for twelve years, from 1568 to 1580. The Geraldines of

Munster were the leaders of the movement and struggled obstinately and heroically, though unavailingly, against the power of the oppressor. Among the noted representatives of this great family, Sir James Fitzgerald was prehaps the most famous. Although often defeated he never lost courage, but returned to the conflict as unflinchingly as ever, always keeping the enemy on the alert, and ever on the watch to obtain an advantage over them. He died the death of a hero, sword in hand, fighting for liberty and freedom of conscience, and with him expired the hopes of the Geraldines. The last event of the bloody struggle was the massacre of Smerwick, where 800 brave men were wantonly thrown over the rocks into the sea below. The English commander on this occasion was Walter Raleigh, one of the virgin queen's pets, and whose memory should be execrated by all right-minded men for participation in this inhuman deed.

Although the Geraldine League was suppressed and the estates of the league confiscated to the crown, peace to the country was far from being preserved. A power now arose in the north that restored for a time the memory of Ireland's ancient glory, and for ten years bid defiance to the whole strength of England's most powerful queen. This was the celebrated confederacy of the Houses of O'Neill and O'Donnell, the former represented by "Aodh na lamhdhearg" or Hugh of the Red Hand. and the latter by "Aodh Roe" or Red Hugh, two

of the most enterprising warriors that ever graced the pages of history.

Hugh O'Neill had commenced his career in the English camp, and there learned the art of war and at the same time obtained a thorough knowledge of the principal leaders of English politics. He was a silent spectator of the struggles of the Geraldines, with whom he sympathised, but to whom he could not render any assistance. On his accession to his estates as earl of Ulster and vassal to the English crown, he did not at first seem inclined to risk the assumption of the ancient title of his family, and he therefore sought to content himself with his present position. But it seems that the policy of the English government, or at least of its representatives in in Ireland, was that the descendants of the native chiefs should not hold any position of strength in the land, and as Hugh was one of the most powerful of this class, he became obnoxious to the would-be rulers of Ireland.

Hugh O'Donnell, although a contemporary of O'Neill, was many years his junior. While yet very young, he was seized by the "Undertakers," as a certain class of despoilers were called, and carried to Dublin, where the authorities confined him for five years [illegible] his escape in a most romantic manner, [illegible] his mountain home in Donegal, and [illegible] ter [illegible] as elevated to the chieftain's chair on the abdication of his father. The memory of the cruelties practised on him while a prisoner in the

hands of his enemies, and the growing and exacting power of the English in his own province, inflamed the mind of the young chieftain against the invaders, so that when the confederation of the Ulster chieftains was contemplated, it needed no great powers of persuasion to induce O'Donnell to join its ranks, and he accordingly entered into the project with all the animation of his nature.

A feasible opportunity for commencing the war was not long wanting. An attempt to abridge O'Neill's power as prince of Ulster to a mere subordinate position awakened his spleen, and an unwarranted outrage committed O'Byrne, one of principal Ulster chieftains, capped the climax. The confederacy was proclaimed, and the descendants of Eremhon, once more more marshalled under one head, commenced their fight against the usurped authority of England. O'Neill inaugurated the war by capturing the English stronghold of Ulster, situated near the town of Armagh, an act which provoked the advance of the English army under general Norris, but which returned without having effected anything.

O'Donnell no sooner heard of the opening of hostilities, than he sallied from his native mountains and burst like a storm upon the English settlers in the south west part of Ulster and the north east part of Connaught, scattering his adversaries like chaff before the wind. An English general sought to restrain him, but his efforts ended in his own de-

struction. O'Donnell then directed his march towards Dungannon, and effected a junction with O'Neill. The two chieftains beseiged the fortress of Monaghan, which they took, but subsequently lost on the arrival of the English general Norris with a strong reinforcement. Norris attempted to follow up his victory, and pursuaed and attacked O'Neill at the village of Clontibret. A severe battle ensued, in which the genius of O'Neill and the bravery of his troops again triumphed. General Norris was wounded, his army defeated with great loss, and compelled to fly in disorder on their base. This battle was fought towards the close of the year 1595, and was of so much consequence to the Irish, that the deputy appointed commissioners to offer terms of peace to the Irish chieftains; but failing to come to an understanding, the war was renewed. The terms demanded by O'Neill and O'Donnell included entire freedom of religious worship, but it did not meet the approval of the English commissioners.

The next successes of the chieftains were the capture of Armagh and the rout of the English at Drumflinch by O'Neill, in 1596, and the expulsion of sir Conyers Clifford from Ballyshannon by O'Donnell, in 1597,—a series of successes which awakened the anxiety of Elizabeth as to the stability of her dominion in Ireland.

Marshal Bagnall was next appointed to the chief command of English army. The Government was now certain that the stubborn chieftains would be

annihilated. The Marshal took up his line of march northward with a force of 5,000 men,—well-drilled and well-appointed troops. O'Neill hearing of his approach massed his army in the vicinity of Ballinabuie (Yellow Ford), and there awaited the onset of the English general. The battle was fought on the 15th of August, 1598, and is referred to with feelings of pride by Irishmen to the present day. The superior discipline of the English, aided by their artillery was not proof against the cool intrepidity of O'Neill, and the proud army of the English general was most signally defeated. Bagnall, his chief officers and half of his army were left dead on the field of battle, and his camp and baggage were taken possession of by the victorious Irish.

Never was a victory more complete. Its fame spread not only over the British dominions but reached even the distant courts of Paris, Madrid and Rome. The result was most beneficial to the victors. The greater part of the enemy's strongholds in the north were evacuated and now in possession of the confederates. The greatest terror prevailed among the English settlers, and a general stampede to the large cities took place. The armies in the field were summoned to the defence of Dublin, and the terror-stricken government was in daily expectation of beholding the banners of the triumphant Confederates before their walls. Such

was the state of affairs when the winter of 1598 brought the campaign to a close.

The operations of 1599 commenced with the appearance of the Earl of Essex at the head of the English forces to terminate his career as as insuccessful as his predecessors. He marched from Limerick with 2,000 men, intending to subdue all the armed tribes that intervened in his progress; but he received a check at the outset that dispirited his army, and being harassed by the brave O'Moore, who hung on his flanks and rear, he retired precipitately to Dublin, making a narrow escape in his flight.

He then despatched Sir Conyers Clifford against the chieftains of the west, who were up in their strength, making the country exceedingly hot for foreigners. His march was interrupted in the Corlieu Mountains by the heroic O'Donnell, and both armies came to a general engagement on the fifteenth of August—the anniversary of the glorious victory of Yellow Ford. O'Donnell, assisted by O'Ruarc, bore down with his usual impetuosity on the enemy and routed him with great slaughter, and following him vigorously gave him no opportunity to rally his forces. Clifford was slain in this battle and Sligo captured, as also the English fleet in the harbor.

The lamentations of the English over these repeated defeats were loud and long. It galled them to core to think that their disiciplined armies led by

able generals should have been scattered to the four winds by the "savage Irishry." The strain on the resources of the government to continue the war was enormous, and fears of the ultimate success were more than once entertained by Elizabeth and her ministers.

Profiting by the confusion which these signal victories had introduced in the ranks of the enemy, O'Neill went to work with his accustomed energy to consolidate the great chieftains, and, if possible, extend the confederacy throughout the island. In Ulster, of course, the union remained intact; in Connaught everything was auspicious for that object—the several chieftains of the former being united under his banner and that of O'Donnell, and in the latter a similar union was effected with O'Connor at its head. He therefore directed his attention to Munster, where the fame of his successes had inspired a feeling of admiration for his person, so that the McCarthy More, O'Brian, O'Sullivan Beare, O'Mahony and other great chieftains of the south ranged themselves under his banner without much presuasion. Some of the chiefs of the east, such as O'Moore, O'Byrne, Maguire, and others, had already taken part in the struggle, and now O'Neill found himself occuping a position something similar to the ancient Ard Righ, with every prospect of complete success. A treaty of peace was again proposed by the English, but considering O'Neill's demands too exhorbitant, all further ne-

gociations were declined. The terms laid down were the same as before: free exercise of religion and participation in the government, were the chief articles of the treaty, and whether they were unreasonable or not we leave it to an impartial reader to determine.

The English government having exhausted their best means to subjugate the Irish, once more had recourse to their old tactics of breeding dissensions and turmoils. The chief actor in this drama was now lord Mountjoy, and he commenced his career of lord deputy, by displaying an energy and perseverance that finally rewarded his efforts with success for the English cause. Rival chieftains rose in the north in opposition to O'Neill and O'Donnell, compelling these chieftains to return and renew in Ulster, the strife that they had so glorously conducted in the preceding years. A combined attack by land and sea was planned by lord Mountjoy and carried into execution, and this together with the enormous defections of the native chiefs, put the Confederates to their utmost to hold their own. Finding at length that there was but little prospect of succeeding in the face of so many difficulties, the chieftains transferred their forces to the south, where a Spanish auxiliary army had landed with the intention of assisting the Irish.

The Spaniards took possession of Kinsale, but were immediately beseiged by an English army of 10,000 men under the command of general Carew.

O'Neill and O'Donuell soon after appeared on the scene, and laid siege to the army of investment. The English general thus found himself between two enemies, and fully expected annihilation. Such was not so however, and Carew owed his escape to the blunders of his enemies rather than the superiority of his army. Contrary to the advice of O'Neill, the majority of the Irish determined on attacking the enemy at a time when their own soldiers were worn out with fatigues and privations, and the English soldiers on account of the superiority of there position, well supplied and compartively free from trouble. Had not treason again appeared in the Irish camp, even this inferior condition of O'Neill's soldiers would not have prevented them from obtaining a complete victory.

Carew was made known of their intended attack, and was on the alert to receive them. He led them into an ambuscade, and notwithstanding the herculean exertions of O'Neill and the superhuman bravery of O'Donnell, the Irish army suffered an irretrievable defeat.

The chieftains retired to the north, from whence O'Donnell departed to Spain for reinforcements, but soon after died without effecting his object. O'Neill struggled heroically against the overwhelming odds which, now that reverses had set in, poured down upon him from every side. Mustering all his strength for the contest, he bravely opposed his enemies with varying successes. The defection of so many of his

former allies reduced his forces to a small body of retainers, and he was consequently compelled to retreat from place to place, always offering a bull-dog front to the advancing legions of Mountjoy.

At length the aged chieftain was brought to bay near the village of Mellifont, in the spring of 1603, and feeling that all further opposition was unavailing, laid down his arms, though not without obtaining concessions for his people that would not be disgraceful in time of victory. He did not long remain in Ireland to enjoy the clemency of the English, and bidding an eternal farewell to his native land, embarked for France, where he died about ten years after. Thus terminated the career of O'Neill and O'Donnell, lords of Tyrone and Tyrconnell, two of the brightest luminaries of Irish history, and two as noble patriots as ever fought for the liberties of their country.

CHAPTER VI.

THE DEATH STRUGGLE.

Forget not the field where they perish'd,
The truest, the last of the brave;
All gone, and the bright hopes they cherished,
Gone with them and quenched in the grave.

TYRONE and TYRCONNELL were no sooner banished from the country than the government resumed the stringent and coercive measures that were in force previous to the rising of the Confederates. Wherever the power of the lord-lieutenant and his deputies extended the most tyrannical and exacting sway was exercised. The articles of Mellifont, which granted nothing more than a just and liberal government should at any time allow, were shamefully violated, and a brave and chivalrous people, who laid down their arms on the solemn pledge of a civilized government that their civil and religious liberties should be restored, were still further burdened with unjust and aggravating enactments.

The Stuart dynasty, which commenced its sway over England in the person of James I., was no more favorable to the Irish interest than its predecessor, the Tudor, and the reign of the last mentioned monarch was signalized by the introduction of several new schemes for the accumulation of the miseries of Ireland.

He commenced his rule by issuing a proclamation to the effect that no liberal policy would be exhibited towards the Irish, and any amelioration of the penal laws would not be tolerated. The "undertakers" and "discoverers" were let loose upon the country, and reaped a rich harvest in confiscations and seizures. Any Irishman of consequence who was suspected of connection, however slight, with the late war for freedom, was forcibly expelled from his lands, which were then declared forfeited to the crown, in defiance of the treaty of Mellifont.

The actions of these nefarious scoundrels just referred to would lead one to suppose that Ireland was a newly discovered country, and consequently liable to be treated as such. The original owners of the soil, men who had held their possessions from their forefathers time out of mind, and who never had any other dispute to their rights than those which native rivalry might occasionally stir up, were asked by the justice living "undertakers" to produce their title deeds, and failing to do so were at once dispoiled of their property. Thousands of *defective titles* were thus "discovered," and the unfortunate owners were made to suffer poverty and degredation because Cormac Ulfadha, Brian Boru and their compeers had so far failed in their duty to their subjects as to neglect the establishment of chancery courts, and a system of blue-tapeism. The forcible introduction of thousands of the natives of Argyle, among the inhabitants of Ulster, by King

James, was the most arbitrary act of his reign, and completed the humiliation of that province. The great chieftains of the south and west, if not altogether deprived of their property, were stripped of their authority, and reduced to some extremely subordinate condition, and to crown all, the semblance of national government, which had previously existed in some slight degree, was abolished, and the country ruled by the absolute control of the castle dignitaries.

This tyrannical policy was continued by Charles I. in every particular, and the natives now perceiving that nothing was to be gained by appeals to the justice of the Government once more resorted to arms as their only hope. The idea once entertained, a fixed determination was soon arrived at, and when the storm of war again burst over the island, there was no cessation until thousands of valuable lives were lost, and millions of money expended.

Rory O'Moore, a descendant of the renowned chiefs of Leix, was the originator and chief organizer of this great conflict for independence. He it was who effected a unanimity of sentiment among the various chieftains, travelling north, south and west, and undeterred by no obstacle in prosecuting his purpose. Wherever he went he found that the tyranny of the Government had awakened mens' minds to the necessity of asserting their rights and throwing off the galling yoke that bound them,

consequently he had no cause to exercise any great powers of persuasion.

The first appearance of the storm was perceived in Ulster. Sir Phelim O'Neill (a kinsman of the great Hugh) who was barely tolerated in the possession of a skeleton of the estates of his ancestors, was chosen leader of the patriots in that province, and at once commenced active operations. He besieged several strong fortresses held by the English, and strengthened his followers with the ammunition thus obtained. The news of his rising spread throughout Ireland, confirming the irresolute and everywhere animating the suffering people. The government became aware this action of O'Neill in October, 1641, and before many weeks had gone by received the alarming intelligence that the principal clans of the west and south had also risen.

The conduct of the native chiefs in this crisis was admirable. A concerted movement was planned by which considerable successes were obtained over the government forces, and a feeling of encouragement wafted over the struggling districts. The town of Kilkenny was chosen as their headquarters, and here a general assembly was called, which resulted after mature deliberation in the establishment of a form of government, organization of armies, and a decentralization of power. In this assembly all prominent advocates of the national cause, both among the natives and Anglo-Irish, took part,

deliberating in a manner that would have done credit to old established governments.

After the formation of the Confederation of Kilkenny, the war went on from month to month with varying success—the advantage being for the most part on the side of the Irish. General Munroe, the commander-in-chief of the English army, tried his fortunes in various directions against the patriots, but for a long time he exhausted all his efforts in vain. Taking the advantage of the disorders which internal dissensions had wrought among the people of Ulster, he overthrew them in several engagements, and took possession of their strongholds.

This had the effect of dispiriting the contestants in the field, and might have brought their efforts to an abrupt conclusion had not Owen O'Neill, nephew of the great Hugh, returned from abroad and entered the lists with his hereditary courage and military ability against the Puritan commander. He received the command of the Confederates in Ulster from the Assembly, and from that date victory attended the national armies. Triumph succeeded triumph in rapid succession. The armies of Munroe were scattered in every direction before the strong arm of O'Neill, the national leaders received fresh courage from the success of this great soldier, and the cause of the government declined in exact proportion as the strength of O'Neill increased. Ulster, Connaught and Munster were almost cleared of their oppressors through the

prowess of Rory O'Moore and general Preston, and when the spring of 1646 opened, the hopes of the Confederates of ultimate success were considerably advanced. The Catholic party now made overtures to the government, couched in terms respectful but firm, and again asking for those privileges which Tyrconnell had contended for so bravely, nearly half a century before. A temporizing answer was returned, under cover of which the government recruited its forces, and then having again rendered itself formidable, insultingly replied to the just demands by despatching a fresh army for the subjugation of the Confederates.

General Munroe was again commander-in-chief. With an army of 12,000 well-trained soldiers, supported by artillery and cavalry, he made another attempt to overthrow the "O'Neill." All eyes were now turned towards the North, where it was felt that the crisis of the insurrection had arrived. O'Neill had been long wanting an opportunity for a decisive engagement with the Puritan general, and the victory that resulted after a bloody and obstinate battle answered his expectations, and crowned the numerous successes already won by the Confederates. Munroe was completely routed, 4,000 of his men and his principal officers were left dead on the field, and his camp equipage together with 1,500 of his cavalry captured by the conquerors, whose loss did not exceed 200 in all.

The fruits of this victory were mainfold, Munroe

fled in a panic to the extreme north, and tremblingly took refuge behind the ramparts of Carrickfergus. O'Neill with an army now vastly augmented found a clear path to any part of the kingdom, and marching towards the south he drove the English garrisons out of the various towns as he passed along, and finally camping with his army, consisting of 12,000 men, in the vicinity of Kilkenny. The viceroy, Ormond, retreated at his approach to his castle in Dublin, which he endeavored to place in the best possible state of defence. O'Neill was joined by Preston at Kilkenny, and with their united forces, having swept nearly the whole country, proceeded to besiege Dublin. The inhabitants were thrown into the greatest consternation on hearing of the approach of the Catholic army, and numbers fled to England and Scotland. Ormond collected all possible reinforcements, armed the citizens, and did his utmost to encourage them. The Confederates had every chance of taking the city, but owing to jealousies and bickerings in their camp, origniated and abetted by their enemies, they frittered away their vaulable time, and by giving the besieged an opportunity of recruiting their strength, were finally compelled to abandon their attempt.

The civil war in England soon after gave another turn to the war in Ireland, and we behold the strange spectacle of O'Neill and Preston, the two bravest defenders of Catholic rights, fighting side by side with Ormond and Coote, their former inveterate ene

mies, against the forces of Charles, rebellious Parliament, whom they held in check until the arrival of the regicide Cromwell. This brave and skillful but unscrupulous and blood-thirsty soldier made comparitively short work of his opponents. The chivalric O'Neill nothing daunted by the iron name of Cromwell or his canting followers, put himself at the head of his army and marched southwards to measure swords with the conqueror of Naseby. But fate declared that they should not meet. O'Neill died on the march, from the effects of posion which he had absorbed into his system and administered without doubt by his enemies, who thus treacherously rid themselves of a foe they could not conquer in the field.

The career of Oliver Cromwell is well known to the student of Irish history. His bloody and cruel massacre of the inhabitants of Drogheda and Wexford are eternal blots on his name; and the total disregard for every principle of common humanity, which he manifested during his stay in Ireland, has caused his memory to be hated by Irishmen through succeeding generations. Even at the present day, the "curse of Cromwell" is considered by the peasantry to be the greatest malediction that can be invoked. On his departure for England, he left the command of his troopers to his son-in-law, Henry Ireton, with orders to pursue the same merciless policy until the Irish were completely subdued.

Hugh O'Neill, son of the lamented Owen, took

command of the army in Munster, and hastened to the relief of Limerick—the principal post still in the hands of the Confederates—now threatened by the Parliamentarians. Ireton laid siege to the city, prosecuting his exertions with vigor, and was guided in his plans by Hardress Waller, one of the most brutal generals that ever commanded an army. The combined efforts of these worthies were for a long time baffled by the skill and bravery of Hugh O'Neill and general Purcell, the commanders of the Limerick garrison. Ireton made several ineffectual assaults on the works, and tried stratagems without number to draw the brave defenders into their meshes. Assisted by disease and treason, they were at length successful. Wasted by sickness and famine, the strength of the garrison was daily decreasing, and the defection of the chief civic officials of the town, who allowed egress to the enemy, completed their overthrow. The greater part of the army fell into the hands of the Cromwellians, and were barbariously treated, and several of their officers and the principal ecclesiastics were inhumanly executed. Hugh O'Neill barely escaped with his life. Galway was the last to fall, and with its surrender terminated the Confederate war, which had continued for nearly ten years.

After the final overthrow of the Confederates, the cruel and tyrannical policy of Cromwell ground the people to the lowest degree of endurance. He did not discover a single trace of leniency during

his protectorate, but kept the nation in a continual turmoil by his confiscations and proscriptions. The accession of Charles II. on the death of Cromwell, did not relieve the disabilities of the Irish to any great extent although much was expected by the latter on account of their sympathy for his race. There was no alternative left the Irish but endurance. Their great leaders had all disappeared, and the only effective means they had of redressing their wrongs were thus taken from them. In the next reign, however, a short respite was afforded, and a "strong man" appeared on their side who temporarily revived the glory of Hugh O'Neill and made himself renowned in Irish story.

PATRICK SARSFIELD was the grandson of the celebrated Rory O'Moore who played so conspicuous a part in the Kilkenny confederation. He was an ardent lover of his country from his birth, and seems to have drawn his inspirations with his mother's milk. In his youth he learned the art of war, as most Irish soldiers of his time did, in a foreign country, so that when an opportunity arrived for striking a blow for his country's weal, he was both ready and willing. His enthusiasm far outstripped his years but did not counteract the wisdom and prudence that were inherent in his nature. Brave and generous to a fault, he struggled obstinately and to the last in defence of the religion and rights of his countrymen, and did not lay down his

sword until every hope had been blighted and every prospect of success faded from his views.

He was the most popular of all commanders who fought under king James, and on that account was frequently tramelled by the arrogance of his superiors. Nevertheless, he found means for exhibiting his genius and brilliant qualities to an extent that surpassed them all; and it is acknowledged by all impartial writers that had Sarsfield commanded the army of James, the Irish would never have had reason to lament the defeats of the Boyne and Aughrim, and their mournful consequences. He was as upright and honorable as he was brave, and as devoted a follower of the religion of his ancestors as he was an unselfish lover of his country. He fought his way unaided from the position of a common soldier to the rank of a nobleman of the kingdom, always presenting the same integrity of purpose and the same unflinching patriotism. On the landing of king James in Ireland he was one of first to espouse his cause, and when that cause could be sustained no longer he was the last to abandon it. At the battle of the Boyne fought on the first of July, 1690, he saved the royal army from total destruction, by the skill with which he handled the cavalry troops under his command. In the retreat from that memorable field, he beat off the repeated attacks of the pursuing enemy, occasionally making daring and sudden assaults in their flanks and rear. Throughout the whole of William's advance on

Limerick, to which the army of James was now rapidly retreating, Sarsfield made himself a terror to the enemy, and when the siege of the city was regularly commenced, the fertile brain of the earl of Lucan devised means for the annoying and harrassing of the Williamites that kept them in a continual furore. By one of the boldest and most daringly conceived stratagems on record, he deprived the Dutch king of his whole park of artillery, which was being pushed forward for the siege, and thereby retarded the progress of that monarch long enough to defeat his project. Defeated in his attempts to take the city by storm through the active and energy of Sarsfield, on the twenty-seventh day of August, William raised the siege and returned in disgust to England.

Notwithstanding the heroism of the earl of Lucan, fortune turned against the cause. The battle of Aughrim July, 1691, was a crushing blow to the Irish revolutionary war, and was followed by the surrenders of Galway and Limerick in the same year. The noble defence offered by Sarsfield in the latter city procured for the Irish the most favorable terms, which, although signed in good faith by the representatives of the English king, were never adhered to. Sarsfield and his gallant army were allowed to depart with flying colors, and as they abhorred the throught of serving under the destroyers of their country, set sail for France, where they were warmly received and their services gladly

accepted by Louis XIV. Sarsfield died in 1693, in the arms of victory, fighting under the lillies of France against his ancient enemy, William.

CHAPTER VI.

AFTER THE BATTLE.

In vain the hero's heart had bled,
The sage's tongue hath warned in vain;
Oh, Freedom! once thy flame hath fled,
It never lights again.

—MOORE.

PATRICK SARSFIELD may be justly considered the last of Ireland's great warriors. It is true that the fight for freedom did not permanently cease after the capitulation of Limerick, and it is equally true that the brave defenders of the "queen city of the west" were not the last of those who struggled for Ireland's liberty; but it is a mournful fact that all subsequent attempts of a similar nature never partook of the grandeur and consequence of the campaigns of 1690—91, except the memorable rebellion of "'98."

For the first eight decades of the eighteenth century, the sovereigns of England in their legislative measures rode rough shod over the rights (without considering the privileges) of the people of Ireland. The articles of Limerick were scornfully and derisively treated, and their violation agreed on almost before the sails of the patriot vessels had disappeared below the horizon. The Catholic gentry, of whom very few had escaped the persecutions of the preceding reigns, were still further subjected

to robbery and spoliation by the executors of William's, Anne's, and George's evangelical legislation, and we behold the anachronism liberty-loving England, whose boasted refinement and civilization was daily re-echoed "from pole to pole," holding a sister nation, whose only crime was patriotism and a desire to worship God after its own conscience, bound hand and foot, as it were, and bleeding from every pore. The draconian code of Elizabeth was outdone by the still more sanguinary edicts of Queen Anne, whose rule in connection with Ireland was characterized by the most barbarous policy that ever emanated from a tyrannical government. The details of these grinding and death-dealing laws are too numerous and too well-known to demand particularizing; suffice it to say, that the tortures attributed to the ingenuity of the wildest savage of the forest, could not exceed the torments inflicted on conquered Ireland during the period referred to. The country was ruled on a system far exceeding the arbitrary power of martial law, and every precaution taken to prevent the recurrence of an attempt on the part of the prostrate people to assert those rights which, as men and Christians, were properly theirs.

Not even by the more peaceful course prescribed by constitutional proceedings, could the oppressed Catholics obtain a modification of their miseries, for every avenue of distinction was closed against them and they were debarred from participation in any office, even the most menial. A bailiffship was as

far from their position as the lord lieutenancy, and a Catholic lawyer, Justice of the Peace, or member of Parliament, was unknown. Education for Catholics was prohibited, Catholic churches destroyed, their pastors hunted with blood-hounds, and a price set upon their heads. Such was the condition of Ireland during the reign of the last Stuart and the two first representatives of the House of Brunswick.

But if the Irish suffered at home they prospered abroad. Fugitives from tyranny and intolerence, they received an asylum under the more congenial laws of the continental nations. Their bravery and military skill were appreciated by the governments of the different nations to which they had emigrated, and positions of honor were assigned them from all quarters. As allies they were invaluable, and the military enterprises of Spain, France and Austria, during the latter part of the seventeenth and the beginning of the eighteenth centuries, received much of their successes and glory from the impetuous bravery of the Irish. The prince of Parma, marshal Turenne and prince Eugene were loud in their laudations of their new allies, who were not slow in accepting the favors of their patrons, as through their agency they found means to be avenged on their hereditary foes for the centuries of pent up wrongs and heartrendering sufferings they had endured. In the campaigns of the French in the Netherlands, Sarsfield and his compatriots sustained their old reputation as military leaders, as a succes-

sion of glorious victories on many a hard fought field, clearly proved, though the satisfaction they derived from the overthrow of their foes suffered a little from the thought that had they fought for Ireland their successes would have been more glorious. At Namur and Landen the soldiers of William III. felt the weight of Sarsfield's strength to their entire discomfiture, but at the last named place the great Irish hero disappears forever from the scene, slain, as before mentioned, by the bullets of the enemy, 1693.

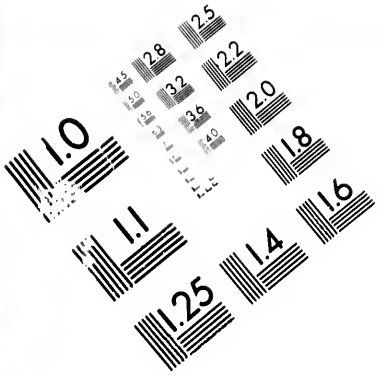
Justin McCarthy (lord Mountchasel) and the Duke of Berwick, both distinguished soldiers in the Irish campaign of James II., worked themselves into prominence in the military history of France and Spain. The former served with glory in the war between France and Austria during 1692-93, routing the enemy at Marsigold and killing their general, whose father, the duke Schomberg, had made such havoc among the Irish at the Boyne, He died at Burges, after a career that was creditable to himself and advantageous to the country under whose banners he fought.

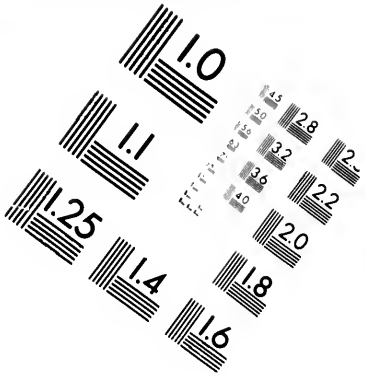
The O'Brians of Thomond were represented in these foreign wars in equal prominence with others of their fellow countrymen, and did immense service to their adopted country. One of this ancient race was a participator in the ever memorable victory of Fontenoy in 1745, when the Irish brigade commanded by Dillon and O'Brian, effected the com-

plete overthrow of the army of England's proud duke of Cumberland, after the French marshal Saxe had given up all hope of victory. The conduct of the Irish at this renowned battle was commented on with wonder and admiration by the nations of Europe, and caused a feeling of anger and dismay to pervade the minds of the members of king George's oligarchical government. The vanity of the haughty son of an equally imperious monarch was humbled, and the humiliation of Aughrim and Limrick finally and completely avenged.

The connection of several prominent Irishmen with the ill-fated attempt of Charles Edward to regain possession of the throne of his ancestors was but another proof of the generous self-sacrificing spirit of the Hibernian of the period. The ancient names of O'Neill, O'Sullivan and Lynch figure as conspicuously as ever in the several phases of the Pretender's fortunes, from the landing at Moidart, to the crushing reverse at Culloden and the inglorious flight from Badenoch. In his hour of gloom they were as faithful to the unfortunate Stuart as in the hour of victory, and by their conduct throughout presented a strange contrast to the unfeeling policy pursued by the Pretender's ancestors to the people of Ireland in the days of their power.

In the reign of George II. there flourished an important personage in Irish political circles, who although a member of the oppressive party, discovered sufficient of the "milk of human kindness" in his





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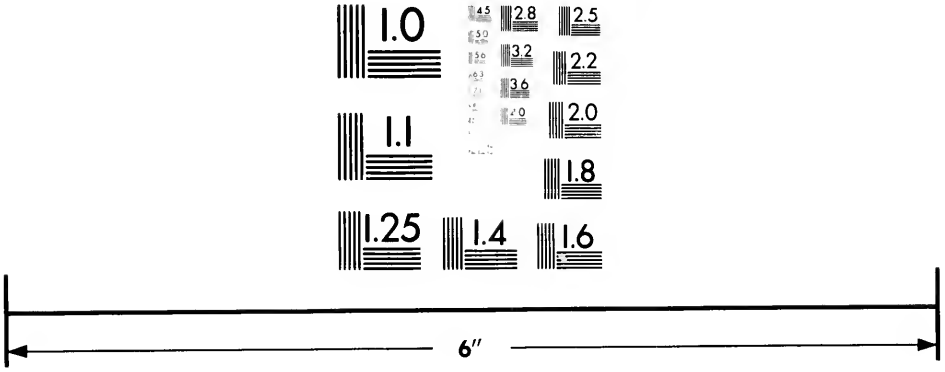

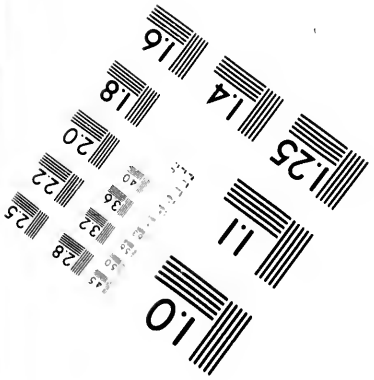

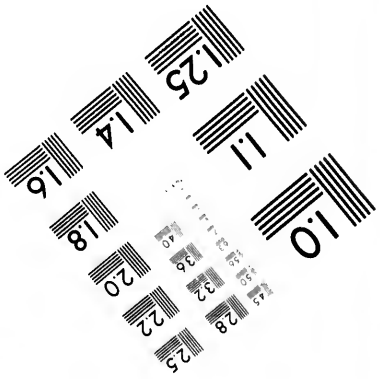

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nature to use his wonderful talents for the amelioration of the condition of the oppressed at the darkest hour of their trouble. This was the celebrated JONATHAN SWIFT, whose name is as familiar among the English speaking world as "household words," for his keen satire and incomparable wit. By the use of these invincible weapons he made himself both feared and hated by those to whom the government of the country was committed. He attacked the vile and tyrannical penal code with all the energy and ability he possessed, and laid bare their hideous nature in all their horrible deformity, at the same time holding up their past originators and present supporters and executors to the scorn of all right minded persons. Let the students of Jonathan Swift's biography attribute what motives they may to his actions, they cannot deny that he was the most inveterate opponent of England's illiberal policy that ever appeared outside the ranks of the army up to the time of which we write. Coming as they did from the pen of a Church of England minister, and clothed in all the keen irony and insidious metaphor for which Swift was so famous, his literary assaults carried with them a degree of strength that was perfectly irresistable. His writings were productive of a degree of cheerfulness and comfort which the unhappy islanders had not felt for years. His independence in the intercourse he had with men in office was worthy of the highest commendation, when we consider the corruption and

venality of the day, and the freedom with which he dealt his censures on the dignitaries of the land, showed there was one man, at least, among the priviliged party who was liberal minded enough to signify his abhorrence of English misrule.

The "Era of Independence," as that happy period was called which commenced in 1782 and terminated in 1795, and which owed its existence to causes growing out of the American Revolution of 1776, was fruitful in the possession of noble and disinterested patriots, who procured for their countrymen a relaxation from the severity of the penal enactments, and restored them to comparitive freedom and prosperity. It was not by any desire of rendering justice that the Government consented to this liberal policy, but through an ignoble fear that that were the just demands of the Irish withheld, the gallant Volunteers might be the cause of no inconsiderable amount of trouble. The rapid progress made by the country in all that constitutes greatness, served to prove to the outside world that had the inhabitants but possessed their natural rights during those long years of prostration, they would before then have placed their country in a position rivalling the proudest nation of the earth. The Irish Parliament that had hitherto been the mere tool of its English superiors was now free and untramelled and qualified to legislate for the benefit of the people at large, and not for the bloated arristocrat and exacting land holder. This state of affairs

did not suit that class of traitors whose tastes were on a par with the "Undertakers" of Cromwell and William III., and every detestable species of bribery and corruption was brought to bear on the members of the legislature and other parties in authority, in order to place the control of the nation again in the hands of the human sharks and blood-suckers, who had for generations before fattened on ill-gotten gains extorted from a friendless and defenceless people. The originators and promoters of the "Era of Independence," Flood, Grattan, Curran, Burke, Plunkett and others made a noble and determined stand on behalf of the national cause, throwing the full strength of their opposition against the advancing flood of retrogression that was gradually threatening to swamp away the effects of their life struggles, but in vain. Wickedness prospered once more, and the day dream of liberty which the Irish had so enthusiastically indulged in, vanished away as speedily as it appeared, leaving no further trace of its presence than a pleasant remembrance.

The rebellion of 1798 was the outburst of an exasperated people, who finding that all peaceful measures for the attainment of their wishes were unavailing, appealed to arms as their only resource. That they had well-founded reasons for this course, we have only to refer to the sympathy they received from the great men of the day, and among them Sir John Moore, whose humanity led him to exclaim when considering the miseries of Ireland, "were I

an Irishman, I'd be a rebel." Here again, as in other instances of Irish history, treason was the best trump in the hands of Ireland's enemies, and well they knew how to avail themselves of its use. At the very outset, Addis Emmitt and Arthur O'Connor, two of the principal leaders of the insurrection, were betrayed into the hands of "the Castle." The "rising" took place in May, and became pretty general; but in no place did the fires of insurrection blaze with greater brilliancy, and no where did they require more power to extinguish, than in Wexford. In this county was fought the bloodiest battles of the rebellion, memorable on account of the victories won by an unarmed, irregular mob, from a disciplined and well officered army. But the successes of Oulart, Enniscorthy, Gorey, etc., however bravely won, were insufficient, and the slight and temporary advantages thus obtained were completely lost and the insurrection crushed, by the overwhelming defeat of Vinegar Hill. There the concentrated strength of the patriots was broken, and with the exception of one or two mere skirmishes in other parts of Ireland, their efforts ceased from that. Much had been expected from the French in the way of men and money, but fortune seemed determined to baffle all attempts at assistance on the part of France. Her fleets were scattered by the winds and prevented from effecting a landing until too late. Humbert landed at the mouth of the Moy in Mayo, in 1799, with a small army, but the want of reinforcements

and supplies rendered the attempt abortive. He routed the English at Barnagee, but was in his turn forced to submit to the fortunes of war at Ballynamuck. The usual punishments of an unsuccessful rebellion, with all its attendant horrors, followed; and nothing but executions, imprisonments and transportations was heard of for many a day. The infamous Union Act succeeded, brought about by lord Castlereagh, whose name is detested by every true Irishman, and from this time forth ceases the armed efforts at independence on the part of Irishmen, unless we except the escapade of the ill-fated but patriotic Robert Emmet in 1803, and of Meagher, McGee, Duffey and others, in 1848.

Here closes the first section of this work devoted to the warrior. Many names have been omitted from the first part, but as our desire has been to picture the actions of the most conspicuous, the omission of others will not be felt, although, at the same time, we would wish to extend a notice to all, which our limited space will not permit.

ECCLESIASTICAL.

ANECDOTES OF IRELAND.

THE ECCLESIASTIC.

And false the light on Glory's plume,
As fading hues of Even;
And Love, and Hope, and Beauty's bloom,
Are bloosoms gathered from the tomb;
There's nothing bright but heaven.

CHAPTER I.

THE SACRED TRIAD.

DRUIDISM was in Ireland, as in the neighboring island of Britain and the opposite coasts of Gaul, the principal feature in the civil and religious institutions of the people before the introduction of Christianity. It was the power behind the scenes that moved the machinery of legislation and regulated public transactions, and it frequently had as much influence in military enterprises as in civil affairs. It was affiliated with the laws and institutions of the country, and its power was absolute. The gloomy character of it rites and ceremonies filled the minds of the people with awe, and its harsh

and severe doctrines and practices held them bound under a restraint that premitted no equivocation. To revolutionize this state of affairs and produce a system directly opposite, it will be seen, was a task of no ordinary magnitude.

But St. Patrick was not in the least intimidated by the herculean appearance of the labor he had alloted for himself. Strengthened by the grace of God and animated by a desire to rescue a warm-hearted and chivalrous nation from the influence of the powers of darkness, he proceeded to the accompliishment of his design with a full determination to succeed, and the event answered his highest expectations.

It was no half measure he was bent upon and his continual and increasing exertions proved the sincerity of his heart. The seven years of captivity which he endured in his youth in the midst of the Irish people, first prompted him to the prosecution of his holy mission, as it was then he discovered the natural good qualities of the inhabitants, and obtained a full knowledge of their manners and eumstoms. Little did the warlike Nial think that in the train of captives brought from Gaul in his last invasion of that country, was a simple and unassuming youth, who would one day drive out the authority and superstitions of Druidism and substitute in their stead the purity and sublimity of Christianity. Such was the case, however, and the seven years of confinement, patiently endured, were

no sooner brought to an end than the preliminary steps were taken for that purpose.

On his return to his native town in Gaul, the remembrance of his conceptions for the conversion of the Irish never left him, and as years passed onward the resolutions formed in the mountains of Down received fresh accessions of strength. The desire at length became fixed in his mind, and communicating his intentions to the reigning Pope, received that pontiff's sanction and commission for his holy object, accompanied with the ecclesiastical title of bishop for which he had fitted himself by years of study and devotion. His preparations for this great enterprise were exceedingly meagre and his companions limited—trusting to the sancity of his mission for success rather than on imposing demonstrations. Attempting a landing in two different localities without success, he boldly determined to attack the lion of paganism in his very den, and accordingly sailing up the Boyne he landed at a spot near the confluence of that river with the Blackwater.

The daring of this stroke ensured success. The hill of Tara, the seat of the Irish general government, was not far distant, and it happened that just at this auspicious moment the triennial assembly was on the eve of holding its first sitting. Thither then St. Patrick directed his steps with but a single attendant, leaving his boatmen to shift for themselves on the banks of the Boyne. The heroism displayed

by the saint on this occasion can be imagined when we consider that he was advancing in the face of difficulties that, no matter how viewed, appeared unsurmountable. He had to combat the principles of the Druids who advocated their cause and clung to their doctrines with a fierceness and tenacity that exhibited little or no abatement, and he had to uproot those practices which age and universality had firmly imbedded in the habits of the people.

As has been already stated, St. Patrick was thoroughly versed in the usages of the country; he therefore knew that the opening ceremony of the next day would be the lighting of the sacred fires in honor of the presiding deity Crown. He also knew death was the punishment for the lighting of a fire in the holy hill of Tara during the time that elapsed between the extinguishing of one sacred flame and the kindling of another. But in defiance of the existing law, and regardless of the penalty attending its violating, he kindled a fire at the dawn of the morning in a position where its flames were exposed to the view of the assembly of Tara. The consternation and surprise that of august body on witnessing this profanation were general, and the anger of the Druids on thus beholding their power defied was unbounded. The doom of the author of this sacrilige was already pronounced. An imperious summons was despatched to bring the offender or offenders, as the case might be, to the presence of the court, and there answer for the glaring violation of existing

laws. When St. Patrick made his appearance before the monarch his calm and peaceful aspect increased the wonder of the spectators. Leary, who expected to behold a fierce and hautghy adventurer, was struck with the expression of sanctity and benignity that appeared in the countenance of the saint, and he marvelled greatly, as to the object the stranger had in view in thus risking his life for its prosecution. The king himself was a man of noble impulses, and when St. Patrick opened with an exposition of his doctrines and calming but steadily stated that his sole desire was to behefit the people of Ireland by teaching them the way of eternal life, his mind was filled with admiration at the generosity and nobility that prompted such a motive. The words which fell from the lips of St. Patrick, breathing the very essence of love and peace, and inculcating the teachings of divinity, were listened to with eagerness mingled with respect by the audience, and the effects were almost instantaneous on a people whose national characteristic of keen perception and discrimination at once led them to a thorough understanding of what they heard. The chief nobles of the court one by one signified their belief in the doctrines of Jesus Christ, and although the king did not follow the example of his courtiers, he threw no obstacles in the way of those who wished to exchange the religion of their ancestors for that of the stranger. The arch-druid himself, to the utter dismay of his disciples, bowed down to the new

doctrine, an example that was speedily imitated by many of the latter, and thus were in the altars and uperstitious practices overturned as it were at one blow. Although not completely crushed, the serpent of Druidism continued to struggle for some time to come; but its back was broken by the severity of the blow inflicted by St. Patrick, and gradually losing strength from day to day it finally disappeared altogether from view.

From the palace of the Ard-righ St. Patrick turned his attention to the other portions of the island, and penetrated it remotest corners, baptising thousands as he went along, building churches, ordaining priests, consecrating bishops and constituting monasteries and convents. Numbers of men and women were induced by his exhortations to withdraw themselves from the world and consecrate their lives to the service of God. He bestowed his superfluities on various charities, and in these works, frequently reduced himself to extreme poverty. He worked with might and main in his holy vocation, humbly bearing the crosses that came to his lot with the greatest resignation and never allowing himself to be puffed up with his success. He endured persecution without number, always receiving them with the utmost fortitude and greatest Christian spirit. He filled the country with schools of learning and piety, and laid the foundation of those famous seminaries that for many centuries after his time attracted the youth of the nobility of Europe

on account of the their great erudition and sanctity. He divided the island into ecclesiastical provinces, appointing to each its hierarchy, governing them with uncompromising rectitude, infusing his own spirit into all their proceedings.

Having effected the complete conversion of the island, he fixed his residence at Armagh, and regularly visited the different bishoprics under his care. The miracles performed by him were numerous and wonderful and served to open the minds of the incredulous on every occasion to the divine truths of Christianity. The early biographers of this great saint state that during his lifetime in Ireland he raised nine dead bodies to life, besides restoring health to the sick and sight to the blind. He left his imprint in every province and at this day we find innumerable records of his presence, in every section of the country even the most remote. He died at Downpatrick in Ulster, in 493, after a mission of 61 years, at the advanced age of 105.

Contemporary with St. Patrick was St. Bridget, a native of Faughard, Ulster, and at a very early age adopted the Christian religion. Not satisfied with the adoration of the Deity during her ordinary avocations, she threw aside all cares of the world, and receiving the veil of the recluse from the hands of a disciple of St. Patrick, spent the remainder of her life in seclusion from the vanities of the world. She established herself near the spot where Kildare now stands, and by her virtues and sanctity attract-

ed the attention of the pious in that vicinity. Several of her sex, wishing to follow her example, sought her companionship, which was willingly accepted. A religious community of woman was not long in forming, which gradually increased in proportions until it spread out in numerous branches all over the island. Her name became venerated, not only in Ireland, but throughout the neighbouring islands, as we frequently find mention of churches being dedicated to her memory in Scotland, England, and even in France and Germany. Her life was a succession of pious deeds and charitable works, and tradition informs us that several miracles were performed by means of the relics that were preserved after her death. As St. Patrick is the patron saint so is St. Bridget looked upon as the patroness, and their names have been cherished with feelings of love and veneration through succeeding ages. The former wrought the conversion of Ireland from a starting point exceedingly humble, and lived to witness a glorious triumph to his labor; the latter enjoyed a similar happiness, for her earthly career did not close until the solitary cell at Kildare had grown into vast proportions and its offshoots multiplied into many great and noble institutions. She died about the middle of the sixth century.

St. Columb or Columbkill forms the third person in Ireland's sacred Triad. He was one of the most renowned saints of the period, both in respect to foreign nations as well as to Ireland, the country

of his nativity. He was a descendant of the royal house of Ireland, but his connection with nobility did not preclude him from consecrating his life to the honor and glory of God. Casting aside all the allurements of wealth and position, he entered the Church and during the half century that elapsed between his entry and his death, his pious talents shone out highly above the many great ecclesiastical luminaries for whom those ages are so remarkable. He spent the first part of his life in his native country, where he occupied the highest position in the ecclesiastical sphere for a long time; but becoming desirous of spreading the light of the gospel among the tribes of the heathen islands, he left his home and country and departed for a new field of labor.

An Irish colony had some two or three centuries before obtained a settlement in Argyleshire, in Scotland, and thither St. Columb and the twelve companions who accompanied him, directed their steps. He was successful in converting the king and people of this settlement to Christianity, and during his stay made himself revered by his many saintly qualities. He then turned his attention to the Picts, the other inhabitants of the island; and although he experienced greater difficulty than in his labors among his kinsmen, he had the satisfaction in the end of seeing his teachings take root in the hearts of these savage people. Having thus brought these two nations to an understanding of the True Light,

St. Columb established himself in the little island of Iona, and from this humble residence directed the workings of his flock in every part of the country during the remaining thirty years of his life.

Hugh II., monarch of Ireland, growing jealous of the increasing prosperity of the Irish colony of Argyle, sought to turn its progress to his own advantage, and endeavored to effect that object by imposing taxes on its inhabitants. St. Columbkill espoused the cause of the inhabitants, who resisted the right of the Irish king to burden them with taxation; and repairing to Ireland, where a council was being held to deliberate on the matter, eloquently and successfully contended against the oppressive designs of Hugh. The result was that the odious measure was not only dropped, but the nominal tribute which the men of Argyle had annually paid to the mother country, was refused, and the colony from that time was virtually independent. Thus were the exertions of this celebrated man as much directed to the temporal as well as the spiritual welfare of those under his care. Although bitter feelings and animosities might have been expected by this result, yet the abilities of St. Columbkill being equally respected and acknowledged at home and abroad, were successful in preserving harmony; and no two nations in the world can point to a brighter record of friendship and cordiality than that which existed between Ireland and Scotland throughout their whole history. This is a remark-

able fact, and the intelligent men of the two nations have always agreed in attributing the foundation of this gratifying state of affairs to the wisdom and prudence of the great Columbkill.

The ancient records of Ireland and Scotland are filled with traditions of this wonderful man—all vieing with each other in lauding his virtues, purity, industry, courage and amiability. The affection in which he held both his native country and the land of his adoption is dilated on in numerous illustrative anecdotes; one of which represents him as ascending daily the summit of a high mountain in order to catch a glimpse his beloved Ireland, from which he had vowed to be a voluntary exile; and another beautifully picturing his spirit to the eyes of the simple Hebredonian as returning regularly to the scene of his earthly labors in order to count the islands as if fearful that any might disappear. Numerous other tales are related in praise of this exemplary man—tales that have been handed down from father to son and from age to age—but enough is already shown to prove the estimation in which he was held by the rude and illiterate but simple and pious people of the day.

His famous prophesies are familiar to every Irishman, as in them his enthusiastic nature can perceive a striking similiarity to the facts of his country's history, and as they have hitherto proved themselves to his satisfaction, he considers it but just to suppose that the rest will surely follow with like exactness.

He was as distinguished for his poetry and eloquence as for his piety; and his education was beyond his contemporaries. He held a magic power of kings and warriors but he exhibited it with that sweetness and tenderness that conveyed love, rather than abject fear.

He died at the close of the sixth century, at the ripe old age of four score, having spent his whole life even to the hour of his death in works of piety —a forcible example of the immensity of good proceeding from an unswerving practice of the sublime virtue of charity to God and to our neighbor. At the time of his death there was not a single unconverted tribe among the Caledonians.

CHAPTER II.

BEFORE THE INVASION.

Angel of Charity, who from above
Comest to dwell a pilgrim here,
Thy voice is music, thy smile is love,
And pity's soul is in thy tear.

AFTER the death of St. Patrick many saintly and learned men arose in Ireland. Some of these confined their ministry to their native country, while others extended their labors to nations beyond the seas, everywhere reaping a rich harvest of souls to be added to the Christian fold. France and Germany as will as England and Scotland were visited by these holy men, and their teeming populations of heathens brought to the knowledge of the one true God. Where the blessings of Christianity had already been felt the faith of the wavering was confirmed and the wickedness of the impious reclaimed by their teachings. Their presence was to the minds of the people as the orb of day to the world, dispelling the gloom and superstition that surrounded every object of their lives and bound them to the great enemy of salvation. We hear of these soldiers of Christ penetrating the wilds of northern Germany, and the inhospitable shores of Scandinavia, supplanting ignorance with religion, darkness with light, and everywhere acting the part of pioneers of civili-

zation to the barbarous inhabitants of these rude and savage countries. Even in France, southern Germany, Italy, and other places where refinment, culture and piety had existed for generations they labored with the same untiring zeal to fix those noble qualities still more firmly in the manners and customs of the people.

We find a St. Columbkill, in the latter half of the sixth century, evangelizing Scotland and the neighboring islands, and elevating the morals of the inhabitants to an enviable degree of perfection; St. Aidan converting Northumerland about this period, and a St. Adamnan, successor of St. Coumkill, uprooting slavery from the institutions of the converted natives of Britain. St. Moling, bishop of Ferns, brings himself into prominence by charitably protecting the people of his native province, Leinster, against the in justice of its rulers, and by the firm stand he took in behalf of the weak against the strong.

We find that during the three centuries that succeeded the times of St. Patrick, the number of persons who rose to holy eminence to be exceedingly great. Of those that remained at home, the most distinguished were Sts. Benignus and Kieran of Ossory, St. Finian of Meville, St. Jarlath of Tuam, Kieran of Clinmacnorise, St. Givgall and St. Colman; while the foreign missionaries exhibit among their ranks St. Columbanus, apostle of Burgundy and Lombardy, St. Gaul, apostle af Switzerland, St. Killian, apostle of Franconia, St. Rumold, apostle of

Brabant, and St Cataldus, bishop of Tarentum. Mention is also made of many holy women in the same period, the chief of whom besides St. Bridget of Kildare, already reffered to were St. Bees, St. Dympna and St. Monina.

In connection with the sacred mission of preaching the gospel abroad and preserving the divine principles of Christianity at home, these pious persons answered the necessities of the times by a proficiency in the different branches of the science and learning of the day. By means of their extensive and varied knowledge in matters appertaining to temporalities as well as to things spiritual, they enjoyed an enviable notoriety among the nobility and literati of Europe, and in the course of time became the acknowledged leaders of erudition in Europe—a position which they held for centuries. When the unceasing wars of the continental nations repressed all aspirations of genius and retarded every degree of progress, the lover of education and refinement found in Ireland an asylum of peace and ample opportunity to quench his thirst for knowledge.

The innumerable schools, convents and monasteries afforded unlimited means for the spread of civilization and polished manners; for in addition to the secular knowledge obtained therein, the principles of religion and morality were strongly inculcated. North, south, east and west, the country was dotted with these establishments, famous throughout the Christian world, and continually frequented by multi-

tudes of pupils, even from the most remote regions. The masters and teachers of these renowned institutions were as distinguished for their energy and zeal as for their great rhetorical acquirements, and in every instance were they anxious to impress on the minds of those entrusted to their charge a similar degree of wisdom. Besides the establishments in their own country, the literati of Ireland succeeded in forming branches in various places in the island of Britain, which flourished with undiminished splendor, even after their parent *alma maters* had disappeared, before the disastrous march of the ruthless barbarian of the north.

The most famous of these seats of learning, were the schools of Bangor and Armagh, in Ulster; Clonmacnoise, in Meath; Tamun, in Leinster; Lismore and Mungret, in Munster; and of the Isles of Arran, in Connaught. These schools were more remarkable from the fact that perfect freedom of entry was allowed to all—no charge being made for instruction, and no distinction between rich and poor, high and low. They obtained their support from the munificence of the local sovereign, or of the wealthy noblemen of the districts in which they were situated, and princes and princesses are often spoken of as contending in pious emulation for the endowment of certain academies. Conducted and supported in this admirable manner, it ceases to be a matter of surprise to us, when we reflect on the wonderful results which these institutions effected. From their

precincts issued in all directions those great doctors of divine and human knowledge, ever in their travels retaining a fond remembrance of the *alma maters* that were scattered so numerously along the river sides and lake shores of their native land.

The popularity of these schools will be fully understood when we state that they were attended in numbers varying from one to six thousand, and that towns and villages sprung up as if by magic wherever they were situated. No matter how heterogeneous their languages might be, representing as they did so many different nations, there was no confusion, no difficulty of comprehension, and the Teuton, Celt, Saxon and Frank, laying aside for the time being their native tongues, met together in the common language—the language of ancient Rome and the language of the Catholic Church throughout its whole existence. Their studies opened with prayer and religious exercises and closed in like manner, and in fact the general tenor of all their studies was directed by the same holy means.

Piety and humility were practised alike by teachers and scholars, and we even find bishops and other high ecclesiastics in connection with these seminaries, setting personal examples of industry and self-abnegation by partaking in menial labors, such as building, reaping, and the like. Others, particularly the Monks, spent the hours of their seclusion not consecrated to prayer, in painting, musical compositions, and transcribing.

Mathematics, physics, the classics, musical and poetical compositions were the chief branches of a higher education, and these, together with the study of Theology, seem to have constituted the necessary qualifications of an aspirant to literary and missionary fame. Having become proficient in these requisites, they either set out as pioneers to foreign countries, or became themselves teachers in their turn to others. Besides the thousands of holy men who annually emigrated, there were numbers of recluses who spent their lives in meditation and solitude in various parts of the island. In fact th ruling passion of the day appears to have a desire to become either an ecclesiatic or a hermit, and so numerous had the different classes of churchmen become in the course of time that piety and sanctity combined with learning formed the chief characteristics of the people.

To give a detailed account of the many shining ecclesiastics and scholars of the period would be an undertaking of much labor, without conveying anything of greater interest to the reader than what has already been related, for the life of one was the exact counterpart of that of another. A short sketch of one who was distinctly prominent may not however be unacceptable. Cormac was bishop of Emly in Munster during the last few years of the ninth century. He was, as his chroniclers state, "A man of peace," and a famous scholar. Being related to the royal house of Cashel, he succeeded to the

throne on the death of its last monarch, a thing not uncommon among the ecclesiastics of that period as ancient writers frequently make mention of "Prince-Bishops." After his accession to the throne his mild and gentle sway filled the province with happiness, peace and plenty,—and the blessings of divine grace flowed plentifully. He was a great encourager of arts, science and literature, and their votaries never wanted a patron as long as the fostering spirit of Cormac existed in Munster. He founded schools and instituted monasteries and convents, and built churches without number in various parts of his territory; and governed the people apparently with the sole desire of doing good. He died about the year 908; and notwithstanding his sacerdotal office he is said to have taken part in a conflict between the rival houses for sovereignty of Munster.

As firmly and as deep-rooted as were learning and sanctity imbedded in manners and customs, they were shaken to their foundations during the troublous times succeeding the irruptions of the Danes. The ease of access which the situation of the great churches, monastries and academies afforded the savage Northmen, proved their destruction, and in less than a century after their first appearance we behold the mournful spectacle of churches plundered of their great works of art; the sacred shrines polluted; the monastries and convents sacked and their inmates either massacred or carried into

captivity; the great seminaries of learning razed to the ground and their votaries scattered broadcast over the land, and the pious characteristics of the inhabitants of the country, in general, gradually encroached upon by vice and irreligion.

It is a matter of congratulation to all lovers of Ireland, however, that the barbarians did not succeed in perverting any of the inhabitants of our island to their dark and bloody tenets, and that even if their ferocity and lawless passions contaminated the feelings of the people among whom they lived to a certain extent, they were not able to shake their faith in the slightest degree. The evil effects of their presence, as before stated, were mournful in extreme. Then the devastations committed in scared edifices commenced; the diocesan bishops themselves were frequently compelled to take up arms in their defence, and throwing aside the mitre and crozier take up the sword and helmet. This was the result, in after years, of sorrowful consequences. Men, by seeing their pastors armed as themselves and engaged in the bloody scenes of war, began to loose the ancient respect in which they were held, ultimately disrespect grew into violence, and a few instances are in record of bishops and priests being outraged by native chiefs.

The zeal and energy of St. Celsus, St. Malachy and St. Laurence in the beginning of the twelfth century, contributed a great deal towards stemming the torrent of degeneracy that had been pouring

over the country for generations back, as after their appearance we find a preceptible change in the manners of the inhabitants. These pious saints, during their careers, seemed to have thoroughly understood the spiritual value of clerical synods and assemblies, and by their means they succeeded in producing a complete reform in abuses that existed so extensively in church and state.

St. Celsus became Primate of Ireland in 1605, and immediately began to restore order to the confused state of the country. His first act was to diffuse peace and harmony among the contending princes, in the performance of which he was eminently successful—preventing the occurrence of a bloody battle by his interposition, on two differont occasions. He continued during his primacy to regulate his conduct after the manner already referred to, and having spent a long life in the doing of good, ceased from earthly labors about the close of the year 1129.

St. Malachy was his successor and every way qualified for his exalted ecclesiastical dignity, succeeding at a time when the greatest talents were required. He exercised all the virtues and abilities he possessed for the suppression of vice and the restoration of the former piety of the inhabitants. His was a troublesome primacy; but he lived to see his brightest hopes fulfilled, and the ancient renown of the "Island of Saints" on a fair way of recovery. During his time the ecclesiastical rule

was divided into four archipiescopal sees: Armagh, Cashel (the original two), Tuam and Dublin, with Armagh as the metropolitan. This division was accomplished by order of the reigning Pope Eugenius III., who sent a special envoy to Ireland in order to assist St. Malachy in his work of correcting abuses and restoring discipline. Malachy died in the year 1148.

Learning had suffered equally with piety during the presence of the Danes; and it required an equal degree of exertion to restore it to anything like its pristine splendor. The labors of a number of earnest men were directed to the achievement of this object about 50 years after the death of Brian Boru. The records of history received their first attention, and in the fruits of their labors obtained the means by which to hand down the Annals of their county to succeeding generations. The names of two of these investigators are Tiernan O'Brian and Marianus Scotus. Both were inmates of the monastery of Clonmacnoise—the former occupying the position of abbott. Their writings prove them to have been very learned men, and possessed of a diversity of talent far above the character of the age. The science of astronomy received a large share of their attention, as several of their historical investigations are dated by means of calculations received from eclipses of the heavenly bodies. About the same time lived Tighernach, another famous annalist.

The progress which Ireland made towards the

resumption of its title of the "Sacred Isle," after the irreligion and immorality of the Danish era, was rapid, and at the same time certain. The churches and abbeys again began to rear their heads heavenwards in numbers as great as ever; the clergy gradually resumed their former position among the people, and were again looked upon with feelings of respect and veneration; and the scholars and scholastic institutions gradually increased in numbers and importance, although they never again rose to that brilliancy they enjoyed in bygone years. It is true that during many successive centuries "wars and rumors of wars" were continually heard in Ireland, owing to the rapacity of the hordes of invaders that appeared in its valleys and plains clamoring for its conquest; but it is a source of relief to the historian to be able to turn his glance from these turbulent scenes to the more sublime picture which the Christian church presents to his view in preserving the Faith undefiled, and sustaining the morals of the people in the face of difficulties the most appalling.

CHAPTER III.

GATHERING FOR THE STORM.

There is a world where souls are free,
Where tyrants taint not nature's bliss;
If death that world's bright opening be,
Oh! who would be a slave in this?

WE have seen the resurrection of piety and learning after a demise of centuries, owing to the devastations committed by the Danes and Norwegians; let us now take a glance at their condition, during that space of time comprehended under the title of the Anglo-Norman period. It extends over a length of three hundred years and is remarkable for the many bright examples of sanctity and erudition that appeared in the course of its history. They are reckoned among the great doctors of the day, and they displayed the necessary qualifications for their high position with a talent and capacity unsurpassed.

At the time when the Normans made their first invasion of Ireland the manners and civilization of the people had received almost wholly their ancient degree of refinement. The Scandinavian hordes who had been instrumental in producing a retrogression in these characteristics had been driven from the island many years before, and the few that remained in the large cities were compelled through the force of necessity to conform to the religion and

customs of those among whom they dwelt. Consequently there was now no diversity of opinion in this respect, all being members of the One Church, and all alike believing in its doctrines and tenets with a faith that was both unswerving and uncompromising through all difficulties and trials.

The advent of the Normans found Roderick O'Connor monarch of Ireland, and St. Lawrence O'Toole archbishop of Dublin. This celebrated ecclesiastic was the son of prince Maurice, chief of the clan of O'Toole, and was born about the year 1132 in the vicinity of Dublin. His early years were spent under the instruction and guidance of the bishop of Glendalough, from whom he imbibed those lofty principles of virtue that were his chief attributes in after years. His religious inclinations becoming apparent to his father he was consecrated to the church by that pious chieftain when but twelve years old. He was accordingly placed in the monastry of the diocese, where he remained an humble inmate for thirteen years. At the end of that time he had won so much of the favor of his associates that he was chosen abbot on the death of the venerable bishop. He was but twenty-five years of age at the time, but what he lacked in years he made up in virtue and prudence, and the extensive community of which he was now the head, was acknowledged to be superior to all others in its system of discipline and government. He occupied this position for nearly five years, administering the duties of

his station with zeal and regularity, and neither allowing himself to be cast down by the difficulties that arose in his path, nor be deprived of Christian patience by the slanders which envy and malice frequently threw at his character.

In 1162, Gregory, the archbishop of Dublin, died, and the provincial bishops assembling to elect a successor bestowed their choice on Lawrence. This election having been ratified in due cource, our saint was consecrated to his high office by Gelasius, the primate. He proved himself every way worthy of his exalted station, governing his diocesans with mildness and clemency and at the same time with fimness and determination. No meritorous action was without his approval, and no irregularity or infraction of discipline escaped his censure. All rotten branches in the clerical tree were lopped off and more salient and worthy grafts substituted. He practiced as he preached, and set the example to the members of his church, which was productive of more beneficial results than even the sublimity of his teachings. Fasting, mortification, alms and the other great works of penance and charity were the chief characteristics of the good Lawrence, and he showed by his every action that the virtues of a saint can be acquired beneath the habiliments of the pontiff as well as the scanty raiment of the hermit. His whole life was a continual exemplification of sanctity, purity and simplicity, and his exertions in behalf of the spiritual welfare of his flock made him

universally beloved and respected. The troublesome condition of the time he ameliorated by his untiring zeal in the cause of peace, so that the misfortunes that immediately followed the abduction of Breffni's consert were relieved of some of their roughest points. He was the cause, in many instances, of preventing fraternal strife and bloodshed among the native princes, and so well respected was his name, even among the Norman chiefs, that his influence was as equally potent among them as among his own countrymen. He died on the fourteenth of November, 1180.

About 12 years after the death of St. Lawrence, a Council of prelates assembled at Armagh, decreed the abolition of slavery—an institution that had been fixed in the country for many centuries previous, although interrupted for a time by the labors of St. Columbkill and St. Kieran. From this it would be seen that Ireland was one of the earliest nations that extinguished slavery, and that her clergy were always in the foreground with a watchful eye to the happiness of the people.

About the same time there was introduced into Ireland, two new religious associations called the Dominicans and the Franciscans, who acted conjointly for a long time with those native institutions that owed their existence to the piety of St. Bridget and St. Columb. But through some unexplained reason, the former gradually superseded the latter and ultimately became the sole religious houses of

the nation. Their branches spread all over the island, every where and at all times acting the part of schools for learning, as well as retreats for the worship of God; and being at the same time a succession of links in that great chain of brother houses that existed in every part of Europe, membership and fellowship in the Irish branches entitled the traveller to like good offices among the continental institutions.

Like the majority of Christian nations in these early times, Ireland was noted for the number of her pilgrims. Rome, Antioch and Jerusalem were the general resort of these pious people who sought by their pilgramage to do honor to the true God, and the teachings of his Church. Besides the spiritual advantages derived by the individuals in these journeys, the nation at large also received a direct benefit therefrom. For on their return from abroad, they brought with them information as to the state of religion and the events transpiring in the outer world—the limited knowledge of navigation and the want of modern improvements precluding general intercourse with the other nations of the world.

The Irish custom of electing the bishop by a general assembly subject to the papal ratification was strongly opposed by the English one of giving the king the power of nomination. This discrepancy gave rise to much annoyance. Of course, owing to the limited power of the invader, the provinces of

Ulster, Connaught and Munster suffered little, but in the greater part of Leinster and the seaport towns of Cork, Waterford, Wexford and Dublin the diversity of opinion was productive of the greatest mischief, and we often hear of two bishops being in the same see, one appointed by the ancient law and the other by the innovated one. The English kings often interfered whenever their authority would be felt, in order to settle the difficulty, but always by their own interpretations, and as a consequence laid the foundation of much disturbance.

The greatest opposition offered to these arbritary measures was that of Archbishsp McCarwill in the reign of Edward I. The king claiming it as his prerogative to make nominations to vacant bishoprics was highly incensed when it came to his knowledge that the archbishop had done so himself. Edward prosecuted him on several occasions and reduced him to the brink of poverty, but his faithful having supplied him with the necessaries the contest was continued for a long time before a peaceful solution was arrived at.

Notwithstanding the existence of these troubles the religion of the people did not suffer. On the contrary, the principles ingrafted into the minds of their forefathers by the holy Celsus, Malachy and Lawrence continued to bear fruits of virtue unceasingly. The monasteries and other religious houses for men received as much attention as the warlike character of the times could afford, and as

for the convents and other holy retreats for women, they flourished as extensively and as satisfactorily as ever. In fact although war was the science of the age and a science prosecuted without abatement during the three hundred years we have already referred to, the duties of religion were never lost sight of by those who had the responsibility of souls on their hands. The successors of St. Patrick in the four apostalic sees into which Ireland was divided, consisted of men whose sole desire was to work for the spiritual advancement of their people, and to fulfil their sacred mission in a manner most pleasing to God and beneficial to their respective flocks. They have distinguished themselves as theologians, philosophers and scholastics, and though the palmy days of Ireland's leadership among the learned nations had gone by, owing to the substitution of the sword for the pen among the great mass of the population, yet we find that the bright records of ancient glory were kept alive by her bishops and monasteries. As examples of this statement are mentioned the names of John Scotus of Down, Fitzralph, the Archbishop of Armagh, and Maurice O'Fihely, Archbishop of Tuam.

The storms of war which the rapacious Normans were continually brewing not only did not sweep the great landmarks of learning and religion from their ancient strongholds, but even did not so much as dissuade the least of these pious ecclesiastics from the duties of their sacred calling. The Irish student

when reviewing this troubled period in his country's history, will derive no small amount of consolation in dwelling on the virtues and talents that adorned the lives of the great churchmen who preserved the morals of the people, and handed down the divine attributes of their Church, untainted and uncorrupted as in the days of St. Patrick. These shining qualities were as prominent among the inferiors as among the higher ranks of the clergy, and the purity of life exhibited by the simple pastors was the cause of much edification to the members of their flocks, at a time when warlike deeds and martial proclamations were sounded side by side with the sacred words of the ministers of the Gospel.

While McMurrough, O'Connor, O'Neill and O'Brian, fought for the preservation of their national rights on the open field or in the castellated fortress, O'Keney, O'Mulloy and McMailen earned an undying fame by their unflinching determination in behalf of morality and virtue as opposed to the degeneracy and vice that followed in the path of the invading Norman; and it is with pride that the statement can be made that these renowned ecclesiastics were rewarded with success, no matter whether the national warriors met with triumphs or disasters.

Such is a brief outline of the condition of religion and learning during the four centuries that elapsed between the appearance of Henry II., in the middle of the 12th and that of Henry VII., in the middle of the 16th century; and as the names of the principal

ecclesiastics of that period might not be uninteresting we append the following:

In the 13th century, among the most renowned ecclesiastic writers and philosophers, were Marian O'Loughlin and Peter Hibernicus: the former archbishop of Tuam, and the latter a member of the Franciscan Order in Ireland. Both were distinguished as theologians, and were as well known to the most remote nations as to their own country. In the 14th century flourished David O'Bugey and Malacy Macæda, historians and philosophers. David was priest of Kildare, and Malachy of Elphen. They were among the most learned men of the day, and rivalled the renowned philosophers of history. In the 15th century lived the celebrated Augustine McGraidin, author of the "Lives of Irish Saints," and other valuable works; Patrick Barrett, canon of the Abbey of Kells, and author of the "lives of Distinguished Ecclesiastics"; and Charles Maguire, the famous canon of Clogher, and author of the "Annals of Ulster." The knowledge of history, philosophy, and antiquities, displayed by these pious ecclesiastics, showed them to be possessed of gigantic intellects. Their works comprised secular as well as ecclesiastical subjects, many of which are in existence at the present day.

CHAPTER IV.

THE AGE OF PROSCRIPTION.

Oh! Thou who dry'st the mourners tear,
How dark this world would be,
If, when deceived and wounded here,
We could not fly to thee.

SCANDINAVIAN and Norman had each in his turn endeavored to overthrow the independence of Ireland, and abolish its existing institutions. They had in the several stages of their existance, been the cause of much trouble and confusion; they aimed at the possession of the country with the rich spoils it afforded, and wrought destruction and devastation to property wherever they appeared; but all the horrors of war which they produced—including as they did, famine and ruin in their train, fell far short of the heart-rending miseries introduced into Ireland by the attempts to establish the "evangelizing" doctrines of Martin Luther, in the room of the ancient religion of the people, transmitted from age to age from the time of St. Patrick. The Dane pillaged the monasteries, violated the sacred edifices, and destroyed the institutions of learning; but in his dealings with religious doctrines, he was more frequently a convert than a missionary to Christianity. The Norman knight did not hesitate to avail himself of the riches and spoils of conquest;

but the exercise of religion received no molestation at his hands; on the contrary we frequently hear of him endowing schools and building churches. It remained for the civilized(?) and enlightened Henry VIII. and his equally cultivated successors to establish a series of persecutions, in comparison with which, the barbarities of the Danes were trifling, and which rivalled in their enormity and cruelty the deeds of Nero and Domitian.

Henry VIII. having, as we have seen in the previous section, obtained possession of the title of "king of Ireland" by means of every iniquitous subterfuge that his wily and deceitful nature was master of, immediately set to work to impose the pernicious doctrines of the "Reformer" on his new subjects as he had previously done in England. He endeavored to have himself acknowledged supreme in religious matters, and did not stop at any obstacle that might come in his way to oppose his ambitious and sacrilegious views. When the Catholic prelates of Dublin, Armagh and Tuam refused to comply with his wishes he declared them deposed, and elevated his own pliant tools in their stead. Their churches he turned into the service of the new religion, and confiscated their sacred vessels and properties to his own benefit. He authorized the most violent outrages under the cloak of religion that ever disgraced a monarch or afflicted a country, leaving his satanic imprint on every transaction.

The great houses of religion and learning—the

monasteries, convents, abbeys and churches—were one by one robbed, violated and destroyed by the fiendish mercenaries of the bloated and tyrannical monarch. The horrible scenes of blood and con flagration were heightened and intensified by the torture and cruelties of religious persecutions. Bitterly and unremittingly did the English king prosecute his designs against the religion of the people, accompanied by an avaricious desire for the acquisition of their property. Such was the character of the "English Nero," and such was the tenor of his actions.

The boy Edward was the next occupant of the English throne. His ministers' policy rivalled the monstrosities of the preceding reign, and although the rule of the youthful king was short, the persecutions of "the powers that be" against the inoffending Catholics were as cruel as during the more lengthly rule of the ferocious Henry.

The princess Mary succeeded her brother, and during the six short years she held the reins of government the Catholics breathed more freely, and a restoration to the old order of things effected for a time. The original prelates were reinstated in their former benefices, and a short period of repose succeeeded the stormy time of Henry. Mary died in 1558.

But Elizabeth appeared, and with her those inhuman penal laws that have become proverbial among all right minded persons for their barbarity

and cruelty. An appropriate term to convey an adequate idea of the real signification of Elizabeth's enactments is wanting, as all ordinary expressions fall short of the proper meaning, and even her tyrannical father was outdone in deeds of cruelty by this model daughter. She restored the nominees of Henry in their usurped positions among the prelates, the confiscations of the reign of that monarch and his effeminate son were resumed, and her long reign of forty-five years was a continuous ordeal of misery to the people and clergy of Irelaud.

Decrees were passed forbidding the exercise of the religion of the people; non-conforming churches were ordered to be closed, and their pastors proscribed. Death was the penalty for being a priest, fines or imprisonment for being a practical Catholic. Nevertheless the Irish hierarchy never exhibited greater Christian fortitude than during those trying times. With a price set upon their heads they went about the performance of the duties of their holy station regardless of the terrible consequences, and when the bloodhounds of the law hunted them down, they heroically bore the punishment of martyrdom, strengthened by the divine promise of future reward. Among the many sufferers for their religion during this bloody period, were Dermid O'Hurley, archbishop of Cashel, who was put to death by slow torture after every effort of perversion had been brought against him in vain; Patrick

O'Hely, bishop of Mayo, who endured similar barbarities and died without yielding an iota to the persecuter; and Richard Creagh, primate of Ireland who was taken in the discharge of his sacerdotal functions, carried to London and poisoned. These events occurred between the years 1582 and 1585.

We have seen how the tyranical policy of the government at length drove the great chiefs to take up arms in the cause of religious freedom, and having performed deeds that made the virgin Queen and her unprincipled ministers tremble for their possessions, they were finally overwhelmed by superior numbers. The final defeat of O'Neill and the death of Elizabeth occurred about the same time, and if anything could detract from the grief of the former event it was the satisfaction experienced when the demise of the latter became known.

In this stormy sixteenth century flourished many famous ecclesiastics. Maurice de Portu, archbishop of Tuam, author of a Dictionary of the Holy Scriptures (so invaluable to ecclesiastical literature), was passessed of an extraordinary knowledge of metaphysics that made him famous throughout Europe; Nicholas Maguire, bishop of Leiglin, a renowned literatus and chronologist; and Roderick Cassidy and Patrick Cullen, bishops of Ulster, famous for their combined productions, called the "Annals of Munster."

The reign of the Stuart kings with the exception of that of James II. did not exhibit any more len-

iency to the Catholics of Ireland than did those of the sovereigns already mentioned. James I. was especially infamous for his inveterate enemity to Catholicity. The clergy received his particular enmity, as shortly after his accession he issued a proclamation forbidding "Jesuits, seminary priests or priests of any order to wander about the island seducing the people," and if they refused to obey the mandate they were punished with the utmost rigor of the law. He held out inducements to such of the above as would apostasize from their religion and conform with the Established Church, but it is unnecessary to state that his labors in this line met with very little success.

An oath of abjuration was drawn up which the authorities were to administer to all Catholics whomsoever they pleased, whether clergy or laity; but as it denied the Pope's supremancy and the principle dogmas of the Catholic Church, its enforcement was productive of much disorder and frequently bloodshed. One instance will serve to illustrate: A Protestant bishop of Dublin hearing that Mass was being celebrated in one of the Churches, hastened thither with a body of soldiers to disperse the "recusants," as the members of the Establishment styled the Catholics. The altar was torn down, the sacred edifice ruined and the priests carried off and thrown into prison. This incident occurred in the sixth year of the reign of Charles.

The stormy era of the Confederacy of Kilkenny,

with their early triumphs and final defeats, and the presence of Cromwell, like the existence of a plague, have already been noticed in the political sketches, so we pass on to the eventful times that succeeded when Charles II. was restored to the throne of his ancestors.

In this reign a shadow of toleration existed for a time, and in the city of Dublin some few places of worship were re-opened, and prominent Catholics admitted to the highest offices. But this happy state was momentary, and the bigots awakening from their sleep, resumed their former intolerance, and ceased not in their efforts until the favors lately shown to Catholics were completely disavowed. Titus Oates then came before the public with his ingenious invention of a "Popish Plot," revised and improved by Messrs. Bedloe and Dangerfield, and having obtained a "royal patent," industriously set to work in order to obtain *supporters* for the same. His efforts were crowned with success, and many an innocent person lost his life by the flagrant perjuries of these infamous men. The oath of abjuration was renewed with all its vigor, and to such an extent that even the king's brother, the duke of York, did not escape molestation.

One of the first victims of the bigotry and intolerance of this manifestoe, was the lamented Dr. Plunkett, who succeeded to the primacy in 1669. His piety and zeal awakened the hatred of his enemies, and information having been laid against

him to the effect that he was infringing on the law relating to the prohibition of Catholic priests, he was arrested about the close of 1679, and carried to London, where he was kept in close confinement until his trial. In that licentious age, no difficulty was experienced in obtaining witnesses to swear against the venerable prelate, and of course his conviction was not long delayed. A form of trial was given him, in which he was charged with high treason—a charge fully supported by false witnesses—and he was condemned to death, without being allowed to offer the slightest defence in his own behalf. He suffered martyrdom (for his execution cannot be called by any other appellation) in July, 1681. His prosecutors did not live long to enjoy the fruits of their villainy. They all died the death accorded in Scripture to those who "live by the sword." Their victim continues to live in respect in the memorys of men, while his accusers receive their well-merited execrations.

James II. succeeded his brother Charles, and, as in the case of Queen Mary, a brief respite was afforded the Church of Ireland. The Catholic religion was restored as the religion of the nation, and during its temporary pre-eminence, the happiness of the Irish was complete. They saw their long persecuted pastors openly returning to their midst and celebrating the divine mysteries in open daylight, where formerly they had to content themselves with caves and hedges. The embarrassing

laws were allowed to remain a dead letter, and free enjoyment of religion was the necessary consequence.

The revolution of 1688 put an end to this peaceful state of affairs in Ireland, and the patriot army of Sarsfield and Mountcashel having been overwhelmed, the reign of persecution was resumed. The violation of the treaty of Limerick (so often quoted) which granted equal rights to Catholics and Protestants, was followed by the usual proscriptions and banishments of Catholic clergymen —a state of affairs which does not do much honor to the boasted liberality of William III. A detailed statement of the storms and tempests that assailed the Irish Church during this and the succeeding reigns would be a mournful recital indeed, and present no variety from the cruelties performed in the individual cases already quoted.

The distinguised ecclesiastics of the seventeenth century were quite numerous, notwithstanding the many obstacles that persecution threw in their way. Peter Lombard was advanced to the Primacy in 1598, and continued to battle against the terrible trials of the day for some time; but the fury of his enemies being directed against him with increased malice, he was forced to fly to the continent. He was a profound student of Scriptural and Ecclesiastical history, and gave publicity to a number of invaluable works. During his absence on the continent he delivered several theological

lectures, that gave him a wide-spread fame. He died at Rome in 1625. Hugh McCaughwell, bishop of Ulster, was another famous apostolical minister of this century. He was thoroughly versed in the ancient languages, particularly his own native Irish, a knowledge which gave him the name of a skilled antiquary. Hugh O'Reilly, the learned bishop of Kilmore, and subsequently Primate of Ireland, enjoyed the esteem of all classes during his lifetime, and was one of the noblest among the successors of St. Patrick. He died in 1656. About this time lived the celebrated Dr. Keating of Tipperary, who wrote the well-known Irish gem called the History of Ancient Ireland. Luke Wadding, a native of Waterford and bishop of Ferns, was one of the most renowned ecclesiastics either of this or any previous century. He excelled all his contemporaries in learning and erudition. He wrote the most popular "Lives of the Popes," and is still more remarkable for the number of colleges he founded while on the continent. It will be seen that owing to the unjust laws that governed their native country, these famous men were compelled to spend the greater part of their lives in foreign nations, giving to them the advantages of their abilities which would otherwise be possessed by their country.

The reign of Queen Anne and George I. are distinguished in Irish history as the era of the deepest misery and degradation to the unfortunate people of Ireland. While England could boast to

the world of her advancing civilization and refinement, of great victories won abroad by Marlborough and Elliot, of the progress made by her savants in science, of her superiority in the art of navigation exemplified by the voyages of Lord Anson and others, she still maintained a tyrannical domination over her Irish subjects. Priest hunting became the most lucrative profession of the day. A scale of prices was drawn up and arranged according to the position of the ecclesiastic; the murderer of an archbishop receiving a greater renumeration that the slayer of a priest. And would it be believed that all this happened but little more than a century ago, and that a parliament of men representing the nobility and gentry of episcopalian dignity had passed a law authorizing these bloody and monstrous persecutious?

But as the saying is "it is always darkest before the dawn," so it was that the violence of persecution exhausted itself by the very means that had been taken in its early stages for its preservation. The enlightened Protestants of the country becoming disgusted with the inhumanities practiced on the Catholics, tendered first their sympathy and subsequently their personal aid to ameliorate their condition and we find that towards the close of the reign of George I. the rigorous persecution had somewhat abated. We behold a numerons of generous and liberal minded men working slowly but surely to remove the malice of the existing laws,

and though the weight of persecution hung long and heavily even after the origination of the first attempt for its removal, yet it was gradually lifted as it were from the backs of the overburdened population, and glimpses of comparitive freedom held out in the distance.

We cannot close this chapter without a notice of that great Irish ecclesiastic, Hugh MacMahon, archbishop of Armagh and Primate of Ireland. He was chosen to fill the primatial chair in 1708, when intolerance and persecution were at their height; and nobly did he breast the storm that raged so violently against Catholicity. He was frequently compelled to secrete himself from his enemies, but whether in public or private, he never neglected his duties. Standing as it were on the frontiers of moderation in the governmental policy, he could look back with horror on the sufferings of the past, while in the distance he could point to the glimmerings of, if not happiness, at least freedom from persecution. He was primate for the space of 29 years, dying in 1737.

Another event worthy of note in connection with the history of this period, was the execution of the Rev. Father Sheehy, the famous parish priest of Clogheen, in Tipperary. He was accused of complicity in an imaginary plot against the government, but owing to a failure of the charge, an accusation of murder was then laid against him, and by making use of the customary false witnesses, this holy priest

was condemned and executed. His real crime in the eyes of the authorities, was the publicity he gave to their crimes, and fearless manner in which he denounced their heartless conduct towards the oppressed people.

The first symptoms of relief appeared about the year 1746, when mass was tolerated. This was followed up by other relief bills—one in 1762 and another in 1774, which although granting but minor liberties paved the way for the more encouraging days of Flood, Grattan and Curran.

This (17th) century is also remarkable for its distinguished clergy. Dr. Michael Moore, one of the most eminent prelates of his time, contributed many valuable works of literature to the Irish collection. At the time of James II. he received the appointment of king's preacher, and was subsequently elevated to the position of provost of Trinity College. Adverse fortunes drove him to the continent to swell the ranks of the noble army of Irish exiles, and he died at Navarre, in Spain, 1726.—Cornelius Nary, a celebrated controversialist and writer, flourished about this time. The famous literary production called "St. Patrick's Purgatory," was the offspring of his fertile brain. Thomas de Burgo, born in 1709, was a learned scholar and an ardent lover of his religion, as well as a bright ornament to Irish literature. His life was a source of profit to his church and country and great credit to himself; he died in 1786.

CHAPTER V.

THE DAWNING OF THE DAY.

Behold the sun, how bright!
From yonder east it springs;
As if the soul of life and light,
Were breathing from his wings.

THE tide of toleration and religious equality once set in, flowed onward with measured movement The peaceful and happy days of 1782—the result of the labors of Grattan and his associates—have been already referred to. In the beginning of the last decade of the eighteenth century the temporary stoppage of the advancing wave and the resumption of the old leaven of intolerance brought on the troubles of "'98" and the humiliating Union Act of 1801; but after that the Catholic cause gradually improved until it received its final triumph in the Emancipation Bill of Daniel O'Connell, in 1829. Thus we find after a conflict of three hundred years between the proselytizers of the English Reforomation and the Catholics of Ireland, in which the latter endured throughout nearly the whole contest the most unheard of persecutions, that the cause of Right finally triumphed, and while the Catholic Church was strengthened by its ordeal the Established Church received little or no accession to its numbers.

The great ecclesiastics of this last period of Irish ecclesiastical history were numerous and renowned

The Rev. ARTHUR O'LEARY flourished during the last half of the eighteenth century. He was an ardent advocate for civil and religious liberty; and the great qualities he displayed were never more required than during this eventful period. He was born in 1729. He spent some years in Brittany in France, where he made himself beloved and respected on account of his stern integrity and amiable disposition. But it was in his literary talents that he excelled. His writings transcended the productions of the greatest authors of his time, and he proved himself an overwhelming antagonist to his opponents, among others the great champion of Methodism, John Wesley, whom he completely crushed. He was chaplain to the Irish brigade in 1782, and was a warm supporter of their cause. His publications flooded the land, attracting the attention of the high and low. He died in 1802.

PATRICK CURTIS, who became Primate in 1819, was a prelate universally beloved. In his early days he was intended for a mercantile profession, but Divine Providence decreed otherwise. Having decided to take Holy Orders he went to Spain and studied in the college of Salamanca. Here he completed the necessary time, and spent altogether thirty years in the country. He was primate for thirteen years, and died in 1832.

The REV. THEOBALD MATTHEW, justly styled the Apostle of Temperance, was born at Thomastown, in Tipperary, in the year 1790. In his youth he was

noted for his sweet and engaging disposition which made him a general favorite; and to these he added in after life the virtues of benevolence and holy charity. He was ordained priest in 1814, at the age of twenty-four, and soon rose to eminence among his brethren. Among the other great acts of his life was the founding of literary institutions in different parts of the counrty. The evil of intemperance made a deep impression on his mind, and animated with a divine inspiration he determined to alleviate, as far as possible, its miseries. His energy and indomitable perseverance aided by his winning and pleasant manners made him wonderfully successful in this laudable enterprise. Every part of Ireland experieneed the benefit of his labors. Dublin, Cork, Limerick, Waterford and the cities of the North were each in their turn visited; thousands of hopeless inebriates were reformed, and thousands that were hurrying to destruction by the same path were reclaimed. He was the warm friend of O'Connell, the liberator, who gave him valuable assistance by his eloquent harangues. The grand procession through Cork, in which thousands of persons took part and which was headed by Father Matthew and Daniel O'Connell, is an event that constitutes an important epoch in the history of that city. He extended his labors to America, and the cities of New York, Boston, Washington, Richmond and New Orleans were electrified and benefitted by his presence. Having spent two years in the States, he

returned to Ireland and continued his noble exertions to the day of his death, which occurred in 1856.

Besides these great doctors and learned desputants already mentioned, there are others who require special mention, viz: Drs. Doyle, Cahill and McHale.

Dr. James Doyle was born in the year 1796, in New Ross, county of Wexford. His parents were not possessed of a superfluity of worldly goods, but they were pious and respectable, and filled with profound religious feelings. His early education was received in his native town, in the course of which he developed a strong inclination for matters appertaining to religion, which being perceived by his parents, his education to the priesthood was at once decided on. The nature of the existing laws threw many obsticles in the way of an education to that sacred end, and he was accordingly sent to a famous school in Portugal. Here he rapidly advanced in his studies, and rose from one degree to another, until he enjoyed the attainment of his wishes, when he returned to his native country, endowed with a talent and genius unexcelled by any of his contemporaries Shortly after he returned to Ireland he received a professorship in Carlow College, where he remained for about five years inculcating morality and piety as well as ordinary branches of knowledge in the minds of his pupils.

In 1819 he was elected bishop of Kildare and entered on the administration of his diocese with

renewed energy and zeal. He governed his clergy with the strictest discipline, free, however, from harshness, and made the welfare of his people his chief study. He endeavored to uproot the dangerous principles of the Ribbonmen, to whom he addressed himself in mild persuasive exhortations, and with the most salutory effect. In 1625 he issued a prohibition against the resumtion of controversial disputes which had for some years back been of common occurrence in some districts, and which tended to the spread of bitter fellings among the opposite creeds. His letters, essays and pastorals on various subjects are valuable acquisitions to ecclesiastical literature, and breath an air of piety and religious feeling through their whole course. His whole public life was productive of good works that will ever remain as monuments of his talents and virtues; and his private life demands even greater admiration. He died on the fifteenth of June, 1834, after a lingering illness. His funeral obsequies were attended by all the leading ecclesiastical dignitaries of Ireland, and his remains interred in the cathedral of Carlow.

Dr. D. W. Cahill was born in the Queen's County, in the year 1801. He commenced his studies in the College of Carlow, having for his tutor a Jesuit priest. Having completed the usual branches of education, in the pursuit of which he displayed more than ordinary application, preparations were made for obtaining him a position in the army; but

when on the eve of taking his place among the sons of Mars he suddenly conceived a strong dislike for the profession, and returning once more to college began his studies for the more sublime position of a soldier of the Church militant. After spending the necessary time in Carlow College he entered Maynooth. Here he found several distinguished professors among the then faculty of the College, the most prominent of whom was Dr. McHale, the present archbishop of Tuam. The studies which he prosecuted among these great masters were exceedingly numerous; Theology and Philosophy being among the most elevated, and Hebrew, German, French and Italian were his classics. He advanced from one position to another with credit and profit to himself, and was finally ordained after having completed a course of studies that placed him among the great learned doctors of his time. His abilities attracted the attention of Dr. Doyle, the rector of the diocese of which he was a subject, and received the appointment as professor of natural philosophy in the College of Carlow chiefly through the instrumentality of that learned divine. In this capacity his shining talents were developed to their full scope, and so famous and well appreciated had his many noble qualities become that the degree of Doctor of Divinity given him by the Pope was conferred in a very few years after entering the College. He never ceased to improve his mind; and we find him in after years possessed of a most extraordinary

diversity of knowledge. From Carlow he went to Dublin, where he spent many years in teaching to others those high branches of knowledge which he had acquired himself so eminently. In addition to his fame as a profound scholar he enjoyed the reputation of being an eloquent orator and a distinguished writer, and in proof of this we have only to point to the numerous addresses he has delivered on various subjects in different parts of the United Kingdom, and also in America. He had correspondence with the duke of Wellington, earl of Derby, lord Palmerston and other great noblemen, on matters of importance in connection with the events of that momentous period, in all of which he elicited the warmest admiration and esteem even of those who were diametrically opposed to him. His visit to this country in 1867 and the sensation he created among all classes by his presence is still fresh in the memory of most of our readers. He died at Boston, in the year 1868. He was one of the brightest ornaments in the Irish ecclesiastical history, and his name will remain a synonym for all that is noble and virtuous.

The present hierarchy is rich in the possession of two great ecclesiastics, viz.: Cardinal Paul Cullen, the worthy and respected primate, and Archbishop McHale of Tuam, already mentioned as a churchman well versed in Theology, and possessed of all those virtues that are so essential to his elevated office. The era of these prelates will be forever

memorable for the passage of that famous Act of Parliament decreeing the disestablishment and disendowment of the English Church, thus sweeping away the last vestige of the persecutions inaugurated by Henry VIII. in 1541. Three hundred years had passed away since the first Catholic suffered for his religion; then the sanguine "Reformers" expected complete success, but when the curtain dropped on the last scene in 1869 the Catholic population bore a greater proportion to the whole than in 1569, when the storm of persecution burst forth under Elizabeth.

The Catholic Church in Ireland stands to-day completely disenthralled from its disabilities, free as air; and never again will the children of Erin suffer persecution for conscience sake.

THE ORATOR.

ANECDOTES OF IRELAND.

THE ORATOR.

An eloquence, rich—wheresoever it wave
Wandered free and triumphant with thoughts that shone through
As clear as the brook's "store of lustre," and gave
With the flash of the gem its solidity, too.

CHAPTER I.

ELOQUENCE IN GENERAL.

ANCIENT IRELAND had its public men divided into three great classes—the Warriors, Druids and Bards. The duties incumbent upon the second of these were numerous and onerous, but they endowed their possessors with the greatest influence. The warriors, who were composed of the noblest of the land, potent as they were, did not possess the power or receive the respect given to the Druid. These mysterious beings were the priests, teachers, law givers and historians of the nation; and through their absolute influence over the minds of the people in the exercise of their religious functions, they exhibited wonderful talent and zeal for the common

good, in connection with their other prerogatives. They were the source from which were drawn the orators and statesmen of the time, and though their conceptions and deliberations were what the present generation would term rude, they were possessed of a fire and wisdom that was quite in keeping with the age in which they lived. When a native prince had abused his power and became exacting or tyrannical in his legislation, the wild eloquence of these pagan votaries roused the people to vengeance; when one chieftain endeavored to abridge or destroy the authority of another, he found the Druidical orator of his opponent, his greatest enemy, although his action might have been encouraged with all the warmth of a Druid of his own sept; when a foreign enemy invaded the shores of the island, the courage of the national warriors was roused to its highest pitch by the fiery eloquence of the priests, whose stirring rhetoric urged them on to deeds of superhuman bravery.

Not to warlike speeches alone did they confine themselves, but gave full rein to their words in matters of religion. The council chambers of the different principalities and the hall of the great national conclave at Tara resounded with the oratorical efforts of these wonderful men, and the haughty chieftain and proud warrior bowed their heads and hearts in token of acknowledgement of their superiority and genius. The great annalists of our country refer to them as men possessed of eloqence

aud statesmanship, fully equal to their contemporaries in foreign countries. Few examples of their genius have been preserved beyond their own era, and the world is thus deprived of a knowledge of these pioneers of rhetoric and legislation. The language of the nation was admirably adapted for an effective display of eloquence, and the imaginative qualities characteristic of their race served to give that excellence which they so preminently possessed.

Even among the chief monarchs or Ard-righs this gift exhibited itself in not a few instances. Ollamh Fodhla and Cormac Ulfadha are mentioned as sovereigns possessed of some fame as orators, but the use made of their talent in this respect consisted in urging on their armies to battle, either when invading an enemy's country or repelling foreign encroachments. The former king lived about the Christian era, and the latter about the beginning of the third century, both of whom have already been referred to in the early portion of this work. They were renowned as incomparable warriors, but their fame as rulers and legislators deserves still greater honorable mention. Although several great chieftains distinguished themselves as orators and statesmen, still war was their chief occupation and in prosecuting this all the finer arts were cast aside as unworthy of their attention. War then being the characteristic feature of the period it is no wonder that examples under the head of political genius are rare.

When the darkness of paganism had been expelled by St. Patrick, and the divine truths substituted for the superstitions of the Drudical period, we find the sacred eloquence as delivered from the lips of the patron saint and his successors constituted the orations of the time. The pulpit was the only place from whence issued any remarkable display of spoken language, and wonderful was the effect on the multitudes. The Druids were no longer listened to, their langurge formerly so potent fell on unwilling ears and appeared dry and meaningless when put in comparison with the inspired words of the Christian ministers.

After the extirpation of Druidism, the holy preachers of Christianity had the whole country to themselves. The division of the island into ecclesiastical provinces was settled, and whether as fixed pastors or travelling missionaries from place to place the same sacred oratory was a marked feature in the lives of the members of the Irish heirarchy and priesthood. Believers were strengthened in the faith, the careless were enlivened, and sinners brought to sincere repentance through the effects of the eloquence of these holy preachers. The national rulers now englightened by the rays of truth, discovered greater aptitude for government and displayed more than ordinary ability in the conception of laws, and thus laid the foundation of f renown in statesmanship. The schools and ac da-mical institutions for which Ireland was so famous

during the three centuries succeeding the time of St. Patrick were warm promoters of elocution, and devoted a considerable portion of their time to the cultivation of this art under the direction of the best masters. It was, no doubt, owing to this fact that the Irish missionaries so transcended their fellow laborers in the cause of Christianity, for we find wherever they went their arguments were so convincing that a failure in the object intended was of rare occurance. The sunny plains of Italy, the vine-covered valleys of France, and the forrest clad mountains and plains of Germany could not produce their superiors in this art, and ecclesiastical records of these countries are replete with examples of the persuasive eloquence of the Irish missionary. Nations as well as individuals acknowledged their wonderful talents, and the harvest of souls reaped by their labors was consequently both extensive and lasting.

During that period of Irish history comprised under the head of the Norman era, there existed a famous branch of the monastic institution called the Order of Preachers. The members of this Order did infinite service to the Christian cause by their untiring zeal and perseverance. No one was deemed qualified for full membership until he had astered his native language, and very often several reign languages, to an extent sufficiently cultured o be possessed at least of a ready delivery. Another essential qualification was a superior education in all the higher branches of the period, and in

those days it was saying a great deal, for education was not uncommon even among the peasantry. Thus equipped and armed at all points to combat heresy and paganism they sallied forth on their mission of salvation. This institution existed for many years among the people of Ireland, but its chief objective points were the nations of the continent. During the thirteenth, fourteenth and fifteenth centuries multitudes of learned Irishmen left their country either in a clerical or laical capacity, and it is a remarkable fact that they rose to the highest stations in the countries where they had taken their stay. Some were distinguished by their abilities as statesmen, others as public speakers and lecturers on various subjects, for their diversity of talent enabled them to deal with almost every branch of knowledge. As religious controversialists they had to combat the arguments of heretics and schismatics, but in every case their superior skill assisted by the grace of God enabled them to come off with flying colors. As proof of what we have stated we refer to the lives of John Scotus, a native Down, who lived about the beginning of the thirteenth century, and created a European celebrity by his brilliant oratorical displays in Oxford, England; Paris, France; and Cologne, Germany.

A worthy compeer of Scotus was Malachy, who flourished about the time of the battle of Athenry. He was honored with the degree of Doctor of Divinity in the University of Oxford, and still

further added to his laurels during a residence in the city of Naples. He received the friendship of the English king Edward II., who appointed him court chaplain during his lifetime. Others of little less inferior renown flourished during the same period, but the meagreness of detail furnished by the historians of the day prevents the possibility of giving more than a dry record of names and dates. The two instances which we have cited are fair representations of the style of oratory of the times of which we write, and are given on account of of their transcending all others in their great abilities. In fact a particular mention of orators dnring the early part of the history of any nation seems to be strangely omitted. Irish historians are neglectful in a similar manner, and as for statesmen the continual struggle which the people of Ireland had to maintain against the Danes, Normans and English conduced little to their developement. Some of the O'Neills—Hugh the Great in particular—possessed all the characteristics of statesmen, but they found that the circumstances they had to contend against were not to be overcome by diplomacy or wordy expressions, and they fell back on their sword as their best weapon of attack and defence. The Geraldines developed a similar talent, but were forced to make use of the same means to maintain their ground, and were unsuccessful in both resources as the history of this famous family will prove. In fact the government which pretended to

rule Ireland in those days seemed determined that the national party or their sympathizers should have no representatives in the counsels of the nation, but by treating them with inhumanity, not to say contumely and insult, drove the chiefs of the people to desperation and then finally crushed them in detail, and confiscated their possessions.

It was not until the middle of the eighteenth century when all classes of the Irish population had become weary of the relentless policy of the government, that the legislation partook of any semblance of equity and justice, and then we find among the ranks of intelligent and liberal minded Protestants of the day a number of aspiring and talented men that gave their energies to the task of breaking the shackles that bound the masses of their fellow countrymen.

CHAPTER II.

SIR TOBY BUTLER.

Does Time with his cold wing wither
Each feeling that once was dear;
Then child of misfortune come hither,
I'll weep with thee tear for tear.

As has been already stated, the severities of the penal laws prevented the election of a Catholic to any office, however menial; but during the snatches of relief that were occasionally tolerated by reason of a non-enforcement of the existing laws, a few of the boldest of the persecuted class stepped to the front and made use of every reasonable measure to procure a relaxation of the vigorous laws. At other times, when some new persecution was on the point of being introduced by the government, the same heroic persons, at the imminent risk of their personal freedom, if not their lives, boldly denounced the tyrannical principles of the authorities. Among these unflinching patriots were Counsellor Malone and Sir Toby Butler, two of the few Catholic gentry tolerated in the city of Dublin. These gentlemen were appointed as a committee to petition the government against the passage of a bill, entitled an "Act to prevent the further growth of Popery," but failing to make an impression in that way they determined to appear before the House

of Commons, and there plead the justice of their cause and the inhumanity of the contemplated bill before the assembled legislators. On that occasion Sir Toby delivered an oration that astonished his auditors by its brilliancy of thought and expression no less then its cogency of argument. It was listened to with attention by the members of the Honse and the vast audience that crowded the galleries. In order to give our readers any idea of its merits we subjoin a short extract from the principal portion of this masterpiece of eloquence, where the deliverer dwells with warmth of feeling on that section of the bill which offers inducements to the children of Catholic landowners to become monsters of ingratitude, by giving them the right to expel their parents from their properties and taking personal possession, on conforming to the established religion. It is as follows:

"By the first of these clauses, I, that am the Popish father, without committing any crime against the state, or the laws of the land, or any other fault, but merely for being of the religion of my forefathers and that which, till of late years, was the ancient religion of these kingdoms, contrary to the express words of the second article of Limerick and the public faith plighted for its performance, am deprived of my inheritance which by these articles I am entitled to enjoy, equally with every other of my fellow subjects, whether Protestant or Popish. And though my estate be even the purchase of my own

hard labor and industry, yet I shall not, after my eldest son or heir becomes a Protestant, sell or have leave of my own estate to leave a legacy to my other children or my other relations; but during my own life my estate shall be given to my son, being a Protestant, though ever so undutiful, extravagant, or undeserving; and I, that am the purchasing father, shall become tenant to my own freehold which I purchased with my own money, and my son or other heir shall be at liberty to sell or otherwise dispose of my estate, the sweat of my brows, before my face; and I, that am the purchaser, shall not have the liberty to make one farthing's use of my inheritance, but the issues and profits of it shall, before my face, be at the disposal of another. Is not this, gentlemen, a hard case? I beseech you, gentlemen, to consider whether you would not think so if the scale were changed and the case your own, as it is likely to be ours, if this bill pass into law."

"It is natural for the father to love his child, but we all know that children are too apt, even without any such liberty as this bill gives, to slight and neglect the duties they owe to their parents, and surely such an act as this will not be an instrument of restraint, but rather of encouragement."

"It is too common with the son who has the prospect of an estate, when once he arrives at the age of manhood, to think his old father too long in the way of his enjoying it; and how much more will he be subject to it now when by this act he shall

have liberty before he comes to age, to force my estate from me without being liable to account for the encumbrances with which the estate might have been charged before the passage of this act."

"Is not this against the laws of God and man? against the rules of reason and justice by which men ought to be governed? Is not this the way to make children undutiful, and bring the grey head of the parent to the grave with sorrow and tears?

"It would be hard for any man, but for a son whom I have nursed in my bosom to become my plunderer, to rob me of my estate, to cut my throat, and to take away my land, is much more grievous than from any other, and enough to make the most flinty of hearts bleed at the thought. And yet this will be the case if this bill pass into law, which I hope this honorable assembly will not think of when they shall more seriously consider and weigh these matters."

"For God's sake, gentlemen, will you consider whether this is according to the golden rule, to do as you would be done by. And if not, surely you will not—nay, you cannot, without being liable to be charged with the most manifest injustice imaginable, take from us our birth rights, and invest them in others before our face."

This speech he delivered on the 22nd of February, 1703, the first year of the reign of Queen Anne, but it was delivered in vain. After he had concluded, the members proceeded with the necessary prelimin-

aries for its passage. It was endorsed by the Lords and signed by the Queen the following month.

The efforts made on the behalf of religious freedom during this period, were confined to the members of the bar, among whom such men as Counsellor Malone and O'Callaghan figure conspicuously. The former had two sons that are intimately connected with the patriotic struggles of the times, one of was a judge, and the other so distinguished for his eloquence as to be ranked among the greatest orators then in the three kingdoms.

But after George II. took his seat on the British throne, an act was passed by the Parliament and signed by him, excluding Catholics from the study of the law! This act remained in force for a period of 60 years, thus shutting off the only avenue left open to the oppressed people for the generation of that talent in which they pre-eminently excel, and from which they expected to derive their greatest benefits.

The Irish parliament, it is true, had its full compliment of legislators (!), and contained men that were possessed of fair abilities for the fulfilment of their duties; but as it was not a representation of the masses of the people, it could not be looked upon but as a self-constituted assembly, or else a vehicle for the conveyance of English misrule. Under these circumstances the display of statesmanship was abominable in as much as it was almost solely

directed to the framing of statutes tending to the increase of Catholic disabilities.

Few in this body were found to be possessed of an honesty to oppose the corruptions that were daily pouring in upon them ; or of a bravery to resist the domineering spirit of the British Parliament, and in consequence the Local Legislature was nothing more than a pliant tool in the hands of the British masters. Some noble spirits might occasionally appear and eloquently and energetically oppose the despicable policy of the Commons, but they were either scornfully treated or completely silenced by the overwhelming majority against them.

The day of Ireland's great and virtuous statesmen arrived, and when these gallant heroes rose in their might, the liberties of the country that had been bound so long were set free, and the miserable supporters of tyranny and intolerance fell cringing and grovelling beneath the crushing oratorical blows of these renowned and pure minded patriots, A sketch of their lives with an extract from the masterpiece of each will now follow.

CHAPTER III.

GRATTAN AND FLOOD.

Shall the harp then be silent when he who first gave
To our country a name is withdrawn from all eyes;
Shall a minstrel of Erin stand mute by the grave
Where the first, where the last of her patriots lies.

FEW orators recorded in history possessed the rare gift of eloquence to such an extraordinary degree, or obtained such widespread renown as HENRY GRATTAN. His name is inseparably connected with the history of the Irish nation as one of the greatest of its patriots, and as one who was chiefly instrumental in procuring for his country those just liberties for which her noblest warriors had fought and bled—and in vain. Admiration for this truly great man becomes heightened manifold when his disinterestedness is considered, and that all his labors were conducted on a purely unselfish principle. He had nothing to gain by the concession of Catholic rights, consequently his heroism became more visible and more appreciated, and in the opinions of his countrymen

Shall his glory stand out to the eyes of all time.

HENRY GRATTAN was born in Dublin, on the third of July, 1746. His early education was received in companionship with Anthony Malone and other youths who afterwards became men of distinction,

and while yet very young developed that lofty genius and energy that characterized him in after life. In 1763, he entered Trinity College, where he studied for three years. He then departed to London to prosecute the study of the law. During the period of ten years that now succeeded he spent his time about equally between his legal exercises in London and the enjoyment of sports and general amusements in different parts of Ireland. Wherever he went he became a general favorite, and his brilliant talents gave him an entry to the highest circles of society.. He closely watched the character of the great men of his time, Lord Chatham, Henry Flood and others, and availed himself of every opportunity to profit by their abilities. Their famous speeches he listened to with eagerness and rapt attention, and from them conceived the idea of being an orator. When but twenty years old his eloquence attracted the attention of all who heard him, and when in after years he became acquainted among the gentry his fame rapidly spread, and in a few years he was known as the most promising young orator of the day.

He was elected a member of the House of Commons in 1775, when only twenty-nine years of age, and although he spent some time in taking observations of the men and manners of the House he was not long in making his power known and felt. He took the side of the opposition against the existing administration, and fought long and labor-

iously in behalf of the liberties of the people. He proceeded from one victory to another, attacking the government at every assailable point, and never ceased until he had effected its complete overthrow. The volunteer corps were organized principally by his exertions, and then he determined to make that bold stroke for the achievement of Irish nationality, which created such amazement among friends and opponents alike. The motion for the legislative independence of Ireland was introduced by him on the nineteenth of April, and carried after the delivery of one of the most sublime masterpieces of eloquence that ever issued from the lips of an orator. This act carried the wildest joy and enthusiasim throughout the land, and made the successful statesman the idol of the people. The British Parliament at first seemed loth to endorse the action of its Irish subordinate, but the spread of the volunteer movement and the bold stand taken by its members, enlightened by the fire of Grattan's genius, induced the Imperial government to accept the ultimatum and relinquish their right to bind the Irish Parliament, May the seventeenth, 1782. The contest in the respective Houses was between Fox and Grattan; Grattan was successful and a grateful nation signified their appreciation of his services by a vote of £100,000 for the purchase of an estate. After this great triumph he continued in his efforts for the advancement of the people's cause, and while he was in power the good he produced for the long-

suffering people was invaluable. He made several gallant but ineffectual attempts for the complete emancipation of the Catholics, but had the satisfaction of carrying more than one important. relief bill. But the enemies of justice and toleration began to increase in the House, and being assisted by the English Ministry they gradually undone all that Grattan had with so much skill and energy established in the country. He witnessed the complete disappearance of the Volunteer institution without being able to restrain it, he saw the corrupt ministry daily carrying out exacting measures towards the resumption of the old tyrannical system, and finding that his opposition was of no avail he resigned his position in the House and retired sorrowfully to private life, 1797. He roused himself for a final effort for the maintenance of his country's independence during the debate on the Union Act, and there displayed his eloquence with its ancient fiery preeminence, but, as is well known, it was in vain. After the Union he occupied a seat in the Imperial Parliament for many years, introducing at regular intervals measures calculated to benefit his suffering country. He made his mark in this haughty assembly as clearly and impressively as in his own local institution. Although frequently unsuccessful he never allowed himself to be cast down or intimidated by repeated defeats, and his indomitable will and wonderful eloquence excited the admiration of all who heard him. He died on the fourth of

June, 1820, a struggling patriot to the last, and a man ever to be remembered among the wisest and bravest of mankind.

As an example of his oratory, we quote the following speech made on the occasion of the passage of the bill acknowledging the

TRIUMPH OF IRISH INDEPENDENCE.

"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 proceeded until the whole faculty of the nation is braced up to the act of her own deliv erance."

"I found Ireland on her knees, I watched over her with patient solicitude, I have traced her progress from injuries to arms, and from arms to liberty. Spirit of Swift! spirit of Molyneaux! your genius has prevailed! Ireland is now a nation! in that new character I hail her and bowing to her august presence I say *Esto perpetua.*"

"She is no longer a wretched colony returning thanks to her governor for his rapine, and to her king for his oppression; nor is she now a squabbling fretful sectary, perplexing her little wits and firing her furious statutes with bigotry, sophistry, disabilities and death, to transmit to posterity insignificance and war."

* * * * * * * * * *

"Your historians did not supply the want of monuments; on the contrary, these narrators of your misfortunes, who should have felt for your wrongs, and should have punished your oppressors with oppression, natural scourges, the moral indignation of history, compromised with public villany, and trembled; they excited your violence, they suppressed your provocation, and wrote in the chain which entramelled the country. I have come to break that chain, and I congratulate my country, who without any of the disadvantages I speak of, going forth as it were with nothing but a stone and sling, and what oppression could not take away—the favor of Heaven—accomplished her own redemption, and left you nothing to add and everything to admire."

"You want no trophy now; the records of Parliament are the evidence of your glory: I beg to to observe that the deliverance of Ireland has proceeded from her own right hand; I rejoice at it, for had the great requisition of your freedom proceeded from the bounty of England, that great work would have been defective both in renown and security. It was necessary that the soul of the country should have been exalted by the act of her own redemption, and that England should withdraw her claims by operation of treaty, and not of mere grace, and condescension; a gratuitous act of Parliament, however expressed, would have been revocable; but the repeal of her claim under oper-

ation of treaty is not; in that case the legislature is but covenant and bound by the law of nations—the only law that can legally bind Parliament. Never did this country stand so high. England and Ireland treat *ex æquo*. Ireland transmits to the king her claim of right, and requires of the Parliament of England the repeal of her claim of power, which repeal the English Parliament is to make under the price of a treaty, which depends on the law of nations—a law which cannot be repealed by the Parliament of England."

"I rejoice that the people is a party to this treaty, because they are bound to preserve it. There is not a man of forty shillings freehold who is not associ. in this our claim of right and bound to die in its defence; cities, counties, associations, Protestants and Catholics; it seems as if the people had joined in one great national sacrament; a flame has descended from Heaven on the intellect of Ireland, plays around her head and compasses her understanding with a consecrated glory."

Henry Flood, the contemporary and, at one time, the rival of Grattan, was born in the year 1732. He, too, was a brilliant orator and consummate statesman, and one who has earned an undying reputation among his countrymen. He it was who won the first material relief for his down-trodden country, and who, for the space of ten years that he held the leadership of

the national party in the Irish House of Commons, heroically contended for the liberties of the nation, and proved himself more than a match for the most powerful of his opponents. One by one they dropped at his feet overwhelmed by his withering philippics and baffled by his unparalleled diplomacy. He laid the foundation of the Opposition in Parliament for the obtaining of Irish Legislative Independence, and established it on a basis which all the intrigues of the Ministerialists could not break down. He gathered around him not only the mediocrity but also the aristocracy of the country selecting from each the firmest and most enduring, thus giving vigor and tone to his party. The Octennial Bill which limited the duration of Parliaments to eight years received its warmest advocacy from Henry Flood, who was chiefly instrumental in its final passage. The institution of a national militia, better known as the Irish Volunteers, was strenuously upheld by him, and that obnoxious law, established by Poyning, which decreed that the heads of all Irish bills should be first transmitted to the English government for approval, was exposed in all its injustice by the ready eloquence of this great orator. His abilities were acknowledged by the leaders of the English Parliament, who made several attempts to detach him from the ranks of the nationalists, but for a long time ineffectually. He at length agreed to accept office under the ministry of lord Townsend, and endeavored to explain his

conduct by stating that in his new position he could work to greater advantage for the national party than formerly. The course he adopted on this occasion will admit of palliation, when we consider that his conduct while in office proves that he was not guilty of a single act that would either strengthen the power of the government unjustly, or increase the disabilities of the people. When Grattan rose to the zenith of his power, a bitter rivalry sprung up between these renowned statesmen which produced much angry discussion and which was scarcely if ever removed. For years after, Flood maintained his ancient policy in all national matters, and assisted in the introduction and passage of several measures tending to the relief of his Catholic fellow countrymen. He died in 1791, leaving his country, as he thought, in the enjoyment of the blessings of, at least, comparitive freedom.

CHAPTER IV.

EDMUND BURKE.

Oh, it is sweet to think that wherever we rove,
We are sure to find something blissful and dear;
And that when we're far from the lips we love,
We have but to make love to the lips we are near.

EDMUND BURKE was one of the brighest ornaments among the orators of Ireland, and was not to be excelled by any of the numerous orators and writers of his time. This distinguished statesman was born in 1730, in the city of Dublin. His early education was carefully attended to, and he enjoyed all the advantages that could be bestowed on him in that respect His fragile form and delicate constitution led his anxious parents to believe that he would not long live to reap the fruits of his great erudition, but his after career disabused them of their anxiety. On entering Trinity College, history and debate received his principal attention; and being of an aspiring temperament, he soon outstripped all his fellows. Having completed his course in that institution, he spent some time in London, Glasgow, and other places, apparently with no fixed intention, and finally settled down in London. Here he produced many brilliant efforts of literature which established his fame as a writer throughout the nation. In the pursuit of literary fame he attracted the attention of Lord Verney, who per-

ceiving in young Burke a man who would be of great service to the country, exercised his influence to procure his return to Parliament, 1763. His genius had now a wide field for developement. His career was in the English Parliament, and his soul-stirring eloquence, even on his first appearance, did not fail to impress the members of the House with an exalted opinion of his merits. His popularity increased daily among all classes, as his abilities were constantly exercised for the benefit of the masses. His fame rapidly advanced in the estimation of the nation, and the wonderful powers of eloquence which he discovered continued to excite the wonder and admiration of all who approached him. When the American revolution broke out, he advocated gentler measures and a conciliating policy towards the colonists; and the skill he desplayed in debating on the subject, showed his intimate knowledge of its circumstances. In all questions connected with the legislation of Ireland, he always took a firm stand in behalf of his country, and plainly showed by his enthusiasm then the devotion in which he held his native land. He was the chief exposer of the irregularities of the Indian government and the short comings of Warren Hastings; and his able speeches in support of these charges are ranked among the master pieces of eloquence. He spent 30 years in Parliament, retiring in 1794, after a well-spent life of national legislation; but from his place of retirement he continued to watch the movements of the various

transactions in the world of politics. His favorite occupation of literary composition he also followed with unabated vigor, and from the tone of his late productions, the world saw that the feebleness of old age had not weakened the powers of his mind. The death of his only son, a short time after his retirement from public life, inflicted a blow from which he never recovered. He died in 1797, aged 68 years.

The following is an extract from his speech on the

SHORTENING THE DURATION OF PARLIAMENT.

* * * * * * *

"To govern according to the sense and agreeably to the interests of the people is a great and glorious object of government. This object cannot be obtained but through the medium of popular elections, and popular elections is a mighty evil. It is such, and so great an evil, that though there are few nations whose monarchs were not originally elective, very few are now elected. They are the disturbers of elections; they have destroyed all free states. To cure these disturbers is difficult if not impossible, the only thing therefore left to save the commonwealth is to prevent their return too frequently. The objects in view are to have parliaments as frequent as they can be without disturbing them in the prosecution of public business; on the one hand to secure the independence of the people, on the other to give them that quiet in their minds and that ease in their fortune as to enable them to perform the most arduous and most painful duty in the world

with spirit, with efficiency, with independency and with experience, as real public councillors, and not as the canvassers at a popular election. It is wise to compass as many good ends as you possibly can, and seeing they are numerous on both sides with benefits on both, to give up a point of the benefit to soften the inconvenience. The perfect cure is impracticable, because the disorder is dear to those from whom alone the cure can possibly be derived. The utmost to be done is to palliate, to mitigate, to respite, to put off the evil day of the constitution to its latest hour, and may the day be a late one."

"The bill I fear would precipitate one of the two consequences. I know not which most likely or which most dangerous; either that the crown by its constant stated power, influence and reverence would wear out all oppositions in elections, or that a violent and furious popular spirit would arise. I must see, to satisfy me, the remedies; I must see from their operation in the cure of the old evil, and in the cure of these new evils which are inseparable from all remedies, how they balance each other, and what is the total result. The excellence of mathematics and metaphysics is to have but one thing before you, but he forms the best judgment in all moral disquisitions who has the greatest number and variety of considerations before him, and he can take them with the best possible consideration of the middle results of all."

CHAPTER V.

JOHN PHILPOT CURRAN.

'Tis gone and forever the light we saw breaking,
Like Heaven's first dawn o'er the sleep of the dead;
When man from the slumber of ages awaking,
Look'd upward and blessed the pure rays ere it fled.

JOHN PHILPOT CURRAN, the subject of the following sketch, was undoubtedly one of the greatest orators that the world has ever produced. He was a characteristic Irishman, warm hearted, impulsive, earnest, even from childhood. There was nothing dull or dreamy in his nature; the moment action was required his whole soul swelled with enthusiasim and his energetic spirit was roused to its fullest powers. He was born in Newmarket, in the county of Cork, in 1750, and grew up from childhood to youth developing those traits of genius with which he was so strongly imbued in after life. His early education was received in his native town, and at the age of 17 entered Trinity College, the *alma mater* of the Protestant Irish youth of that period. Scripture classes and general literature received his undivided attention while in college, and attained such a proficiency at these studies that he was enabled in a short time to write sermons and historical sketches with a literary skill far above the ordinary. London was his objective point, after completing his studies in Trinity and while there

followed up with his usual ardor his favorite literary pursuits. Shortly after his return to his native country, he endeared himself to his countrymen by his able and successful defence of an aged priest against the malicious prosecution of a dissipated nobleman. This and other similar noble actions gathered many earnest friends around him, and found himself beloved by the people and respected by the aristocracy. In 1782 he became the friend of Grattan and Flood whose efforts for constitutional freedom were just being crowned with success, and in 1783 he was elected to the House of Commons as representative of the borough of Kilbeggan. He at once joined the ranks of the noble army of patriots who were battling for Irish nationality, and during the whole of his parliamentary career there was not a more able and strenuous advocate of this cause than John P. Curran. His speeches in favor of Catholic Emancipation were his masterpieces of oratory and stand unparalleled in the history of that divine gift. The Volunteer corps found him an unswerving supporter, and by his many noble efforts in their behalf became the idol and delight of its members. In his speeches at the Bar he exhibited the same wonderful talent, and he was unsparing in his invectives against "corrupt Judges and savage lawyers." He also took a prominent part in State trials in which he delivered many excellent speeches. The unsuccessful rebellion of 1798 had been the cause of a frightful loss of human life and the gallows

received not a few of its victims. The numbers that were arrested for participation in this outbreak were very great, and in the trials that followed their arrest Curran played a prominent part. He adopted the prisoners for his clients and exercised all the spirit-moving eloquence of which he was master. He frequently drew tears from the eyes of his auditors by the pathos of his words, he excited their feelings to the highest pitch, but was of no avail, judge and jury refused to be impressed, and the prisoners with very few exceptions suffered the extreme penalty of the law. Wolfe Tone, Lord Edward Fitzgerald, and Napper Tandy received each in his turn the defence offered by Curran's impassioned eloquence, but as in other cases the result was unfavorable. His speeches on these occasions lashed the government and its blood-hounds so severely that few of them were allowed to to be published. After the close of the trials he retired for a time from public life. In 1806 he was appointed Master of the Rolls. In the elections for 1812 he was solicited to stand for Newry, but was defeated. In 1814 he finally retired from politics, and from that time until the day of his death his mind and body gradually decayed. He died in 1817, but his memory will ever live in the hearts of all true Irishmen as one of the greatest patriots that Ireland ever produced.

The following is the outline of Curran's great speech on

CATHOLIC EMANCIPATION.

"Gentlemen have talked as if the question was whether we may, with safety to ourselves, relax or repeal the laws which have so long coerced our Catholic fellow subjects? The real question is, whether you can, with safety to the Irish constitution, refuse such a measure. It is not a question merely of their sufferings or their relief; it is a question of your own preservation. There are some maxims which an honest Irishman will never abandon, and by which every public measure may be fairly tried. These are the independence of Ireland connected with Britain as a confederated people, and the preservation of the constitution upon the principles established at the revolution in church and state. If you wish to know how these great objects may be effected by a repeal of these laws, see how they were effected by their enactment. Here you have the infallible test of fact and experience; and wretched indeed must you be if false shame, false pride, or false spirit, can prevent you from reading that lesson of wisdom, which is written in blood, and the calamities of your country. These laws were destructive of arts, of industry, of private morals, and public order. They were fitted to extirpate even the Christian religion from among the people, and reduce them to the condition of savages and rebels, disgraceful to humanity and formidable to the state."

"Let me ask you how have these laws affected

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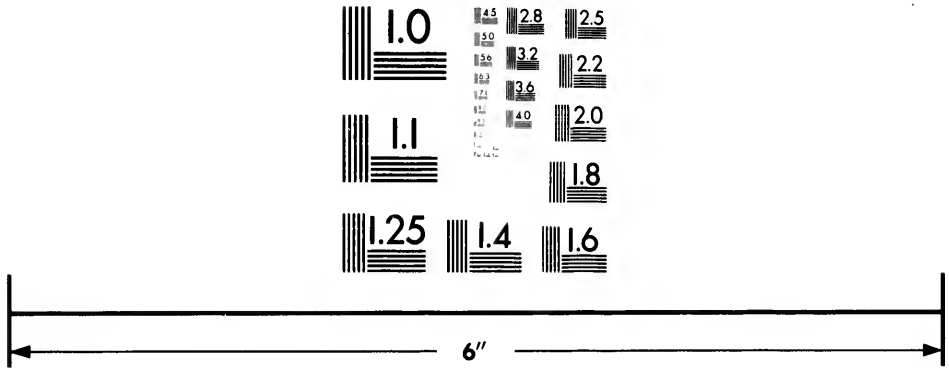

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the Protestant subject and the Protestant constitution? In that interval were they free? Did they possess that liberty which they denied to their brethren? No, sir; where there are inhabitants but no people, there can be no freedom; unless there be a spirit and what may be called a pull in the people, a free government cannot be kept steady or fixed in its seat. You had indeed a government, but it was planted in civil dissension and watered in civil blood; and whilst the virtuous luxuriance of its branches aspired to heaven, its infernal roots shot downward to their congenial regions and were nurtured in hell. Your ancestors thought themselves the oppressors of their fallen subjects, but they were only their gaolers; and the justice of Providence would have been frustrated, if their own slavery had not been the punishment of their vice and their folly. But are these facts for which he must appeal to history? You all remember the year one thousand seven hundred and seventy-nine. What were you then? Your constitution without resistance in the hands of the British Parliament; your trade in many parts extinguished, in every part coerced. So low were you reduced to beggary and servitude, as to declare that unless the mercy of England were extended to your trade, you could not exist. Here you have an infallible test of the ruinous influence of these laws in the experience of a century; of a constitution surrendered, and a commerce utterly extinct. In 1782 you became free. Your Catholic

brethren shared the danger of the conflict, but you had not the justice or gratitude to let them share the fruits of the victory. You suffered them to relapse into their former insignificance and depression. And let me ask you, has it not fared with you according to your deserts? Let me ask if the parliament of Ireland can boast of being now less at the feet of the British minister than at that period it was of the British parliament."

* * * * * *

"I call on the House to consider the necessity of acting with a social and conciliating mind. Contrary conduct may, perhaps, protract the unhappy depression of my country; but a partial liberty cannot long continue. With infinite respect must any man look forward to the aberration of three millions of our people, and to a degree of subserviency and corruption in a fourth. The inevitable consequence would be the emigration of every man of consequence from Ireland; it would be the participation of British taxes without British trade; it would be the extinction of the Irish name as a people. We would become a wretched colony, perhaps, leased out to a company of Jews, as was formerly in comtemplation, and governed by a few tax-gatherers and excisemen; unless, possibly, you might point to 15 or 20 couple of Irish members who may be found every session sleeping in their collars under the manger of the British minister."

CHAPTER V.

DANIEL O'CONNELL.

A braggart tyrant swore to smite
A people struggling for their right—
O'Connell dared him to the field,
Content to die, but never yield.

Our attention is next directed to the "immortal Dan," by far the most popular and probably the greatest orator and most genuine Irishman of all the bright and noble characters that have devoted their lives and talents for the welfare of Ireland in the legislative halls of the nation. He did not, it is true, have the happiness to "fight the good fight" in the national legislature of his country, for at the time of the existence of that body the penal laws were in full force, and no Catholic could take his seat in its midst. But from his position among the haughty legislators of England he hurled the thunders of his eloquence against the powers that had held his country under an iron rule so long, and compelled them by his bold and undaunted exertions to release their iron grasp and restore to his co-religionists those rights which were theirs by all right, human and divine. It was a long contested struggle, but the pent-up feelings of ages found an outlet in the heroism of the great counsellor, and the victory was for once on the side of Right.

DANIEL O'CONNELL was born on the sixth of August, 1775, near the town of Caherciveen, Kerry. His father was the owner of considerable property in the vicinity, and in a position to give his son as liberal an education as the nature of the times would permit. On the continent he pursued his most advanced studies, in the Colleges of Louvain, St. Omer and Douay, where he not only rose to pre-eminence in knowledge, but also became thoroughly imbued with high devotional principles in the practice of his religion, which was a marked feature in his whole career until the day of his death. After giving some time for study in England (a course the law demanded) he went to Dublin and took his position in the Irish bar, the Relief Bill admitting Catholics to the profession of the law having been passed about five years before. In the profession of the law he continued to distinguish himself for many years, rising to considerable renown among his fellow barristers. He took a prominent part in the several movements anent the Catholic agitators, in all of which his superior abilities gave him the leadership.

In 1816 he succeeded in establishing the Catholic Association, which became so important in after years as to excite the apprehension of the government, who did their utmost to break it up. But O'Connell set all their efforts at naught, and by his skill and ingenuity eluded all the legal proceedings that could be brought against the Association.

O'Connell and his party became so formidable in the course of time that the attention of the English Parliament was attracted in earnest to the object in view, viz.: the complete emancipation of the Catholics; and the wonderful efforts of the "agitators" in supporting and encouraging the election of such as would advocate the national cause, hastened the action of the government. Having thus succeeded in arousing the interest of all parties to such a pitch as to make the Catholic Emancipation the question of the day, O'Connell appeared in the field as a candidate for parliamentry honors for Clare—the penal statute being to the contrary notwithstanding. The wildest excitement now prevailed throughout the whole kingdom, for every one knew that the crisis had come. In spite of all the exertions of his opponents, backed by the aid of a powerful government, O'Connell carried the day amid the utmost enthusiasm of his countrymen. The first grand trinmph having thus been achieved the rest followed as a necessary consequence. When O'Connell appeared at the bar of the House he refused to take the oath of abjuration, and was therefore sent back to his constituency. But his gigantic exertions had already wrought their effect. The Catholic Relief Bill passed and O'Connell again appeared to claim his seat, and he was not refused. During the many years that he represented his constituency in the Imperial Parliament he stood without a rival in eloquence and statesmanship

among the many great men that sorrounded him. He became the centre of attraction for the Empire, idolized by his countrymen and admired and respected by all. Ireland he devotedly loved and for her welfare he consecrated his whole life, and his grateful country in return retained his memory in their inmost souls, with an affection and respect never before felt for any of Ireland's patriots.

After his triumph of Emancipation, he organized the Repeal movement, and for years worked with all the strength of his gigantic powers for the accomplishment of this purpose, so dear to all Irishmen. But he was opposed by the full strength of Sir Robert Peel's narrow-minded government, who finding that the logical arguments of the immortal "Dan" and his friends could not be combatted, resorted to the more effective means of silencing them by having them arrested for treason! The House of Lords refused to sustain the charge of the lower Assembly, and the Repealers were set at liberty. This occurred in 1844, and from that time the public life of O'Connell ceases. He died in 1847, at the age of seventy-two, in the far off plains of Italy. His remains were brought to his native country and followed to their last resting place by an immense cortege, amid the tears of an entire nation. Volumes might be written of this great and virtuous man, but his panegyric may be pronounced in a few words: he was pious, charitable, talented, patriotic and transcendantly eloquent, and his virtues and genius have so

indelibly fixed themselves on the minds of his countrymen that all succeeding generations of Erin's sons, in whatever part of the world they may be, will unhesitatingly pronounce him "Ireland's glory."

We quote the following extract from a speech delivered by him at the celebrated "DUBLIN ELECTION," in the course of which he eulogizes the memory of the immortal Grattan in words of fire.

"We are met on this occasion to celebrate the obsequies of the greatest man Ireland ever knew. The land of his birth in mourning over his remains, feels it is a nation's sorrow, and turns with the anxiety of a parent to alleviate the grief of the orphan he has left. The virtues of that great patriot shone brilliant, pure, unsullied, ardent, unremitting, glowing. Oh! I could exhaust the dictionary three times told ere I could enumerate the virtues of Grattan."

"In 1778 when Ireland was shackled he raised the standard of Independence, and in 1782 he stood forward as the champion of his country, achieving gloriously her independence! Earnestly and unremittingly did he labor for her, bitterly did he deplore her wrongs; and if man could have prevented her ruin; if man could have saved her, he would have done it."

"After the disastrous Act of Union, which met his most resolute and determined opposition, he did not suffer despair to creep over his heart and induce him to abandon her as was the case with too many

others. No, he remained firm to his duty in the darkest adversity, he continued his unvarying advocacy of his country's rights. Of him it may be truly said in his own words—'He watched by the cradle of his country's freedom; he followed her hearse.' His life to the very period of his latest breath has been spent in her service—and he died, I may ever say, a martyr to his cause."

"Who shall now prate to me of religious animosity? To any such I will answer by pointing to the honored tomb of Grattan, and I will say, 'There sleeps a man of the Protestant community, who died in the cause of his Catholic fellow countrymen.'"

"I have been told that they would even rob us of his remains, that the bones of Grattan are to rest in a foreign soil! Rest? No! the bones of Grattan would not rest any where but in their kindred earth. Gentlemen, I trust that we shall yet meet to interchange our sentiments of mixed affection and admiration over a monument of brass and marble erected to the memory of the man whose epitaph is written on the hearts of his countrymen!"

"Gentlemen, I do not come here with a womanly feeling, merely to weep over our misfortune, though heaven is my witness that my heart is heavy, I come not here to pay a vain tribute to the dead. To do justice to the name of Grattan would require an eloquence equal to his own; but I ask myself, I ask you, how we can best atone and compensate our country for the loss she has sustained? It is by

uniting as brothers and Irishmen in returning a representative for our city not unworthy of filling the place of him who raised the standard of universal charity and Christian benevolence. Yet in this hallowed moment of sorrow, ere yet his sacred remains are consigned to earth, the spirit of discord would light the torch of fanaticism and set up the wild hollow of bigotry and persecution. 'May God in Heaven forgive them, they know not they do.'"

"Gentlemen, will they call this religion? will they profane the name of religion by such a presumptious assertion, such an invidious destinction? They will not, they cannot!"

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CHAPTER VI.

RICHARD LALOR SHIEL.

Unchilled by the rain and unwakened by the wind,
The lily lies sleeping through winter's cold hour,
Till spring, with a touch, her dark slumber unbind
And daylight and liberty bless the young flower.

RICHARD LALOR SHIEL was not the least among the renowned orators of the "Irish School of Eloquence." His orations were of the fiery and impulsive nature, but it was as noble-minded as it was enthusiastic, and his political career is distinguished as much for his many admirable social qualities as for his wonderful genius, He was born in Dublin in 1793, and after passing through the usual course of studies he was called to the Irish bar in 1814, at the age of twenty-one—an extraordinary youthful age for that position. His talent as a speaker had developed itself at a very early period of his existence, in fact he was little more than a mere boy when he became remarkable for his public speeches. He was an able and strenuous supporter of the Catholic Association, uniting his ability with the genius of the Liberator for the attainment of Catholic Emancipation, and the popularity he earned in this cause among his countrymen was excelled by that of O'Connell only. From the commencement of his political career in 1822, up to the

passage of the Emancipation Act in 1829, he labored unceasingly in the cause of Irish liberty, and never deviated for a moment from the line he had drawn out for himself, and although a misunderstanding arose between him and his great colleague, it neither continued forever nor prevented or hindered in any way their determined prosecution of the good work they had in hand. In 1829 he entered Parliament, and continued for many years in various capacities of public life. His genius sparkled as highly in the legislative halls of old England as in the debating rooms of his native land, and it never failed to impress all who came within the reach of his masterly eloquence with a deep sense of his power. His duties to the government he discharged to the satisfaction of the leaders, who did not hesitate to place the utmost confidence in his integrity, probity and ability. In all his official cares he still retained his love for old Ireland and he never lost sight of the duty he owed her as the land of his nativity and forefathers. He received the appointment of ambassador to the ducal court of Tuscany in 1850—three years after the death of his compatriot—and entered on this new position with the alacity and promptness which he always displayed. He did not live long afterwards. He died in Florence in 1851, but his memory is enshrined in the hearts of his countrymen.

The following is a sketch of the speech he delivered during the existence of the Catholic Asso-

ciation, on the advantages to be derived by sending a deputation to England, in order to advocate their cause before the Imperial Parliament.

"The English are a wise, a generous and a lofty minded people, and we should have appealed to their wisdom, to their justice and to their humanity. We should have disabused them of many mistakes; we should have demonstrated to them that we are not unworthy to be incorporated in that great community of British citizenship; that our political ethics are much better than they had been taught to believe; that there is no dogma in our religion which renders us unfit for the enjoyment of social freedom; that our creed is the faith of their great progenitors; and that in casting contumely upon our opinions they stamp damnation on their fathers' graves. We should have told them that the barons of Runimede were as good citizens as the lords of Chancery Lane, and that the sword with which the Magna Charta was won might be weighed against Lord Eldon's mace. We shonld have told them that the part which they have taken towards our country reflects no credit upon them in the eyes of mankind; and that having the excellence of gigantic strength, they should not use it in the spirit of gigantic domination; that liberty is like light and is not impaired by participation; and that the disfranchisement of 7,000,000 of British subjects cannot fail to be productive of great calamities; that we are placed in an unnatural and therefore injurious

relation towards the empire; and that it befits their dignity to interpose between the contending factions by which the country is torn asunder; that they had too long turned our furious contentions into sport; and that it is unworthy of them to sit like the spectators of a Roman theatre, at a gladiatorial exhibition of their slaves, and make a pastime of the ferocious passions with which they are arrayed against each other, in all the insolence of inglorious triumph and infuriated despair. We should have told them that by a single act of magnanimous justice they might have put an end to the animosities that have cost so much English and Irish blood:—that our emancipation would have been an act of thrift as well as one of humanity, and that it became their prudence as well as the grandeur of their national character, and that it is a matter of economy as well as honor to make us free."

* * * * * *

"Are we to continue forever in this frightful state? Are we to be everlastingly marshalled against each other by infuriating provocations of the law? Are we to be set with a rabid and canine fury against each other? Are our detestations to be endorsed with a disastrous immortality? Is our hatred to be eternal? Is the corroding sentiment which consumes our bosoms and preys on the vitals of our country to be like the fire that is not quenched and the 'worm that dieth not?' Are we to be doomed to everlasting execration of each other; and

when the present generation shall have passed away, are our children to rise out of their cradles with the same feelings with which their fathers descended into their graves? If there were no other calamity to be apprehended, this evil should be regarded as a dreadful one."

CHAPTER VII.

THE PATRIOTS OF FORTY-EIGHT.

The soldier's hope, the patriot's dream,
Forever dimmed, forever crossed,
Oh! who shall say what heroes feel,
When all but life and honor's lost.

WHEN the "Young Ireland" Party made their abortive but well-meant attempt for the liberation of their country in 1848, there were many gallant and aspiring young Irishmen made to suffer for its ill success. Falling into the hands of the authorities of the crown they were found guilty of high treason, and ultimately condemned to perpetual exile. Among the participants in this insurrection the principal, or those who afterwards rose to the greatest fame, were Thomas D'Arcy McGee, Charles Gavin Duffy and Thomas Francis Meagher.

THOMAS D'ARCY MCGEE, at the time of the illfated escapade referred to, was but twenty-three years of age—having been born 1825, near Carlingford, in the county of Louth. He had visited Boston some six years previous to the embryo insurrection and astonished the people of that city by his amazing powers of oratory, more remarkable on account of his extreme youth, being seventeen. His connection with the Boston *Pilot*, in which he earned such a wide-spread renown both as a poet and prose writer,

is no doubt familiar to our readers. He returned to Ireland in 1845, and shortly after associated himself with the editor of the Dublin FREEMAN'S JOURNAL, Charles Gavin Duffy. In this capacity he became famous throughout Ireland—the grandeur of his editorials and the beauty of his poetry, together with the sublimity of his eloquence elevating him to an enviable position in the minds of the people.

When the storm burst and scattered the members of the "Young Ireland Party" far and wide, D'Arcy sought shelter in Scotland, and finally made his escape to America. He took up his residence in New York, and established a paper called the New York *Nation*, which became very popular among the Irish people of that city, but its editor lost prestige by his unseemly attack on the venerable Archbishop Hughes, for which he was, however, subsequently sincerely repentant. From New York Mr. McGee went to Boston and opened the office of the American *Celt*, where he continued until 1852, when he transferred his business to Buffalo. In this city he remained for five years, editing his paper with his accustomed consummate skill, and delivering occasionally stirring lectures in various parts of the country. While here, as in every other place, he made the elevation of the Irish race his chief study; and he ever manifested by his actions that their welfare constituted the sole idea of his public life. In 1857, he gave up his residence and paper in Buffalo, and went to Montreal, at the earnest

solicitation of several of his friends in that city. A year had not elapsed when, notwithstanding the great difficulties in his way, he was elected to the Canadian Parliament, to represent the interests of the third electoral division of Montreal. His memorable remark, made in the heat of the contest when the charge of "rebel" was frequently thrown in his face, silenced the taunts of his enemies:—"It is true, I was a rebel in 1848. I rebelled against the misgovernment of my country by Russell and his school; I rebelled because I saw my countrymen starving before my eyes, while my country had her trade and commerce stolen from her. I rebelled against the Church Establishment in Ireland; and there is not a liberal man in this Commons who would not have done as I did if he were placed in my position and follow the dictates of humanity."

In the Canadian Parliament he distinguished himself as one of the best, if not the ablest orator and statesman of the day. In his public life he was respected and admired by people of every creed, and among his own countrymen his abilities and exertions for their welfare were duly appreciated. He was at one time President of the Council and Secretary for the Province; and it was while engaged in the duties of these offices that he wrote and published his great History of Ireland, and other valuable works. His last public act was in connection with the Commissionership from Canada to the Paris Exposition, in 1867. The sudden and tragic

termination of his career is yet fresh in the minds of the public; and the general opinion of its cause was the change which his political opinions underwent during his stay in the States, and the opposition which he at all times manifested against Fenianism. It was on the night of the 7th of April, 1868, that the assassin's bullet penetrated the brain of Thomas D'Arcy McGee, one of the most talented, virtuous, and patriotic Irish Catholics that ever lived.

CHARLES GAVIN DUFFY is another of these purely unselfish beings that we occasionally meet with in history, perilling their lives and happiness for the salvation of their country. He was born in the county of Monaghan, in 1816, and grew to his 18th year, devoid of all principles of education but such as his own natural genius taught him. His first employment was in Dublin in connection with the Repeal organ, the *Mountain;* but after remaining in this position almost a year, he commenced on his own account with a new paper called the *Nation.* It was in the publishing of this journal that he discovered to the world those brilliant qualities that have signallized him as one of the shining lights of the country. His very earnest exertions on behalf of his country caused his movements to be watched by the government, and when the troubles of 1848 broke out, he was arrested for treason; but the charge could not be sustained. After his release, he resumed the *Nation,* and subsequently represented

the constituency of New Ross for about four years. He then removed to Australia, where his fame having preceded him, he was soon after his arrival elected to the legislature of Victoria, and was advanced to the highest offices. His great abilities left him without a rival in his new sphere, and obtained for him the admiration of the colonists. The Irish settlers in the country were justly proud of the talents of their great countryman, and did everything in their power to shew the estimation in which he was held by them. He had not been a year in their midst before they presented him with a valuable estate as a token of their esteem. Their confidence was neither abused nor misplaced, for we find that during the course of his public life he was not unmindful of their interests, and that even in that far distant country the fire of national devotion still kindles in his bosom with undiminished ardor. He proved himself a statesman of more than ordinary diplomatic skill, as his actions in c nnection with the government plainly testifies. His assistance in forming a ministry has been solicited more than once to prevent confusion in politics, and now we find him in the 56th year of his age, prime minister of one of her majesty's most important colonies, with almost unlimited power. His life has been chequred with trials and troubles, but now he stands on the summit of prosperity, having successfully climbed

The steep where Fame's proud temple shines afar.

THOMAS FRANCIS MEAGHER was another of those brave but unfortunate Irishmen who loved their country "not wisely but too well" for their own good. He was born at Waterford in 1823, and had all the advantages of an early and liberal education, both in Ireland and England. In the latter country he obtained the highest honors in the several branches of his academical studies. He returned to Ireland in 1844, and commenced the study of the law, but like many other patriotic young men of his age, he took part in the great Repeal agitation then being prosecuted by Mr. O'Connell. His complicity in the attempt of 1848 led to his arrest and banishment to the penal colony of Van Dieman's Land, from which he succeeded in effecting an escape to the United States. Every one knows the prominent part taken by him in the Great American Rebellion, and the unflinching bravery with which he and his gallant brigade marched to battle for the Union. He rose to the rank of brigadier-general by his superior soldierly qualities, and maintained an honorable reputation throughout the war. In 1867 he was appointed governor of the territory of Montana, which position he held with credit for about a year, when he lost his life by accidental drowning in the Missouri, while on a steamboat voyage to a distant part of the territory. The zeal for the glory and welfare of his country, which he continually manifested, has won for his memory the eternal regard of his countrymen.

THE POET.

ANECDOTES OF IRELAND.

THE POET.

Harp of the land I love! forgive this hand,
That reverently lifts thee from the dust,
And scans thy strings with awe and love,
Lest by neglect the chords of song should rust.
—McGee.

CHAPTER I.

THE BARDS OF OLD.

THE music of Ireland is as well worthy of admiration as her oratory and warlike deeds. Who has not heard or read of the Bards of ancient Ireland whose melodies were replete with grandeur, wirth, sorrow, sentiment and every variety of feeling that finds a response in the human heart? Far back in the earliest ages are records to be found respecting the music and poetry of Ireland. Wherever mention is made of the actions of her warriors there also is the song of her bard; for the tales of war and chivalry come handed down to us principally in the glowing language of those Irish troubadours. They constituted one of the chief orders

into which the people were divided, and next to the Druids were held in the highest estimation and respect Every chieftain had his bard or musician to extol his deeds of war, to preside at feasts, weddings or other amusements, and he was considered so essential to the clan that no chieftain of consequence was without one. When the prince went into battle his bard accompanied him to inspire him with his martial strains: when victory attended his arms, the bard sung his praises with all the applause he was capable of rendering; when defeat or misfortune cast a gloom over the feelings of the chief, his faithful bard taxed his powers to drive away all melancholy; when an heir was born or a fair bride introduced into the household, the master of song discoursed his most enlivening strains in character with the occasion; and finally when the chieftain's days were over and his earthly remains lay in their last resting place, the mournful dirges of this versatile genius resounded throughout the ancestral halls, striking his hearers with sentiments of sorrow and depression. In fine the Bard was an indispensible household article to every respectable dignitary; and more than that, an insult offered to to the former was fiercly resented by his patron, thus showing the significance and importance in which they were held.

The chief musical instrument of these ancient times was the Harp, which to this day remains as one of the distinguished emblems of Ireland. The

Pibroch or bagpipe was also in common use. The former has almost totally ceased to be used, but the latter still continues to be the popular instrument among the peasantry. These musicians were the news carriers of the time, acting much the same as a substitute for the mail system. They travelled from place to place recounting in their rhymes, with harp accompaniment, the events current in the country. They were everywhere hospitably received and treated with the utmost cordiality and friendship—the cheering notes of their instruments and the pleasing rhymes adapted thereto being considered by the hosts a sufficient recompense for any outlay they might have undergone in entertaining their guests.

The musical compositions of these ancient masters were admirably in keeping with the national sentiment, and well they knew how to arrange their selections in order to suit the time and place. These wild melodies and inspiring lilts that we find among the Irish national airs of the present day are the productions of our bards to a considerable extent, but the author of each particular piece is unknown. Witness the effect of these airs on the son or daughter of Erin who has any inclination for music—and who has not? A selection conveying a sorrowful cadence in its burthen will awaken thoughts of home, kindred and early associations, filling the mind of the auditor with emotion and sorrow; but a change in the metre, substituting animation for

sentiment, will produce a corresponding change in the feelings, and the heart that but a short time ago was "bowed down" to the earth has again resumed its gaiety. Those beautiful airs which the immortal Moore has so skillfully adapted to his world renowned poetical compositions date their origin from this distant period, but at what exact time or by whom they were composed is a mystry, and will probably ever remain so. Nevertheless they will ever remain as living monuments of Ireland's ancient minstrelsy, and wherever the native of the Emerald Isle may be found, whether at home or abroad, the emotioional strains of the sorrowful "Coulin" or the soul-stirring notes of his national anthem, "St. Patrick's Day," with all their kindred airs, will ever obtain a warm place in his affections.

The churches of Christian Ireland have been always famous for the beauty and sublimity of their music; but in ancient times there was a marked superiority. As in matters of education, the youth of the noblemen of Britain and the continent were sent to Ireland to complete their musical studies, and no musician was considered "finished," no matter how talented, unless he could boast of having spent a portion of his time under the tuition of the Irish masters. From the banks of the Guadiana in Spain, or the Vistula in Germany, to the extreme north, the genius of the Irish musicians was on everyone's tongue, and up to the middle of the fourteenth century their pre-eminence was acknowledged by all

European nations. The art of music was cultivated by all classes of the people, and at one time it was as generally in use as the every-day customs of life.

Such were the acquirements of the ancient musicians of Ireland, and such was the condition of that heavenly art in connection with other sciences, at a time when all other nations were luxuriating in what is termed by "popular" writers the "dark ages." The Bards continued to hold their almost unlimited power far into the Norman period, and were a source of comfort snd animation to the clansmen during the fierce struggles they had to maintain against their inveterate enemies. From that time they gradually lost strength, and diminished year by year. The extinguishing process extended over a long period, and we have reason to believe that relics of this once powerful order could be found in Ireland within the memory of the present generation. The "Wandering Harper" is still fresh in our memory, but the glory of the Irish Minstrel has departed never more to return.

CHAPTER II.

TERENCE O'CAROLAN.

> Last of our ancient Minstrels, thou who lent
> A buoyant motive to a foundering race;
> Whose saving song into their being blent,
> Sustained them by its passion and its grace
>
> McGee.

TERENCE O'CAROLAN the famous Irish composer was born at Nobber, in Meath, in 1670. He possessed all the characteristics of the ancient Bards whom he emulated in no small degree. He was the composer of most of those popular melodies which partake so much of sentiment, pathos and grandeur. His instrument was the Harp, which he played on in his youthful years for his own recreation alone—other employment being sufficient for his maintenance. Like all other renowned artists he was self-taught, and in him the natural gift developed itself in a wonderful degree, and he became the admiration not only of his neighborhood but also of the whole nation—his fame finally spreading into foreign countries. When about 25 years old he became afflicted with total blindness, and from that time forward he was compelled to make use of his harp and genius as a means of livelihood. Even in this lamentable condition the spirit of poetry and song manifested itself with as great a power as ever in the fertile imagination of the blind Turlogh,

as it was during this (to him) dark period that he improvised his most beautiful poems and airs. He wandered about the country on horseback with no other company than a young boy, and was everywhere received with the most profound respect and the heartiest welcome. As it was the ancient custom for the Bard to obtain a patron under whose fostering care he could always find shelter, so every poet in following up this practice was never in want of this requisite. He lived at the time of the troubles arising out of the Stuart succession, and in sympathy with the majority of his countrymen adopted the cause of the exiled race. Many ballads were composed by him commemorative of the state of existing affairs, and as he gave expression to his compositions in his native language he escaped the wrath of the authorities. As it was, he received the name of the "Jacobite" poet which he retained until the day of his death. He died at Aldersford in Roscommon, in 1731, in the 61st year of his age.

His compositions are varied and consist of Concertos, Planxties and general melodies. These last as has been stated before, were generally mournfull and pathetic in their strain, and form among the Irish peasantry of the present day the airs for their most popular songs; but he frequently adopted a metaphorical and ironical vein by which he bemoaned the griefs of his country, in the person of some familiar object or person—thus eluding the ever-watchful enemy who sought to prevent even this

manner of complaint. We have but to point to the hidden meaning conveyed in the "Drimin dhu Dheelish," the "Blackbird," the "Roishin Dhuv," the "Green Linet," and the "Coleen dhas Cruthee na mbo," to illustrate this style of poetry. Music was his chief characteristic and in this art he was unexcelled by any Irish poet of his time. The blind bard, "the last of his race," as he has been significantly called, has long since passed away, but his works shall remain in the hearts of the descendants of Erin as long as there is one to be found on the earth.

CHAPTER III.

THOMAS MOORE.

For us, while an echo remains on life's mountain,
While the isle of our youth 'mid her seas shall endure,
We must pray as we stoop to drink at the fountain
Of song, for the soul of the builder, Tom. Moore.—McGee.

OF all the poets that Ireland can boast the greatest and most popular is Tom. Moore. Wherever the English language is spoken there will be heard the name of this famous Irish poet, and not only among his own countrymen is his name respected and his memory treasured up, but even among the intelligent and cultivated of other civilized nations we find that his poems occupy a prominent position in literary circles. Without taking into consideration the many sublime poems which he has given to the world we have only to examine his "Irish Melodies" to find the spark of genius flashing through every thought. There will the son of Erin find patriotism sufficient to satisfy the most enthusiastic; and sentiment to answer the promptings of the most romantic. His productions under this head are incomparable, and such as to inspire every true Irishman with feelings of love for their author and the most exalted opioions of his country.

He was born on the twenty-eighth of May, 1780, in the city of Dublin. In his youth he was exceed-

ingly studious and retentive; so much so that he had mastered all the rudiments of education preparatory to entry in Trinity College, at the age of fourteen. In this institution he was distinguished for close application to the study of the classics and a strong love of country, which discovered itself on more than one occasion. At the age of nineteen he had finished his collegiate course, and thenceforth we find him embarked on the sea of poetry. The compositions that flowed from his pen followed thick and fast, exciting the wonder and admiration of all lovers of poetry. His absence in Bermuda in 1803 interrupted his writings for a short time, but on his return he resumed his pen as laboriously and as creditably as ever. In 1817 appeared his grandest effort, "Lalla Rookh," one of the most valuable acquisitions to the world of poetry, and that which has earned him the greatest fame. Between 1803 and 1825 were written the great bulk of his poems, including his celebrated "Irish Melodies" and the "Lives of Augels." From the publishers of these productions he derived a handsome income. His poetical genius gave him admission to the highest circles of Society, and his kind and amiable disposition made him loved by all. His advance in wealth and prosperity did not produce a feeling of haughtiness or pride in Moore, on the contrary he always preserved the same familiar demeanor to the friends of his earliest and most prosperous days.

He married in 1811, and went to live in Derby-

shire where he fixed his residence permanently. Here he continued his literary labors as long as his health sustained him, but he finally broke down about the year 1845. Some few years previously he had received a pension from government which prevented a relapse into poverty. He died in 1852, at the advanced aged of seventy-two, leaving behind him an undying fame as a poet of the people.

As a specimen of his "Irish Melodies" on which he based his fame, we append the following which partakes of patriotism and sentiment combined.

THE SONG OF O'RUARK.

The valley lay smiling before me,
  Where lately I left her behind;
Yet I trembled, and something hung o'er me,
  That sadden'd the joy of my mind.
I looked for the lamp, which she told me
  Should shine when her pilgrim return'd;
But, though darkness began to infold me,
  No lamp from the battlement burn'd.

I flew to her chamber—'t was lonely
  As if the loved tenant lay dead!—
Ah! would it were death, and death only!
  But no—the young false one had fled.
And there hung the lute, that could soften
  My very worst pains into bliss,
While the hand that had waked it so often
  Now throbb'd to a proud rival's kiss.

There *was* a time falsest of women!
  When Breffni's good sword would have sought
That man, though a million of foemen,
  Who dared but to doubt thee *in thougnt!*
While now—oh, degenerate daughter
  Of ERIN!—how fall'n is thy fame!
And, through ages of bondage and slaughter,
  Our country shall bleed at thy shame.

Already the curse is upon her,
  And strangers her valleys profane;
They come to divide—to hishonor,
  And tyrants they long will remain!
But, onward!—the green banner rearing,
  Go, flesh every sword to the hilt;
On *our* side is VIRTUE and ERIN!
  On *theirs* is THE SAXON and GUILT.

CHAPTER IV.

SAMUEL LOVER.

Like the Gale that sighs along
Beds of oriental flowers,
Is the grateful breath of song
That once was heard in happier hours.—MOORE.

WIT AND HUMOUR have at all times been a distinctive feature in the Irish character, and nowhere do we behold them exhibited to a better advantage than in the writings of SAMUEL LOVER, the prince of Irish humourists. A perusal of the works of Lover, whether prose or poetry, cannot fail to drive away all symptoms of melancholy in the reader, and introduce the more cheerful faculties instead. His wit is not of the vulgar style, and, consequently, not calculated to offend the most fastidious ideas of propriety. As Moore in his pathetic and sentimental style earned for himself an inperishable fame, so also has Lover for genuine humour and drollery.

Samuel Lover was born in Dublin, in 1767. His father was in wealthy circumstances, and, therefore, capable of giving young Sam. a liberal education. To pitch on a settled occupation for the aspiring youth was a matter of considerable difficulty, as the genius of versatility had discovered itself quite palpably in his actions. His earliest profession was that of an artist, and in that he attained a degree

of proficiency—attracting to his studio some of the most distinguished noblemen, who complimented the young painter on his talents. Becoming restless under the restraint thus imposed by the profession, he suddenly abandoned it, and turned his thoughts and actions on literature. In his new occupation he soon became equally as famous as in his previous one, and he enjoyed the same distinction among the upper circles. His works were combined to Irish subjects, chiefly of a comical character, written in that racy, exciting style which made him the most popular writer of his class. They consisted of poems, ballads, tales, sketches, etc., and two great plays, one entitled "Irish Evenings," and the other illustrates life in America. He visited the United States in 1847, where he was received with great eclat, and returned to Dublin the following year. For the next twenty years he continued to issue publications, all of the same style as his preceding efforts, but early in 1870 his health began to fail. A few months ago the Atlantic Cable announced his death, at the age of seventy-five.

The following interesting "piece" is from the pen of this popular poet:

"THE WHISTLING THIEF."

When Pat came o'er the hill,
His Colleen fair to see;
His whistle low but shrill,
The signal was to be

(*Pat whistles.*)

" Mary," the mother said
" Some one is whistlin' sure ;"
Says Mary, " 'tis only the wind
" Is whistlin' " thro' the door."

(*Pat whistles a bit of a popular tune.*)

" I've lived a long time, Mary,
In this wide world my dear ;
But a door to a whistle like *that*
I never yet did hear.

" But, mother, you know the fiddle
Hangs close beside the chink,
And the wind upon the strings
Is playing the tunes I think

(*The pig grunts.*)

" Mary, I hear the pig
Uneasy in his mind ;"
But mother, you know they say,
The pigs can see the wind."

" That's true enough in the day,
But I think you may remark,
That pigs no more than we
Can see anything in the dark "

(*The dog barks.*)

" The dog is barkin' now,
The fiddle can't play that tune ;
" But, mother, the dogs will bark
Whenever they see the moon."

" But how could he see the moon,
  When you know the dog is blind ;
Blind dogs wont bark at the moon,
  Nor fiddles be played by the wind."

" I'm not such a fool as you think,
  I know very well 'tis Pat ;
Shut your mouth you whistlin' thief,
  And go along home out o' that."

" And you go off to bed,
  Don't play upon me your jeers,
For tho' I have lost my eyes,
  I have'nt lost my ears."

CHAPETR V.

THOMAS DAVIS.

Oh how welcome breathes the strain,
Wakening thoughts that long have slept;
Kindling former smiles again,
In faded eyes that long have wept!

THOMAS DAVIS was another of Ireland's famous poets. His inspiring verses carry with them a feeling of patriotism and ardor that cannot fail to be observable to the most obtuse comprehension. Combining simplicity with grandeur, and depth of feeling with sublimity, this great poet has given to the world a collection of poems that cannot but be interesting to the public generally, and to the Irish people in particular.

He was born in 1814, at Mallow, in the county of Cork; he received a good education in the primary schools of his native county and finished at Trinity. He was backward and unassuming in his disposition and almost devoid of that aspiring temperament which conduce to the advancement of so many. He seemed to be intent on his own private studies but with no apparent ultimate object. Unknown to himself and the world he was quietly developing his natural gifts in the silence of his studies; but his bashfulness kept him in the rear the greater part of his life, and when he at length appeared before the public in the *role* of a man of literary tastes, he had

but a short time to earn his fame. But such were the talents he exhibited after his *debut* that he rose to distinction in great rapidity. Gems of Irish history were the sole burthen of his rhymes, and these he wove into some of the most beautiful and enchanting harmonical wreaths that were ever penned by poet. The glories of Ireland he painted in glowing colors, her misfortunes he commisserated in words of the deepest sorrow, and the future he dilated on with expressions of triumph and sublimity. He was connected with the *Nation* for a number of years and contributed much to sustain the elevated tone of that journal. In these occupations he wore himself away, and became very ill, he retired to his residence as if to recruit, but he died there in September, 1845.

The following stirring poem will be found highly interesting, and to the point:

BATTLE OF FONTENOY.

Thrice at the huts of Fontenoy, the English column failed,
And, twice, the lines of Saint Antoine, the Dutch in vain assailed;
For town and slope were filled with fort and flanking battery;
And well they swept the English ranks and Dutch auxiliary.
As vainly, through De Barri's wood, the British soldiers burst,
The French artillery drove them back, diminished, and dispersed.
The bloody Duke of Cumberland beheld with anxious eye,
And ordered up his last reserve, his latest chance to try;
On Fontenoy, on Fontenoy, how fast his generals ride!
And mustering come his chosen troops, like clouds at eventide.

Six thousand English veterans in stately column tread,
Their cannon blaze in front and flank, Lord Hay is at their head;
Steady they step a-down the slope—steady they climb the hill;
Steady they load—steady they fire, moving right onward still,
Betwixt the wood and Fontenoy, as through a furnace blast,
Through rampart, trench, and palisade, and bullets showering, fast;
And on the open plain above they rose, and kept their course
With ready fire and grim resolve, that mocked at hostile force:
Past Fontenoy, past Fontenoy, while thinner grow their ranks—
They break, as broke the Zuydor Zee through Holland's ocean banks.

More idly than the summer flies, French tirailleurs rush round;
As stubble to the lava tide, French squadrons strew the ground;
Bomb-shell, and grape, and round shot tore, still on they marched and fired—
Fast, from each volley, grenadier and voltigeur retired.
"Push on, my household cavalry!" King Louis madly cried:
To death they rush, but rude their shock—not unavenged they died.
On through the camp the column trod—King Louis turns his rein:
"Not yet, my liege," Saxe interposed, "the Irish troops remain;"
And Fontenoy, famed Fontanoy, had been a Waterloo,
Were not these exiles ready then, fresh, vehement, and true.

"Lord Clare, he says, "you have your wish, there are your Saxon foes!"
The Marshal almost smiles to see, so furiously he goes!
How fierce the look these exiles wear, who're wont to be so gay,
The treasured wrongs of fifty years are in their hearts to-day—
The treaty broken ere the ink wherewith 'twas writ could dry,

Their plundered homes, their ruined shrines, their women's parting cry,
Their priesthood hunted down like wolves, their country overthrown,—
Each looks, as if revenge for all were staked on him alone.
On Fontenoy, on Fontenoy, nor ever yet elsewhere,
Rushed on to fight a nobler band than these proud exiles were.

O'Brien's voice is hoarse with joy, as, halting, he commands,
"Fix bay'nets"—"Charge"—Like mountain storm, rush on these fiery bands!
Thin is the English column now, and faint their volleys grow,
Yet, must'ring all the strength they have, they make a gallant show.
They dress their ranks upon the hill to face that battle-wind—
Their bayonets the breakers foam; like rocks, the men behind!
One volley clashes from their line, when through the surging smoke,
With empty guns clutched in their hands, the headlong Irish broke,
On Fontenoy, on Fontenoy, hark to that fierce huzza!
"Revenge! remember Limerick! dash down the Sassanach!"

Like lions leaping at a fold, when mad with hunger's pang,
Right up against the English line the Irish exiles sprang:
Bright was their steel, 'tis bloody now, their guns are filled with gore;
Through shattered ranks, and severed files, and trampled flags they tore;
The English strove with desperate strength, paused, rallied, staggered, fled—
The green hill side is matted close with dying and with dead.
Across the plain, and far away passed on that hideous wrack,
While cavalier and fantassin dash in upon their track.
On Fontenoy, on Fontenoy, like eagles in the sun,
With bloody plumes the Irish stand—the field is fought and won

CHAPTER VI.

GERALD GRIFFIN.

Short was his day of labor, but its morn
Prolific was of beauty; thoughts were born
In his heart's secret spots, which grew, attended
By a fine sense instinct and reason blended.—McGee.

GERALD GRIFFIN was, undoubtedly, one of the cleverest writers of the present century, as well as one of the greatest of Ireland's poets. Without the assistance of wealthy friends, and unaided except by his own inherent genius, he struggled manfully upward through alternate shadow and sunshine to a glorious and enviable position in the temple of fame. His days were limited, but his splendid talents and energetic nature crowded a vast fund of beauty and sublimity into that short life, and he had scarcely arrived at manhood's years before he had established an undying reputation, and to make use of the words of the lamented McGee,

Had climb'd the summit of his native skies.

His birthplace was near Limerick, on the banks of the river Shannon, (which he has immortalized in his songs) in the year 1803. He conceived, at an extraordinary youthful age, a passion for melody and poetry. The compositions of the blind O'Carolan bewitched his young fancy, and inspired him with a desire to stimulate the efforts of that great minstrel. His early productions filled his immediate

friends with wonder, and as he advanced to maturer years his efforts became devloped in a greater degree of talent, and, consequently, attracted the notice of the public at large. A holy feeling of veneration for the Deity and love for his religion prevaded all his actions, and he never allowed these sentiments to leave his breast even at the height of his prosperity. His literary abilities were divided between poetry and prose, and he proved to the world that he was as competent to handle one as the other. Where can we find a tale abounding with more emotional interest or geniune home feeling than the "Collegians?" or where can be seen a poem more mellow or touching than the "Fate of Cathleen?" It was such promptings of genius as these that built up the fame of our devotional poet, and as long as the beauties of literature will exist the poems and legends of Gerald Griffin will receive the admiration of all true lovers of the beauties o art and nature. Just as he had attained the summit of popular favor and esteem, he astonished the world by returning into the ranks of the Christian Bretheren, thus throwing aside all the vanities of the world, and consecrating the remainder of his days to the praise and adoration of the Supreme Being. It is in this self-sacrificing action thut we can form a true conception of the grandeur of Gerald Griffin's character. From this we can see that worldly ambition was not the object of his life, and that the wonderful traits of genius which he had

given to the world during his short stay in it were the pure authorship of nature, unalloyed with any personal or selfish motive. After he had entered upon his change of life he cast aside all thoughts of his former occupation, and spent the remainder of his days in works of charity and benevolence—feeding the poor, teaching the ignorant, and reforming the misguided. He commenced his new duties with increased zeal and fervor, laboring with all his strength to fulfil the duties of his position. But his stay in this holy institution was not long. He gradually failed in health, though retaining his mental faculties to the last, and died on the twelfth of June, 1840, after a well-spent life of piety and virtue. He was but thirty-seven years old at the time of his death.

The following beautiful poem from the pen of the poet-monk will find a response in the hearts of all Exiles of Erin:

FARE THEE WELL MY NATIVE DELL.

Fare thee well my native dell,
  Though far away I wander,
With thee my thoughts shall ever dwell,
  In absence only fonder.
Farewell ye banks where once I roved,
  To view that lovely river;
And you, ye graves so long beloved,
  And fields farewell forever!

Here once my youthful moments flew,
  In joy like sunshine splendid;
The brightest hours that ever I knew,
  ese sweet scenes were blended—

When o'er these hills at break of morn,
  The deer went bounding early,
And huntsman woke with hounds and horn,
  The mountain echoes cheerily.

Fare thee well, ye happy hours,
  So bright, yet long departed!
Fare ye well, ye fragrant bowers,
  So sweet, but now deserted!
Farewell each rock and lonely isle,
  That makes the poet's numbers;
And thou, oh, ancient holy pile,
  Where mighty Brian slumbers!

Farewell thou old romantic bridge,
  Where man has seen me roaming;
To mark across each shallow ridge,
  The mighty Shannon foaming.
No more I'll press the bending oar
  To speed the painted wherry,
And glide along the wood shore,
  To view the hills of Derry.

There's many an isle in Scariff Bay,
  With many a garden blooming;
Where oft I've passed the summer day,
  Till twilight hours were glooming.
No more shall evening's yellow glow,
  Among the ruins find me;
Far from these dear scenes I go,
  But leave my heart behind me.

Fast, fast we ride by bridge and tree,
  Fast fade my loved bowers;
Still through the bursting tears I see
  Thy hills and hoary towers
'Tis past, my last glimpse is o'er,
  My last farewell is spoken;
I'll see these loved scenes no more,
  My heart, my heart is broken!
Fare thee well my native dell,
  Though far away I wander,
With thee my thoughts shall ever dwell,
  In absence only fonder.

CHAPTER VII.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

Has sorrow thy young days shaded,
As clouds o'er the morning fleet?
Too fast have these young days faded
That even in sorrow were sweet.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH, one of the most renowned poets in British history, was born in Pallas, county of Longford, in 1731. He received his education in Dublin, and was designed by his parents for the medical profession; but the wild, roving spirit which he exhibited at any early age precluded the possibility of his settling down to any steady occupation. He studied some time in Edinburgh, and then took a sudden journey to the continent, where he travelled for years from place to place with scarcely a shilling in his pocket, subsisting by his wits and journeying on foot. Returning to England, he became connected with several periodicals and newspapers; and finally appeared before the world as a poet, in his great poem of the "Traveller," the burthen of which he no doubt conceived while wandering on the continent. He followed soon after with the "Vicar of Wakefield, which at once established his fame as a writer. He was eminently distinguished as a historian as well as a poet and novellist; and also gave publicity to several plays. His masterpiece was the "Deserted Village," which

is universally admired. Notwithstanding his immense success and wide-spread renown, his spendthrift habits always kept him in an embarrassed pecuniary condition. Though he spent the greater part of his life in England, he did not altogether lose sight of his native land, as some writers have stated. His reference to the place of his birth in a portion of the "Deserted Village," and his letters to his friends, prove that he still retained a spark of devotion for the land of his nativity. He died in the prime of life, straitened in circumstances, and ill in mind and body, in 1774, at the age of 44. All writers unanimously agree that Oliver Goldsmith may be ranked among the great literary celebrities of modern times.

THE DESERTED VILLAGE.

SWEET AUBURN! loveliest village of the plain,
Where health and plenty cheer'd the laboring swain,
Where smiling spring its earliest visit paid,
And parting summer's lingering blooms delay'd;
Dear lovely bowers of innocence and ease,
Seats of my youth when every sport could please,
How often have I loiter'd o'er thy green,
Where humble happiness endear'd each scene;
How often have I paused on every charm,
The shelter'd cot, the cultivated farm,
The never-failing brook, the busy mill,
The decent church that topt the neighboring hill,
The hawthorn bush, with seats beneath the shade,
For talking age and whispering lovers made!
How oft have I blest the coming day,
When toil remitting lent its turn to play,
And all the village train from labor free,
Led up their sports beneath the spreading tree;
While many a pastime circled in the shade,

The young contented as the old survey'd;
And many a gambol frolick'd o'er the ground,
And sleights of art and feats of strength went round;
And still as each repeated pleasure tried,
Succeeding sports the mirthful band inspired;
The dancing pair that simply sought renown
By holding out to tie each other down;
The swain, mistrustless of his smutted face,
While secret laughter titter'd round the place:
The bashful virgin's side-long looks of love,
The matron's gaze that would those looks reprove.
These were thy charms, sweet village! sports like these,
With sweet succession, taught e'en toil to please;
These round thy bowers their cheerful influence shed,
These were thy charms—but all these charms are fled.

Sweet smiling village, loveliest of the lawn!
Thy sports are fled, and all thy charms withdrawn:
Amidst thy bowers the tyrant's hand is seen,
And desolation saddens all thy green:
One only master grasps the whole domain,
And half a tillage stints thy smiling plain;
No more thy glassy brook reflects the day,
But chocked with sedges, works its weedy way;
Along thy glades, a solitary guest,
The hollow sounding bittern gaurds its nest;
Amid thy desert walk the lapwing flies,
And tires their echoes with unvaried cries.
Sunk are thy bowers in shapeless ruin all,
And the long grass o'ertops the mouldering wall;
And, trembling, shrieking from the spoiler's hand,
Far, far away thy children leave the land.

REFERENCE has already been made, under the proper heading, to THOMAS D'ARCY MCGEE as statesman and orator, coupled with a few remarks with regard to his poetical genius. Under the caption of "The Poet," we therefore give place

to a specimen of the skill of this truly great and versatile Irishman. No one will deny that the productions of Mr. McGee are among the most valuable of Irish collections of poems, and that their whole drift convey a beauty of sentiment in which the glories of Ireland and love for religion are strongly blended.

THE CELT'S PRAYER.

Oh! King of Heaven, who dwelleth throned afar
Beyond the hills, the skylark and the star;
Whose ear was never shut to our complaints,
Look down and hear the children of Thy Saints!

We ask no strength of arm or heart, O Lord!
We still can hoist the sail and ply the sword;
We ask no gifts of grain—our soil still bears
Abundant harvests in the fruitful years!

The gift, O Lord! we need, to David's son
Thou gave, for asking, once in Gabaon;
The gift of Wisdom, which in all your powers
Most needful is, dread Lord! to us and ours.

Our race was mighty once when at the head
Wise men like steadfast torches, burn'd and led;
When Ollamh's lore and royal Cormac's spell
Guided the Gael, all things with them went well

Finn famed for courage, was more famed for art,
For frequent meditations made apart;
Dathi and Niall valorous both and sage,
Were slow in anger, seldom stirred to rage.

Look down on us, oh Sire, and hear our cries!
Grant to our chiefs the courage to be wise;
Endow them with a wisdom from Thy throne,
That they may yet restore us to our own!

THE VALEDICTORY.

IRELAND AS IT IS.

And when all creation was sunken in the flood,
Sublime o'er the deluge the Patriarch stood;
Tho' destruction around him in Thunder was hurled,
Undaunted he looked on the wreck of the world;
For high o'er the ruin hung Hope's blessed form,
The rainbow beamed bright thro' the gloom of the storm.
—LOVER.

THE last event in connection with the bloody record of the times of "98" was the execution of the talented and brave but unfortunate ROBERT EMMETT, who was hurried out of mortal existence under charge of a crime, the commission of which he was entirely innocent, at the premature age of 24. This event occurred in 1803, and by it Ireland was deprived of the abilities of a talented youth, who bore promise of becoming one day a worthy compeer of his country's greatest patriots. The speech which he delivered on the eve of his execution was an extraordinary and glorious specimen of eloquence, and serves to immortalize his name in the recollection of all Irishmen. The memory of his immense sacrifices and brilliant plans for the disenthralment of his native country excites the admiration of all noble minded men and carries the imagination of the reader of his biography back to the days of chivalry and romance.

The "Agitators" and Repealers, led on by Daniel O'Connell and directed by his giant intellect, commenced their labors a few years later, and triumphed after a herculean struggle in the manner already described. The Catholics of Ireland and of the Empire, were now relieved of the burden of their disabilities, and all avenues of perferment and distinction were thrown open to them. This was a great relief to a long suffering nation, and although the full measure of justice had not yet been meted out, enough was obtained to fill the hearts of the people with cheer, and awaken hopes that the future would yet bring with it a complete restoration of right.

The press was now resorted to as a means for the attainment of that end, and many a great head availed himself of its medium to advocate the wants of the Irish people. Public meetings were held in various parts of the country for the same purpose; but when the process of liberation appeared too slow, an enthusiastic number of the nationalists formed themselves into an association called the Fenian Brotherhood, for the forcible prosecution of their demands; but no general outbreak took place. The continued agitation, however, attracted the attention of the Imperial Parliament to the condition of Ireland, and after a great deal of delay and much legislation, two bills were passed—the Dis-establishment Bill, whereby Catholics were relieved from the obligation of supporting the Church of the

Establishment; and the Land Bill, granting important immunities to the tenantry. The former was decisive in its results, but the latter fell far short of the desired end.

The national party are still as strong as ever—seemingly determined never to desist as long as an oppressive law against Ireland remains on the English statute book. Their last cry is "Home Rule," and the energy that is displayed by its supporters bids fair to be rewarded with ultimate success. The educational question exhibits every prospect of being settled in a manner satisfactory to the Catholic majority of the population, to whom it has hitherto been antagonistic, and as the minority has no cause to complain, an amicable arrangement is not far distant. The Home Rule Party comprises supporters of all creeds and opinions; and now that the question is being agitated with such unanimity and cordiality, "Ireland for the Irish" will not long remain a vain and meaningless cry.

Reader, our allotted task is completed. We have exhibited the glories and misfortunes of Ireland in connection with its principal men under the four heads into which this little work is divided. If the reader be a son of the Emerald Isle, he will dwell with pleasure on that period when his national kings lorded it at Tara, and when Brian Boru hurled the fierce Northmen from the green fields of his native island; he will contemplate with pride the noble stand taken by his forefathers to resist the

encroachments of the Normans and their successors, and when after scattering confusion and defeat in the faces of their opponents for ages, they finally succumbed to superior numbers. If he mourns in sorrow and indignation over the misfortuues and cruelties that were then inflicted on the conquered people, he can now take courage and exercise forbearance, for the future is pregnant with joy and hope to the children of Eber and Eremhon. The dark night of slavery has passed, the bright day of liberty dawned, and the sun of prosperity and happiness is rapidly advancing to the zenith. Let us hope that in its future progress athwart the firmament, the clouds of misery and persecution that overshadowed it in by-gone days shall never again obscure its rays; and that the words of our national poet may be verified to their full extent,

> Erin! oh! Erin, though long in the shade,
> Thy star shall shine out when the proudest shall fade.

ERRATTA.

Page 51, Richard III should be Richard II.
Page 143, (17th) should be (18th).

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