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O'TOOLE, PATRICK LAURENCE.
HISTORY OF THE CLAN O'TOOLE
AND OTHER LEINSTER SEPTS

HISTORY OF THE CLAN

O'Toole

and

OTHER LEINSTER SEPTS

by

Patrick Laurence O'Toole

1890

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ARMORIAL BEARINGS
OF
THE CLAN O'TOOLE.



P R E F A C E .



IN placing before his readers the following historical sketch, relative to the fortunes and the vicissitudes of the Clan O'Toole and other Leinster septs, the author would ask them to remember that he does not present it to them to be considered in the light of a regularly arranged and methodically planned history, because at such he has not aimed. The original intention was to give an authentic pedigree of the clan from the earliest period to the present day, giving a slight sketch of the most prominent figures in the genealogical table, but, as he went along in his researches, the O'Tooles figured so largely in the records before him—in patents, fiants, inquisitions, outlawries, and executions—that the idea suggested itself to him that some attempt at arrangement would prove of interest, and, working that idea out, the following pages are the result of his research and labour, and, crude as they are, and many as are their imperfections, he trusts they may afford some solace in their perusal to those of, and associated with, the name of O'Toole, who can view the present fallen fortunes of their ancient and noble house by the reflection of the

brilliant lustre of some of its former glories, or, as the immortal Moore hath it—

“ Thus shall memory oft, in dreams sublime,
Catch a glimpse of the days that are over—
Thus, sighing, look through the waves of time,
For the long-faded glories they cover.”

Should he succeed in this, and arousing an interest in the further pursuance of Irish history, he will consider himself well repaid.

He first treats of the earlier history of the O'Tooles, when, as kings of Leinster, they stood the proudest and bravest in the land; on through the chivalrous and patriotic efforts of the great St. Lorcan O'Toole to stem the tide of the Norman invasion; down to the days when Turlough, the brave old chief of the clan, strode proudly into the presence of Henry VIII., in his royal palace, and there, in the midst of his gaping courtiers, put forth, in no uncertain tones, his rights and title to his patrimony of Powerscourt, Fertire, and Feracualan; then, further, down through the days of decadence of the power of the clan—through the treacheries, butcheries, frauds, and plottings of their enemies, when free fight and open battle failed to subdue. Through all these phases the author endeavours to give some idea of the deportment of the Clan O'Toole and other cognate clans, and with what indomitable valour they struggled for their lands and homes; and, coming down through the religious persecutions of Elizabeth and the Stuarts, the bloody massacres and confiscations of Cromwell, the penal laws of William, Anne, and the first Georges, we always find the O'Tooles foremost in the van, fighting bravely while a shred of their banner held together, or a man left to bear the tatters of that dear old banner up.

With what result? The loss of all! Lands confiscated; sons outlawed and exiled; and the descendants of The O'Toole reduced to the position of toilers on the broad freeholds of their forefathers.

All, did we say? No, thank heaven; not all! For they to-day, in their comparative obscurity, can point to a record that few Irish clans can claim: that proud one, that, though castellated tower and humble homestead were alike razed to the ground, none could be found among the sons of those who gave a Saint Laurence (a canonized bishop) to their Church who would be base enough to preserve their properties by the barter of their glorious faith. And the same spirit that animated them through the long centuries of persecution still burns as brightly in the hearts of the scattered members of the clan that remain to-day; now, as ever, they are no laggards when the cause of faith or fatherland requires their support.

After the subjugation of Ireland in the reign of Henry VIII., the Clan O'Toole became divided into families, the principal of which were the Powerscourt, Castlekevin, and Imayle branches, which have been treated separately.

At the end is an Appendix giving an account of the Seventh Centenary of their glorious protector, Saint Laurence O'Toole.

There is also added a short history of the O'Byrnes, and a genealogical sketch of the O'Kavanaghs and O'Donohues.

The reader will also bear in mind that the author had to depend almost solely on the records of the enemy for his data, as he had no authentic records of the clan itself to refer to; no doubt, such existed at one time, but were, ages ago, either lost or destroyed, while tradition has nearly died out. However, this in itself is a sort of negative advantage,

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for it has thrown him back on resources that cannot be charged with the displaying of any extravagant amount of sympathy with Irish hopes or aspirations. While writing in a purely and admittedly Catholic spirit, he trusts to have kept aloof from any exaggerations; although he has had to battle strongly against the uncharitable spirit of retaliation that the base lies, the insulting language, and opprobrious epithets, applied to the O'Tooles, and other Irish septs, set in motion in his breast.

He has compiled chiefly from the following sources:—(1) The Annals of Ulster; (2) the Books of Leinster, Ballymote, and Lecan; (3) the Four Masters; (4) Keating's and other ancient Irish histories; (5) the State Papers, which are to be found in the Royal Irish Academy, the Public Record Office, and Dublin Castle. He has also derived much information, and taken extracts, from more recent historical works, viz.:—Father Shearman's "Loca Patriciana," O'Hart's "Pedigrees," A. M. Sullivan's "Story of Ireland," the Poems of T. D. Sullivan, "The O'Tooles of Imayle," by the late learned Father Meehan.

Such, then, as it is, and trusting it may be read in the same spirit in which it has been written, and that it may prove acceptable, and afford some pleasure to the reader, it is submitted by

THE AUTHOR.

DUBLIN, *July*, 1890.

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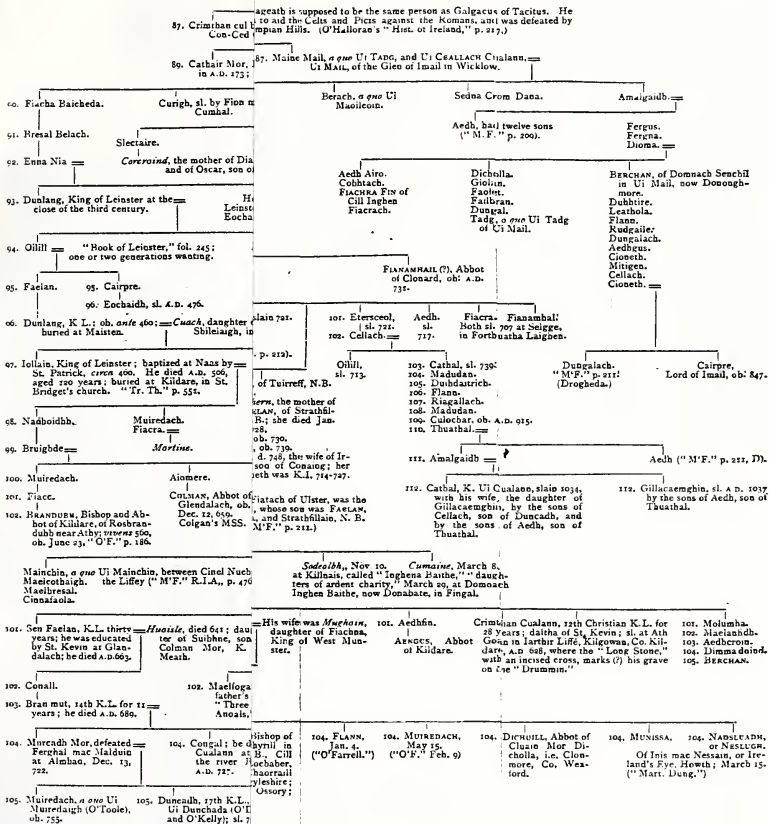
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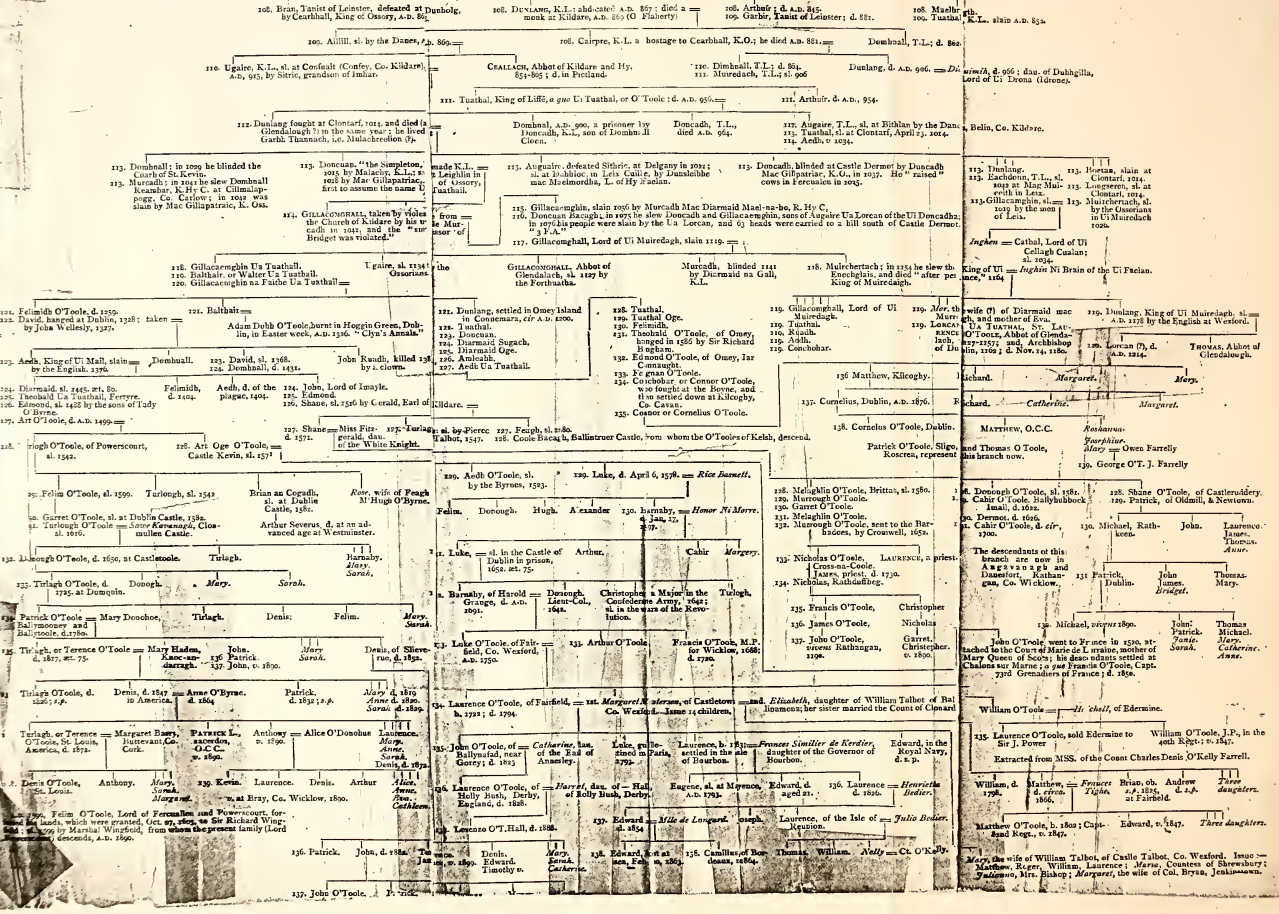
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NO. 1 THE UI MAIL, &c., &c.



NO. III - U MUIREDAIGH.

SEQUEL TO THE UI DUNLAING.
 a 400 Oney, Inmyle, Castle Kevin, and Powerscourt
 Branches of the Clan O'Toole.



QUEL TO THE UI DUNLANG.)

(TH

K.M.; she was the widow of received at the battle of Dun faelan.

aem, ==

Abbot of Kildare; died 828. Brann, "Hero of Leinster," died 814.

Cearbhall Mor, K.L. for twenty-four years; slain A.D. 909 by Helb, a Norseman. Gormflath, d. A.D. 947; dan. of Flann, K.I.; widow of Cormac mac Cuillean; after the death of Cearbhall Mor, she married Niall Glendubh, K.I.

110. Finn, Lord of N Cellach mac

110. Cellach, slain 922; buried at Cill Corban.
111. Bran, sl. 943 by Doncadh Mac na Bo, K. Hy K.==

111. Murcadh, Lord Dombnall Clo

112. Cellach, 113. Cearbhall, 114. Faelan, a gno Mac Faelan, Fean, or Whelan. Finn, sl. 971 by Cellach mac Dombhal mac Finn.

112. Maelmordha, King from Cl

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113. BRAEN, blinded died 1052, a m Germany.

MAC FAELAN, made king of Ui Faelan in 1161; sl. by Diarmaid mac Murrogh in 1179, and died in the abbey of Conal, 1203, founded 1209 by Her FitzHenry. After this period the branch fell into obscurity. Doncadh mac Faelan, expelled from Leinster 1159, at the Convocation of Trachta in Meath, with 2000 cavalry. Driven from Leinster 1170, by Diarmaid, K.L. In 1222 MAC GELAN, his son or kinsman, died Bishop of Kildare.

115. Dombhall na S

116. Doncadh Mor,

117. Dunlang of D

118. Oilill an Fiodac

Duisechlin == Dailbach, a gno Gabal Dalvaich. Diarmaid. Mairis. Conchoobar. Marcadhb. Thomas.

120. Doncadh == 121. Ragnall, a gno Gabal Ragnall. 122. Philip. 123. Lorcan. 124. Ragnall na Lamtuaigne. 125. Conchoobar. 126. Dombhall Glas. 127. Aedh, or Hugh. 128. Sean, or John. 129. Remain ==

122. Doncadh Mor. 123. Gerald. 124. Murcadh, Lord of Cricio

slain at Rathdrum, Nov. 29, 1596. Cahir, v. temp. Henry VIII.

Taidg, Dunlang, d. 1444; Gerald, of Collis Sioman, 1447; Kiltinan, "A.F.M.," p. 1702. Taidg, Edmond, Murcadh.

130. Rory Leix, 131. Aedh, or Hugh, Lord of Glenmalure, died 1579 == 132. Fiach mac Hugh, Lord of Glenmalure, sl. in Glenmalure, May 8, 1597. (his first wife the daughter of Cahir Byrne.) 133. Remain. 134. Sean, or John Sa-lach, slain by the English, 1579.

131. Taidg Oge of Newra Lord of Cricioh Branch died 1578, at an advance age; had eight sons.

133. Redmond of Castle Ray-mood, near Killaveney. Turlogh, eldest son, a prisoner in Dublin, where he died. (Johnen Ní Vroan, the wife of Walter Reagh Fitzgerald, son of Gerald, son of Thomas, hanged in Dublin A.D. 1595.) 134. Redmond mac Shane. Edmond O'Birn, settled at Killaney, in Louth.

Brian O'Birne, d. Nov. 10, 1601. Brian Oge. Callogh. Walter Ruadh. Walter Euidh. Hugh, 1652. Gerald, James, v. 1959. Turlogh. Luke. Cahir. Callogh.

Felim, of Killaveney, v. 1641. Fiach, or Luke, of Killoctran, v. 1641. John. Felim's daughter was married to John Wolvenstone of Freynestown, Co. Wicklow. Elizabeth = John Byrne of Mullinaback, Dublin, descended of Edward Byrne of Saggard, Co. Dublin, who died A.D. 1605.

134. Hugh O'Birn. 135. Sir Gregory Byrne of Tyd. d. 1712; was twice mar

Cloanmore == Edward O'Byrne = Gertrude de St. Gery. Elizabeth M. Byrne, v. 1876. John, Count O'Byrne, of = the daughter of Baron Corville, near Koscrea. Hilber. Edmond, v. 1876. Henry, v. 1876. Mary.

Daniel Byrne of Tymogoe, Bart., a gno Lord de Tabby.

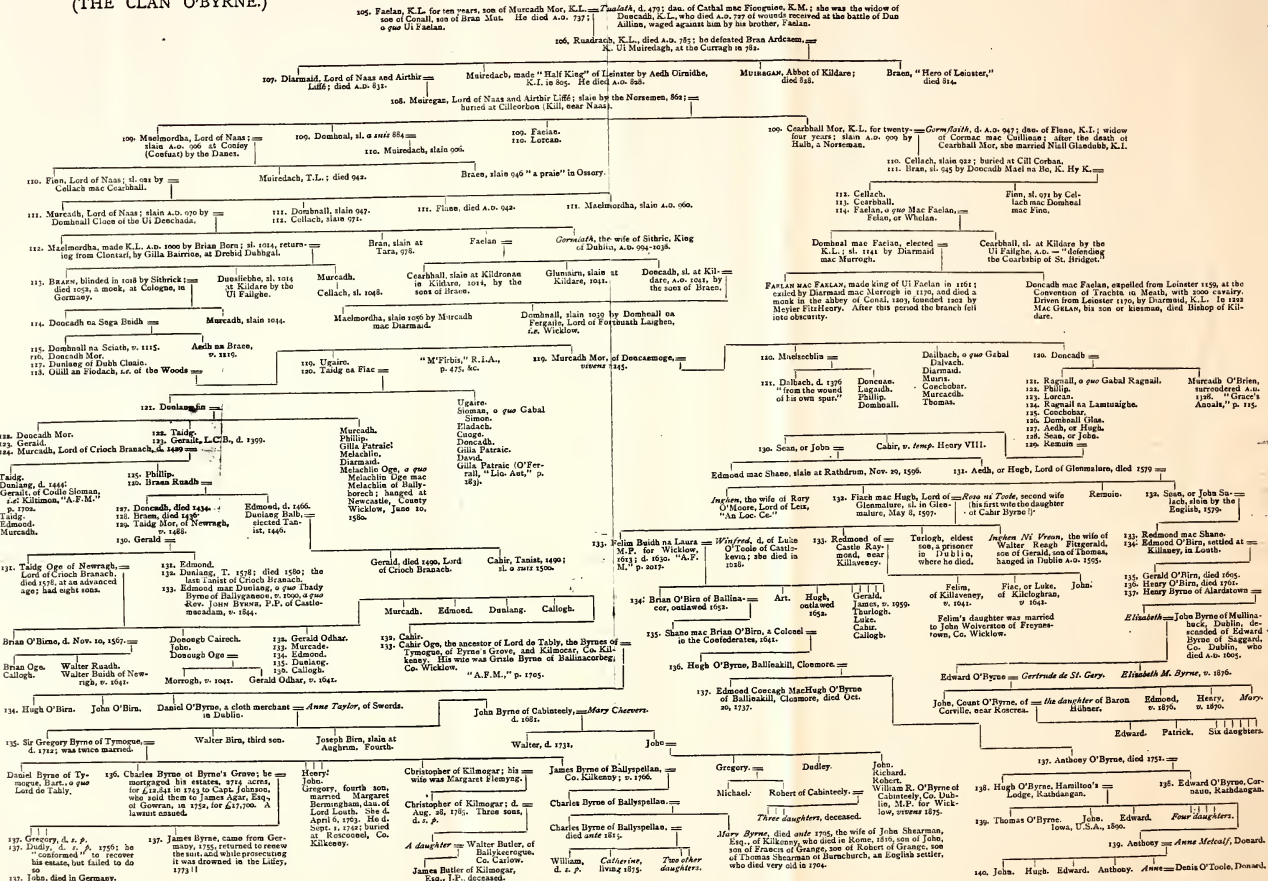
Dudley. John. Richard. Robert. William R. O'Byrne of Cabinteely, Co. Dublin, M.P. for Wicklow, vivens 1875. 137. Anthony O'Byrne, died 1751. = 138. Hugh O'Byrne, Hamilton's = 138. Edward O'Byrne, Cornaon, Rathangan.

137. Gregory, d. 2. p. 137. Dudley, d. 2. p. 1759; "conformed" to the Roman Catholic religion, but failed in 1790.

139. Thomas O'Byrne. John. Edward. Four daughters. Iowa, U.S.A., 1890. 139. Anthony = Anne Metcalf, Donard. 140. John. Hugh. Edward. Anthony. Anne = Denis O'Toole, Donard.

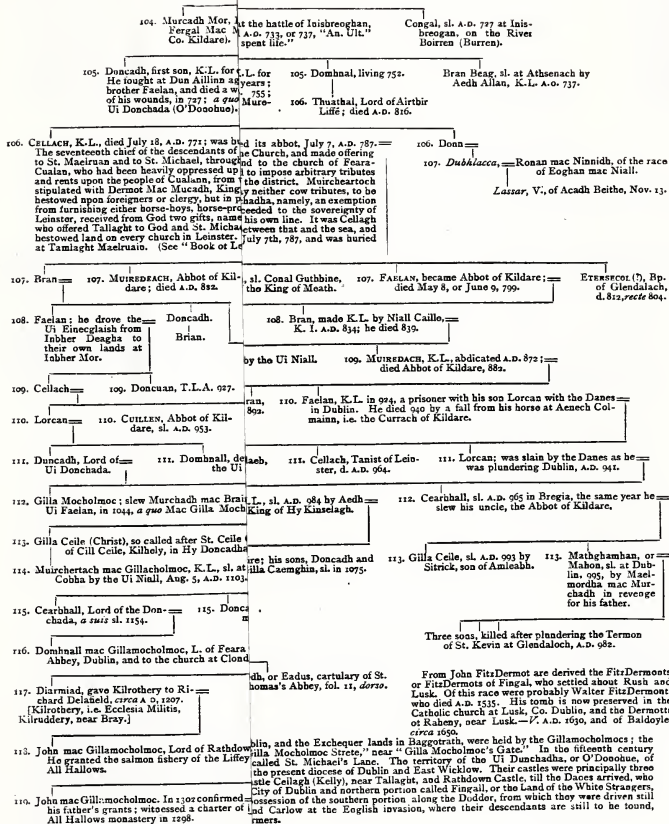
No. IV.—THE GENEALOGY OF THE UI FAELAN. (SEQUEL TO THE UI DUNLANG.)

(THE CLAN O'BYRNE.)



EALOGY.

G.





THE HISTORY
OF THE
(ἡ ἱστορία)
OR
THE CLAN O'TOOLE
AND OTHER
LEINSTER SEPTS.

PART FIRST

PRECHRISTIAN PERIOD.

IN the beginning was the Word, and the Word was God, and by Him all things were created.

He created Adam out of the clay of the earth, and out of a rib of Adam he formed Eve. From these two sprung all mankind. Then

1. *Adam.*

2. *Seth.*

3. *Enos.*

4. *Cainan.*

5. *Mahalaleel.*

6. *Jared.*

7. *Enoch.*

8. *Mathusela.*

9. *Lamech.*

10. *Noah*, who divided the world amongst his three sons. To Shem he gave Asia, within the Euphrates, to the Indian Ocean; to Ham, Syria, Arabia, and Africa; and to Japhet the rest of Asia, beyond the Euphrates, with Europe, to Gades or Cadiz, in Spain.

11. *Japhet* was the eldest son of Noah. He had 15 sons, amongst whom he divided Europe, and the part of Asia his father had allotted to him.

12. *Magog*, his son, from whom descended the Parthians, Gadeliens, Amazonians, &c. ; also Bartholinus, the first planter of Ireland, about three hundred years after the flood.

13. *Bath*, one of the sons of *Magog*, to whom Scythia came as his lot upon the division of the earth by Noah, and subsequently by Japhet, of his part thereof among his sons.

14. *Phinius Farsa* was king of Scythia at the time Ninus ruled the Assyrian Empire, and being a wise man, and desirous of acquiring a knowledge of the various languages which not long before had confounded the builders of the Tower of Babel, employed able and learned men to go among the dispersed multitude, to learn their several languages, who, returning sometime afterwards well skilled in this knowledge, Phinius Farsa erected a school in the valley of Senaar, near the City of Aeothena, in the forty-second year of the reign of Ninus, wherein having continued with his youngest son, Niulus, for twenty years, he returned home to his kingdom, which, at his death, he left to his eldest son, Nenuallus, leaving to Niulus no other patrimony than his learning, and the benefit of the school he had founded.

15. *Niulus*, after his father's return to Scythia, continued some time at Aeothania, teaching the languages and other laudable sciences, until, upon report of his great learning, he was invited into Egypt by Pharaoh, the king, who gave him the land of Campus Eyrunt, near the Red Sea, to inhabit, and he also gave him his daughter Scota in marriage, from whom their posterity are ever since called Scots. It was this Niulus who employed Gaodhal (Gael) son of Eithor, a learned and skilful man, to compose, or rather refine, the language called Bearla Tobbai, which was common to the posterity of Niulus, and was afterwards called "Gaodh-ilg," from the said Gaodhal, who composed and improved it, and for his sake also Niulus called his eldest son "Gaodhal."

16. *Gaodhal*, the son of Niulus, was the ancestor of the Clan-na-Gael—

that is, the children or descendants of Gaodhal. In his youth this Gaodhal was stung in the neck by a serpent, and was immediately brought to Moses, who, by laying the miraculous rod on the wounded place, cured him, and, in addition to this cure, he obtained a further blessing, which we enjoy to the present day—namely, that no venomous beast can live at any time where his posterity should inhabit, which privilege is verified in Candia, Getulea, and Ireland.

17. *Asruth*, his son, continued in Egypt, and governed his colony in peace during his life.

18. *Sruth*, his son, soon after his father's death, was set upon by the Egyptians, actuated by their former animosities towards his predecessors, for having taken part with the Israelites against them, and which animosities had, until then, lain raked up in the embers, but which now broke out into a flame, to that degree that, after many battles and conflicts, wherein most of his colony lost their lives, Sruth was forced, with the few remaining, to depart the country, and after many traverses at sea, arrived at the Island of Crete, or Candia, where he died.

19. *Heber Scott*, after his father's death, and a year's stay at Crete, departed thence, leaving some of his people to inherit the island, and where some of their posterity likely remain, as the islands harbour no venomous serpents ever since.

He and his people soon after arrived in Scythia, where his cousins, the posterity of Nenuallus (eldest son of Farsa), refusing to allot a place of habitation for him and his colony, they fought many battles, wherein Heber, being always the victor, at length forced the sovereignty from the reigning king, and settling himself and his colony in Scythia, they continued there for four generations. Heber Scott was afterwards slain in battle, by Noemus, the son of the former king.

20. *Boemain*,

21. *Ogamain*,

22. *Tait* were kings of Scythia, but in constant war with the natives, so that after Tait's death his son—

23. *Agnan* and his followers betook themselves to sea, wandering

and coasting upon the Caspian for several years, in which time he died.

24. *Lamhfoin* and his fleet remained at sea for some time after his father's death, resting and refreshing themselves upon such islands as they met with. It was then that Cachear, their magician or Druid, foretold that there would be no end to their wanderings and travels, until they would arrive in the western island of Europe called Ireland, which was the place destined for their future and final abode, and that not only they but their posterity after three hundred years should arrive there. After many traverses of fortune at sea this little fleet arrived at last with their leader at Gothia or Gethulia, more recently Libya, where Carthage was afterwards built, and soon afterwards Lamhfoin died there.

25. *Heber Glunfoin*, his son, was born in Getulia where he also died. His posterity continued there to the eighth generation, and were kings or rulers for one hundred and fifty years and upwards.

26. *Agnon Fionn*.

27. *Fibric Glass*.

28. *Nenuallus*.

29. *Naudhad*.

30. *Allodius*.

31. *Areadh*.

32. *Deagha*. Of these eight nothing remarkable is mentioned, but that they lived and died as kings in Gothia or Getulia.

33. *Brathans* was born in Gothia. Remembering the Druid predictions, and his people having increased considerably during their abode in Getulia, he departed thence with a numerous fleet, to seek out the country destined for their final settlement by the prophecy of Cachear. After some time he landed on the coast of Spain, and by the strong hand settled himself and his colony in Galicia, in the north of that country.

34. *Bro-ghan*, or *Brigus*, was king of Galicia, Andalusia, Murcia, Castile, and Portugal, all of which he conquered. He built Breoghans Tower, or Brigantia, in Galicia, and the City of Braganza, in Portugal,

called after himself. The kingdom of Castile was then called Brigia after him also.

35. *Bile* was king of these countries after his father's death, and was succeeded by his son *Galamh*, or

36. *Milesius*, who in his youth and during his father's lifetime went into *Scythia*, where he was kindly received by the king of that country, who gave him his daughter in marriage, and made him general of his forces. In this capacity *Galamh* defeated the king's enemies, gained much fame, and the love of all the king's subjects. His growing greatness and popularity excited against him the jealousy of the king, who, fearing the worst, resolved on putting *Milesius* privately out of the way, for openly he dared not attempt it. *Milesius*, having heard of the king's intentions, slew him, left *Scythia*, and retired into *Egypt* with a fleet of sixty sail. Pharaoh *Nectonileus*, then king of *Egypt*, being informed of his arrival, and of his great valour, wisdom, and conduct of arms, made him general of all his forces against the king of *Ethiopia*, then invading his country.

Here, as in *Scythia*, *Milesius* was victorious. He forced the enemy to submit to the conquerors' own terms of peace. By these exploits *Milesius* found great favour with Pharaoh, who gave him (he being then a widower) his daughter in marriage, and kept him for eight years afterwards in *Egypt*.

At length *Milesius* took leave of his father-in-law, and returned to *Spain*, where he arrived, to the great joy of his people, who were much disturbed by intestine wars, and the intrusion of foreign nations, after the death of his father and during his own long absence from *Spain*. He had no sooner arrived than he set about extirpating the foreigners and restoring peace to his distracted people, in which he soon succeeded.

He had but just attained this object when a great dearth and famine occurred, which lasted for six-and-twenty years. *Milesius* looked upon this as a just punishment from heaven on him and on his people for their negligence in not seeking the country destined for their final abode, so long foretold by their *Druid*, *Cachear*, as already mentioned, the time

limited by the prophecy being now almost expired. To expiate his fault and to comply with the will of his gods, Milesius, with the general approbation of his people, sent his uncle Ithe, with his son Lugadius and one hundred and fifty gallant men, to visit Ireland, and to bring back an account of these western islands.

Ithe and his companions having visited Ireland for the purpose of inspection, were honourably received and entertained by the native Irish, who, finding Ithe to be a man of great wisdom and knowledge, referred their disputes to him for settlement. His decisions having met with their mutual and entire satisfaction, he exhorted them to practise the virtues of forbearance, peace, and love, adding much in praise of their delightful, pleasant, and fruitful country. He then took his leave of them to return to his ship and go back to Spain. No sooner had he gone than the chiefs began to suspect the object of his visit, and, to prevent his returning with an army to invade their country, they pursued and overtook him before he had time to reach his ship. They attacked his party, put them to rout, and mortally wounded himself at a place called Magh Ithe, in the County Donegal. His son having rescued his mangled body, brought it back to Spain and exposed it to public view, thereby to excite his friends and relations to avenge his murder. The exposing of the dead body of Ithe had the desired effect, for thereupon Milesius made great preparations to invade Ireland, but before he could effect that object he died, leaving the care and charge of the expedition to his eight sons. Milesius was a very valiant champion, a great and fortunate warrior, and prosperous in all his undertakings.

The eight sons of Milesius were not forgetful of their father's command, for soon after his death, with a numerous fleet well manned and equipped, they set forth from Brigantia (now Corunna) in Galicia, and sailed prosperously to the coast of Ireland, or "Innis Fail." This event is beautifully commemorated by Moore in the following lines:

ADVENT OF SONS OF MILESIUS.

I.

“They came from the land beyond the sea,
And now, o'er the Western main,
Set sail in their good ships gallantly,
From the sunny land of Spain.
'Oh! where's the isle we have seen in dreams,
Our destined home or grave?'
Thus sang they as the morning beams
Sweep o'er the Atlantic wave.

II.

“And, lo! where afar o'er the ocean shines
A spark of radiant green,
As though in that deep lay emerald mines,
Whose light through the wave was seen.
'Tis Inis-fail! 'tis Inis-fail!
Rings o'er the echoing sea,
While bending to heaven the warriors hail
The home of the brave and free.

III.

“Then turned they unto the Eastern wave,
Where now their day-god's eye
A look of such sunny omen gave
As lighted up sea and sky.
Nor frown was seen through sky or sea,
Nor tear o'er leaf or sod
When first on their Isle of Destiny
Our great forefathers trod.”

After many difficulties, and the loss of many of their ships and men in a storm which arose, they landed and conquered the natives of the island in a pitched battle, in which they lost a great number of their men, and six of the eight brothers, sons of Milesius.

37. Heremon divided the island with his only surviving brother, Heber, and became the first of one hundred and eighty-three kings, who ruled and governed Ireland successively for 2,885 years from the first year of their reign, Anno Mundi 3500, till the invasion of the English king, Henry II., in the twelfth century.

Heremon and Heber reigned conjointly for one year only, when they quarrelled and fought a pitched battle at a place called Ardcat, now Geashill, near Tullamore, in the King's County, where Heber was slain by Heremon, who thus became sole monarch of the whole island, and from him were descended one hundred and fourteen monarchs of Ireland, the provincial kings, and the Heremonian nobility and gentry of Leinster, Connaught, Meath, Orgiall, Tirowen, Tireconnell, and Clan-na-boy, the kings of Dalraida, all the kings of Scotland from Fergus-Mor-Mac-Earca down to the Stuarts, and through them the kings and queens of England to the present day.

The following noble families are descended from Heremon, viz. :— Fitzpatrick, MacDermott, MacDonnell (of Antrim); MacLoughlin, MacMahon (of Ulster), MacMurrough, MacSweeney, Maguire, O'Byrne, O'Connor, O'Donnell, O'Flaherty, O'Hart, O'Kelly, O'Melaghlin, O'Reilly, O'Neill, O'Rorke, O'Felan, O'Cavanaghs, O'Donohoes (of Leinster), and O'Toole (Uí Tuathail).

O'Callaghan, speaking of the house of Heremon, says: "That from the number of its princes or great families, from the multitude of its distinguished characters as laymen or churchmen, and from the extensive territories acquired by those belonging to it, at home and abroad, in Alba, as well as in Ireland, it was regarded as by far the most illustrious in the country; so much so that, according to the best native authority, it would be equally reasonable to affirm that one pound is equal in value to one

hundred pounds as it would be to compare any other line with that of Heremon.*

Heremon reigned singly for fourteen years after the death of his brother Heber, during which time a certain colony called by the Irish "Cruthing," and in English "Cruthicans," or "Retz," arrived in Ireland and requested Heremon to give them a part of the country to settle in, which request he refused; but giving them as wives the widows of the Tuatha-de-Danans slain in battle, he sent them with a strong party of his own forces to conquer the country then called Alba or Albion, but now Scotland, with the condition that they and their posterity should be tributary to the monarchs of Ireland.

* Heremon died B.C. 1684, at his palace at Argoidross, near the river "Feoir," now the "Nore." This royal residence was then called "Rath Beathach," and is now known as "Rathbeagh," near the town of Freshford, in the county of Kilkenny. He was buried in a sepulchral mound, which still remains at Rathbeagh.

Heremon was succeeded by his three sons, Muigne, Leigne, and Lagne, who reigned jointly for three years, and two of whom were slain by their Hermonian successor at the battle of Ard-Laahran. Muigne died at Magh Ornachain. The fourth son of Heremon asserted his rights to his father's crown, and succeeded in gaining it in the year 2755 A.M., in a pitched battle. His name was—

38. *Triat*, or *Eurialus*, tenth monarch of Ireland. He was a learned prince, and the reason of his entering into war with the sons of Heber Fionn was, that they had basely taken the lives of his two elder brothers, who died without issue, so that the crown came to him by succession, and he governed the kingdom for ten years. During this king's reign a great part of the country was laid open, and freed from woods.

* According to the Book of Ballymote, the River Liffey derived its name from the circumstance of a battle having been fought near it by the Milesians against the Tuatha-de-Danans; and the war steed of the Milesian monarch, Heremon (which was named "Gobber-Liffe") having been killed there, the river was called "Liffe," or "Liffey," or "Amhan Liffe," and is now called Anna Liffey, or River Liffey.

Trial was the victor in four battles : the first was that of Ardinmuth, at Teabtha, where Stirne, the son of Duibb, was slain ; the second was the battle of Fornhoraice ; the third was the battle of Loch Muighe ; and the fourth was that of Cuill Martho, where he overcame the four sons of Heber. The second year after this victory, he died at a place called Magh Muagh, where he was buried. These battles are recorded by an ancient poet, in the following lines :

“ Trial, the youngest of the royal line,
Was king of Sliabh Mis and king of Macha ;
Success attended him where'er he fought,
And in four battles he was crown'd with victory.”

39. *Eithrial*, son of Trial, son of Heremon, succeeded to the government of Ireland, in the year A.M. 2766, and reigned twenty years as monarch of the whole of Ireland. This prince was distinguished for his great learning ; he wrote, with his own hand, the history and travels of the Gadelians ; nor was he less remarkable for his valour and military accomplishments. After a long and prosperous reign of twenty years, he was killed by Conmaol, the son of Heber Fionn, at the battle of Soirreen, in Leinster, in the year 2786 A.M., leaving one son after him, named—

40. *Fallachus*, who was the father of—

41. *Tighermas*, who was the thirteenth monarch of Ireland, and reigned fifty years. He was continually alarmed with the pretensions of the Heber Fionns. He engaged them in twenty-seven battles, and had always the victory over them.

During the reign of this king the first gold mine in this country was found, near the river Liffey, by a person named Iuchadan, who had the management of the ore. The exact position of this mine is not stated by any historian I have read ; but, from my own knowledge of the country bordering on the Liffey, I would incline to the opinion that the glen between Hollywood and Donard, now called Hollywood Glen, in the present county Wicklow, is the place in which this discovery was made, as it has all the appearance of having been, at a remote period, worked as a

mine. Even at the present time a large subterranean passage runs from this glen for miles under the adjoining mountains, which was evidently used at some very early date by miners.

This prince died at Magh Sleatha, and three parts of his subjects perished with him the same night, while worshipping his idol, Crim Cruadh. He was the first to introduce idolatry into this country, about one hundred years after the arrival of the Milesians in Ireland. He also ordained that his subjects should have several colours in their apparel, to distinguish their degrees or position; so that every man's degree, trade, or occupation was known by his dress. One colour was used in the dress of a slave, two in that of a plebeian, three in that of a soldier or a young lord, four in that of a "crughiadh," or public victualler; five in that of a lord of a "tuath," or "cantred;" six in that of an "ollamh," or chief professor of any of the liberal arts; and seven in that of the king or queen. This is supposed to be the origin of the Scotch plaid.

42. *Enbrothius*, who was the son of Tighermas, was the father of—

43. *Smirngallus*, who was the father of—

44. *Fiachadh Labhrúine*, who was the seventeenth monarch of Ireland, and reigned twenty-four years. Some historians state that he reigned twenty-seven. He was called Labhrúine because during his reign the stream of Tubher Labhrúine began to flow, and hence he was called after it.

This monarch had a son named Aongus Ollbhuaga, who was a prince of great courage. He engaged the Piets of Scotland, and the Britons who inhabited that country, and defeated them in every battle. The effect of his victories was an entire conquest of the country. He compelled both the Piets and Britons to pay homage to the crown of Ireland, and also an annual tribute to the Irish monarch. He engaged the family of Heber Fionn in four pitched battles, called the battle of Fairge, the battle of Calluig, the battle of Claire, and the battle of Bealgadain; in which last action he fell by the hands of Eochaidh Mumho, the son of Molfcibhis, A.M. 2953. He had a son named—

45. *Aongus Ollmúchach*, because he was famous for having a breed of

swine of a much larger size than any in Ireland, the words "oll" and "mucca" signifying "great swine," which gave occasion to the name of Ollmuchach. He was a valiant and warlike prince, and fought the following battles: The battle of Claire, the battle of Moigen Cgiath, in Conacht; the battle of Glaise Fraochain, where Fraochain Faiah was killed; and fought thirty battles against the Picts, the Firbolgs, and the inhabitants of the Orcades. He was slain by Eana Firtheach in the battle of Coermann, B.C. 1409. He had a son named—

46. *Maenius* or *Maoin*, who was father of—

47. *Rothenchta*, who was monarch of Ireland for twenty-five years, and was slain by Seadhna, son of Artri, at Rath Cuchain, in the year 2045 A.M. He had a son—

48. *Denius*, who was the father of—

49. *Siorna Saoghalach*, the thirty-sixth monarch of Ireland, who reigned twenty-one years. He was called Saoghalach because he lived to an exceeding great age. He was slain by Rothenchta, the son of Roan, at Aillin, now Allen, as the ancient poet gives us to understand, in the following lines, quoted from a poem which begins thus:

“ Siorna reigned one-and-twenty years,
And prosperously wore the Irish crown :
But though long-lived, he died a fatal death,
Unfortunately slain by Rothenchta ”

in the year 3240 A.M., or 1030 B.C. He left a son named—

50. *Oliolla Olchaoin*, who was the father of—

51. *Giallacha*, the thirty-seventh monarch of Ireland, who reigned nine years, and was killed by Art Imleach, at Moige Muadh, in the year 3250 A.M., or 961 B.C. He had a son whose name was—

52. *Nuadha Fionn Fail*, who sat on the throne of Irinn for twenty-one years, and was slain by his successor, Breasrigh, the son of Art Imleach. He left after him a son named—

53. *Aidamus Glas*, who was father of—

54. *Simon Breac*, who was forty-fourth monarch of Ireland. He

was slain by Duoch Fionn, who ordered his body to be torn to pieces, in the year 3344 A.M. He left a son named—

55. *Muireadhach Balgreach*, who was the forty-sixth monarch of Ireland. He reigned for four years, and was slain by Eadna Dearg, the son of Duoch Fionn, in the year 3357 A.M., or 892 B.C. His son—

56. *Feachus Tolgrach* was the fifty-fifth monarch of Ireland, and reigned five years. His son was—

57. *Duach Lagrach*, who governed the island ten years. He was distinguished by the name, Duach Lagrach, by reason of his being so strict and hasty in the execution of justice; that he was impatient, and would not admit of a moment's delay until the criminal was seized and tried for the offence; the word, "Lagrach," in the Irish language, signifying speed and suddenness, which gave occasion to the name. He was killed by Ludhaidh Laighe in the year A.M. 3490, or 787 B.C. He had a son whose name was—

58. *Eochaidh Buaidhaig*, who was the father of—

59. *Ugaine More*, or Owen the Great, who obtained the crown, and governed the kingdom for forty years. He was known by the name of Ugaine More because his dominions were enlarged beyond the bounds of his predecessors, for he was sovereign prince of all the western European isles.

This prince had a very numerous issue. He had twenty-five children: twenty-two sons and three daughters. He divided his kingdom amongst all his children, giving to each an equal part, with this condition, that each one should be content with, and confine himself to, his own part, and confine himself within his own territory. In confirmation of this division we meet with the following lines in a very old poem:

“Ugaine, the monarch of the western isle,
Concerned at the oppression of his people,
Divided into equal parts his kingdom,
Between his five-and-twenty children.”

And, by the rules of this division, the public taxes and revenues were collected by the king of Ireland for the space of three hundred years after, down to the time in which Ireland was divided into provinces. Ugaine survived all his sons except two, *Laogaire Lorch* and *Cobhthach Caolmbreagh*, by whom the royal line of Heremon was continued, and to these two princes all the future branches of the family owe their descent. After a long reign this monarch was slain by *Badhbhchadh*, the son of *Eochaidh Buadhaig*. He was buried at *Cruachan*, in the year 3586 A.M., or about 570 B.C.

60. *Laogaire*, or *Laoghaire Lorch*, son of *Ugaine More*, succeeded to the throne, and reigned for two years. His mother was a French princess, named *Ceasair Cruthach*, a daughter of the king of France. This king was distinguished by the name of *Laoghaire Lorch* because he seized upon the murderer of his father—*Badhbhchadh*, the son of *Eochaidh Buadhaig*—and slew him, for the word, "*Lorch*," in Irish, means murder or slaughter; but he was most perfidiously slain himself by his brother, *Cobhthach Caolmbreag*, afterwards, at *Didhion Riogh*, near the river *Barrow*, anciently named *Bearbha*. The circumstances of this inhuman act are related in the records of Ireland.

The king, *Laoghaire*, was very kind and indulgent to his brother, and settled a princely income upon him, but his bounty and affection met with very ungrateful returns from the wicked *Cobhthach*, who, coveting his brother's crown and kingdom, resolved to murder him. Accordingly, he feigned sickness, and, when his brother came to see him, he stabbed him with a poignard, and killed him. Succeeding his brother as monarch of Ireland, but fearing disturbance on the throne, he also murdered *Oilloll Aine*, the son of *Laoghaire*, and likewise designed to take away the life of the young prince, his son, and the grandson of his brother; but the child becoming frightened, lost the use of his speech, which, when the usurper perceived, he dismissed him with his life, because, having this defect, he could never succeed to the throne of Ireland.

61. *Oilloll Aine*, son of *Lacghaire Lorch*, was slain by the unnatural *Cobhthach Caolmbreag*, lest he should disturb his reign.

62. *Labradh Loingseach*, son of Oilloll Aine, wore the crown of Ireland for eighteen years, but fell at last by the sword of Cobhthach Caolmbreag. This monarch was a learned and valiant prince, and acquired much reputation when he commanded the army in France. Having become a great general, and thoroughly skilled in the art of warfare, he resolved to vindicate and prosecute his right to the crown of Ireland. Accordingly, he communicated his design to the king of France, who approved of it, and gave him 2,200 choice troops to assist him in his undertaking. He started for Ireland with his brave warriors, and landed in Wexford harbour. On his arrival he had information that Cobhthach, who had usurped the throne, resided at the time at Dithion Riogh, where he kept his court, attended by his ministers and the nobility, who had submitted to his tyranny. Labradh resolving, if possible, to surprise him, marched with all expedition, and coming upon him unprepared, put the old usurper, and all his retinue, to the sword. He immediately insisted on his hereditary rights, and was proclaimed king of Ireland. After he had killed the tyrant in his own court, surrounded by his nobles, the chronicles relate that a certain Druid, surprised at the bravery of this action, asked "Who was this gallant hero, who had the policy to design, and the courage to execute, so great an exploit?" He was told that the name of the general was Loingseach. "Can Loingseach speak?" asked the Druid. He was answered that he could speak, for which reason the monarch was called by the name of Labradh Loingseach, because, in the Irish language, "Labradh" signifies "to speak," and by this additional title was Moim always distinguished in the History of Ireland, wherever he is mentioned.

This prince was the inventor of a sort of green-headed partisan, in Irish called *Laighne*, and gave orders that they should be used by his whole army. From these military weapons the inhabitants of the province were called *Laighne*, and the province which was then called *Gailean* is now called *Leinster*. The poet makes the following observations upon the various foreign alliances which the different Irish provinces adhered to:

"Each of the provinces observed
 A strict alliance with the neighbouring nations.
 O'Neills corresponded with the Scots;
 The men of Ulster with the English;
 The inhabitants of Munster with the Spaniards;
 Of Conacht, loved friendship with the Britons;
 Of Leinster, traded safely with the French."

In the ancient manuscripts of Ireland there is a tale to be met with regarding this monarch, which may be interesting to the reader. Of its probability I will leave himself to judge. It is as follows:

THE EARS OF LOINGSEACH.

This monarch, Loingseach, had ears of a very immoderate length, which resembled the ears of a horse; and to conceal this deformity from the notice of his subjects, when he had his hair cut the person who served him in that office was sure to lose his life, being put to death immediately, lest he should discover this blemish in the king, and thereby expose him to the contempt and ridicule of his people. It was, therefore, a custom among the haircutters of the kingdom to determine by lot who should succeed to this desperate employment, which always became vacant once every year, for once within that time the king was wont to have his hair cut below the ears, and thus expose the length of them to his barber.

It so happened that the lot fell on a young man, the son of a widow, and he was her only child. The sorrowful mother, apprehending the loss of her son, was overwhelmed with grief, and applied to the king, lamenting her misfortune, and entreating the royal mercy to spare her only son. This moving scene had the effect of saving the life of the young man, but it was on this condition, that he would never divulge a secret that would be committed to him, nor reveal what he should observe, under the penalty of losing his life. The young man joyfully accepted these terms, which he thought very favourable and easy to observe, and cut the king's hair; but when he discovered his ears, he was somewhat surprised,

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THE HISTORY
OF THE
CLAN O'BYRNE
(UI FAELAN).

THE Clan O'Byrne being of the same stock as the Clan O'Toole, and claiming the same descent, were for so many centuries of their history so interwoven together, their territories in close proximity to each other, and their mutual interests cemented together by intermarriage, that we consider it may be of interest to our readers, if we supplement our attempts at writing the history of the Clan O'Toole by giving as an appendatory synopsis the leading points in the fates and fortunes of the Clan O'Byrne, who so often shared with the O'Tooles the victor's glory, until by fraud, treachery, and the power of might over right, they became fellow-sufferers in the confiscations and persecutions of the times. We may rest assured, that whenever an O'Byrne was in straits, an O'Toole was not far off; and this rule had equal applicability when positions were reversed.

The Clan O'Byrne were descended from Heremon. Heber and Heremon were leaders of the Spanish colony which, according to the best authorities, succeeded in establishing itself in Ireland, and reducing the

possessors of the soil under its own dominion, about a thousand years before the birth of Christ.

The country was divided among the conquerors in the following manner:—The fair provinces of the south were allotted to Heber. Leinster acknowledged the sovereignty of Heremon. The rude coast and barren mountains of Connaught were granted to the native tribes called Fírbolgs, who had assisted the invaders. One year, however, had scarcely expired when Heber laid claim to the whole island, which was resisted by Heremon. A battle ensued, in which Heber was defeated and slain, and Heremon, like Romulus, became sole ruler of the kingdom.

From the death of Heremon to the accession of Eochah, a period of nearly one thousand years, Ireland was governed (with few exceptions) by a single king, chosen from one or other of the royal houses. Heber, Heremon, and Ir Eocha IX., however, raised the provinces into kingdoms, investing the chiefs of the several tribes with their respective sovereignties.

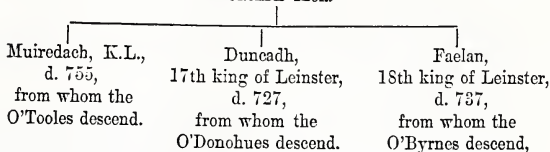
In pursuance of this arrangement, the descendants of Heremon were kings of Leinster; those of Ir, kings of Ulster; and the chief of the Fírbolgs kings of Connaught. There was, however, one king superior over all, to whom the others were bound to do homage and to pay tribute.

Eocha IX. was of the race of Heremon, and the crown of Ireland remained (with but two exceptions) in his family to the time of Cahir Mor—Charles the Great.

This monarch was descended from Ugane Mor, a Heremonian, by his son Laogare Lorc, between whose issue and that of his brother Cobthac, Leinster was in after times divided. Cahir Mor reigned over the entire island in the second century of the Christian era. His elevation from the throne of Leinster to the supreme rule is dated A.D. 144. Three years after, he was slain in a battle fought near Tailton, in Westmeath. He left thirty sons, of whom ten only had issue; of these the most celebrated were Rossa Failge and Feacha Baiceada. From the latter are descended the O'Byrnes, the O'Tooles, and the O'Cavanaghs, and other of the chief families of Leinster. The history of the O'Byrnes is the same as the

O'Tooles, until we come down to Murcadh Mor, 104th on the O'Toole stem, who was the common ancestor of the O'Tooles, O'Donohues of Leinster, and the O'Byrnes. By his three sons, thus:

MURCADH MOR.



taking their name from their grandfather, Bran Mut, their tribe name being Hy Faelan, their territory being situated in and about Naas, and as far north as Maynooth, from which place they were driven into the southern portion of the Wicklow mountains by the Norman invaders, about the year A.D. 1202.

Soon after the death of Murcadh Mor, who by his will divided his territories amongst his three sons, Duncadh and Faelan quarrelled, and a fierce battle ensued between them, near Eadstown, which lies between Naas and Blessington. In this battle Duncadh was defeated and driven back to the present County Dublin, which his descendants continued to possess until the arrival of the Danes, and subsequently the Norman English, when his territories were divided amongst the English of the Pale. Many of his descendants are still to be found in West Wicklow and Carlow, decent, respectable people, but without any, or little, knowledge of their ancient lineage. Their pedigree is given by Mr. Gilbert, in his history of the City of Dublin.

The Clan O'Byrne, or Ui Faelan, as it was known in Irish history, can boast of many a noble and valiant warrior, kings of Leinster, down to the English invasion. It was one of this Clan that held the sceptre of Leinster at the battle of Clontarf, where he was nobly seconded by the O'Tooles, of which clan five of its princes were slain. With the Danes of Dublin, the O'Byrnes and O'Tooles were occasionally in alliance, but

more commonly at war; abundance of cause for quarrel was always present, owing to the proximity of their territories.

The O'Byrnes became princes of Lower Leinster, and were seated in a district called Ranelagh, or the country of Feagh MacHugh O'Byrne.

According to Ptolemy, the ancient inhabitants of Wicklow and the present County Kildare were the "Cauci," supposed to be of Belgic-Gaulic extraction; but afterwards is chiefly celebrated as the country of the O'Tooles and the O'Byrnes.

The O'Byrnes occupied the northern part of Kildare, and the O'Tooles the southern part of Kildare and the northern part of Wicklow; as Glendalough, which was the ancient city of the O'Tooles; also Fertire and Ferracualan, on the eastern side of the mountain; but after the Norman invasion, the O'Byrnes and O'Tooles were driven into the mountains. By a long and heroic resistance they here maintained their independence for over four hundred years, after nearly all the other princes had yielded submission to the English invader.

The O'Byrnes, driven from Kildare (A.D. 1202), located themselves along the seaboard of Wicklow, from Newtownmountkennedy to Arklow, whilst the Feagh MacHughs possessed the inland portion, called Ranelagh, or Glenmalure.

The two clans, affiliated in race and in blood, appear to have been almost always on good terms with each other, and to have worked harmoniously together against the common enemy.

No doubt, the O'Byrnes had this advantage over their neighbour, they were more distant from the Pale, and not subject to the frequent attacks that the O'Tooles had to be constantly on the "*qui vive*" to repel. The O'Tooles, lying between them and the common foe, had to bear the first of the onslaught and the brunt of the battle, while the O'Byrnes were never dilatory in filling up from the rear, and giving any of the English garrison that might have succeeded in penetrating beyond the O'Toole country a very hot reception. This fact of the O'Tooles being, for such a length of years, almost incessantly engaged in the hot contests of border warfare, will go far to account for their ranks being more

thinned, as more of them fell in battle, and hence it is that the O'Byrnes, in their descendants, are far more numerous than those of the O'Tooles.

The Danes, prior to the twelfth century, had established themselves in a district of the county Dublin, named Fingall, and so named appropriately as the granary of their city. For their occupation of it the O'Byrnes and O'Tooles demanded tribute, and this same tribute led to many bloody battles. When the clans were successful, the tribute was paid, and hostages given, but when the fortunes of war were reversed, and the Danes gained a victory, they in turn carried fire and sword and a war of extermination into the enemy's country.

The Danes of Dublin having been worsted by the Anglo-Normans, the city and the surrounding country changed hands, and was to be henceforth known under the name of the "English Pale." The native Leinstermen soon found out, to their cost, that this change did nothing to lessen their troubles, as those new colonists possessed all the evil qualities of their predecessors in more fully developed degree, and, in addition, had several new ones of their own, among which was an inordinate ambition and the spirit of cupidity. It was not long, then, until the O'Byrnes and O'Tooles declared war against the inhabitants of Dublin, and the contest, with only brief intervals, was carried on, with much bloodshed and devastation, and with varying success, for many succeeding generations, the particulars of which we have endeavoured to narrate in the History of the Clan O'Toole.

In the year 1394 there was a battle between the O'Byrnes and the English, in which the former were defeated, and compelled to prostrate themselves for the moment; but it soon passed over, and they stood once more erect, independent, and more defiant than ever.

In the reign of Richard II., Thomas Mowbray, Earl of Nottingham, Earl-Marshal of England, was entrusted with a commission from the sovereign to receive homage and oaths of fealty from the chiefs of Leinster, namely, The O'Byrne, O'Nolan, O'Morough, O'Morca, Mao-

Murrough, O'Connor, and others.* This homage was proposed and accepted upon very hard conditions. The chiefs were bound, under pain of very considerable fines, payable at the Apostolic Chamber (to wit), for O'Byrne, 20,000 marks; for O'Nolan, 10,000 livres; and for others in proportion. They were required, not only to persevere in their submission, but also, on a day specified, to surrender all their lands and possessions in Leinster, and to place them in the king's hands, to be held by him and his successors; and, moreover, to enter into his majesty's service, and to lend him aid in war against their fellow-countrymen. To indemnify them for the loss of their property, the king's pay was offered them, and pensions were tendered to some of the chiefs. It was permitted to them to make incursions on the lands of their countrymen in the other provinces, and to appropriate to themselves all that they could win by force of arms.

The chiefs, however, after a short time, justly considered that a forced submission and extorted oaths were in no way binding, again took arms in 1395, when Roger Mortimer, Earl of March, was sent over as lord lieutenant. Aided by the Earl of Ormond, the new viceroy laid the O'Byrnes' country waste, and stormed their Castle of Wicklow. The fortress was taken, and in honour of the exploit, the lord lieutenant raised the seven following gentlemen to the rank of knighthood, viz.: Christopher Preston, John Bedlow, Edmond and John Loundres, William Nugent, Walter de la Hide, and Robert Cadell.

Shortly after, O'Byrne's old ally, O'Toole, came to his aid, attacked the English, and defeated them, spiking 60 of their heads on the gates of O'Toole's castle as a warning, and, following up their victory, the united clans marched after the English, and overtaking them near Kilkenny, a fierce battle ensued, in which the English were again defeated, their forces

* The reader may ask himself how it was that The O'Toole was omitted from this list, and not included among the chieftains invited to this sham conference. The reason is simply this: that The O'Toole always spurned the idea of holding any parley with the English, not only now, but whenever, in after times, they adopted that line of tactics; hence Mowbray omitted his name, and it would have been better for O'Byrne that his name had been left out also.

totally routed, and Roger, Earl of March, heir-apparent to the English crown was killed at Kenlis (Kells) in the year A.D. 1398.

In 1414, John Talbot, Lord Furnival, marched an army through the territories of the O'Byrnes and other Leinster chieftains, but without any serious result to the peace and well-being of the clans, although high praise was accorded to him by the English, for what we know not, except that they wanted to compliment him upon his having the courage to undertake such a march, and the good generalship to bring back his troops with their lives. Anyway, he did not enlarge by his expedition the boundaries of the English Pale, nor did he render greater security to life and property in those parts of the province that were illegally wrested from their lawful owners.

Within no long space of time after this period the history of Ireland begins to assume a new complexion. Jealousies and disputes, which were not unfrequently referred to the decision of arms, arose from time to time amongst the heads of the great houses of the English Palesmen, who severally sought to strengthen themselves with alliances, cemented by inter-marriages, and treaties for mutual assistance and defence with the chiefs of the native Irish.

But of all the great Anglo-Hibernian houses, none were so closely united to the Irish nation, whether by intermixture of blood, or community of sentiment and feeling, as the noble race of the Geraldines. In all the wars maintained by the people against English oppression, whether in matters civil or religious, they always took so prominent a part that they have been described in the chronicles of the period as "*Hibernis ipsis Hiberniores.*" With the O'Byrnes they were in alliance from an early period, and, as will be seen hereafter, they, on more than one occasion, were indebted to them for good services.

In 1521 the O'Byrnes and O'Tooles were again in arms. The Earl of Surrey marched an army into their country, and, pitted against a force their superiors in number, discipline, and appointments, the result was naturally a temporary defeat for the clans. A brave resistance, however, was maintained, and it is recorded that a regiment of cavalry, commanded

by a knight named Bulman, was reduced to an infantry corps for having been too largely endowed, on their approaching the Irish steel, with that virtue which, when properly exercised, is very laudable, and styled "discretion," but when carried out to too great an extent (as upon this occasion), comes under the non-euphonious heading of "cowardice."

On the 20th June, 1523, James, Earl of Desmond, on his own behalf, and that of O'Brien, Prince of Thomond, and many other Irish chiefs, entered into a treaty with Francis I. of France, offensive and defensive, against Henry VIII. of England, whereby, amongst other things, they bound themselves to make no peace with that monarch in which all the contracting parties would not be included. During the captivity of Francis, peace was concluded between England and France, without allusion to the Earl of Kildare, then lord deputy, who was likewise a Geraldine. Henry VIII. sent orders to have the Earl Desmond arrested for high treason. The order, however, was not carried out, and remained unexecuted. The O'Byrnes and O'Tooles appeared in arms to support the Earl of Desmond, at the instigation, it is said, of the lord deputy, who secretly supported his kinsman. In a short time the Earl of Kildare was deposed and arraigned before the Privy Council of England, firstly, for neglecting the orders of the king to arrest Desmond; secondly, for having formed an alliance with the Irish enemy; thirdly, for having hung good subjects, whose only crime was being attached to the Butlers; fourthly, for having maintained a secret correspondence with O'Neill, O'Connor, and other enemies, and having incited them to make incursions on the lands of the Earl of Ormond while lord deputy.

Kildare, notwithstanding the dangers that menaced him, escaped, through the intercession of his friends, and on the downfall of Cardinal Wolsey, the implacable enemy of the Geraldines, was restored to office.

Immediately on his reassumption he proceeded to strengthen himself by Irish alliances. He gave his daughters in marriage to O'Connor, Faly, and O'Carroll, and endeavoured on all sides to draw more closely together those ties which of old mutually bound his house and the native chiefs. He also entered into open war against his ancient enemies, the Butlers,

ravaging the lands of the Earl of Ossory and his friends, and carrying off considerable booty.

In consequence of complaints from the Butlers and others to the English court, Kildare was again summoned to England, and having first appointed his son, "Silken Thomas," vice-deputy, he obeyed the summons, and was, upon his arrival in London, incarcerated in the Tower.

Thomas, becoming exasperated by the news, falsely spread in Dublin, that his father had been executed for high treason in London, flung away the sword of state in the council chamber, and raised his standard against the king. The Irish chiefs flew to his aid in great numbers. In the neighbourhood of Dublin rebellion was general. The district called Fingal was laid waste by the O'Byrnes and O'Tooles, and for a time fortune favoured Thomas Fitzgerald in all his enterprises.

In 1535 Sheffington was appointed lord deputy, and Lord Grey was sent to his assistance with a powerful army from England. It appears from a letter addressed about this time to Lord Cromwell by Aylmer, Lord Chief Justice, and Allen, Master of the Rolls, that they found affairs in the worst possible condition. They stated that of the six baronies which form the county of Kildare, five were utterly wasted by fire and sword; that the greater part of the County Meath had shared the same fate; that Powerscourt, the building of which had cost 5,000 marks (£3,333 6s. 8d.), had been destroyed by the O'Tooles and O'Byrnes; that Fitzgerald had taken Rathdangan; that the plague raged in Dublin; that the deputy was ill, and unable to defend the castle of Maynooth; and that no reliance could be placed on the fidelity of O'Neill.

Soon—too soon—however, a different hue came over the aspect of affairs. The tide of victory which had so long flown in favour of the enemies of English domination at length ebbed, and well-nigh overwhelmed in its reflux all who were concerned in the revolt.

Thomas Fitzgerald, being closely pursued by superior forces, surrendered himself to Lord Grey on promise of full pardon. His five uncles, who were still under arms, also surrendered on the same conditions, and Grey sent them prisoners to England.

When on board the vessel which was to convey them from the Irish shore, they inquired of the captain what was her name, and upon being informed that she was called the "Cow," they yielded to despair, as they remembered an ancient prophecy which predicted "that the five sons of an earl should be transported to England in the belly of a cow, and should no more return." They, together with their nephew, the young Earl of Kildare, were tried for high treason, found guilty, and executed at Tyburn.

The O'Byrnes and O'Tooles were now left to fight out their own corner, which they did right gallantly and well. They succeeded in having Lord Grey recalled to England, a disgraced man, but, unfortunately, only to receive in his place a far worse type in the person of St. Leger.

The new deputy was a wily and crafty man, who saw that the breeding of internal dissension among the Irish was a far more efficacious plan, and better adapted to forward the nefarious designs of the English garrison, than encountering them in open warfare, although he could place ten to one in the field against them.

He soon commenced to set the Irish chieftains and the English nobles by the ears, breaking up the bond of unity which existed between them. He also sowed the seeds of contention among the clans by inducing some of the chieftains to take their lands and hold them on fiants and letters patent from the English king, instead of as heretofore, being elected thereto by their clansmen, who naturally repudiated this change, and repelled those English appointed chieftains, electing by popular voice chiefs of their own choice in their stead.

We regret to have to acknowledge that the then chieftain of the Clan O'Byrne was not an exception to the many chieftains who were weak enough to succumb to the intrigues of the Castle, and who were either browbeaten or bribed into accepting their lands from Henry VIII.

We read in the State Papers of that period that Thadeus O'Byrne, chief of the clan, having submitted, and accepted Henry's terms, entered into a further compact with him on 22nd January, 1535, in which, among

other things, he promised not to adhere to any Irishman against the king or his subjects, or maintain any enemy or rebel of the king, especially those of the nation of the O'Tooles fleeing into his. This is a sad record to have to make against a chief of that gallant clan; but we are consoled by the reflection that it was only the act of an individual, and the clan hastened to wipe out the stigma by indignantly rejecting the terms, repudiating the chief that made them, and electing in his stead the famous Feagh MacHugh O'Byrne, who shed so much lustre and renown on their name, their clan, and their nation.

We have striven, in the history of the Clan O'Toole, which at this period is so mingled with that of the O'Byrnes, to depict some of the daring deeds and gallant exploits of this great chief, and to our reader, who would wish to study what a brave stand Feagh made for his faith and fatherland, we would invite him to peruse it.

The O'Byrnes along the sea coast, who were followers of Thady, became somewhat "Unionist" (to use a modern expression) in their notions, and looked on their kinsman, Feagh, as a misguided and hot-headed man, whose extreme notions were to be discountenanced; they also seem to have viewed him more or less as an usurper in his position as chief of the clan; but this was an absurd notion, as the same blood flowed through the veins of the Feagh MacHughs as through the MacTeigues, although twelve generations had passed away since they parted from the common stem, and since the sceptre of the Clan O'Byrne was wielded by one of the branch of Clan Ranelagh.

In the reign of Henry VIII. a brother of Feagh MacHugh's, Thady O'Byrne, a monk of the Order of St. Francis, was arrested and sent a prisoner to Dublin Castle. Among his papers was found a letter addressed to O'Neill, Prince of Tyrone, and signed by the Bishop of Metz, from which the following extract may be of interest:—

"MY DEAR O'NEILL,

"You have at all times, as likewise your forefathers, been faithful to our Mother Church of Rome.

“His Holiness Paul, now Pope, aided by the Holy Fathers, has lately a prophecy of St. Lasirian, Irish Bishop of Cashel, where it is foretold that the Mother Church of Rome must fall when the faith of the Catholics of Ireland shall be subdued. Consequently, for the glory of Mother Church, the honour of St. Peter, and your own safety, suppress heresy and the enemies of his Holiness; for, when the Roman Creed shall be lost with you, the See of Rome must likewise fall.

“This is why the Council of Cardinals has thought fit to encourage the people of Ireland (that sacred island), being convinced that the Mother Church, having a worthy son like you, and others who will come to your succour, can never fall, but that she will always possess, in spite of the prophecy, more or less credit in Britain.

“Having thus obeyed the orders of the Sacred Council, we recommend your royal person to the Most Holy Trinity, to the Blessed Virgin, to Saints Peter and Paul, and to the whole Celestial Court. Amen.”

The Earl of Desmond, after gallantly maintaining the struggle for some years, now found his forces diminishing, while his enemies were being daily increased by fresh reinforcements from England, issued circular letters to the principal noblemen of Leinster, with whose principles he was acquainted, exhorting them to take part in the defence of their religion and country against the common enemy.

The following letter was addressed by the Earl of Desmond to Feagh MacHugh O'Byrne, chief of the O'Byrnes of Wicklow:—

“NEWCASTLE, 29th *November*, 1579.

“MY DEARLY BELOVED FRIEND,—I recommend myself to you—as my brother and myself have undertaken to uphold our Catholic Faith against the English, who, not satisfied with overthrowing the Holy Church, wish to possess our inheritance and reduce us to a state of bondage.

“We beseech you to take part with us in the defence of our country, according to your conscience and the dictates of nature. If you fear being abandoned when embarked in the affair, bear in mind:—That we have undertaken it under the authorization of our Holy Father the Pope

and King Philip, who have engaged to assist us in this undertaking when necessary; consequently, you risk nothing in the enterprise.

“You may be certain we shall never form a treaty with the enemy, without your consent, for which this letter shall be a sufficient guarantee.”

Whether it was in consequence of this letter, or that it served as an additional stimulus to their own resolves, we find Feagh Mac Hugh, in common with the other Leinster chiefs, up in arms in the following year, A.D. 1580, in defence of the same cause which Desmond so vigorously supported.

The English Court now appointed Arthur Grey, Lord Baron of Wilton, Knight of the Garter, as Lord Deputy for Ireland. The new viceroy landed in Dublin in August, 1580.

Several noblemen, both of Leinster and the South, became indignant at this time, witnessing the persecutions to which Holy Church was subjected—the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass abolished, the clergy outlawed and hunted, the churches profaned, pillaged, and handed over to the new conforming Protestant clergy; seeing all this, and dreading the storm of increasing strife, they united in one bond for their mutual support, to check the inroads of the ruthless persecutions to which Holy Church was being daily subjected.

Some of the principals of this laudable coalition were James Eustace, (Lord Baltinglass), Feagh Mac Hugh O’Byrne, O’Toole, the brother-in-law of Lord Baltinglass, and Captain Fitzgerald; the latter of whom had quitted the Queen’s service for the purpose of striking a blow for Holy Faith; but their intentions were discovered before their final arrangements were made, and several of the promoters of the conspiracy were arrested and put to death; others fled the country, while some had the satisfaction in a short while after, of seeing some of the flower of the English army bite the dust.

So anxious was the new lord deputy to signalise his advent among the Irish by some signal victory, that upon his arrival in Dublin, he would not wait for the usual ceremonies of salaams and kotows from the hungry hangers-on of the Castle, that were always enacted at the installation of

a new viceroy; he even postponed the investiture of the "sword of state," and wished to pose as the wielder of a sword to be used for far different purposes than this ornamental bauble. His soul panted for the fray, and by a lucky coincidence, the Leinster chieftains were just in the mood to oblige him.

Feagh Mac Hugh O'Byrne, Lord Baltinglass, and The O'Toole, occupied the defiles of Glendalough, Glenmalure, and Glen Imayle, and from these positions Lord Grey vowed to dislodge them; but his lordship was rashly premature. He assembled all the English troops, horse, foot, and artillery, available in Leinster, and marched them to Glenmalure, where he found his opponents quite ready and willing to receive him; in fact, the effusive and demonstrative nature of the reception was so warm that it completely overwhelmed him.

This great battle of Glenmalure, proving as it did for the thousandth time, the indomitable and unflinching bravery of the Irish soldier, was commenced by Lord Grey personally posting the cavalry which he commanded so as to surround a wood in which a contingent of the Irish were, and to so hem them in as to avoid any chance of escape. It was maintained with stern obstinacy and great spirit for many hours by both sides, and terminated in the complete victory of Feagh Mac Hugh and his brave compatriots; the English soldiers were cut to pieces, and the vaunting lord deputy and the remnant of his cavalry had to make a hasty and undignified retreat to the shelter of Dublin Castle.

The loss to the English was immense, and besides the eight hundred soldiers slain on the field, Sir Peter Carew, Colonel Moore, Capt. Audley, and many other distinguished English commanders went to swell the roll of fatal casualties; and here, too, at the hands of the clansmen, retributive justice overtook the notorious Captain Cosby, the cold-blooded murderer of Mullaghmast.

The details of the battle of Glenmalure are entered into at considerable length in the History of the Clan O'Toole, to which we refer our readers, and trust that it will be of interest to them.

In these wars of 1580, and following years, we find the Irish and

Anglo-Hibernian chiefs, ancient and modern, with the usual doomed fatality of Irish efforts, disunited—some for, some against.

This war is sometimes known in history as the "Tyrone War," the Earl of Tyrone being the commander-in-chief.

It is also designated by Philip O'Sullivan, in his Catholic History, as "*Bellum quindecim annorum*," because it commenced in the thirty-first year of Queen Elizabeth, and continued until her death, which took place in the forty-fifth year of her reign.

Hitherto, the wars with the English were for the preservation of their hearths and homes; but in this struggle, to make it still more deadly, was added the freedom of their holy religion, which these Saxon marauders wanted to deprive the Irish of. Hence it was that this war was truly and really a religious war, and those Catholics who lost their lives and their estates through it, sacrificed them nobly for holy Church and conscience sake.

A short summary by provinces of those who fought on one side or the other may be of interest; and we give, first:

MODERN IRISH CHIEFTAINS IN ELIZABETH'S INTEREST.

MUNSTER.

Thomas Butler (surnamed Dhuv), the Black Ormond.

Barry The Great (Mor), Viscount Buttevant.

Mac Pierce Butler, Baron Dunboyne.

Coursey—Baron de Coursey.

Burke—Baron Castleconnell.

CONNAUGHT.

Ulick Burke and Richard, his son.

Earl of Clanrickarde, surnamed The Naval, who disputed the estates of Clan Williams.

Mac Pheoris (Bermingham), Baron of Dunmorris.

MODERN IRISH CHIEFTAINS SUPPORTING ELIZABETH.

LEINSTER.

Henry, William, and Gerald Fitzgerald, Earls of Kildare.
 Preston, Viscount Gormanstown.
 Nugent, Baron of Delvin.
 Fleming, Baron of Slane.
 Barnewall, Baron of Trimblestown.
 Plunkett, Baron of Killeen.

ANCIENT IRISH CHIEFTAINS SUPPORTING ELIZABETH.

MUNSTER.

Donogh O'Brien, Prince of Limerick, Earl of Thomond.
 Murrrough O'Brien, Baron of Inchiquin.
 Mac Carthy Riagh, Prince of Carberry.
 Charles Mac Carthy, son of Dermod, Prince of Muskerry.

CONNAUGHT.

O'Conor Don, Prince of Magherry.
 Prince O'Melachlan.

ANCIENT IRISH CHIEFTAINS WHO SUPPORTED FAITH AND FATHERLAND.

ULSTER.

Hugh O'Neill, Prince and Earl of Tyrone, with his party, as follows:
 Macgennis, Prince of Iveach.
 Mac Mahon, Prince of Uriel.
 Mac Guire, Prince of Fermanagh.
 O'Cahane, Prince of Arachty.
 James and Ronald Mac Donnell, Princes of Glynn.
 O'Hanlon, Prince of Orior.

O'Donnell, Prince of Tyrconnell, with his party, as follows :
 Mac Sweeney, Prince of Tuach.
 Mac Sweney, Prince of Fenid.
 Mac Sweeney, Prince of Bannuch.
 O'Dogherty, Prince of Innishowen.
 The O'Boyles.

MUNSTER.

O'Sullivan, Prince of Bere and Bantry,
 Daniel O'Sullivan Mor (The Great), whose father, Prince of Dункerrin, was dispensed from taking part in the war, owing to his advanced age.

O'Connor, Kerry, Prince of Arachly.
 Donagh McCarthy Mac Donagh, son of Cormac.
 Dermot McCarthy Mac Donagh, son of Owen, both competitors for the principality of Alla.
 O'Mahony of Carberry.
 O'Donovan.
 O'Donohue of Onachty.
 O'Donohue of the Vale.

ANCIENT IRISH CHIEFTAINS WHO FOUGHT FOR FAITH AND FATHERLAND.

LEINSTER.

Although the chief heads of this province espoused the queen's cause and interests, there were, nevertheless, many noblemen of ancient clans to oppose them, and to take up arms in defence of their religion, of whom the most distinguished were :

The O'Byrnes.
 The O'Tooles.
 The Kavanaghs.
 The O'Connors Faly.
 The O'Mordhas, or O'Moraas, of Leix.

CONNAUGHT.

O'Ruark, Prince of Breffny.
 Mac Dermott, Prince of Moylurg.
 O'Kelly, Prince of Mainneek.
 Mac Geoghegans, princes.

In addition to the foregoing, we may give the names of the following, among other noblemen of English extraction, who made common cause with the Munster chieftains.

MUNSTER NOBLES OF ENGLISH EXTRACTION WHO SYMPATHISED WITH THE IRISH
 IN THEIR STRUGGLES FOR RELIGIOUS FREEDOM.

Roche, Viscount Fermoy.
 Richard Butler, Viscount Mountgarrett.
 Mac Morris, otherwise Fitz-Morris, Baron Lislan.
 Thomas Butler, Baron Cahir.
 Prince Patrick Condon, Condon and Clongibbons.
 Richard Purcell, Baron Luochny.
 William Fitzgerald, Knight of Kerry, Lord of the Valley.
 Edmond Fitzgerald, The White Knight.

Besides the foregoing, who were in possession of their estates, and nobly risked them for conscience sake, there were others who, in addition to their risk, left the service of the Queen, and joined their lot with those Catholics struggling to be free. Among those were Florence and Daniel Mac Carthy, who were for a considerable time possessors of the principality of Clancanhoe.

O'Connor, Prince of Sligo.
 James Fitzgerald, Earl of Desmond.
 Mac William.
 Owen O'Morrha.
 Mac William Burke, Baron Leitrim.
Vide O'Sullivan, "Cath. Historicus," Vol. III., Lib. II., Cap. 4.

Unfortunately, we have not authenticated particulars of the many battles fought during this fifteen years' war, except the few garbled and distorted reports which we find among the State Papers in the Record Office, and O'Sullivan's "Catholic History," which is very meagre; but enough can be gleaned from them to convince us that these nobles, with our forefathers, fought gallantly side by side, and made every sacrifice to defend the glorious old faith handed down to them from St. Patrick.

We also know that the inevitable result of the overwhelming odds pitted against them by Elizabeth, was the loss of their estates and all their worldly possessions; but against the retention of the holy faith, all the efforts of her hosts, and all the frauds, finesses, and legal chicanery of her unscrupulous agents were as nought. That, thank God, they retained unsullied, and transmitted it to us, to-day, pure and undefiled; sacred and inviolable.

"Thy rival was honoured, while thou wert wrong'd and scorn'd;
Thy crown was of briars, while gold her brows adorned;
She woo'd me to temples, while thou lay'st hid in caves;
Her friends were all masters, while thine, alas! were slaves;
Yet, cold in the earth at thy feet I would rather be,
Than wed what I love not, or turn one thought from thee."

Our immortal bard has well conveyed in the lines above the love of our forefathers for their Church, and the temptations they had to resist, the deprivations they had to submit to, consequent upon their firm and unyielding determination to avoid the seductive enjoyments and blandishments of that new-fangled doctrine set up by their persecutors, and designated, forsooth, the "Reformation."

We find, in the year 1594, that Feagh MacHugh O'Byrne, the sworn enemy of the English, and young Edward Eustace, of the illustrious house of Baltinglass, rescued from the Castle of Dublin, after seven years' captivity, the following Irish noblemen, viz., young Hugh O'Donnell, Daniel MacSweeney (surnamed Gorm), Huan O'Gallachur, Henry and Art (the

sons of Shane) O'Neill, and Phillip O'Reilly. Having gained over the gaolers of the Castle prison, Feagh and Edward sent to the prisoners a piece of linen cloth, supposed to be for their personal use. This the prisoners cut into strips, and knotted them so firmly together as to form a rope, by means of which they were enabled to descend at midnight in safety, with the exception of Art O'Neill, who was so severely wounded by a stone falling upon him that he died shortly afterwards from its effects.

These noble captives, thus delivered from prison, quitted the city before break of day. It was the depth of winter, and the roads were in desperate condition, and in consequence of the circuitous route they had to travel, seeking all the bypaths and loneliest passes of the mountains in order to evade the enemy, they were almost exhausted by fatigue, hunger, and thirst, before they reached the sheltering welcome of Glenmalure. Here they received the kind and motherly nursing of Rosa O'Toole, wife of Feagh MacHugh, until they were able to make good their way to Ulster. The young Hugh O'Donnell, Prince of Tyrconnell, thus timely delivered from a gloomy fate, was one of the most powerful nobles of Ireland, next to O'Neill. He was named by the Irish, Bal Dearg O'Donnell. Although young, having barely attained his twentieth year, he had already distinguished himself in the exercise of warfare and field sports, and was alike remarkable for his prudence and virtue, and not less for his zeal in support of the holy Roman Catholic religion.

Upon his arrival at Tyrconnell, his father, who was now advanced in years, yielded up to him his rights, titles, and privileges, and he was, by the universal voice of a people who idolized him, proclaimed and crowned Prince of Tyrconnell.

Hugh was not long in rekindling the flames of war in Ulster, and this acted as a stimulant to the English of the Pale to renew their persecutions in Leinster; and again we find Walter Fitzgerald, Feagh MacHugh O'Byrne, Felim O'Toole, Tirlagh, Felim, and Raymond O'Byrne, sons of Feagh MacHugh, all once more united in having recourse to arms, and striking yet another blow for the old, old cause; and though victory

crowned their efforts on many a hard-fought field, the brute force of numbers told in the end, and many of the chieftains, amongst whom was Walter Fitzgerald, sacrificed their lives in the support of their religion.

The English Government at this period, wishing to enter into a negotiation with O'Neill and several of the other Catholic Confederate chieftains, effected a truce for about two months, *i.e.*, from 27th of October to the commencement of January. This is evidence in itself that the Irish were having the best of it, for then, as well as to-day, when the nefarious projects of the Government are progressing in accordance with their wishes, we find no inclination on their part for parley or conference; it is only when stern necessity points out to them that their action is likely to end in their own discomfiture that they ever dream of condescending to enter into the field of debate or argument with the Irish.

In the meantime the castle of Monaghan surrendered to Conn (son of O'Neill), aided by O'Donnell and MacMahon. When the time of truce expired, a commission was forwarded by the English Government to Sir Robert Gardiner and Sir Henry Wallop, empowering them to conclude a peace with the Catholics of Ulster. The commissioners engaged upon this mission lost no time in proceeding to Dundalk for the purpose, but the Irish, not having sufficient confidence in them, held a conference in an open plain in presence of the two armies, which were close by.

The Catholics demanded three points—first, general liberty of conscience; second, general pardon for the past; third, that there should be neither garrison, sheriff, nor any judicial officer in their province, except in the towns of Newry and Carrickfergus.

These articles not suiting the tastes of the English commissioners, the conference terminated without coming to any conclusion, notwithstanding the truce was prolonged to the 1st of April.

It having finally terminated, the deputy and General Norris hastened to join the army at Dundalk; but the jealousy which existed between them as to who should take the command led to their immediate disunion. The deputy, placing himself at the head of the troops, marched from Dundalk in expectation of making himself master of Armagh; but in this he

was foiled by the forces under O'Neill, who was accompanied by MacGuire, O'Cahan, and the two sons of O'Hanlon, and other noblemen.

The action which took place on this occasion between the rival armies commenced at Killcluona with equal ardour, and after a severe contest the English were forced to retreat upon Newry, leaving six hundred men slain upon the field, while the loss sustained by O'Neill did not exceed two hundred. The deputy's want of success in Ulster induced him to quit the province, and resigning the command of his troops to Norris, he returned to Dublin.

The Catholics of Leinster were again under arms. Feagh MacHugh O'Byrne, Felim O'Toole, and Donal Spaniagh (the Spaniard), chief of the Kavanaghs, united their forces, and ravaged the county of Dublin, and up to Wexford. The O'Connors did the same in O'Faley country. Connaught was in a state of combustion, the people there having been joined by a corps of Scotch, spreading terror all round them.

Russell, now lord deputy, marched an army into Connaught, and laid siege to the castle of Losmage, which belonged to O'Madden. When called upon to surrender, the assailants were indignantly answered—"that if their whole army was composed of deputies, it would not induce them to yield, nor lower their flag one inch." The castle, however, being weakly fortified, was, after a vigorous resistance, taken by the deputy, with the loss of about forty men. Again, in this year, 1596, the queen and council of England became desirous of establishing a peace with O'Neill, and with this end two commissioners, viz., General Norris, and Fenton, Secretary of State, were charged with the overtures.

They proceeded to Dundalk, where they had an interview with O'Neill; but that prince not having sufficient reliance in their good faith, and proposing as the first conditions the three points submitted on a former occasion, this, as well as former conferences, came to nought.

Shortly after Sir Edward Moore was despatched by Elizabeth with a pardon for The O'Neill, signed by the queen herself; and though lack of gallantry cannot be assigned to him, he upon this occasion was non-appreciative enough to refuse the epistle. A more welcome present arrived at

this juncture, in the shape of three small vessels laden with gunpowder, and having two hundred men on board, consigned to O'Donnell, from Spain, with a promise of much larger supply.

O'Neill wrote now to Fiach Mac Hugh O'Byrne, O'Toole, and other Leinster chieftains in terms of encouragement, exhorting them to as ably support him in the future as in the past, as allies in the common cause; and he received from them the most favourable replies. He likewise maintained a friendly understanding with the best disposed portions of the inhabitants of Munster; this he was enabled to do through the aid of Clan Shyhyes, whom he sent expressly into the province with letters of credit signed by himself.

O'Neill's letters to the nobles of Leinster produced a great effect. Fiach Mac Hugh immediately recommenced hostilities. He took the fortress of Bally-na-Cor and demolished its fortifications. He then, in conjunction with the O'Tooles, Kavanaghs, O'Moores, O'Connors, and Butlers, demanded, sword in hand, the immediate restoration of their several estates unlawfully forfeited; upon which, the deputy marched against them. The Butlers were pursued by the Earl of Ormond (who, after renouncing his religion, sacrificed his nearest relatives), while the O'Moores and O'Connors remained exposed to the insults of Sir Anthony St. Leger. Connaught, also, was not less disturbed, Richard Bingham being in arms against the Burkes, O'Rourkes, and the O'Tooles of Omey, in the west of that province, and it was in this conflict that Tiboid, or Theobald O'Toole, chief of his name then, was slain, A. D. 1596.

The King of Spain, knowing that the Queen of England had made many and frequent overtures to O'Neill, O'Donnell, and other Irish nobles who had recourse to arms in defence of their faith, sent them an express exhorting them to maintain a steady perseverance, and renewing his promises of material assistance.

In the interim Armagh was surprised by the English, who took up their quarters there. O'Neill was sore distressed at finding this holy town of Saint Patrick's own founding profaned by heretics, by whom nothing was held sacred. The English placed a strong garrison there,

and it was likewise protected by an army encamped near the town, under the command of General Norris.

The O'Neill, not conceiving it advisable to undertake a siege, made a movement with his army, which succeeded in its purpose of drawing off Norris, and causing him to give battle to Tyrone's forces, near the church of Killotir, where, notwithstanding the advantage of superior numbers in the English army, O'Neill's vigorous troops overpowered them, and drove them back upon Armagh, whither O'Neill followed them and put many to the sword.

Norris escaped, and leaving five hundred men in garrison at Armagh, in command of Francis Stafford, retired with the remainder of his army towards Dundalk.

O'Neill, who was now master of the situation, was enabled, from his position to intercept all convoys of provisions intended for Armagh, by which means a famine ensued, followed by a plague, which in a short time carried off many.

The English in Dundalk, having been apprised of the wretched condition of the garrison of Armagh, forwarded several waggons of provisions for its relief, under an escort of three companies of infantry and a squadron of dragoons. O'Neill being thoroughly informed of this manœuvre, succeeded in surprising the convoy, putting every man of the escort to the sword, and his penetrating discernment enabling him to take advantage of all contingencies, favourable and otherwise, he advised and arranged the following *ruse de guerre*, which was attended with the most satisfactory results.

He ordered a portion of his command, both horse and foot, to equip themselves with the uniforms and appointments of the slain escort, and proceed with the supplies, in one body, with the English colours flying, towards the ruins of a monastery which stood within the range of the guns from the walls of Armagh.

O'Neill himself, at the head of the remainder of his forces, pursued this apparent English enemy, who made a feint of resistance, but at length giving way, sounded a retreat; all this under the eyes of Stafford, with

his garrison starving, and seeing the much coveted supplies about to vanish from before their very faces, was more than he could stand, so he ordered an immediate sally from the garrison to go to the support of their supposed countrymen.

With alacrity half of the garrison rushed out and hastened to the scene of the mimic battle, when, to their great dismay, they found not only O'Neill prepared to meet them, but the very men they came to succour charged them on all sides, while, to cap the climax of their misfortunes, Con, son of O'Neill, who, with some companies of infantry, had been lying in ambush in the monastery, took them in the rear. The English, thus hemmed in by enemies upon all sides, were cut to pieces in sight of the remainder of the garrison; and Stafford, finding himself without any further resource, surrendered to O'Neill, who gave him liberty to go join the English army at Dundalk, and recount, for the delectation of his superior officers, how The O'Neill dished them out of Armagh.

O'Neill next made an attack upon the castle of Carlingford, in which he was unsuccessful, and then sent his son-in-law, Henry Oge O'Neill, with some troops into the English Pale for the purpose of creating a diversion in favour of the Catholics of Leinster, who were then under arms.

The continued tyranny and the base cruelties of Sir Richard Bingham at length disgusted the throne and the English Privy Council, and though they certainly were not over squeamish where the lives and properties of the Irish were concerned, still, they were forced to "draw the line" at Bingham, and dismiss this monster of iniquity from the governorship of Connaught, replacing him by Sir Conyers Clifford.

The art of fortification being but little understood, they were obliged to make up for their lack of engineering skill by having a larger number of men, and for this reason O'Neill evacuated Armagh and Portmore, which were immediately taken possession of by General Norris, who garrisoned them, and appointed Sir Henry Davis to the command of the former.

Norris endeavoured to make further inroads, but was again stopped by O'Neill, whom he found encamped in his road, and occupied his troops

in constructing a field work, which has since been called Mount Norris, and is situated in the barony of Fewes, between Armagh and Newry.

It was some time, owing to the frequent attacks made by O'Neill, before the fortification was finished, but being at length completed, it was garrisoned by Norris, who, after appointing General Williams to the command, returned with the remainder of his army to Dundalk. During his absence, however, he lost all the places he had taken; Mount Norris, Portmore, and Armagh surrendered again to O'Neill, who sent the different garrisons home. In vain did Norris return to the charge, with all his combined forces; he was again completely routed by O'Neill at Malach Breac, in the territory of Orior. Norris, after having made three ineffectual attempts to rally his shattered forces, was himself severely wounded, and this was the last time he ever measured swords with O'Neill. The generals under O'Neill, particularly MacGuire, who was in command of the cavalry, distinguished themselves particularly upon this occasion.

In the month of May, 1597, one of those base, perfidious acts of treachery for which the Castle authorities have been such adepts in the past, as well as in our own day, was perpetrated by the lord deputy on Feagh MacHugh O'Byrne, who, in accordance with an understanding between O'Neill and himself, was in a quiescent state. Further negotiations had again been resumed between O'Neill and the English government, and Feagh was requested by O'Neill to remain quiet pending same, promising that no terms would be concluded between him and the English in which the interests of Feagh would not receive every attention.

Naturally honourable himself, and lulled into a false security by judging others from the standpoint of his own manliness, Feagh did not adopt those precautionary measures he would have done were he in what may be termed his normal condition, viz., at "daggers drawn" with the English of the Pale.

The deputy was not influenced by such a fine sense of honour or good faith; his creed was to get rid of a formidable enemy by any means, knowing full well that he would never be reprimanded by the English court for any violation of the law of treaties, or checked for any illegal

acts committed in his zeal for the compassing of the death of The O'Byrne.

The usual tactics were then employed, nor was the temptation of English gold left out, and we sorrowfully have to put on record, not without finding one base enough to succumb to its influence. One of Feagh's own followers betrayed him (a base hireling known to history as one Duff); and Feagh MacHugh O'Byrne, the illustrious chief of his clan, and the glorious defender of his creed and country, was stolen upon in the quiet enjoyment of his home, where he was taking a needed rest from his warlike occupation, in the fancied security of a truce, and there, in the presence of his family, ruthlessly slaughtered, his body hacked, and his venerable head sent as a trophy to the queen, that her grinning sycophantic courtiers might feast their eyes upon it; but when these sightless orbs were endowed with life not one among them would have dared to smile within the radius of their fiery glance.

We have entered more fully into the details of Feagh MacHugh's murder in the History of the Clan O'Toole, to which we would invite our reader, rather than tire him with their recapitulation here.

Feagh left two sons, Phelim and Raymond, who inherited their father's valour and zeal in the cause of their holy religion. Phelim left the command of their shattered clan and hopes to Raymond, while he repaired to Ulster to seek at the hands of O'Neill, the bosom friend and faithful ally of their butchered sire, some material aid that would enable them to strike a blow to avenge the base and bloody death to which he was subjected.

O'Neill received him with the utmost cordiality; he sincerely condoled with him on his sad loss, nor did he confine himself to that too-often worthless sympathy of the lips—no, O'Neill was far more practical. His sympathy took the tangible shape of three hundred and fifty tried warriors, good men and true, commanded by a nobleman of Leinster, Brian Riach O'Morra (O'Moore). These were given to Phelim, who was exhorted by O'Neill to make good use of them. He returned with them to the O'Byrne's country, and on his arrival there he proved to

O'Neill's comfort, his own satisfaction, and the utter consternation of the Saxon "land-grabbers," that those strong-handed sympathizers from Ulster were not thrown away upon him, as, aided by his own clan, they fell upon those who had taken possession of the estates of his father, and had no trouble in routing them out, as, after getting a taste of the quality of the stuff in store for them, they, after being thoroughly defeated in a few skirmishes, fled with their lives in their hands to the shelter of Dublin Castle.

After this Brian O'Morra determined to do a little campaigning on his own account; so to prevent his command getting rusty through inactivity, he marched his troops towards Lochgarra, in the County Wexford, pillaging the English everywhere he found them, and aided by four hundred Leinster auxiliaries, cut to pieces a large English force, sent out to intercept and defeat him.

After the death of the celebrated Rory O'More, who was slain in an engagement with the English, his two sons, Owen and Edmund, were placed under the protection of Phelim O'Byrne, who had them educated in a manner suitable to their birth and pretensions; and upon Owen attaining the age of twenty-one, he equipped him in good style, and sent him to Leix to support his rights in that quarter. His claims were at once acknowledged by the vassals of his father, and he was declared "The O'Moore," *i.e.*, the legitimate representative of the principality of Leix.

In 1599, as we are told by Camden, the affairs of Ireland had become most deplorable; rebellion was extending throughout the length and breadth of the island. "In rebellionem enim gens fere, universa proruperat." In fact, the English in Ulster were limited to the possession of a few strongholds, while a considerable portion of the Munster chieftains were up in arms.

The O'Byrnes, O'Tooles, O'Kavanaghs, Eustaces, O'Moores, and O'Connors, with others of the Leinster chieftains, had leagued with the MacGeoghegans and Terrels to support their rights.

The O'Ruarks, with some of the Burkes, and other powerful leaders

in Connaught, embraced the national cause, so that Elizabeth found herself upon the verge of losing all power and authority over the island. She had no longer any one capable of governing it. Marshal Bagenal had been killed; Richard Bingham, who had been sent over immediately to replace him, died soon after his arrival in Ireland. Norris, the governor of Munster, and St. Leger, the prefect of Leix, had perished by the avenging swords of the Irish Catholics. Lord Ormond was nominally commander of the queen's forces, but his ability as a general not corresponding with his loyalty, Elizabeth was obliged to consult her council upon the selection of a general more capable of suppressing the increasing disorders of the day.

Charles Blunt, Lord Baron Mountjoy, had been chosen by the majority of the council, when Richard, Earl of Essex, whose ambition was boundless, insinuated that Mountjoy was not a right or proper person to be empowered with such a command, he not having acquired sufficient experience in the art of war; his habits, moreover, being of too studious a nature. His lordship urged further, that it would be most advisable in the existing state of affairs in Ireland, to select a commander from amongst the richest of the nobility of England, one who had previously commanded an army, and who would be a favourite with the troops, thereby evidently bringing himself to notice as the fittest person for the office, and he was accordingly appointed Lord Lieutenant of Ireland.

Shortly after his arrival, the O'Byrnes and O'Tooles gained a signal victory over Sir Henry Harrington, whom Essex had appointed to the chief command, in the glens of Wicklow, at which defeat Essex was so exasperated that to punish the cowardice of the English troops who were engaged in it, he caused them to be decimated. We have shown in the History of the Clan O'Toole that when Essex himself personally engaged the Irish he fared little better at their hands, and the account of his downfall, recall, and death, are there recorded, and may prove of interest to our readers.

In the month of December, A.D. 1600, Lord Mountjoy, who had succeeded the Earl of Essex as lord deputy, entered the County Wicklow,

for the purpose of chastising the O'Byrnes and O'Tooles for the frequent incursions made by them upon the lands in the vicinity of Dublin.

After having vainly endeavoured to surprise Phelim O'Byrne in his own house, Mountjoy made prisoners of his wife and eldest son, devastated the country round, burning houses, granaries, etc., etc., and laying waste all before him. After garrisoning the towns of Tullagh and Wicklow, the lord deputy proceeded to Monastereven, subsequently to Trim and Mullingar, then to Athlone and Drogheda, from which latter place he took his departure for Dublin on the 26th of the following April, having previously ordered that troops should be marched to the several garrisons.

Upon his arrival in Dublin he received orders to invest Niall Garve O'Donnell with the principality of Tyrconnell, and Connor Roe MacGuire with that of Fermanagh, in preference to their duly constituted legitimate princes. Thus was Maguire recompensed for having made a prisoner of Cormac O'Neill, nephew of O'Neill, and the tanist of his clan.

This plan of establishing opposition or queen's chieftains in the clans was of more effect in ultimately promoting the queen's interests in Ireland than whole battalions of English soldiers could be. By supporting the interests of the collateral branches against the legitimate heads elected by their clans, the crown stirred up a division amongst them with respect to hereditary and elective rights to the chieftainship and property in land; and, to our sorrow and their disgrace, it must be acknowledged that some were found sufficiently cowardly and cringing to assist the crown in this disastrous policy. The queen's protégés were named the "Queen's Maguire," the "Queen's O'Donnell," etc., etc., to distinguish them from the legitimate chiefs.

The year 1603 is the time at which we fix the almost entire reduction of Ireland under the English yoke. A historian, in his remarks upon this subject, says:

"The English pride themselves upon the subjection of this kingdom, which was not effected until after four centuries of warfare, whilst they will not agree as to the conquest of England, the fate of which was decided in a single day at Hastings, by William the Conqueror." Do

they pretend that their consent was then a condition, without which the Duke of Normandy could not have reigned over them? It is this imagination which renders them more vain. The Irish had fought for their liberty, until the end of the reign of Elizabeth, their chiefs still had their troops in the field, they were awaiting fresh reinforcements from Spain, and only laid down their arms upon the terms of an advantageous capitulation. Such then is the pretended and much vaunted, so-called conquest of Ireland.

With regard to the immediate fortunes of the O'Byrnes, we quote here again the following communication from Lord Deputy Mountjoy to Sir George Carew. This is given already in the History of the Clan O'Toole, but as it equally effects the O'Byrnes we re-insert it:—

“Tradagh (Drogheda), 4th April, 1601. Phelim MacFeagh, having heard that others sped no better than he, and yet are desirous to come in, their countries being spoiled, seeing no hope to recover himself, hath made his submission to the Council of Dublin, and put in his pledges.”

“Phelim O'Toole of the Fartrie, and all thereabouts being now quiet, we shall have time the more freely to apply ourselves to the services of greater importance.”

No doubt Phelim adopted this course as a “dernier resort,” and also as being the most prudent one to take; no doubt he had his own mental reservations, and also hoped that when the present storm was lulled, he might be reinstated in his possessions. This time he was right in his surmises, as we find later on in the State Papers, that on the accession of James I, the following grant was made by royal letters to the O'Byrnes:—

“On the 25th March, 1604, Phelim O'Byrne, had granted to him, pursuant to the Privy Seal, dated 26th September, 1603, the towns and lands of Corballie, Ballinockin, Grenane, a moiety of Bally-Eustace, &c., &c., producing a rent of £100, payable by five tenants of said territory, Ranelagh, in money counted, or in cattle, at the selection of said tenants, in manner following: A good ox at 15s., a mutton at 2s., a hog at 4s. English—in lieu of divers Irish customs, callings, casualties, to the late Feagh MacHugh O'Byrne, belonging to said territory—all which were

the possessions of said Feagh, late of Ballinacor, slain in rebellion and under the King's lands, and right of the Crown."

We may well suppose that the brothers, who were now in possession of the patrimony of their father, were well satisfied to quietly enjoy the same, and to cultivate their paternal acres in peace. They had had enough of warfare, and by their manly and independent protest, maintained by their swords, had thus procured from King James, letters confirmatory of Elizabeth's grant to them of the estates held by their father. Naturally enough, they now longed for repose, and, trusting in the written word of two English monarchs, looked forward to the time when their children, and their children's children, would hold their inheritance safe, guarded by the Crown, in peace for ever.

And we must acknowledge, that so long as James lived they were not disturbed, although many attempts were made by his followers, who hungered after the estates of them and other outlawed Irish chieftains. The plantation of the six northern counties acted as a powerfully appetizing tonic on the land hunger of the needy Scotch and English adventurers, who hung around the council chambers at Whitehall, or the halls of Dublin Castle. The good luck of their friends in the North caused them to turn their anxious eyes upon, and set their greedy and covetous hearts longing for the possession of the estates of the Leinster chieftains as well.

There is not on record (and there is no lack of them) a more flagitious and diabolical scheme than that adopted for the purpose of ousting the brothers O'Byrne out of their properties. Begun in 1625, it was consummated in 1628, by the joint machinations of the renegade Lord Esmond and Sir William Parsons, who employed the most wicked devices and the basest means that the devil himself could inspire or suggest, to effect their purpose.

The official documents which we give in this sketch, anent this particular plot, will show that the exterminators of our own day, even the very worst of them, were angels of mercy when compared with the two execrable villains we have named above; and when we consider that the

O'Byrne's case may be taken as an index for what was occurring on the estates of many another Irish chieftain, we can form in our own minds a pretty correct opinion of the purity of the original source from which some of the landed proprietors of the present day deduce their sacred, inalienable rights to the soil, and who so loudly cry out robbery and communism if the rightful owners—the poor peasantry—the descendants of these same robbed and defrauded chieftains—have the hardihood to even demur against the starvation and exterminations to which they have been so long and so cruelly subjected. Well may they cry out :

“Tu quosque! Domine! Tu quosque.”

Although active operations were not openly carried on until James I. passed away, we have quite enough of proof to show that the scheme was “a-brewing,” as we find in the following State paper :—

February 20th, A.D. 1617.—“The king's warrant for a grant to Sir Patrick Maule. On request made on behalf of the freeholders of the Byrnes' country (Wicklow), the surrenders of their land have been accepted, and grants made in fee-farm (notwithstanding the royal title to many parcels of the land).

“As the inhabitants please themselves with their barbarous customs of tanistry and gavelkind, and their petty cavills impede the reducing of that country to that civility which other parts of that kingdom have embraced. We have thought good to quicken them to passe their lands, by demanding our right to their intrusions, concealed wardships, fines for alienations without licence, meane proffetts, releefs, summes of money for respite of homage. Sir Patrick Maule having offered to discover things of that nature in the O'Byrne country, and in Glencap in the O'Tooles' country, and to make the title of them good to us—‘three parts out of four’—all the benefit that shall be made thereof is bestowed on him. He further orders : ‘A grant to be made out to Sir P. Maule, and a warrant to be given to the Lord Chancellor to issue commissions, to inquire of the premises in the said territories, and to command that the Barons of the Exchequer, Bar, His Majesty's Counsel, and all the other officers and ministers are to assist Sir P. Maule, and before any letters patent be passed

of any lands in the said territories, the composition shall be first made by the possessors for their intrusions, after which the discharge may be given to the inhabitants."

Here we have an example of the anxious desires of the followers of the king to get the lands of the O'Tooles and O'Byrnes, and the intrigues and foul devices which they used in order to succeed in their unjust project. In the above they only pretended to take possession of the lands forfeited by the O'Byrnes and O'Tooles by the non-observance of the unjust laws, but this was a mere cloak, the thin end of the wedge, as subsequent events fully establish. We have here, too, pretty tangible proof of that vaunted purity of the unsullied ermine of the judicial bench, and how indignantly it is repudiated that they could at any time be guided or led by any Castle hints, but the impartial reader can glean sufficient from the "command to the Barons, Bar, and K.C.'s" of that day how they were supposed to act, and "verbum sap."

We find, further on, Lord Falkland, the new lord deputy, anxious to signalize his term of office, with repeating the Ulster plantation process in the O'Byrne and O'Toole country.

He is reported to have suggested to the Privy Council :

May 23rd, A.D. 1623.—"Not twenty miles from Dublin, the territories Ranelagh, Imayle, Glengap, Cosha, part of the Byrnes' country, Shillelagh and the Duffrys, should be transplanted as was Ulster;" and in order to have a pretext to act on, and authority for acting, we find him writing to one Conway in a short time afterwards.

He requests him to let his majesty "know that he is in pursuit of a dangerous conspiracy, which seems to have spread itself in Lower Leinster, as far as from the Wyndegates, in Wicklow, to Ross, in Wexford, about by the walls of Kilkenny, into the Townesend of Curlogh, amongst those four nations, as they term themselves—The Butlers, the Birnes, the Cavanaghs, and the Tooles.

"Of the Birnes, two of Phelim Macpheagh's sons are accused, the eldest and the youngest, Bryan and Tirlogh, the most civilly bred of all his sons. He has them both in Dublin Castle, and pregnant proofs

against them, though both of them stand stiffly to the denial, but that is no argument of their innocence."

Whether Sir Pat Maule and the lord deputy succeeded in their little plot to the acme of their nefarious designs, we cannot say, but one thing is certain, that the O'Byrnes were despoiled and robbed of their estates, and sent adrift on the world, as the following extract from Carte's * "Ormond" clearly proves:—

"One case in truth was very extraordinary, and contains in it such a scene of iniquity and cruelty that, considered in all its circumstances, it is scarce to be paralleled in the history of any age or country.

"Pheagh MacHugh O'Byrne, lord of the O'Byrnes' country, now called Ranelagh, in the County of Wicklow, having been killed in arms towards the latter end of the reign of Elizabeth, she, by her letters patent to Loftus and Gardiner, then lords justices, directed letters to be made out for Phelim MacPheagh to his eldest son, to leave to him and his heirs the countries and possessions of which his father died seized.

"King James coming to the crown not long after, and in the beginning of the reign gave the like directions for passing the said inheritance to Phelim. This Sir Richard Graham, an old officer of the army, endeavoured to obstruct, and in order thereunto sued out a commission, directed to Sir Wm. Parsons and others, to inquire into the said lands, and upon the inquisition they were found to be the inheritance of Pheagh MacHugh O'Byrne, father of Phelim, and were then in Phelim MacPhelim's possession.

"King James thereupon, by a second letter, directed that Ranelagh and all the lands whereof Phelim MacPheagh and Bryan, his son and heir, were then seized, should be passed to them and theirs by letters patent. In consequence whereof another office was taken, on which the lands were found as in the former. The first office was not yet filled, Sir Richard Graham having opposed it, and by his interest and the credit

* Carte was a distinguished divine of the Protestant Church, and therefore not likely to exaggerate in favour of the O'Byrnes. Had he any prejudices, we should expect them to tend to shield the English. See his "Life of Duke of Ormond," 1735-6.—Ed.

of a general book which he produced, he got the possession of part of Phelim's lands in virtue of a warrant from the lord deputy.

"Sir James Fitzpiers-Fitzgerald attempted likewise to get another part of them passed to him upon the like authority, but Bryan, the son in whose possession they were, complaining of it at the council table, Sir James's patent was stayed.

"Encouraged by this success, Bryan applied himself next to the king for redress against Sir Richard Graham, complaining that, contrary to his majesty's letters patent, part of his lands had been passed to the said Richard Graham. King James ordered the cause to be heard in the council board in Ireland and certificate to be made of the truth.

"At the hearing Sir Richard Graham alleged that the lands were the inheritance of certain freeholders, and not of Phelim nor his ancestors, and a commission was ordered for examining witnesses upon this fact. The council certified the king of their proceedings, and Sir Richard Graham, or an agent duly authorized by him, were required to repair into England. Sir Richard sent his son, William, who thought to get Bryan's appeal dismissed by the help of the Duke of Buckingham, and preferred a petition to the king, which the duke seconded. But the Duke of Richmond being present and knowing the case, acquainted his majesty with the true state of the matter.

"The king thereupon referred the hearing and determining of it to the two dukes, who appointed Sir Dudley Norton, Sir Francis Annesley, Sir Henry Bouchier, and Mr. Richard Hardress, one of the king's learned counsel for the affairs of Ireland, to hear the matter and certify the facts.

"When the case was heard before them, Sir William Parsons produced a book before them (a book written by himself); this was calculated to prove the lands in question to be the inheritance of freeholders, contrary to the office which had been found before Sir William himself and the other office which had been taken (as is said above) in virtue of the second letter of King James.

"The commissioners giving more credit to those offices than to Sir

William's book, Mr. Graham and he (Sir W.), seeing the matter was likely to go in favour of Phelim, started an objection, which effectually prevented a final determination of that suit. It was a far fetch indeed, and one that could not fail of success, for they undertook, with the assistance of Lord Esmonde and Redmond MacPheagh, to entitle the king to the lands, or the general part of them, and to prove that they were really vested in the crown. This immediately stopped proceedings on the part of the commissioners, who would give no sentence in the case where the crown was concerned, the right whereof they had no authority to determine.

“The propositions for the benefit and service of the prince are always favourably received, and a commission was early obtained, empowering Sir William Parsons and others to inquire of the said lands. Bryan acquainting the Duke of Richmond of this, his Grace wrote himself to the lord deputy, and engaged the king and council of England to send directions to him to stay the commission; notwithstanding which the commissioners went on with it, and an office was found that all the said lands were the inheritance of Pheagh MacHugh, Phelim's father, who died in rebellion.

“But as Queen Elizabeth had afterwards granted them to Phelim and his heirs, and the king had confirmed the same by his letters patent, the finding of this office need not have hindered the passing of them to Phelim and Bryan, who were by these letters entitled to Pheagh's whole inheritance.

“This, however, could not be obtained, the lands being intended to pass into other hands. Bryan acquainted the king with these proceedings and intentions, and got his majesty's letters to lord deputy and lord chancellor of Ireland, directing that none of the said lands should pass, by letters patent, lease, or otherwise, till the matter was heard at the council table in England.

“It happened unluckily for Bryan that the Duke of Buckingham had left for Spain before Sir Dudley Norton and the other commissioners

had made their report, and was so taken up after his return that he could not meet the Duke of Richmond to settle and decide the affair; but he had a much greater misfortune in the sudden death of Richmond, which happened soon after, and left Phelim and Bryan without a patron in the court of England.

“Their enemies soon turned this to their own advantage, and Sir William Parsons got the lord deputy’s warrant to the sheriff of Wicklow, to put him in possession of their lands. The sheriff accordingly gave Sir William possession of that part which Phelim enjoyed, but Bryan still kept the other part, which was in his own hands. Lord Esmonde thereupon sent for him, and would have him refer the matter to his decision, which Bryan declined, knowing that his lordship was a confederate of his adversary, as appeared afterwards, when that same lord and Sir William Parsons shared the lands between them. This refusal Lord Esmonde resented, and Sir William Parsons afterwards sued Bryan in the Exchequer for the lands of which he still retained possession, but his bill was dismissed. Lord Esmonde, however, persisted in troubling him for these very lands, but Bryan, maintaining his rights, he and his brother, Tyrleigh, were, by the practices of their adversaries, committed close prisoners to Dublin Castle on March 13th, 1625, upon the informations of Thomas Archer, Dermot M’Griffin, Cahir M’Edmond, MacArt, and Edmond Duffe, all three of the name of Kavanagh. This last had plundered one of Phelim’s tenant’s houses, and carried off the man’s wife and cows. Phelim being a justice of the peace and of the quorum, upon his tenant’s complaint, issued a warrant to apprehend Duffe, who fled first into Carlow, from thence into Kilkenny, where he was apprehended, and then, by way of revenge and to save his own life, accused Bryan and his brother, Tyrleigh.

“Archer did not so readily submit his evidence. He was first miserably tortured, put naked on a burning gridiron, and burned with gunpowder, and at last suffered the strapado until he was forced to accuse the two brothers, and then he obtained his pardon.

“Dermot M’Griffin and Cahir MacArt were afterwards executed at

Kilkenny, and declared at the hour of death that they had accused Bryan and Tyrllagh Byrne falsely.

“Such were the witnesses that deposed against them; yet, upon their information, two bills were preferred against them, and several grand juries in the County of Carlow, not finding the bills, were prosecuted in the star chamber and fined.

“The two brothers, however, were still kept close prisoners till the 20th August following, when Tyrllagh was enlarged on bail to appear in ten days’ warning, and Bryan was allowed the liberty of the prison. This still disabling him from taking care of his affairs, he petitioned the council, who, referring the matter to Lord Aungier and the Lord Chief Justice, Bryan was set at liberty on Christmas Eve, but bound to appear in court the first day of the next term. He appeared accordingly, and nothing was alleged against him, yet the Lord Chief Justice was for binding him over to the term following. Bryan opposed this, urging that it was the motion of his old adversaries, and intended only to keep him from following his business, and desired he might be bound over to appear in Michaelmas term, which would give him time to go to England and prosecute his affairs there.

“This was still thought too much liberty for a man to enjoy who was supported in his cause by two letters, which King Charles, by the advice of his Privy Council and Committee of Irish affairs, had sent over to the lord deputy for passing the lands of Phelim and his son; but the great person who got possession of them, still found means to prevent the effect of these letters.

“And therefore a new prosecution was set on foot, and Bryan and Tyrllagh, appearing on summons, were again, on November 2nd, 1627, committed close prisoners to the castle of Dublin, loaded with irons, without any diet from his Majesty, or leave for any friend to visit or relieve them, even in the presence of the constable or his son.

“This was done upon the information of Art Mac Cahir Kavanagh, who, being condemned at Carlow Assizes, was prevailed with to accuse the two brothers, but being afterwards executed there to his sentence, he

declared at his execution to the sheriff (Mr. Patrick Esmonde), Lord Esmonde's brother, that he had accused them falsely, and desired him to certify the deputy of it; their adversaries, however, resolved to go on, and involve the three other brothers, and their father Phelim, in the same common accusation of relieving and keeping company with one Murrough Baccagh Cavanagh, who had for his crimes been banished for seven years, and returning before the term expired, was killed in making resistance against those who attempted to arrest him for contempt in returning—but yet was under the king's protection—so that it was neither treason nor felony to speak to him, neither had Phelim nor his son ever known or seen the man; yet, this in defect of another, was to serve for the matter of their accusation; probably because it best suited the witnesses who were to be suborned, and being of a private nature was the less liable to be refuted.

“Phelim and his sons had been zealous in apprehending Brian Kavanagh (Murrough Baccagh's brother) and two others concerned with him in the murder of Mr. Ponte, for which they were executed, which rendered it not very likely that Phelim should correspond familiarly or criminally with Murrough—but naturally enough led people to think that the latter's relations might, out of a spirit of revenge, be the more easily drawn to swear anything that would do mischief to the former, especially when it would be the means of saving their own lives. Lord Esmonde had then in prison one of Murrough's nephews, who was with his uncle when he was killed and had been in rebellion.

“He (Lord Esmonde) sent this man to Dublin to accuse Phelim and his sons, which the threats of being hanged, and the promises of life and pardon, prevailed upon him to do. James MeElife, brother-in-law to Bryan Murrough Cavanagh, was made use of for the same purpose. One Notter, a notorious thief, had been prosecuted so hard by Phelim for stealing cows and five garrons from his tenants, that he was forced to fly the County Wicklow, where two indictments for those thefts were found against him; and being afterwards condemned for robbery in the North, he was sent back to Dublin to purchase his life by accusing Phelim and his sons, for which he was likewise rewarded with apparel and other necessaries.

Gerald MacFerderough, brother-in-law to Shane Bane (who, being in rebellion, was apprehended by Phelim's son, Hugh, and executed), had been at the last assizes prosecuted by Phelim, for robbing his house, and being put in irons in the Castle of Dublin for another crime which he confessed, was yet to join in due accusation. Edmond Duffe had been prosecuted by Mrs. Wolverton, Phelim's daughter, and condemned for burglary. He was afterwards carried to the gallows, and being ready to be turned off, promised to accuse Phelim, and was saved from execution. Lisagh Duff MacLoehlin, a common thief, had, at the Wicklow assizes, upon the prosecution of Luke Byrne, Phelim's nephew, been condemned for stealing a horse, but upon becoming an accuser, was set free.

"Such were the witnesses made use of in this affair, none of whom were produced in person, and yet it was resolved to find a bill against Phelim and his five sons, at Wicklow assizes, upon which (as the men could only speak Irish) their evidence was taken on Sir Henry Belling's and Mr. Graham's interpretation. The Lord Chief Justice, upon most of the cases, expressed doubts whether the jury could credit or not, upon which Sir Henry Belling pressed him to sign the bill, and said that he would undertake that the jury should find it.

"Proper means, indeed, were taken for it, and Lord Esmonde had got Piers Sexton, who had married his niece, and was a tenant to Sir Wm. Parsons, to be made High Sheriff for the job, although he had no such freehold as would by statute qualify him for that office. A grand jury was empanelled; Sir James Fitzpiers-Fitzgerald, a mortal enemy of Phelim and his family, and who had a promise of part of Phelim's estates, or an equivalent in lieu thereof, was foreman of the grand jury, though he had no land in the country. Sir Henry Belling, who had actually got possession of the said estates, was the second, most of the rest were not freeholders, and all of them were allied to, or dependent on, Lord Esmonde, Sir William Parsons, and others who had interests in Phelim's estates.

"'Tis no wonder that such a jury found a bill, which was followed two days after by the death of Phelim's wife, who expired of grief to see

her husband's and children's lives and fortunes put into such hands, and exposed to such imminent danger. She was buried in Wicklow, and her body dug up three days afterwards.

"Though the grand jury had found the bill, yet other witnesses were necessary for the trial of the parties, and Sir Henry Belling, who never stuck at any practice, however execrable, to carry his point, and William, son of Sir Richard Graham, who had got into possession of some of Phelim's estates of Cosh, undertook the finding of them.

"They were both of them Provost Marshals, and exerted all the power of their posts for that purpose. 'Tis almost incredible what a number of persons they took up and detained in prison for weeks and months together, soliciting them all the while with promises of reward, and threats of hardship, even of death itself, to accuse the gentlemen whose inheritance they wanted to seize. Some they put on the rack, others were tried and condemned by martial law, at a time when the courts of justice were sitting. Some of the latter, who were executed in Dublin, as Shane O'Toole, Lachlin O'Clary, Cahir Glasse (O'Toole), and his brother, declared at their death, in the hearing of thousands, that they were executed because they could not accuse Phelim and his sons; and similar declarations were made by others who suffered in the country.

"Some friends of the persecuted gentlemen, learning by how infamous and detestable methods their lives and estates were attacked, made application on their behalf to the king and council of England, with such success that a commission was sent over to inquire into the affair. The chief of these friends who thus interposed was Sir Francis Annesley, afterwards Lord Mount Norris; and this (as far as I can find) seems to me the only ground of imputation, laid upon him by a noble historian, of being an enemy to the deputies of Ireland, and attacking them for their administration as soon as they left the Government.

"The commission was directed to the Lord Primate of Ireland, the Lord Chancellor, the Archbishop of Dublin, the Lord Chief Justice, and Sir Anthony Savage, who sat on it day after day for a fortnight together, in the latter end of November and the beginning of December, 1628,

taking the depositions of a great number of witnesses ; wherein the truth of the above-mentioned circumstances of this prosecution fully appeared by the testimony of Mr. William Eustace, of Castlemartyr (father of Sir Maurice Eustace, afterwards Lord Chancellor), and other unexceptional persons. This restored the gentlemen to their liberty, though not to their estates, a considerable part whereof, particularly the Manor of Carrick, in the Ranelagh, which had been, during their imprisonment, passed to Sir William Parsons by a patent dated the 4th of August, 1628."

Comment upon this long extract from Carte would be superfluous. We would merely remind our readers to note well its source. This is not the venomd, bitter outpourings of one of the homeless O'Byrnes, smarting under his bitter wrongs, neither is it the language of a writer with Irish blood in his veins and warm Irish sympathies pulsating through his heart ; no, it is the cool, measured language of a clergyman of the new English faith, whose honesty of purpose cannot be doubted, and to whom all the greater credit is due for being able to rise superior to those prejudices of class and country that so sadly warp the minds and darken the judgment of his fellow-countrymen, when poor Ireland is the subject of their thoughts or the topic of their argument.

Apologizing for this digression, which the robbery and infamy, so concisely put by Carte, has extracted from us, we now take up the sad fortunes of Phelim and his five sons after their being snatched, as it were, from the jaws of an ignominious death.

By this patent Parsons and his corrupt confreres obtained what they long sought. True, it would have been far more congenial to the taste of Lord Esmonde and Sir William if Phelim and his five sons had been turned off the drop some fine morning from the scaffold of Dublin Castle ; there would be less chance of their ever turning up to trouble them again ; but, as it was, they had reason to feel grateful for the broad lands placed in their possession.

This wholesale robbery threw Phelim, in the evening of his life, together with his five sons and their families, landless and homeless on the broad waves of the world. Phelim did not survive it long ; the

weight of years and the accumulated misfortunes of his house were too many for him, and he died broken-hearted a short time after, in 1630, leaving his sons nothing but the bitter remembrance of his and their wrongs. The two eldest went to the Continent, where they took service in the army of Spain, returning to strike yet another blow for holy Ireland, when Owen Roe unfurled the green flag once again in the Catholic Rebellion of 1641. The other three remained at home, and settled down amongst their clansmen and friends as ordinary members of the farming class, having to share the same fate as their old allies, the O'Tooles, were driven to, by similar reprehensible measures, a short time before.

From these, as well as from the other children's children of Feagh MacHugh, many of the O'Byrnes of the present day are descended, while another lineal descendant of Feagh's was a Franciscan Friar.

We find by an inquisition, taken ten years after the O'Byrnes' property had been fraudulently passed to Parsons and others, *i.e.*, in the year 1638, at Wicklow, and now to be seen in the Rolls of Chancery, that "the O'Byrnes' country was found to consist of the Baronies of Newcastle, Arklow, and Ballinacor, and the territory of Shilelagh, in the County of Wicklow, and all of which adjoins the County of Wexford, nearly half the country on the seaside."

We have now little more to say of the Clan O'Byrne as warriors and chieftains; their power was broken and their estates in the hands of the hated stranger; the few holdings that they continued to possess in the reigns of James and Charles were wrested from them by the rapacious Cromwell, who, with a fiendish malevolence, put every one that offered the slightest resistance to the sword. Nor did the chivalry of his psalm-singing plunderers spare the old and feeble; the women and the children of the garrisons and towns, all fell victims to his wrath. And with brutal ferocity, those who were not actually caught with arms in their hands were exiled and transported as slaves, while their broad acres and domains were handed over to his hireling soldiery, the ancestors of a great many of those rack-renting landlords of our day, who so loudly

complain that the tenantry (descendants of the original owners) are even allowed to exist on the lands legitimately their own.

A full history of the Clan O'Byrne must be written by hands more competent than ours, and whoever undertakes it will find ample material in the "State Papers," in the "Records of Continental Armies," especially Mr. O'Callaghan's "Irish Brigade," in the "History of the Irish Civil Wars;" all going to show that the descendants of Feagh MacHugh O'Byrne, whether at home or abroad, on battle-field or in council chamber, were worthy inheritors of the fame and chivalry of their ancestors.

It is surpassingly strange that, notwithstanding all England did in the past to annihilate the Clan O'Byrne, they are still more numerous at home and abroad than any other Irish family; instances in the proof are, that at home, among their own lofty mountains and verdant valleys, they are able to return a Member of Parliament, and one of their own name, too, against the combined votes of every other name in the same constituency; while abroad, in the city of New York alone, there are upwards of five thousand of the name. In this respect their old allies, the O'Tooles, are not so numerous, and our readers will remember that we showed the reason why in these pages, as the O'Tooles, from their proximity to the Castle of Dublin, had, through all the earlier centuries of the Battles of the Pale, to stand the first, and therefore the heaviest, brunt of the English attack; and although they repaid all these polite attentions, and sometimes with usurous interest, their own ranks were being constantly decimated in the eternal struggle.

The O'Byrnes have never been backward in the several patriotic movements which have taken place in their country from time to time since they lost their property. When Ireland called they were always amongst those who answered: "Ready—ay, ready;" whether the movement involved a long pike and a bloody shroud in 1798, or the stoical indifference to Balfour's prison cell in 1888, they gave their aid to one as cheerfully as the other.

In the rebellion of 1798 their clan was well and nobly represented,

and in an especial manner by Billy Byrne of Ballymaunus, whose deeds are well known in connection with the history of that unhappy period, and who died, as many of his clan and kindred before him, a "traitor to the crown."

Again, in 1803, in the attempt made by Robert Emmet, the O'Byrnes were also well represented by young Anthony Byrne, of Hamilton Lodge, Rathdangan, who, as a captain with Michael Dwyer, led the Wicklow men across the mountains to aid Emmet in his intended rising and attack on the castle; but when, on their arrival at Rathfarnham, they found the attempt had been made before the time appointed, and turned out a fiasco, they immediately returned to their homes "till the storm is over."

The whole county of Wicklow was being well scoured by the military, living with, and billeted on, the respectable people of the district, until their exactions and the licentiousness of their conduct had again nearly ruined the people, and driven them to desperation.

A company of them, billeted on Hugh Byrne, of Hamilton Lodge,* Anthony's father, passing in and out every day, little suspected that under the flagstone at the door, over which they passed, was a complete suit of green belonging to Anthony, safely hid there, until an opportunity would arise of wearing it on the battle-field, at the head of his men, in the face of the English foe.

Many incidents are related by Dr. Madden, in his "Life of Captain Michael Dwyer," the outlaw chief of the Wicklow mountains, in which Anthony O'Byrne figures. One of them in particular, in which he saved Dwyer, is worth relating here.

Dwyer was to attend Mass at Kilamoate on the next Sunday morning. The yeomen came to know it, and resolved to be there themselves

* This was Hugh O'Byrne's residence since he was driven from Cornaun, on the brow of Kegeen Mountains (ante, 1798), where some of the family live still; namely, the descendants of Hugh's brother, Edward.

We also find that this same Cornaun was the residence of another Hugh O'Byrne (son of Phelim M'Pheagh), as it is given down in the outlawries of 1641.

for the purpose of arresting him. Accordingly, they arrived at the chapel while the divine ceremony was being celebrated, and so arranged their party as to guard all the doors and every possible means of exit.

Anthony Byrne at once saw into the desperate state of the case, and resolved by stratagem to baffle the yeos, and save Dwyer. He whispered Dwyer to remain quiet, and to hide himself amongst the congregation, particularly among the women, who all wore long, ample cloaks, the adopted dress of that day.

As soon as the congregation began to leave, Anthony and a few other young men were to feign an escape up the mountain, and when they should be half way up, the companions left behind for that purpose, watching them, as it were, with momentous anxiety, were to shout out : "There they go!" "There they are!" "There goes Dwyer first!" "More power, captain!" These, with loud shouts of joy at the apparent escape of Dwyer, so deceived the yeos that they started off in hot pursuit up the steep sides of Kegeen mountain. Anthony led them a gallant run, until, finding at length that the yeomen's horses were closing on them, they sat down and waited until they came up. Needless to say that, when the baffled yeomen found that Dwyer was not among them, and that they were, in modern parlance, "sold," their ejaculations were of a nature more vehement than prayer-like.

"Who are you, and what's your business?" demanded their leader in stentorian tones, to which Byrne made answer: "Anthony Byrne, of Hamilton Lodge; looking after our sheep, which have strayed away." "Yes; we understand," said the yeomen, and they came down the hill again.

In a rage at being so nicely duped; looking crest-fallen, discomfited, and chagrined, they returned to the chapel, not to find Captain Dwyer, who, we may be sure, availed himself of the first opportunity to escape from what must have been to him, though a safe, a rather undignified place of concealment.

The writer of these pages (some twenty years ago) happened to meet an old man from that part of Wicklow, named Tibbot O'Toole.

He was a remarkably fine old man, upwards of eighty years of age, of noble mien and majestic bearing; simple and humble as a child withal. We asked him if he knew Hugh Byrne, of Hamilton Lodge, Rathdangan?

"Indeed, I did," he replied; "and his sons, too. They were like Christian Brothers, they were so pious; and each of them used to play a different musical instrument, and were most entertaining. I also knew their sisters. Two of them were nuns in the world; and I remember," said he, "one of those sisters dying (oh! it was long before Boney's war), and all the young girls for miles round about the country came to the funeral, all dressed in white. They walked in procession, singing hymns, and carrying the coffin in a sheet covered with bouquets of flowers. Such a sight was not seen in the country since or before. They buried her in Cranerin, near where I lived.

"But you must know," added Tibbot, "that they were the real O'Byrnes; that they were the descendants of the great Feagh MacHugh; they lost their lands because they would not conform to Protestantism. Hugh's father was Anthony O'Byrne, who was nephew to Byrne of Ballymanus, and son of Hugh of Derrybawn, Seven Churches, in which latter place he was interred; his great-great-grandfather was Feagh Mac Hugh O'Byrne."

"But what became of Hugh's sons?" we inquired. "Well," answered our venerable informant, "John and Peter went to America, about twenty years ago, and their children, I am told, are well to do in one of the Western States, called Iowa; and Anthony, the patriot, he got married to a Miss Metcalf, of Old Mile, near Donard, which took place shortly after the rebellion, and when the troubles of '98 and Emmet's attempt in 1803, had somewhat subsided, in both of which he took a conspicuous part, particularly in the latter, in conjunction with the renowned Captain Michael Dwyer, he settled down, and carried on business in Donard, where he was very successful as a general merchant, and amassed a fortune for his children.

"But the brethren of Orange Donard (as it was then called) never had any liking for Anthony. Opposite his house of business lived a

gentleman named Heighenton, where the Orangemen used to meet, and occasionally amuse themselves with a little ball practice at Anthony's expense, by firing in through his windows; but no one was ever killed by these shots.

"His son-in-law, Denis O'Toole, soon put a stop to that game when he got married to his daughter, Anne, after the old man's death. All the other children died unmarried, and Anne fell in for nearly the whole of Anthony Byrne's wealth; and it was a similar case with her husband, whose brothers and sisters also died young, their fortunes falling to Denis, the only survivor of seven. Denis was the terror of the Orangemen of Donard, and never stopped till he silenced them, and drove many of them out of the town.

"He got into trouble himself in 1848, with O'Brien and Mitchel; and an old lady of the Heighenton's could not sleep for the fear of him, as he was supposed to be the intended leader of the people of that district when the rebellion would break out.

"His house was searched, and all the firearms found carried off, and Government issued a writ for his arrest, which was not put into execution after Smith O'Brien and the others were transported. However, it was still hanging over him, and might be put into execution at any time; therefore, his friends at home and the uncles of his wife in America, joined in advising him to leave the country for a while, and go out to them, where he could have freedom and plenty of land for nothing, or next to nothing.

"Accordingly, he gave up his farms, and left for America, where he intended to buy some lots, build houses and out-offices, and then return for his wife and children. But a Divine Providence had otherwise decreed. On the voyage up the Mississippi he took cholera, and died the same day, and was buried on the banks of that river, between Memphis and Cairo, thus leaving his wife, the last surviving child of Anthony O'Byrne, a widow. She, too, died in a few years after (1864), and was buried with her kindred, leaving a good family behind her, one of whom, I heard, became a clergyman. Some other time, kind sir, I will tell you

more about the country, and the old people that lived there, as I see you take an interest in them, and I like it myself, too."

Thus far Tibbot O'Toole. When next we saw him he was "in extremis," and we did what we could to smoothen his journey to heaven, to take his place, we trust, beside his kinsman, St. Lorcan. For further particulars see the "History of the Clan O'Toole and other Leinster Septs."

Having brought this sketch of the history of the Clan O'Byrne to a conclusion, it only remains for us, in order to give it some semblance of completeness, to refer the reader to the O'Byrne Pedigree, commencing with Faelan, king of Leinster, third son of Murcadh Mor, also king of Leinster, who was the common progenitor of the O'Tooles, O'Donohues of Leinster, and the O'Byrnes.

The O'Byrnes named their territory Hy Faelan, after their father, and took for their own name that of their grandfather, "Bran" (Bran Mut), which, anglicized, has become Byrne or Burn.

We give the two great branches, down to the great Catholic Confederate War of 1641, leaving to each family the option of tracing their respective families from either of these two great branches down to the present time, which many have already done, as may be seen in Mr. O'Hart's great work, "The Irish Pedigrees."

We are sorry to see the O'Byrnes have allowed so many strange Christian names in amongst them, such as William and Edward, &c., and that they do not generally use the patronymic "O," which they have a perfect right to; however, they have kept a firm grip of their lands, at least as tenants, which is, perhaps, more substantial.

Henry Grattan, in 1782, in speaking on the Declaration of Rights, says:—

"No history can produce an instance of men like you musing for years upon oppression, and then upon a determination of right, rescuing the land once yours," which has suggested the following poem:—

Breathe forth my soul in thrilling song,
Since fate may now decide,
If o'er our necks for ages long,
Our foe is still to ride ;
Or if, regardful of our sires,
We flaunt the flag they bore,
And trace upon its emerald fold,
The land we've had, the land we'll hold.

Land of O'Donnell and O'Neill !
Land of O'Byrne and O'Toole !
Where faith inspires with fervid zeal,
And love and beauty rule,
Ah ! surely God decreed it not
That thou should suckle slaves,
To cringe and starve, to die and rot,
In unremembered graves ;
Not so, since now in hosts enrolled,
We've pledged our oaths—the land to hold.

Dumb is the tongue, and deaf the ear,
That heedeth not that cry,
Which thrills the traitor's heart with fear,
And makes the dastard fly—
A cry that rends the helot's chains,
And bids the feudal lords,
Restore at once those broad domains.
Usurped by alien hordes,
For, doomed at length, their knell we've told,
In thundering tones—the land we'll hold.

The dawn has come—oh, glorious sight!
 Of freedom's opening day,
 And all the clouds of slavery's night,
 Affrighted, shrink away;
 While we, like Roman legions, stand,
 Defiant, proud, and strong;
 Impatient for our chief's command,
 To crush the powers of wrong.
 'Mid shouts o'er all the nations roll'd—
 The land we've won—the land we'll hold.

THE O'DONOHUES (OF LEINSTER).

THEY belong to the same common stem as the O'Tooles and O'Byrnes. By Murcadh Mor's will (A.D. 726) they were allotted Feracualan, which was afterwards known by the name of Ui Donchada, and comprised the present Co. Dublin and East Wicklow, from which they were driven by the English invasion to South Wicklow and the borders of Carlow and Wexford, where their descendants are now located. (See their pedigree.)

THE O'CAVANAGHS.

THE Kavanaghs belong to the same common stock. They have produced many noble and gallant warriors, as Donnell Spainach Kavanagh and Art Murrugh Kavanagh, whose history is well told by D'Arcy McGee. Their pedigree, which we annex, is an epitome of their history.



AN IRISH DRUID.

though outwardly he took no notice; yet, when he came home, he fell desperately sick, and was so oppressed with the weight of the discovery he had made, that he would admit of no remedy, and was reduced to the very brink of death.

His mother, sorely afflicted at this misfortune, applied for advice to an eminent Druid, who was a physician, in the neighbourhood. He, on visiting the youth, soon perceived that his distemper was not of a natural cause, and that his recovery was impossible unless he was disburthened of an important secret which lay heavy upon his mind. But even the remedy was as bad as the disease; for, if he divulged the secret, he was sure to lose his life. It was this miserable difficulty, and the apprehension of death either way, which was the true occasion of his illness. The Druid advised him to go to a neighbouring wood, and when he came to a meeting of four highways, to turn upon the right hand, and to whisper the secret to the first tree he came to. He followed exactly the advice of the Druid, and the first tree he met was a willow. He delivered himself of his secret, and found immediate ease; for he soon recovered from the distemper, which began to leave him on his return home.

Soon after this it happened that the harp of the king's musician, Craftine, was broken, and he came to this wood to cut down a tree proper to make him a new harp, and by chance he made choice of the willow to which the young haircutter had whispered the secret. The musician carried the tree home and made a harp out of it; but when it was strung and put in order, it would sound only one tune, the words of which, in Irish, were, "Da hluais chapuil ar Labhradh Loingseach," which is, in English, "Labhradh Loingseach has the ears of a horse!" This surprised the musician, and the fame of this wonderful instrument was carried over the whole kingdom. Others of the same profession attempted to touch it, but it always played the same tune, which so amazed the king, that he thought the hand of heaven was concerned therein, and that it was sent as a punishment to him for the number of men he had put to death lest they might divulge the secret. This reflection made so much impression on

his mind, that he repented of the barbarity he had formerly used, and openly exposed his long ears all his life afterwards.

Labradh Loingseach, after a long and prosperous reign, was slain about the year 3666, A.M., leaving after him his son, named—

63. *Oliolla Beaccan*, who was the father of—

64. *Aongus Ollan*, who was the seventy-third monarch of Ireland. He reigned eighteen years, and fell by the sword of Iaran Gleofathach, about the year 3698, A.M., leaving a son—

65. *Braessal*, who was the father of—

66. *Feargus Fortamhuil*. He was known by that name, because he was a prince of great strength of body, and brave beyond any of his time. He reigned twelve years, and was killed in battle by Aongus Tuirmeach, about the year 3773, A.M., leaving after him a son named—

67. *Feidhlim Fortruin*, who was the father of—

68. *Crimthann Cosgrach*, who was the eighty-fifth monarch of Ireland, and governed it for seven years. He was distinguished by that name, because he behaved with such bravery at the head of his army, that he was victorious in every battle he fought; the Irish word, "Cosgrach," signifying "slaughter" and "bloodshed." He was slain by Rogerus, the son of Sithrig, in the year 3850, A.M., leaving a son of the name of—

69. *Mogha Airt*, who was father of—

70. *Airt* or *Arturus*, the father of—

71. *Olioll*, the father of—

72. *Nuadad Falliodd*, father of—

73. *Ferragh Foglass*, who was father of—

74. *Olioll Glas*, father of—

75. *Fiacha Fobhrec*, the father of—

76. *Brassal Breac*, who had two sons, between whom he divided his country, viz., to his eldest son, Luy, who was ancestor of the kings, nobility, and gentry of Leinster, he gave all the territories east of the river Barbhra, or Barrow, to the sea, extending from Waterford to Drogheda; and to his other son, Conla, ancestor of the kings, nobility, and gentry of

Ossory, he gave the south-west part of the said river to the sea. His son—

77. *Luy*, succeeded him in the direct line. He was father of—

78. *Sedna*, who built the royal city of Rath Alinne (now Allen, in the County Kildare). He had a son named—

79. *Nugadh Neacht* (Neass), after whom the royal city or town of Naas is called. He was the ninety-sixth monarch of Ireland. This prince fell by the sword of Conaire, the son of Eidersgoil.

80. *Fergus Fairge* was his son. This Fergus had a brother named Baisegne, who was father of Sualtach, who was the father of Cubhall (Coole), who was the father of Fionn, commonly called Finn Mac Coole (Finn, the son of Coole, or the Hound of Imail, who was a great sportsman).

81. *Rossius* was the son of Fergus. He had a son named—

82. *Fionn File*, who was a poet, as his name denotes, the word "File," in Irish, signifying a poet. He left a son named—

83. *Connor Abrudhruadh*, who was the ninety-ninth king of Ireland. He reigned but one year. He was so called because the hair of his eyebrows was red; the word "abrudhruadh" signifying in Irish, "red eyebrows." He died in the year 4020, A.M., exactly twelve years before the birth of our Divine Redeemer, and left after him a son named—

84. *Modha Corb*, of whom history is almost silent. He in course of time died, and was succeeded by his son, Cucorb.

Here it will not be out of place to remark, that, about the time of this king's birth, a great revolution was attempted, the object of which was to overthrow the reigning kings and chiefs of the Milesian race. The attempt succeeded for a short time, but finally collapsed, and the old line of Milesian kings was restored to the thrones of their ancestors. The following is a concise account of the insidious and barbarous manner in which the revolution was effected:

The conspiracy was formed by the common people to overthrow the reigning monarch, to murder the nobility and gentry, and by this means to seize on the government. To accomplish this design, which was carried on with the utmost secrecy, they resolved to provide a most magnificent

entertainment, and to invite the kings, petty princes, nobility, and all the principal gentry of the country to the feast, which was to be celebrated at a place called Magh Cru, in the province of Conaght. When everything was prepared in great splendour and profusion, the Ard Righ, provincial kings, and the nobility and gentry of Erin were invited, who accepted the invitation to their own ruin. The feast continued for the space of nine days, with great display and grandeur, when the plebeians and the vilest scum of the people fell suddenly on their royal and noble guests, and murdered not only the kings and chiefs, but the nobility and gentry as well. Three of the queens escaped, however, and fled to Scotland, where, on their arrival, they gave birth to three sons, whose names were Tuathal Teachtmair, Tiobrude Tiroich, and Corbulan.

The confusion which arose out of this massacre so distressed the people that they were reduced to the utmost state of despondency; the fields lay untilled and unmanured, and a most dreadful famine followed; the natural result of the people having no encouragement to pursue their agricultural and other occupations. They then began to see, to their cost, that they had made a mistake in murdering their lawful kings and princes, and placing in power usurpers who tyrannized over them, and cared not for their welfare nor the welfare of their country. These were the effects of the usurpation which at last opened the eyes of the inhabitants, who began to inquire after the young princes, whom they were resolved to restore to their just rights. Accordingly, they sent over invitations to the royal princes to return to Erin and take possession of the thrones of their murdered fathers. The princes, unwilling to rely wholly upon the loyal tenders of the unsteady populace, would not accept of the invitation, unless they bound themselves by an oath of allegiance to continue in their obedience, which having willingly submitted to, the exiled princes returned into Ireland, where they were received by the general acclamation of the people. The tyrants were destroyed, the country was restored to its former state of plenty and happiness, and a final end was put to usurpation.

Here I may mention that *Tuathal Teachtmair* (anglice, *Toole the Prosperous*), one of the three princes above mentioned, and who, on his



Tuathal Tachmar (O'Toole the Legitimate and Prosperous), Monarch of Ireland from A.D. 59 to 109, from whom the O'Tooles derive their name.

return from Scotland, succeeded his father, the murdered monarch of Ireland, was the first who took the name of Tuathal, or Toole, and after whom the Ui Tuathil, or Clan O'Toole, immediately adopted it, when compelled to take one by Brian Boroihme, in the year A.D. 1001. Tuathal was their own kinsman, descended with them from the great Ugaine More. The same blood flowed through their veins; they had imbibed the same principles of honour and justice towards their fellow-man as were to be found in him; therefore, they thought well to adopt his honoured name. He received the name of Tuathal, or Toole, from the state of plenty and public prosperity which he settled over the whole kingdom, by his wisdom, his prudence, and his even-handed government. Tacitus speaks of this Tuathal in his "Life of Agricola." So, in like manner, does Livy, when speaking of the Roman occupation of Britain. It appears from these writers that Tuathal asked the assistance of the Roman general, then in Britain, to aid him in regaining the throne of his murdered father, Fiachadh Fionluidh, the 102nd monarch of Ireland; but Tuathal regained his father's throne without the aid of the Roman general, and was crowned 106th monarch of Ireland in the year of our Lord 76. He defeated his enemies in seventy-five pitched battles—twenty-five in Leinster, twenty-five in Conacht, and twenty-five in Munster. When he had fixed himself firmly in the government of the kingdom, he assembled the princes, chiefs, and nobility of Ireland around him at Tara, after the example of his royal predecessors, to consult with them on the future government of the kingdom. He reinstated the petty kings in the possession of their thrones, and the princes and chiefs in the lands of their murdered and expelled fathers, and formed a new province from portions of the other four provinces, which he assumed to himself, with paramount authority over all the other provinces. This arrangement continued up to the time of the English invasion of Ireland.

Tuathal built four great palaces. The last and the greatest was the palace of Temhair, or Tara, in which he and the succeeding monarchs of Ireland resided up to the sixth century.

It was this prince Tuathal that first laid the tribute on Leinster called

Boroimhe Laighean, or the tribute of Leinster, which was duly paid every second year, during the reign of forty monarchs after Tuathal, till Saint Moling, in the sixth century, obtained the remission of it. The reason of the imposition of this tribute was this :

THE KING OF LEINSTER AND TUATHAL'S DAUGHTERS.

In the time of Tuathal, the accepted king of Ireland, A.D. 130, the Leinster king, Eochaidh Aincean, son of Eochaidh Domleun, paid attention to Dairinne, the daughter of Tuathal. He was accepted by the king, and in due course was married to his daughter. Eochaidh brought his bride to his palace in Kildare, on the plain called Magh Luadhat. Harkening to the counsels of ill-disposed people, who were dissatisfied with his choice—they told him that he should have selected Fidere as his wife, in place of her sister Dairinne—the weak-minded king grew dissatisfied, and concealed his wife in an out-of-the-way place (supposed to be one of the prisons of Lug-na-Cuillagh), and came back to Tara, saying that Dairinne was dead, and asked to obtain her sister in marriage.

Tuathal gave him the second maiden, who, when she came to Leinster, learned the true state of affairs. Both sisters having met, and learning their mutual wrongs, were so filled with grief and shame, that they fell victims to their outraged feelings, and both fell dead clasped in each other's arms.

This melancholy accident is taken notice of by a very ancient poet in this manner :

“Two princesses, the daughters of Tuathal,
The fair Dairine and the lovely Fethir,
Fell by the lust of Eochaidh Aincean.
The virtuous died with guiltless shame,
And Dairine, overcome with grief,
Would not survive her sister's fate.”

The monarch Tuathal summoned his tributaries, upon learning the sad fate of his daughters. He invaded Leinster, A.D. 134, and gave up

to fire and sword Rathimil, or Garbthanach, the residence of Eoichadh. Naas, Allen, Mullaghmast, and Mullareelion were devastated, and burned in this war. Eoichadh himself was slain and decapitated, and his brother Erc placed over the men of Leinster, and an oppressive tax, called the "Boroimhe" or "Cow-tribute" was imposed on the province, which was levied every second year.

"As tribute for the death of the two princesses,
 And in revenge of Eochaidh,
 The men of Leinster were obliged to pay
 To Tuathal, and all the monarchs after him,
 Three score hundred of the fairest cows,
 And three score ounces of pure silver,
 And three score hundred mantles, richly woven,
 And three score hundred of the fattest hogs,
 And three score hundred of the largest sheep,
 And three score hundred cauldrons, strong and polished.
 This tribute was appointed to be sent:
 A third part to the inhabitants of Conacht,
 Another part to Oirgiall, and the rest
 To Jobh Neill."

This tribute was paid with extreme reluctance. Forty battles were waged in enforcing it, during the five centuries it continued to be exacted. It was remitted to the Lagenians A.D. 693, by the king of Ireland, Finnachtha Fledach (or the Festive), at the earnest entreaty of St. Molyng, of Hy Kinsellagh, who died Bishop of Ferns, A.D. 697.*

"To forty royal monarchs of the isle
 This heavy tribute was exactly paid,
 From the renowned Tuathal's restoration,
 To Finnachta's happy reign."

This monarch, Tuathal Teachtnar, was slain by his successor, Mal, son of Rughruidh.

* *Fide* Book of Leinster. Also O'Flaherty's *Ogygia*, chap. 56, page 305.

85. *Cucorb*, king of Leinster. He fought many battles, and was slain in the battle of Cliach, in Idrone, or Forth, by Fedlimidh Reachtmhar, son of Tuathal Teachtmar, king of Ireland (from the year 113 to 119, A.D.), and was buried on Mount Leinster. He was lamented by his wife, the celebrated Meadhbh Leith-dherg, or "Meave the half-bred," daughter of Conan of Cualan, in a beautiful poem preserved in the Book of Leinster, which is kept in the library of Trinity College, Dublin. This poem is so curious and ancient that I am induced to give it at full length here. It was recited by Meave over her husband's grave as a funeral oration. It runs thus, as translated from the Irish by O'Curry :

"Mocorb's son conceals renown.
 Well sheds his blood by his spears.
 A stone over his grave—'tis a pity—
 Who carried battle over Clu Mail.
 My noble king, he spoke not falsehood.
 His success was certain in every danger.
 As black as a raven was his brow.
 As white was his skin as the lime.
 Together we used to go on refectations.
 As high was his shield as a champion ;
 As long was his arm as an oar.
 The fork against the kings of Erin, sons of chiefs,
 He maintained his shield in every cause.
 Countless wolves he fed with his spear
 At the heels of our men in every battle.
 Seven battles fought he for his land.
 He swept over them like any razor.
 What battle of them—admirable the deed—
 At which he warded not off a hundred in every danger ?
 The three battles of the Finn Fail ;
 The battle of Ath-an-Scall, of the bloody field.
 The battle of Fossud—'twas the puissance of a hero—

Was fought by the chief of Mogh Maein.*
 The battle of Glaise Chriche he broke (gained).
 The man who had the deciding of battles.
 The battle of Bernas the Hound fought;
 His valour brought blood upon his spears.
 He defended by his arms his lands
 When he killed kings who were not weak.
 To conquer Gailian† he raised a contest.
 Alas! that destruction has come upon the son!"

During Cucorb's reign Mononius and the Munstermen made war on Leinster, in the year 90 A.D. and conquered the province as far as the Hill of Maistean, now Mullaghmast, in the County Kildare; but Cucorb having appointed Lugaid Laighis, a famous warrior, commander-in-chief of his army, defeated the Munstermen in two pitched battles, one at Athrodan, now Athy, and the other at Cainthine, on Mack Riada, now the Heath of Maryborough, in which the Leinstermen were victorious. Having routed the Mononians from the Hill of Maistean, across the River Bearbha (Barrow), they pursued the remnant of them as far as Slieve Dala Mountains, or Ballach Mor, in Ossory, now Borris-in-Ossory, in the Queen's County.

Being thus reinstated in his kingdom of Leinster, Cucorb, in gratitude to his general, Lugaid Laighis, through whose valour and good generalship the Munstermen were defeated, conferred on him a territory, which he named Loighise, or the seven districts of Laighis, now called "Leise" or "Leix," and hence Abbeyleix, the descendants of whom, in after-years, took the name of O'Moore, princes of Leix. Cucorb was succeeded by his son—

86. *Nia Corb*, who was a most valiant and warlike prince, the term "Nia" signifying a hero. His son was called—

87. *Cormac Gealthageath*, and succeeded him after his death. He

* Now Horetown or Macmayne, County Wexford.

† Another name for Leinster.

was a great general, and led the Irish army into Scotland, to assist the Picts and Scots against the Romans, who were commanded by Agricola. The battle with the Romans on the Grampian Hills, O'Halloran tells us, in his "History of Ireland," was fierce and bloody; but that the superior discipline of the Roman legions made it decisive in their favour. At his death he was succeeded by his son, named—

88. *Feidlimiah Fionirlaiss*, who was the father of—

89. *Cathair Mor*, or Charles the Great, or Charlemagne, from whom descended nearly all the kings of Leinster, down to the English invasion. He had brothers—Bithne Tachfada, and Maine Mal. From the latter came the Ui Tague (or O'Tighe), the Ui Ceallach (O'Kelly), and O'Cuallan.

From this Maine Mail* the large tract of country known by the name of Imail, in the present counties of Wicklow and Kildare, took its name. It was part of the patrimony of the Clan O'Toole, which extended from the present Hill of Allen, on the north, to Shillelagh on the south; and from the sea on the east to Castle Dermot on the west. It appears, from the history of Ireland (by O'Halloran), that immediately after the death of Feidlimidh, monarch of Ireland, son of the great Tuathal (Toole), the kings and princes of Erin assembled at Tara, and Cathair Mor, king of Leinster, was elected by them as monarch of Ireland.

To support his election, short as his reign was, we find him engaged in many bloody wars. In the third year of his administration, before he led his troops to the fatal battle of Moigh Acha, in Meath, he made his will, satisfied that he should not survive the day's encounter. Part of the heads of this curious will are quoted by Mr. O'Flaherty, from an authentic copy, and will be found more minutely detailed in the Book of Lecon. The heads of it, entire, are given below, not only as a piece of great antiquity, but as a proof of the riches and splendour of the kings

* For the descendants of Maine Mail see the Genealogical Pedigree attached to this History.

and kingdom of Ireland at even what may be termed the dawn of Christianity.

THE WILL OF CATHAIR MOR, A.D. 153.

To his beloved son, Rossa, called Failge, or, of the rings (from whom the Connors descend), he bequeaths his kingdom of Leinster, to which he adds ten shields, richly ornamented; ten swords with gold handles, ten gold cups, and wishes him a numerous and warlike posterity to govern Tara.

To his second son, Daire Barach, he bequeaths Tuath Laighean. (This certainly means the present Fingal and part of the county of Dublin.) He wishes him to become a successful hero, and always to rule the Gaileanglas (part of the ancient Belgœ). To this he adds one hundred and fifty spears, ornamented with silver; fifty swords, of exquisite workmanship; fifty rings of the purest gold, one hundred and fifty cloaks of rich manufacture, and seven military standards.

To the third son, Breasal, seven ships of burthen; fifty shields, richly ornamented with gold and silver; five swords with gold hilts, and five chariots with harness and horses. To these he adds the lands of the River Amergin, and charges him to watch over the old inhabitants, who will be otherwise troublesome to him.

To Cetach, the fourth son, he leaves no possessions, thinking it a pity to separate him from his brothers, though it were on free lands (saorfobra).

To Fergus Luascan, the fifth son, he left nothing, but his brothers assigned him ample possessions.

To Olioll, his sixth son, he left his backgammon-table and men, saying that the possession of neither lands nor towns would be of any use to him, as he never attended to any study but gaming.

To his son, Aongus, he gave nothing, but this defect was supplied by his brothers.

To Eochaidh Timhin he left his benediction only, wishing his posterity may adhere to their blood; and calls him "Treath-fear," or, "a weak man," for he was so much imposed on as to give away a tract of land, claimed as a promise in his sleep.

To his son, Crimthane the ninth, he leaves fifty brass balls, with brass maces to play with ; ten backgammon-tables of curious workmanship, and two chess tables ; and—

To his youngest son, Fiacha, the tenth, who was called “Baiceadh,” or, “The Lame,” and whom he praises for his bravery and spirit, and for the universal love he gained, he leaves the country about Wexford. He recommends him to support his brothers, and bequeaths him, besides, fifty large vessels made of yew, fifty drinking cups, and fifty pied horses with brass bits.

To his nephew, Tuathal (Toole), he gives ten chariots, with horses and harness ; five pairs of backgammon-tables, five chess-boards, with ivory men ; thirty shields, embossed with gold ; and fifty swords, highly polished.

To Mogh Chorb one hundred black and white cows, with their calves, coupled two and two with brass yokes ; one hundred shields, one hundred javelins, coloured red ; one hundred polished spears, fifty saffron-coloured cloaks, one hundred horses of different colours, one hundred gold pins for cloaks, one hundred goblets, elegantly finished ; one hundred large vats, made of yew ; fifty chariots, curiously finished, ten of which were of exquisite workmanship ; fifty chess-tables fifty playing-tables, of different kinds ; fifty trumpets, fifty standards, fifty copper cauldrons ; with the privilege of being a privy councillor to the king of Leinster.

To the Prince of Leis he left one hundred cows, one hundred shields, one hundred spears, one hundred swords, and seven spotted ensigns.

As he himself had foretold, Cathair Mor was slain in this battle, and his army routed.

He had thirty sons, as an old poet gives us to understand in this manner :

“Descended from King Cathair Mor
Were thirty, most renowned in arms,
Most comely personages, and heroes all.”

Yet we are assured that twenty of these princes died and left no issue behind them. The remaining ten married and had many children. Amongst these ten was the youngest son—

90. Fiacha, called "Baicheadh," or, "the Lame," on account of a wound he received in the battle of Moigh Acha, where his father was slain. It is certain, says Keating, that this Fiachadh, though the youngest, is, in many books of genealogies, put before the other nine sons of Cathair Mor who survived; and for this reason, because the province of Leinster was governed by more kings of his posterity than by that of any of his brothers. From him are descended the princely families of Mac Murchadha Caomhanach (Mac Morough Cavanagh), kings of Leinster; of the O'Broin (O'Byrne), who were kings of Leinster. Also from him descended the Ui Tuathal (O'Toole), kings of Leinster and chieftains of Imayle and Ferculan; and O'Donohoe of Leinster. He was a noble and valiant prince, and, after having fought many battles and extended his kingdom, he died, and was succeeded by his son—

91. Bresal Belach, who, in course of time, was succeeded by his son—

92. Enna Nia, a bold and valiant warrior, as his name signifies. He, in turn, was succeeded by his son—

93. Dunlang, king of Leinster. He had eight sons: Eochaid Fergus (a quo Sil Fergusa, between the river Liffey and Ferculan, in the present county of Wicklow), Dubtach, Lethaery, Angus, Delmead, Muinech, and a daughter named Eithne, who was fostered at Dun Buichet (now Dunboyke, Co. Wicklow) by Buichet Bruigh, the famous herdsman, who was accustomed to entertain the nobility and gentry of Leinster coming to Poul-a-fuca on pleasure parties, who, having wasted all his wealth in entertainments, left the country secretly and by night, taking with him only his wife and his foster-child, Eithne, the king's daughter, and retired to a lonely place, in a wood, in Meath, near Tara, where he lived alone, attended by his foster-child, who served him most faithfully, until one day young King Cormac, passing by the way, observed the young Eithne, admired her beauty, and, having made inquiries concerning her, found

she was the daughter of Dunlang, king of Leinster. He sought her hand in marriage, and was accepted, and she became the wife of King Cormac, and mother of the famous Cairbre Liffeachair, who was monarch of Ireland for twenty-seven years.

It was Dunlang, king of Leinster, who slew the thirty royal maidens at Clonfearta, at Tara, with their waiting-maids. In revenge for this dreadful deed, King Cormac put to death twelve of the Leinster princes, and exacted Boromhe tribute, with an increase after King Tuathal. He was succeeded by his son—

94. Oiloll. Of him and of his son—

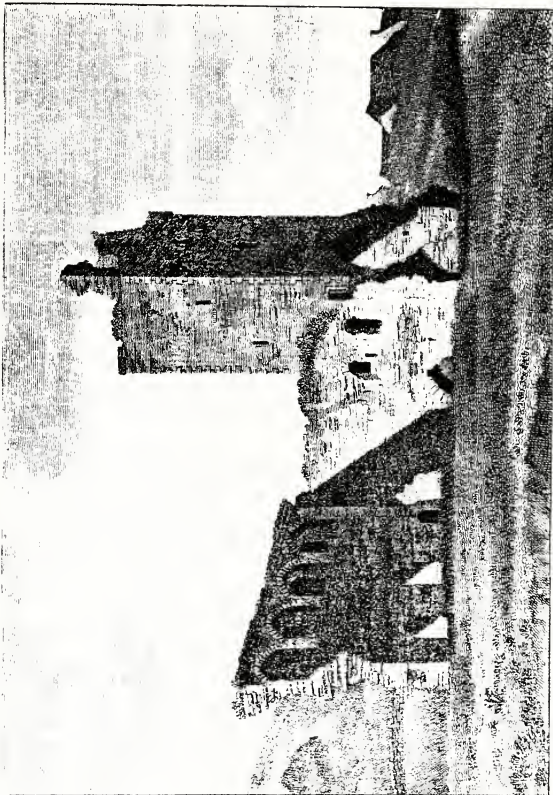
95. Faelan, history says very little. Faelan had a brother, named Cairpre, whose son, Eochaidh, was slain in the year A.D. 476. Faelan left after him a son, named after his grandfather—

96. Dunlang, who, like his predecessor, was elected king of Leinster. He married Cuach, daughter of Chailbadh, son of Bloit, of Shillelah, in the present County of Wicklow. By her he had three sons, two of whom became in course of time kings of Leinster. He died about the year 460 A.D., and was buried at Mullaghmast, County Kildare. His descendants, the O'Dowlings, are numerous, and inherit in fee some of the estates of their forefather, Dunlang, near Shillelagh, County Wicklow.

THE CONVERSION OF THE CLAN O'TOOLE AND THE OTHER LEINSTER SEPTS
TO CHRISTIANITY BY ST. PATRICK.

After Dunlang's death his whole family were converted to the faith by St. Patrick, which blessing his descendants, the O'Tooles, retain to the present day, and hope to preserve to the end of time, by the grace of God, the prayers of St. Patrick, and the protection of their patriotic and holy patron, their own Saint, Lorcan O'Toole, of whom, further on, special mention shall be made. Dunlang was succeeded in the throne of North Leinster by his eldest son—

97. Iollian, the first Christian king of Leinster, was baptised by Saint Patrick at Naas about the year A.D. 460, along with his brother, Oilill and other members of his family.



Naas Abbey, Co. Kildare.

An incident here occurred, as related in the "Life of St. Patrick," which may be interesting to the reader. When St. Patrick was on his way to baptise the sons of Dunlang at their palace at Naas, while passing through the city, a group of idle men standing at the corner of a street, perceiving his chariot approach, and having heard of the saint's wonderful reputation for working miracles, resolved to play a joke on him. Accordingly, one of them purposely dropped down as if dead, whilst the others stopped the chariot and besought him to raise the dead man to life. The saint, perceiving their insincerity, passed on, merely saying, "The man is really dead;" which turned out to be so, to the horror and fear of these wicked men, who afterwards became converted to the faith, as well as the young princes and all the people of Leinster.

Their good example had a salutary effect upon the Leinster people, who soon hearkened to the preaching of Saint Patrick, and, following the good precedent set them by their king, they flocked round the standard of Christianity in large numbers. He died about the year A.D. 506, and was buried at St. Bridget's Church. Iollian lived 120 years, and was succeeded by his brother—

98. Oilill, a valiant warrior and virtuous man, who was present at the battle of Cill Osnach, fought at Maigh Fea, in the County Carlow, four miles eastward of Leithlin. In this battle Aongus the son of Nafraoch, who had been king of Munster thirty-six years, lost his life, as a poet of sufficient credit informs us in the following lines :

"The martial prince Aongus, son of Nadfraoch,
Fought in Cill Osnach's bloody field, and fell
By the victorious sword of Oilill, son of Dunlaing."

Of King Oilill it is stated in the second life of St. Bridget, published by Colgan, that after his death the nephews, or race of "Niall of the Nine Hostages," led an army into Leinster, and proceeded to devastate the whole province. The Lagenians, placing the body of their king, who had just died, on a chariot, marched against them and defeated them with

great slaughter. Oilill died A.D. 526, and was buried in the Church of Saint Bridget in Kildare. Iollian left two sons, named—

99. Ntaidboidh and Muredach.

100. Bruighde, son of Ntaidboidh, was the father of three sons :

101. Muiredeach, Ainmire, and Eoghan.

Ainmire's son was Colman, who became abbot of Glendalough,* and died on the 12th December, A.D. 639, and is buried there. Eoghau's son, whose name was Aedh, or Aedan M'ac Ui Dunlaing, of Glendalough, became bishop of Glendalough about the year 598. Muiredeach's son was—

102. Bran Dubh, king of Leinster. He lived at Rathbrau, near Stratford, in County Wicklow, and at Ferns, Co. Wexford.

To Bran Dubh's reign properly belongs the account of the battle of Dunbolg. The occurrence that led up to this battle is as follows :

“ Camuscach, son of the king of Ireland, was guilty of some very wicked and improper conduct, for which Bran Dubh, king of Leinster, was resolved to have revenge ; so he set fire to the house in which the young libertine was. Camuscach, dressing himself in the clothes of one of the satirical poets, climbed to the ridge-pole of the house, and, making his way out, escaped the flames, and fled to Monaidh Cumuscaigh, at the end of the green of Cill Rannairech, now Kilranelagh, where Loichine Loun Erenagh of that church, and of the family of O'Lonain, discovering who he was, cut off his head, and carried it to Rath-Bran-Dubh, where he presented it to the king of Leinster, who for this signal service granted perpetual exemption from custom, or tribute to the Church of Cill-Rannaisech.†

THE BATTLE OF DUNBOLG—I.E., FORT OF THE SACKS.

This place is described in the historical tract called the “Boroimhe Laghean,” as situated to the south-east of Dun Bachat (now Dumboyke)

* See Colgan's MSS. † Notes—Four Masters, p. 29.

near Hollywood, in the County Wicklow, not far from the church called Kilbalet, near Donard, in same county. The following is a brief account of the battle of Dun Bolg, as given with varieties most curious in this ancient historical story :

“ When the monarch Aedh, the son of Aenmire, heard at his palace of Ailech, in Ulster, that his son Camuseach had been killed at Dun Buchat, he assembled his Liath Chiunn, and marched at their head to the River Righ, on the confines of Meath and Leinster, and proceeded then directly to the place where his son had been killed, and pitched his camp at Baeth-Eabha, close to Dun-Bolg. When Bran Dubh, king of Leinster, who was staying at a place called Scadhain, in the south of Uí Ceamsealargh, heard of the monarch's arrival with his army at the Rígh, he marched northwards for his principal fort of Rath-Bran-Dubhe, now Rathbran, near Bealach-Cenglais (now Baltinglass), and passed over to Monteath, Muinchin Daimnha (the deeps) Etar, Ard-Cholliah, and Ard-na-Brestha, and, crossing the River Slaine (Slaney), proceeded over the land of Fe to Bealach-Dubthaire, or Baltinglass Hill. Here he was met by Bishop Aidan, the monarch's half-brother, who informed him that the monarch of Ireland had pitched his camp near Dun-Bolg.

“ Bran Dubh despatched him thither to request an armistice from the monarch until he should muster his forces, when he would either come upon terms of peace or give him battle. The bishop went on this embassy, but the king refused to comply with the request, and addressed the bishop in insulting language, which the latter resented by predicting his doom. The monarch then marched with his forces to Bealach-Dun-Bolg, which evidently extended along Hollywood Glen, and over the great flat rocky surface called Lec Connaich-cuimh (Flag of Broken Bones), and onward through Bearnna-na-Sciath (Gap of Shields) at Kilbelat, where he pitched a fortified camp in a strong position.

“ Bishop Aidan returned to Bran Dubh, and informed him that the monarch of Ireland was encamped in Kilbelat, and that he had treated him with indignity. The king of Leinster then asked the bishop what was best to be done, and the bishop advised him to have recourse to

stratagem, which he planned for him, and which ultimately proved successful. Bran Dubh and the bishop then set out to reconnoitre the royal camp, and they arrived, accompanied by one hundred and twenty heroes, on the side of Sliabh Nechtain, a mountain, which then received the name of Sliabh Cadaigh, now Church Mountain, and they perceived what appeared to them to be a numerous flock of birds of various colours hovering over the camp. These they soon recognised to be the standards and ensigns of the Ui Neill, floating from spears and poles over their tents and pavilions; and the bishop, after encouraging the king of Leinster and his attendants by recounting the mighty deeds achieved by their ancestors, departed for his church.

“After this Bran Dubh saw a great multitude of people on the mountain of Sliabh Nechtain, near him, and, being reinforced by his household and some of the men of Leinster, who were now flocking to his assistance from every quarter, he surrounded the multitude and took them prisoners. These were the men of Ulidia, with their king, Diarmid, son of Aedh Noin, who, being the hereditary enemies of the race of Conn-ced-Catha, were glad to desert to the enemy, and they formed a solemn treaty of friendship with the Leinstermen, in commemoration of which they erected a cairn on the mountain, and changed its name from Sliabh Nechtain (Nechtains Mountain) to Sliabh Cadaigh (Mountain of the Covenant), which name it retains to this day, but is better known by the peasantry as Church Mountain, from a church erected here by St. Kevia, though somewhat disguised under the name of Slieve Gadaigh.

“Then Bran Dubh told the Ulidians to separate from the monarch, and they retired to the insulated piece of land, ever since called Innis Uladha (*i.e.*), Island of the Ulidians. After this the king of Leinster asked: ‘Who would go to spy the camp of the monarch of Ireland?’ and Ron-Kerr, son of the chief of Imail, undertook the difficult task in the garb of a leper. He rubbed his body and face all over with rye-dough, moistened with the blood of a calf, fixed his knee into a socket of a wooden leg, which he borrowed from a cripple, and put on an ample cloak, under which he concealed his sword, and, to complete the deception, he carried

with him a begging wallet. In this plight he repaired to the royal camp, and presented himself at the door of the monarch's pavilion. He was asked for tidings, and he replied, 'I came from Kilbelat this morning; I went to the camp of the Leinstermen, and in my absence some persons (certainly not Leinstermen) came and destroyed my cottage and my church, and broke my quern and my spade.' The king himself made answer that should he himself survive the expedition, he would give him twenty milch cows as 'Eric,' or reparation for the injury, and invited the leper into his pavilion, asking him what the Leinstermen were doing? The leper disguising his manly voice, and martial expression of eye and features, as much as he could, said, that they were preparing victuals for the monarch, and his army.

"The monarch, however, suspecting from the eye of Ron-Kerr, that he was not a real leper, but a warrior sent in disguise to spy the camp, despatched Dubhduin, chief of Oirghialla with the force of his territory to Bun-Aiffe (Bunff) and Comaidhabhall, to prevent the men of Leinster from surprising the camp. Now Bran Dubh had all things arranged for the stratagem which Bp. Aidan had planned. He had three thousand six hundred oxen carrying hampers, in which armed soldiers were concealed, though they seemed to be filled with provisions. He had also one hundred and fifty untamed horses for a purpose which will presently appear, and a large candle, the light of which was concealed under the regal chaldron. With these he set out in the depth of the night for the monarch's camp. When the Oirghialla who were posted on Bun Aife, heard the din and tumult of this host, the neighing of horses, and the lowing of the loaded oxen, they started to arms, and asked, 'Who are the party advancing?' The others made answer that they were 'Calones' of Leinster, who were conveying victuals for the entertainment of the people of the king of Ireland. The Oirghialla, on examining the tops of the hampers, felt the dressed provisions, and their king, Dubhduin (or Beg Mac-Cuanach), said: 'They are telling the truth; let them pass.'

"The Leinstermen advanced to the centre of the monarch's camp, and there on a hill, called ever since 'Candle Hill,' they removed the

king's chaldron off the great candle, and its light was seen far and wide. They were followed by the Oirghialla, who wished to partake of the king of Leinster's hospitality. 'What great light is this we see?' said the monarch to the leper, to which the leper replied: 'The Leinstermen have arrived with their provisions, and this is their light.' The stratagem was now effected. Small bags filled with stones were fastened to the tails of the wild horses, which were let loose among the tents of the men of Ireland. The oxen were disencumbered of their burdens, and the Leinster soldiers, issuing from the hampers, grasped their swords, raised their shields, and prepared for fighting. The leper also cast off his wooden leg, and handled his sword.

"The Kinell-Conall and Kinell-Owen, perceiving the camp was surprised, sprang up, and forming a rampart of spears and shields around the monarch, conveyed him on his steed to Bearna-na-Sciath. The quondam leper, Ron-Kerr, pursued the monarch with a select party of Leinstermen, and after much desperate fighting, unhorsed him and cut off his head on the first rock, called Lee-Comiagh-Conamh. He emptied the wallet of the crumbs he had got in the royal pavilion, and put into it the head of the monarch. He then passed unobserved in the darkness of the night from the confused fight which ensued, into the wild recesses of the mountain, where he remained till the morning. The Leinstermen routed the Ui Neill and the Oirghialla with great carnage, and slew, among others, Beg, the son of Cuanach, chief of Oirghialla. On the following day, Ron-Kerr, son of Dubhanach, chief of Imaille, presented Bran Dubh with the head of the monarch, Aedh, son of Ainmirc, and he obtained from the king the privilege of dining at the royal table, and his paternal inheritance to be free of tribute, to him and his representatives for ever." Shortly after, Bran Dubh, having abdicated the throne, retired to a monastery, and became Bishop and Abbot of Kildare. He died without issue, and in the odour of sanctity, about A.D. 600.

In the very ancient Life of St. Aidan, or Hardocus, published by Colgan, at 31st January, we find the following passage, which very curiously agrees with this historical tale:

ORIGINAL.

Iste (Bran Dubh) vir astutissimus et valde probus in militia erat, et agens astute, intravit audaciter in castra inimicorum, et occidit ipsum regem Hiberniæ, Aedum filium Ainmirech, et maximam caedem nobilium virorum totius Hiberniæ cum eo fecit.

TRIAS THAUM.

p. 211.

TRANSLATION.

This (Bran Dubh) was a man most shrewd and expert in warfare, and acting cunningly, he boldly entered the enemy's camp, and slew Aidan, son of Ainmirech, monarch of Ireland, and effected the greatest slaughter of all the Irish nobles with him.

The "Annals of Ulster" record the Battle of Dunbolg, under the year A.D. 597, and the "Annals of Tighernach" under 598, which last is the true year.

Ussher states that after the fall of Aedh I., son of Ainmire, king of Ireland, in the battle of Dunbolg, Bran Dubh, king of Leinster, is said to have bestowed his seat at Ferns upon Bishop Aidan; also, that he made it the metropolis of all Leinster.—*Primordia*, p. 965.

And *vide* Notes to "Annals of Four Masters," under the year A.D. 593.

With Bran Dubh, this branch of the O'Tooles appears to have died out, and in order to come in again on the direct line, we must go back to Oilloll, second son of Dunlaing, king of Leinster, in A.D. 460, and No. 98 on the stem.

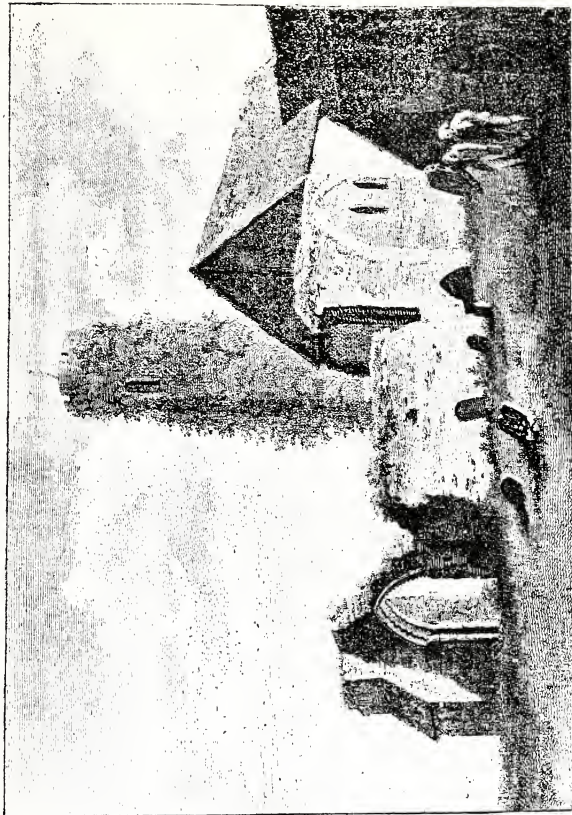
This Oilloll succeeded his brother Iollian on the throne of Leinster in the year 506. He was baptized by St. Patrick, at Naas, in the year 460; and in the year 480 he fought at the battle of Ocha, where Oilloll Molt, monarch of Ireland, was slain. He left after him four sons, namely,—(1) Cairpre; (2) Cormac, who was king of Leinster nine years, after which time he abdicated and became a monk, A.D. 567; (3) Feidlim; and (4) Hugain, both of whom were baptized by St. Patrick, at

Naas. They resided at Cill-n-ans-Ingan, Killanane, and Tubberogan, near Dunlavin.

104. *Cormac*, the second son, succeeded him on the throne of Leinster. Previous to his putting aside the crown for the monk's cowl, he had been married, and had five sons, whose names were—(1) Cairpre, who succeeded him on the throne of Leinster; (2) Feidlimidh, who was the father of Cormac, who lived at Tullac, now Tully, County Kildare; (3) Iolladain, priest of Iolladoin, now called Castle Dillon, and also of Achad Finnech, or Kilnamanagh, near Tallaght. The fourth son was Eithne of Tullac-mic-Feidlimidhe, or Tullge Cormac, now Tullow, County Carlow. The fifth son was Derchartain, of Ulachter Ard, near Lyons, County Kildare.

105. *Cairpre Dubh*, the second son of King Cormac, succeeded his father on the throne of Leinster, and reigned eleven years. He died in the year 546, leaving after him seven sons, namely—(1) Muinchain (*a quo* Mainchin, between Cinelnacha and the Liffey); (2) Cillen Mor (*a quo* Ui Nemri in Uachter Fini (Oughteranny). See 96, c., Firbis, p. 233; (3) Cellen Bee (*a quo* Sil-Aedha-Croin; (4) Colman, king of Leinster for thirty years; (5) Coman, who became a bishop; (6) Sodealbh; and (7) Cumaine. So early as the sixth century, the daughters of the Clan O'Toole devoted themselves to the religious life at Kilnais, called "Inghena Baithe," or "Daughters of Ardent Charity," now Donabate.

Well may the O'Tooles be proud of their ancestors, both as churchmen and warriors. In every battle their warriors signalized themselves for their valour, and generally came off victorious; and, although they were not elected to the supreme monarchy of Ireland since the time of Cathair Mor, yet they retained within their clan the crown of the kingdom of Leinster till the eleventh century. As churchmen, they were not excelled by any other clan. The moment the Gospel was preached to them by Saints Palladius and Patrick, they received it cordially, and became most ardent Christians; and we see them at this period of their history supplying priests and bishops to the Church, building monasteries throughout their kingdom, richly endowing them with lands and money, and supplying



The Castle, Church, and Round Tower of Castleternon, Co. Kildare.

Were founded and built by the OT Tooles shortly after their conversion to Christianity by St. Patrick. Tradition says, that St. Dermot had a Church, or rather a Monastic Cell, here in the year 500; his festival is celebrated as the patron on the 21st of June. The place was at first called Discart Diarmada, and after, for many years, Tristoleonnet. Here Cormick, Mac-Cullennan, the King's bishop of Cashel, received his education, and was informed after the great battle of Ballymoo, at which he was killed, in 1388. About this time, it is probable, the round tower was erected, and some ages after the old church. Tradition reports that one of the crosses in the cemetery was covered with the tower. (See those's Irish Antiquities, 1792.)

them with abbots and monks from their clan. Indeed, so numerous were the vocations to the religious life among the Clan O'Toole, that many branches of it died out. And was it not better that they should die in the monastery than on the battlefield, as so many of their ancestors died in the days of the pre-Christian era. Nevertheless, when called on by their chieftains to repel the enemy and defend their kingdom, they were as fearless and valiant upon the battlefield as they were pious and saintly in the cloister; and one reason that they are so comparatively few at the present day is, that when either religion or country called upon them, they were no laggards, and their blood was too freely poured out on many a battlefield in defence of both—at one time in repelling the incursions of neighbouring chieftains, at another, warding off the attacks of the Danes, whom they kept at bay for two centuries; and finally the English, the worst of all, who endeavoured to rob them, not only of their country but also of their precious faith. Against this last enemy they held out for four hundred years, never submitting to the Saxon foe till at last, overwhelmingly outnumbered, decimated, and exhausted, they were compelled to lay down their arms. But when those evil days came upon them they never wavered in their adherence to their holy faith, as implanted in their hearts by Saint Patrick. They preferred to follow their Divine Master in His poverty and sufferings, rather than yield that precious inheritance, without which there is no salvation. Of these trying and gloomy periods there will be occasion to write more at large in the future pages of their history.

106. *Colman*, the fourth son of Cairpre, king of Leinster, succeeded his father in the year of our Lord 546, on the throne of that then prosperous kingdom. Prosperous in every sense of the word. Peace and plenty prevailed throughout, from the River Barrow to the Irish Sea, and from the Hill of Allen to Shillelagh. All over the kingdom monasteries and schools, both for males and females, were to be found. Glendalough, Kildare, and Tallaght, not only flourished, but were crowded with students, not alone of Ireland, but from other countries as well, so that Ireland, which, along with the kingdom of Leinster, had in the use of arms, and the pursuit of conquest, previously earned the name of "Island of

Heroes," had now, for its devoted piety justly earned the title of "Island of Saints and Scholars."

There can be very little doubt that it was this King Colman who gave Glendalough to Saint Kevin, as he was the king of Leinster and lord of the soil at the time St. Kevin founded his celebrated monastery at Glendalough. As to the legend of St. Kevin, and "King O'Toole and his goose," I would not like to vouch for its complete accuracy, but there is no doubt that King Colman (O'Toole) and Saint Kevin were on intimate terms of friendship, as is evident from the Life of the Saint; and we know from the same source that King Colman sent his sons to Glendalough, to be educated by the Saint. It is, therefore, not improbable that there is, at least, some foundation for the legend.

King Colman, although a Christian, was not the most happy in his domestic circle. He died of grief, and was buried on Mount Leinster, in the year A.D. 576. He had many brothers, whom I have already named, and the names of his two sisters, called "Inghana Baithe" (daughters of ardent charity), were Sodealbh and Cumaine, at Kilnais, and at Domnach Inghen Boithe, now Donabate, in Fingal. King Colman left after him a large family, the eldest of whom succeeded him on the throne of Leinster. His name was

107. *Sen Faelan*. He was educated at Glendalough, with his six brothers. During his time at school there, it appears that his father's second wife was jealous of him, fearing he would ascend the throne of Leinster at the death of his father, to the prejudice of her own children. She resolved to put an end to him by means of witchcraft. Accordingly, Caineach, accompanied by her witches, crossed the mountains, and arrived at the monastery of Glendalough, where she intended to perpetrate her dark deed. She and her witches began their incantations on the summit of the mountains called Eanach, overlooking the monastery, but through the prayers of Saint Kevin, she lost her sight, and fell over the precipice of Cassain, now called Glendassain (that is, the valley of the pass or path), and broke her neck. Hence, doubtless, the origin of the legend of Cathleen and Saint Kevin, so beautifully versified by Moore, commencing—

“ By that lake whose gloomy shore,
 Skylark never warbles o'er,
 Where the cliff hangs high and steep,
 Young Saint Kevin stole to sleep.”

The children of King Colman grew up under the care of the saint, and four of the sons reigned successively as kings of Leinster. By the holiness of their lives, and the just and impartial treatment of their subjects, they showed the good training and instructions they had received from their good preceptor, the sainted Abbot of Glendalough. The eldest son, Sen Faelan, married Huaisle, daughter of Suibhne, son of Colman Mor, king of Meath. The second son was Cobhtach, from whom Rathcoffey, near Clane, in the County Kildare, took its name, and in which place he had his castle. The third was Feidlimidh (Felim), who was the 13th Christian king of Leinster. The fourth son of Colman was Ronan, the 11th Christian king of Leinster, who succeeded on the resignation of Aedh Dubh, and reigned for nine years. His son (Maelfogarthach) by a former marriage was slain by his orders, at the instigation of his wicked stepmother. His wife's name was Catail, daughter of Eochaidh Jarliath, son of Fiona Lurgan, king of Dunsobairche, Dunseverick, in County Antrim. Eochaidh was slain by the foster-brother of Maelfogarthach, in A.D. 662.

The fifth son was Aedh-Dubh, or Aeidh-Ceir (Righ Escop Laighen, M.F. ap. A.S.S. p. 14, No. 296). He was king of Leinster to 591, and then retired to the monastery of Kildare, where, after his wife's death, he became a bishop, and died A.D. 638, Jan. 4th. His wife's name was Mughain, the daughter of Feachua, king of West Munster.

The sixth son of Colman was Eoahfin, whose son Aengus became abbot of Kildare, and died there in the odour of sanctity.

The seventh son was Crimithan Cualan, the twelfth Christian king of Leinster, who reigned for 28 years. He was educated by St. Kevin, at Glendalough, and was slain at the battle of Ath Goan, in Iarther Liffe (now known as Kilgowan, in the County of Kildare), in the year 628,

and was buried there, a long stone, with an incised cross, marking his grave on the "Drummond."

The eighth and last son of King Colman was Molumha, of whom history is silent, except that his descendants are given down to the fifth generation in the "Book of Leinster."

This appears to be the most prosperous period in the history of the Clan O'Toole, since the time of Cathair Mor. Naas was their principal city, and in it was the chief of their many strongholds, the foundation and ruins of which remain to the present day. They had other castles in various parts of their territories, namely—at Castledermot, Castleruddery, in Glen Imaile, Ballymoon, Allen, Tully, near Kildare, Castlekevin, near Glendalough, Mullaghmast, Mullaghreeion, Fesseroe, Garbh Thannach, in Kildare, and in many other places, where members of the family lived and ruled as chiefs over their respective districts, promoting and encouraging industry in times of peace, and in time of war collecting their people together, and with them rallying round their king, to repel the attacks of the common enemy; having discharged this duty they returned to their homes and former avocations of tilling the ground and rearing cattle and sheep.

No standing army was required, as all the male population, above and under certain ages, were prepared to don the soldier's coat, and, with sword and spear, do battle for their king when need required. The manner of choosing a king was partly hereditary and partly elective. The eldest son generally succeeded his father on the throne, but if he were not considered a fit and proper person to be made king, on account either of his age or of some mental or bodily defect, then the clan assembled, and elected another member of the family to fill the throne.

The ceremony of the coronation of the king of the Clan O'Toole was as follows: Standing on an eminence, in the midst of his officers of state, and surrounded by his clan and subordinate chieftains, accompanied by neighbouring chieftains and friendly kings, Ua Ceallagh, sword-bearer, and M'Kehoc, royal bard of Leinster, proclaim him king in the following manner:



MacKehoe, ancient Olav and Bard to the O'Tooles and O'Byrnes.

MODE OF INSTALLATION OF THE O'TOOLE, KING OF LEINSTER.

“ His Brehons around him,
The blue heavens o'er him,
His true clan behind him,
His broad lands before him,
While grouped far below him,
On moor and on heather,
His tanists and chiefs
All assembled together.
They give him a sword,
And he swears to protect them ;
A slender white wand,
And he vows to direct them ;
And then in God's sunshine,
O'Toole they all hail him,
Through life, unto death,
Ne'er to flinch or to fail him.
And earth hath no spell
That can shatter or sever
That bond from their true hearts—
“ The O'Toole for ever ! ”
High Chiefs of O'Murtha !
Proud Lords of Imaile !
How broad stretched the lands
That were ruled by your call !
What eagle would venture
To wing them right through ;
But would droop on his pinion
Ere half o'er he flew ?
From the hill of green Masten
To the town of Arklow ;

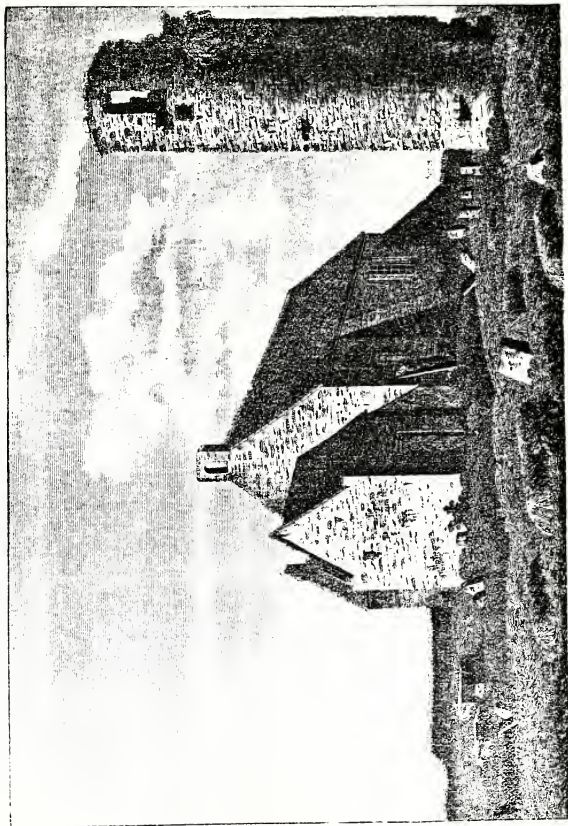
And from Naas of the Kings,
 To the shore of Wicklow ;
 From Allen Hill, the ancient,
 To the woods of Shillelagh ;
 From Lugnaquilla's prisons,
 To rocky Sliebh Corragh ;
 From Glendalough, the famous,
 To the banks of the Liffey ;
 From Barrow's smooth waters,
 To Dublin, fair city ;
 From high Keageen Mountain,
 To lowly Sliebh Rue ;
 All echoed the war-shout,
 'The O'Toole Aboo!'

Of the junior branches of this long family of King Colman little is mentioned in history. In the pedigree of the Clan their descendants are given to many generations. Some of them were raised to the throne of Leinster, and many more became bishops and abbots, and held other high positions both in Church and State ; but as it is not proposed to give an account of each individual member of Clan O'Toole, I will confine myself as nearly as possible to the *linea recta*, or the direct line. The eldest son of Colman (Sen Faelan) had an only son,

108. Conall, who, as far as I can find, did not ascend the throne of Leinster ; but his son,

109. Bran Mut, did. He was the fourteenth Christian king of Leinster, and reigned eleven years. He had four sons—namely, Murcadh Mor, who fought a great battle with Ferghal Mac Malduin at the Hill of Allen, and defeated him, putting his army to flight, 13th December, A.D. 722.

The second son of Bran Mut was Congall, who defeated the men of Cualan, at the battle of Innisbreoghan, on the River Beoirrenn (Burren) A.D. 727.



The old Church and Round Tower at Killellen, Co. Kildare.

The third son of Bran Mut was Faelan, who died A.D. 733, "after a well-spent life"—(Annals, Four Masters).

The fourth and last son of Bran Mut was Fomcadh, of whose history we know nothing. Bran Mut was succeeded by his son,

110. Murcadh Mor, who was renowned for his valour and bravery, hence his name, "Mor" signifying "great" or "powerful." As already mentioned, he fought a great battle with Feargall (Farrell), son of Moelduin (now Muldoon, or Meldon), monarch of Ireland, at Allen, County Kildare. The royal army raised by the king of Ireland consisted of 21,000 choice troops, while Murcadh's army amounted only to 9,000, supported by eighty-nine distinguished and valiant champions of hardened and seasoned courage, and the troops of his household, inconsiderable in number, but of undaunted bravery. Both armies entered the field, and a most bloody and desperate engagement followed. In the beginning of the action the provincial troops made so dreadful an impression that they pierced the king's army, putting them into utter confusion, and making an incredible slaughter; so that, notwithstanding his great superiority of numbers, Feargall was forced to give way, and victory was declared for the king of Leinster, while 3,300 of the enemy were left dead on the field. Some historians say that as many as 7,000 of the king of Ireland's troops were killed on the spot. The misfortunes of Feargall on that day are to be attributed to a sacrilegious act committed by him as he was advancing to fight the king of Leinster. Some of his forces, it is said, during the march, broke into a church called Cillin (now Kilcullen), and carried away the sacred vessels of the altar. They also violently drove away a cow belonging to a hermit of that place, which sacrilege and injustice were so resented by the pious old man that he laid dreadful imprecations upon the king, and appealed to heaven for exemplary vengeance upon him and his army. The prayers of that holy man prevailed, and occasioned the loss of the battle, wherein Feargall, king of Ireland, and his sacrilegious forces lost their lives. Murcadh Mor lived for many years afterwards to govern his subjects in peace and prosperity, and ended a happy reign by a peaceful death. It would appear that he divided his kingdom among his three sons.

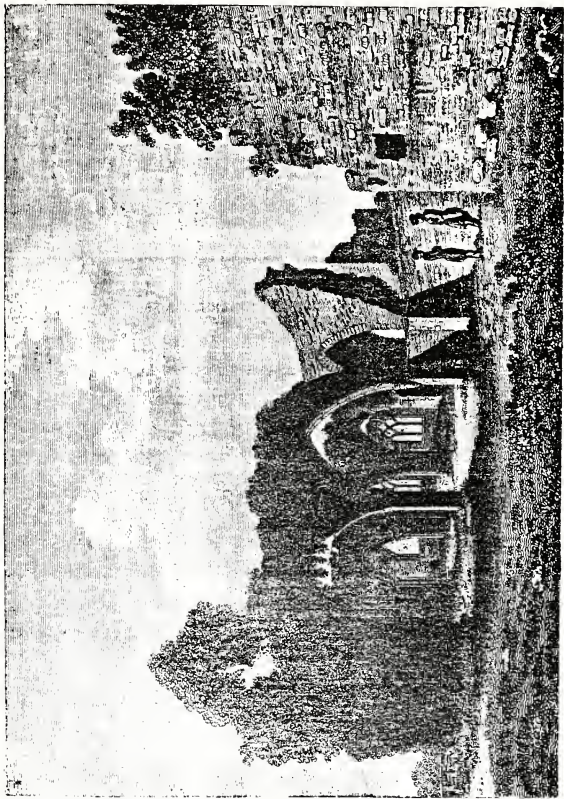
To his son, Muiredach, he gave Ui Muiredaigh and Imaile, which nearly correspond with the present South Kildare and County Wicklow.

To his second son, Duncadh, he gave nearly all his territory east of the Liffey, which nearly corresponds with our present County Dublin.

To his third son, Faelan, he gave that part of his territory which corresponds with the present North Kildare, from Naas (where his royal palace was situate) to Maynooth and Killocock, which afterwards was known by the name of Ui Faelan.

With this division of territory commenced the weakness and downward tendency of the Clan O'Toole. The old adage, "United we stand, but divided we fall," was verified in their case. Muiredach was now chief of Hy-Murray, Duncadh of Ui Dunchada, and Faelan of Ui Faelan; so that, instead of one strong, vigorous clan, presenting a bold front to any enemies that might arise, there were now three clans, rendered comparatively weak by the division. United, the Clan O'Toole held paramount control over Leinster; divided, it became a prey to its greedy neighbours—to the Danes on one side, and to the Mac Murrroughs on the other. Of the evil effects of this partition, the subsequent history of the Clan affords us too many painful illustrations. Duncadh became king of Leinster, and was slain in battle in A.D. 727, and his clan driven in further towards the sea, where they became a prey to the Danes on their first arrival at Dublin. Faelan also became king of Leinster after the death of his brother, Duncadh. His descendants called themselves in after-years the Ui Brins, or the O'Byrnes, after Faelan's grandfather, Bran Mut. He died in the year A.D. 734, after laying the foundation of a posterity which, at the present writing, exceeds in number any other clan in Ireland (except the O'Murphys), the great family of the O'Byrnes, which amounts to upwards of twenty thousand souls at the present day.

111. Muiredach, from whom the territory of Ui Muiredaigh (now Hy-Murray) took its name. This territory includes the present parishes of Castledermot and Narraghmore, and was the territory of the father of the great St. Laurence, who possessed it up to the time of the English



Second View of the ruins of the Abbey of Castledermot, Co. Kildare.

Invasion. From this prince are descended St. Laurence and those who are known to-day by the honoured name of O'Toole. He died in the year A.D. 755, and was succeeded by his son,

112. Bran Ardchean, king of Leinster, grandson of Murcadh Mor, and great grandson of Bran Mut, from whom are the Ui Muirediagh, who supplanted the Ui Gabla, the Ui Enechglais, the Iáighis-Fin, and the Earthar Liffe, he was defeated at Cuirrech Iaffe, by Randrach Mac Faelan, in the year 777.

Bran Ardchean was married to Eithne, daughter of Domhnall Medeach. She and her husband were slain by Finachta Catherdere, son of Cellach (O'Kelly), at Cill Cuille, now Kileoole, in the county of Wicklow, on the 4th May, A.D. 780.

113. Muirdeach, of whom history is silent, died A.D. 818, leaving four sons, namely Bran, who was Tanist of Leinster, and was slain in battle at Dunbolg, now Dunboyke, in Hollywood Glen, county Wicklow, by Cearbhall, king of Ossory, in the year 868.

The second son of Muiredeach was Dunlang, king of Leinster, who laid aside the crown for the cow!, in the monastery at Kildare, that he might the more easily strive to gain a crown of glory in heaven. This was in the year 867, and he was called, let us hope, to his eternal reward two years after, in 869.

The third son of Muiredeach was Arthuir, who died in the year A.D. 845, leaving one son, named Garbeth, who was Tanist of Leinster, and died in the year 881.

The fourth son of Muiredeach was Maelbrigte, who had one son, whose name was Tuathal (Toole), who was king of Leinster, and was slain in the year 852.

114. *Dunlang*, king of Leinster, who, previous to his becoming a monk, was married, and had three children, namely, Aillill, who was slain by the Danes, in the year 869; Cairpre, who was king of Leinster, and a hostage to Cearbhall, king of Ossory, and who died in A.D. 881. Cairpre had a son named Domnhall, who was Tanist of Leinster, and died in the year 864, leaving a son named Muiredeach, who was also Tanist of

Leinster, and who was slain A.D. 906. The third son of Dunlang was Domnhall, Tanist of Leinster, who died in the year 862.

115. *Aillill*, the eldest son of Dunlang, had two sons, Caellech (Kelly), who became abbot of Kildare and Sky in 854 and 863, and died a holy death in Pictland. His son,

116. *Ugairé* (Hugh), who was king of Leinster. He was slain at Confuit (Confey), near Leixlip, County Kildare, by Sitric, grandson of Imhar. He had a son named

117. *Tuathal* (Toole), which is derived from the Irish word, "Tuatha," and means in English, "Territory," or one possessed of large landed property. He was called Tuathal after Tuathal the Legitimate, the 78th monarch of Ireland, of whom the poet wrote :

"Tuathal, for whom the land was fair,
Chief of Meath—of a thousand heroes—
Was wounded; that chief of fair Freamhainn,
On the side of the hill of Gleanman Ghabhainn."

Ua Tuathal (O'Toole) was a valiant warrior and a great man, and added much to the territories and the prestige of the Clan O'Toole in Leinster.

He made war twice on the king of Hy Ceansallagh, as is stated by the Four Masters, as follows :

"Bruadar Mac Duibhahilla, Lord of Hy-Ceansallagh, was slain by Tuathal (Toole), son of Ugairé." This king, Bruadar, had his residence at Rathvilly, and we may suppose that it was then Tuathal added to his territory of Imaile that part south of the glen of that name.*

Again we find him making war on the O'Moores of Laighis, and gaining a great victory over them, as is related thus:—"In the year 950 a victory was gained over the people of Laighis and the Ui Fairchiellain, (Fercullen) by Tuathal, son of Ugairé, in which many were slain. Cuilen, son of Gusau, was taken prisoner."†

* Four Masters. † Four Masters, 950.

Again we find him at war with the O'Connor Faley, as related thus: "Murcadh, son of Finn, was mortally wounded by Tuathal in the year 928. He was of the O'Connor Faley family."*

Under the year 951† is recorded the plundering of "Inis Deimhlo and Inis Ulladh by Amhlaibh Cuaran, and Tuathal, son of Ugaire."

And again, "A battle was gained by Tuathal, son of Ugaire, over the Hy-Ceansallagh, in which many were slain."‡ This battle must have almost annihilated the Ui-Ceansallagh, as they are scarcely heard of in Irish history after that period till Dermot McMurrough's time.

The Four Masters do not tell us what was the cause of these wars between the O'Toole and his neighbouring chieftains; whether O'Toole was on the offensive or defensive; nor do they tell us the full particulars of these battles, nor the exact places in which they were fought. Perhaps it was that he found it necessary to repel the encroachments of his covetous neighbours, or to repossess himself of what had been unjustly wrested from his fathers. Of these particulars we are ignorant, owing to the wholesale destruction of Irish literature and Irish documents by the Danes and English at various times, but most signally and extensively in the reign of Queen Elizabeth.

This great warrior died, leaving his clan in a more prosperous position than it had been since the time of their great ancestor, Murcadh Mor, K.L., A.D. 726, and leaving after him a name that shall be known and respected in Ireland till the angel shall sound the last trumpet for all to come to judgment; because, soon after his death it was that Brian Boromhe, monarch of Ireland, enacted that all the descendants of Milesius should adopt a name by which they should be distinguished from others, leaving it at the option of each one to take either the name of their immediate father, or the name of any great man or hero of their family line. Those who would take the name of their father would use the prefix, "Mac" (son of), as MacDonnell, the son of Donnell; while those who

* Four Masters, 937

† Four Masters, 951.

‡ Four Masters, 955.

chose to select the other, would take the prefix, "Ua," or "O," as O'Donnell, that is, of O'Donnell, or of the line of, or descended from, a great man of the name of Donnell; and thus it was that the descendants of Tuathal called themselves after their great chief, Tuathal, or, as it sounds in English, Toole, which, by prefixing the "Ua," or "O," the name becomes Ua Tuathail, or O'Toole, as it is now known by.

From this name, Tuathal, or Toole, several places in Ireland have taken their names. Thus, Glasthule, in the County of Dublin; Carn Tual, in the County Kerry, the highest mountain in Ireland; Listowel, in the County Kerry, meaning the camp of O'Toole, and several other places in the Counties Wicklow and Kildare, called Ballytoole and Toolestown.

Tuathal was king of Western Liffie (that is, that part of Kildare and Wicklow lying immediately west of the present River Liffey), and had his palace at Allin, near Old Kilcullen.

"O'Toole of the fortress famous for mead,
Is chief of the valiant tribe of Hy-Murray,
As far as Almain of melodious music,
Of verdant, grassy, fertile plains."*

Ua Tuathal left four sons, namely, Dunlang, Domhnall, Duncadh, and Augaire. Dunlang fought at Clontarf in A.D. 1014, and died at Glendalough in the same year. Domhnall died about the year 990, a prisoner of Duncadh, king of Leinster, son of Domhnall Elocu. Duncadh, the third son of Tuathal, was Tanist of Leinster, and died A.D. 964. Augaire, the fourth son of O'Toole, was also Tanist of Leinster. He was slain, with many others of his kinsmen, at the battle of Clontarf. He left one son, named Aedh, who was living in the year 1034. It is not recorded how or where he died.

Reference being made so often in these pages to the Tanist, it may not be out of place if I here insert a short explanation of the

* O'Heerin.

LAWS OF TANISTRY.

The system of the Brehon Laws relating to the tenure of lands, the election of chiefs, and other regulations of policy, was termed "Tanistry." Tanist (in Irish, Taniste) was the term applied to the successor-elect, or heir-apparent of the king, prince, lord, or chief, and who succeeded immediately after his death. There were about thirty of these tanists, or heirs-apparent to the throne in Ireland. They were generally princes, the sons of the reigning kings, and comprised the first class of the Irish nobility, holding a rank equal to that of princes, dukes, marquises, &c., in England and other countries. The second class of Irish nobility was called "Tiarna," or "Tighearna," from the word, "Tir," a territory or country. Each of these "Tiarna" possessed a territory equal to one or two baronies, and ranked as barons, and there were about two hundred of them in Ireland. The third class of nobility were called "Taviseach," or chiefs, each of whom held tracts of land varying in extent, generally including one or two parishes, and comprising from about ten to thirty thousand acres. Of these chiefs there were about six hundred or more, all heads of clans, possessing considerable power in the state, and holding the rank of the principal gentry and landed proprietors of modern times, such as knights or members of parliament of the present day.

"Brughaidhi" was the name applied to large farmers, who had large holdings of land under the chiefs, and they were very numerous and wealthy, possessing great flocks, much corn, &c.

By the law of gavelkind, at the death of a chief his lands were divided among his sons only, with the exception of the mensal lands, which were free from the law of gavelkind, and descended to his eldest son, or tanist, while the goods and chattels of the chief were divided amongst his daughters.

Various crimes were punished or compounded for by a fine called "Eric."

MILITARY WEAPONS, ETC., OF THE IRISH.

The weapons, armour, banners, and battle-cries of the Irish were the following: The weapons were swords, battleaxes, spears, lances, or javelins, bows, arrows, and darts, with a bag or pouch for holding same; skeans and daggers for close combat, and the ancient slings.

The armour consisted of a coat of mail, shield, buckler, target, and helmet.

The banners consisted of bratach and standard.

The bard attended the battlefield, and raised the war-cry, or war-song.

The Irish rushed into the battle with fierce shouts of defiance. Their chief cry was "Farrah!" "Farrah!" which means to fight valiantly. They also shouted "Aboo," which means "for ever," as "O'Neill Aboo!" "O'Donnell Aboo!" "O'Toole Aboo!"—that is, "The O'Neill for ever," or "Victory to the O'Neill," "The O'Donnell," or "The O'Toole." The O'Toole had also the war-cry of "Feniann Aboo!" because the ancient Fenians were of this clan.

THE IRISH ARMY.

The kerns were the light foot of the Irish army. They were armed with long spears or pikes, javelins, darts, skeans, and daggers, bows and arrows, and in the earlier ages also with slings. The Irish soldiers were admittedly great and valiant warriors; they were remarkably strong and active, and so swift of foot that they could overtake an English horseman in full gallop, jump up behind him, and pull him off his horse. The kerns were divided into bodies of spear-men, dart-men, slingers, and archers. The archers were very expert in the use of their bows, made chiefly of ash and yew.

The gallowglasses were the heavy infantry of the Irish, a sort of grenadiers, being select men of great strength and stature, armed with sword and battleaxe. They also wore coats of mail, composed of a network of small iron rings, helmets, and breast-plates. Sometimes their armour was made of strong leather, and their shields and bucklers of wood, which

was sometimes covered with skins of animals. The Irish commanders all wore armour, coats of mail, shields, &c., &c.

The cavalry of the Irish might be considered as mounted kerns, being chiefly a kind of light horse.*

THE DANISH INVASION.

From the beginning of the ninth century Ireland was infested by the Danes and other adventurers from Denmark, Sweden, and Norway. These marauders, hearing of the dissensions amongst the Irish princes, considered Ireland an easy prey, and consequently landed on her shores, sailed up her navigable rivers, and defeated the Irish in many battles, razing the cities and towns, robbing the monasteries and churches, and then setting them on fire, thus laying the whole country waste, and spreading sorrow and desolation all over the land. Nor could it be expected that Leinster would escape their desolating hand. So we find the Leinstermen, in the year 837, arming themselves and preparing to oppose the progress of these marauders into their country. They met the invaders at Drumcondra, where a bloody combat ensued. The fortune of the day remained doubtful for a time between both armies, but finally the Leinstermen gave way and fled, which gave occasion for a dreadful slaughter of them by the Danes in pursuit, and left Dublin in their possession. The Danes then invaded Iml and Ui Muiredheadh, which latter was set on fire, with the monasteries of Kildare and Desert Dermidha (now Castle Dermott), Glendalough, and Tallaght.

The pious bishop of Glendalough, the venerable Bishop Eochaidh, son of Ceallaigh (Kelly), of Tallaght, and Eochaidh Ua Tuathail, Bishop of Luigh Moigh, died about this time, and thus was Leinster, as well as the other parts of Ireland, allowed by Providence to be chastised and punished for the dissensions and sins of its people. At last, Cormac, king of Munster, succeeded in uniting the Irish kings and princes against the common enemy. The Danes, after having been defeated in a few important

* *Vide* Notes to Connellan's "Four Masters."

battles, and seeing the princes united against them, withdrew to the seaports, and many of them hoisted their sails and left Ireland altogether, for the Isle of Man, Wales, and England.

No sooner had they gone than the Irish princes began to war among themselves again. King Cormac of Munster was persuaded to make war on Leinster, and compel the Leinstermen to pay tribute or chief rent to him, which the Leinstermen refused, on account of which a fierce battle was fought on the borders of Leinster. The Mononians encamped at Loughlin, and the Leinstermen at Ballymoonan. The battle was won by the Leinstermen. King Cormac and the greater portion of the Munster nobles were left dead on the field.

The following Leinster princes held command, and signalized themselves by their valour on that day: Carroll Muircagain, king of Leinster; Teigeini Feolan, king of Hy-Censeallagh; Teimeinean, king of Deagadh; Ceallach and Lorcan, the two kings of Cinnéal; Ineirge, the son of Dubhgiolla, king of Idrona; Fallomhar, the son of Oilloilla, king of Foitharhafea; and Tnathal, son of Ughaire, king of Ui Muireadhaigh, with many other nobles, under the monarch of Ireland.

For further particulars of this battle, which is very interesting, see Keating's History of Ireland, or the Battle of Ballymoon, Co. Kildare.

The Danes, seeing the Irish princes again quarrelling, returned and became as troublesome as before, when Malachy, monarch of Ireland, gave them battle, defeated, and drove them back to the sea, after a great slaughter of them; on which event our truly national poet, Moore, wrote his famous poem:

“ Let Erin remember the days of old,
 Ere her faithless sons betrayed her,
 When Malachy wore the collar of gold,
 Which he won from the proud invader;
 When her kings, with standards of green unfurled,
 Led the Red Branch knights to danger,
 Ere the emerald gem of the western world
 Was set in the crown of a stranger.”

Brian (Boroimhe) became king of Munster about this time. He drove the Danes down the Shannon to the sea, and, having defeated them in many battles, he drove them from the south of Ireland; but, being an ambitious man, he was anxious to get control over Leinster, levy a tribute on it, and finally assume full control over all the princes of Ireland.

Here it may be interesting to take a glance at Irish politics, and the state of the nation immediately preceding the battle of Clontarf, and also to take a short review of the immediate causes which led to that memorable event. Indeed, such a retrospect will be found necessary to the more lucid understanding of the subsequent history of our country, and to the fathoming of that seemingly inexplicable mystery presented in the astounding success of a petty foreign invasion of a country where so many previous and incomparably more formidable invasions had signally failed. Such a review will furnish a key to this vexed problem, and enable the student of Irish history to answer more satisfactorily that significant query of the immortal Moore—

“How hands so vile could conquer hearts so brave?”

and will go to show that in disseminating, propagating, and intensifying discord, disunion, and contention, Brian Boroimhe was no mean factor.

Before entering on the battle of Clontarf I intend here to place before the reader an authentic account of another battle that was fought, A.D. 998; a battle that was most important in its results as bearing upon the subsequent one of Clontarf. The site of this battle was as follows: On the left of the great highway called Beallach Dunbolg lies the famous Glen Mama (now called Launmastown), where a great battle was fought between Brian Boroimhe on the one side, and the Danes and Leinstermen on the other, in which the latter were defeated with great slaughter, and out of which sprung indirectly the great battle of Clontarf.

THE BATTLE OF GLEN MAMA. *

“The people of Leinster, refusing to pay the tribute imposed on them

* Four Masters.

by Brian Boromhe, confederated with the Danes of Dublin; and their combined forces, under Harold, the son of Aulaf, son of Etigen, with the nobles of Dublin, and the men of Leinster, under their king, Maelmordha, fought a great battle at Glen Mama with the troops of Munster, under Brian Boromhe and his son Murrrough, aided by Malachy, monarch of Ireland, and the men of Meath.

“The Danish forces and their Lagenian allies were totally defeated, and according to some accounts five thousand of them, and by others* six thousand, were slain, together with Harold, the son of Aulaf, Coilen, the son of Etigen, and many other chiefs.”

The following passage from an ancient author concerning this battle is also quoted:

“They came to the valley of Mama, and, having no water convenient, they were compelled to drink of the unhealthy pools, and fought with stones towards the end of the battle.

“The victory was gained triumphantly by the kings (Brian and Malachy) as far as the northern woods, and they burned ‘Dublin the Beautiful,’ after laying waste Leinster. This battle was fought, A.D. 999 (Four Masters, 998), at Glen Mama, a valley near Dunlavin, on the borders of Wicklow and Dublin. After the victory, Brian and Malachy came to Dublin, where they remained a week, and took from the Danes great quantities of gold and silver, with many captives. They burned the fortress and expelled Sitric, son of Aulaf, king of the foreigners.”

HOW THE BATTLE OF CLONTARF CAME TO BE FOUGHT.

1014.

Brian (Boromhe), having succeeded in compelling Malachy to resign the monarchy of Ireland, and accept the title of king of Meath, assumed the chief monarchy of Ireland himself on the plea that Malachy was not able to cope with the Danes, and he returned to Kincorah.

In “Wars of the Gaedhill with the Gael,” we read that—

* MacGeoghegan's History of Ireland.

“The Leinster chieftains were, at this time, exasperated by the conduct of Brian Boromhe in invading and overrunning their province, and attempting to re-enforce the Boromhean tribute, which had not been levied for nearly six hundred years previously.

“The king of Leinster having gone down to Kincorah on a visit to Brian, brought with him a present of some very tall trees, which Brian had asked him for, to use as masts of ships, and also as a sort of tribute, and acknowledgment of Brian’s supreme monarchy over Ireland.

“The king of Leinster, on his arrival, got a severe scolding from his sister (Brian’s wife), for his subserviency to Brian, and being also insulted by Brian’s son over the chess-board, he left the castle early next morning in high dudgeon, and refused to return with a servant who had been sent after him to bring him back, and who overtook him just outside the draw-bridge leading from the Palace of Kincorah.

“Maelmordha arrived that night at Sen Leall Abainor, in Ui-m-Buidhe, reaching early next morning the castle of Dunlang, son of Tuathal, king of Iartha Lephi, at Garb Thanach, and the nobles of Laigen were assembled to meet him at that place in convention. The king told them that he had received dishonour, and that reproachful words were applied to him in person, and to the whole province of Leinster.

“The decision that they came to thereupon was to turn on and defend themselves against Brian. They sent messengers to Flaithbertagh, son of Murchertach O’Neill, *i.e.*, to the king of Ailech, exhorting him to make war upon Maelsechlainn and Uladh, and other messengers were despatched to Fergal Ua Ruarc, king of Breffni, and to Uailgary O’Ciardhal, king of Cairbre, and these all consented to turn against Brian.

“Thus began the great battle of Clontarf, A.D. 1014, in which Boetan, son of Dunlang O’Toole, king of Western Liphí, and Dunlang, son of Tuathal, king of Liphí, and four other princes of the Clan O’Toole, held command, under Maelmurdha (O’Byrne), king of Leinster.”

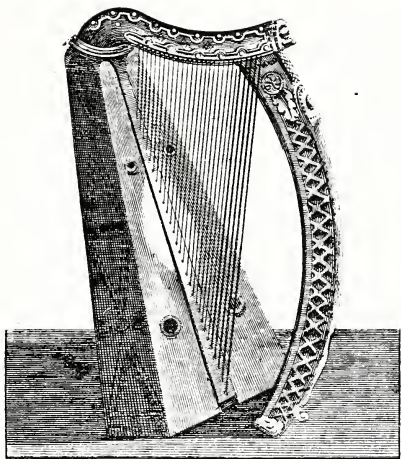
THE BATTLE OF CLONTARF,

where the king, and many princes of the house of O’Toole were killed

and which is such a memorable epoch in the history of Ireland, is regarded by many who possess but an imperfect and superficial knowledge of the subject, as of immense advantage to Ireland, and who also esteem Brian Boroinhe as a mighty hero, and a great benefactor of his country, while to my mind his usurpation and tyranny were the commencement of Ireland's disasters.

The battle of Clontarf was the first great revelation of the widespread and unnatural internal division which was the consequence of that usurpation; and his selfish ambition was the fruitful generator of those elements of discord and contention, which, arraying prince against prince, and chief against chief, finally eventuated in the downfall of his country as a nation. That he was a great and successful general, and a valiant soldier, I concede; and that in driving the Danes out of Ireland he performed a very creditable and desirable achievement, I also acknowledge; although it must be borne in mind that he had himself given them a recognised standing in the affairs of the nation, when he solicited and utilised their alliance to dethrone Malachy; but that he was a tyrant and a usurper I most positively affirm, and that by such tyranny and usurpation he so disorganised the Irish nation, that it became an easy prey to the English and Norman invaders, I also maintain. In fact, while he drove out one batch of invaders, the Danes, he, by the seeds of dissension which he sowed, and by the apple of discord he set rolling, opened out a sure and facile way for the success of the Anglo-Norman, under whose galling yoke Ireland has been groaning and suffering for the last seven hundred years.

Brian Boroinhe (Brian of the Cow Tribute), after the death of his brother, Mahon, king of Munster, ascended to the throne of that kingdom, and, after having revenged himself on his brother's murderers, by putting them to death, his ambition urged him to become monarch of Ireland; and in order to attain his object, he joined with the chiefs of Munster and Connaught and a number of Danes, as his allies, and marched to Tara, and compelled Malachi to abdicate, leaving him, however, the title of king of Meath. Thus, the sceptre of Ireland, which had been swayed



BRENN BOEROMH'S HARP.

by kings of the house of Heremon, and particularly by the descendants of Niall the Great, since the reign of that monarch in the fourth century, was thus transferred in the beginning of the eleventh century to the house of Heber.

Having received the abdication of King Malachi, he was declared monarch of Ireland, at Athlone, A.D. 1002, under the title of Brian Boroinhe, or Brian of the Cow Tribute, because, having previously made war on the Leinster people and defeated them, he exacted from them the cow tribute which had been originally levied on them by the monarch Tuathal in the second century, but in the seventh century had been remitted, through the intercession of St. Mogue, of Ferns. He made war again on the Danes of Dublin and the people of Leinster, and the battle came off at Glenmama, near Dunlavin, on the borders of Kildare. As already recorded, he defeated their combined forces, leaving 6,000 of them dead on the field, and marching to Dublin, he laid waste Fingal and the country round about. Having sacked the city, and placed on the throne of Leinster Maelmordha Mac Murcadh, he retired to Kean-Coradh, in Munster, on the banks of the Shannon. It was here, through an unfortunate act of imprudence on the part of the king of Leinster, that the battle of Clontarf was brought about. It happened in the following manner: Maelmordha, the king of Leinster, paid a visit to his sister, the wife of Brian, at Kean-Coradh, and during the entertainment given in his honour, a game of chess was being played by Brian's eldest son, Murrrough, and his cousin Conaing. Maelmordha was looking on, and suggested a move, by which Murrrough might have lost the game. "That was like the advice you gave the Danes which lost them Glenmama," exclaimed the prince. Maelmordha replied, "I shall advise them again and they shall not be defeated." "Then, you had better remind them to prepare a yew-tree* for your own reception," was the bitter rejoinder.

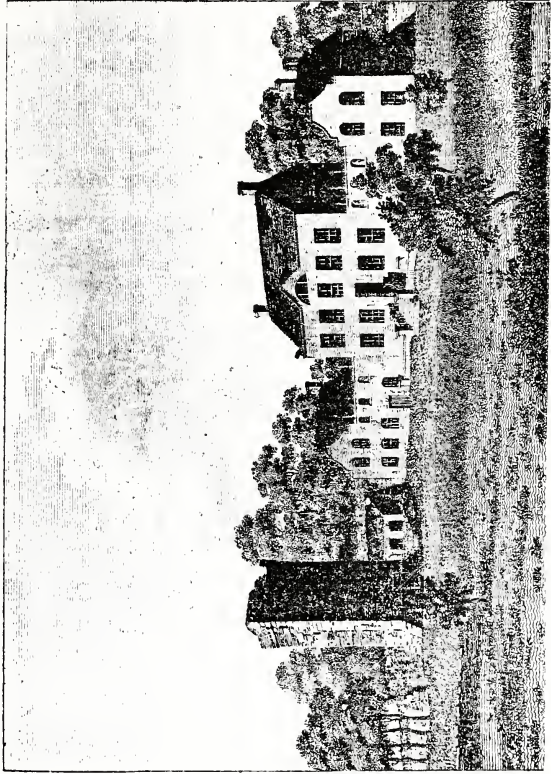
And this was the "*casus belli*." The king of Leinster proceeded to organize a revolt against Brian, and succeeded; several of the Irish chiefs

* Maelmordha was said to have escaped at Glenmama, by hiding in a yew tree.

flocked to his standard. An encounter took place in Meath, where the eldest son of Malachi was slain. Malachi marched to the rescue, and defeated the assailants, with great slaughter, A.D. 1013. Fierce reprisals now took place on each side, sanctuary was disregarded, and Malachi called on Brian to assist him. Brian at once complied, and after successfully ravaging Ossory, he marched to Dublin, where he was joined by his son Murrough, who devastated Imaal and Glendalough (the O'Tooles' country), burning, destroying, and carrying off captives, until he reached Cill Maighnenn (now Kilmainham). They blockaded Dublin from the 9th of September until Christmas Day, when Brian, for want of provisions, was obliged to raise the siege and return home.

The most active preparations were now made on both sides for a mighty and decisive conflict. The Danes came from Norway, Sweden, Denmark, Isle of Man, Wales, and Cornwall, both land and sea forces, to assist the Leinstermen, and make a determined stand against Brian Boromhe the ruling, and Malachy the deposed, monarch of Ireland, and now king of Meath. A powerful fleet, with the combined forces of foreigners, arrived in Dublin Bay on Palm Sunday, the 18th April, A.D. 1014, under the command of Brodar, the Danish Admiral, to the number of twelve thousand men, who, with their allies the Lagenians or Leinstermen, nine thousand strong, amounted in all to 21,000. When Maelmordha, king of Leinster, found all the foreign allies assembled, he sent a herald to Brian Boromhe, challenging him to battle on the plains of Clontarf.

Brian, with all the men of Ireland who obeyed him, met Maelmordha and the Danes at the time and place appointed. The battle took place at the mouth of the river Tolka, near where Ballybough Bridge now stands. Malachi of Meath came with one thousand men, and, according to Keating and O'Halloran, O'Neill, Prince of Ulster, made an offer of his troops and services, which was declined by Brian. O'Carroll, Prince of Oriell, Prince Felim O'Neill (called Felim of the Silver Shield), Sitric, Prince of Ulster, and Mormaors, or great Stewards, Mar and Lennox, with their forces from Scotland, all fought on the side of Brian Boromhe,



The old Castle and Abbey of Moon, Co. Kildare.

whose army, consisting in the main of the provincial troops of Munster and Connaught, amounted to about twenty thousand men, so that the two armies were about equal.

The battle now commenced. The Danish and Leinster forces were disposed for action in three divisions. The army of Brian was also arranged in three divisions, and Brian himself, with a crucifix in one hand and a sword in the other, harangued his forces, and retired to the rear to await the result of the conflict. It was a conflict of heroes. A hand to hand fight. Bravery was not wanting on either side; and for a long time the result seemed doubtful. Towards evening, however, as many of the Danish leaders were cut down, their followers began to give way, and Brian's forces prepared for a final effort. The Northmen and Leinstermen were now flying—the former to their ships, the latter towards Dublin, but as they reached the Tolka, they found it swollen by the incoming tide, and thousands who had escaped the sword perished by water.

Brodar, on his retreat to his ship, coming upon the camp to which Brian had retired, and finding him unarmed, slew him, and also cut off the hand of his page who had stretched it out to save his king. He then cried out, "Let it be proclaimed from man to man that Brian has fallen by the hand of Brodar."

According to the Four Masters, Maelmordha, the king of Leinster, and numbers of his chiefs, among whom were many of the O'Tooles, were slain, and Duolang, second in command of the Lagenians, was so badly wounded, that, having retired to Glendalough, he died from their effects in the same year.

It is stated in the ancient MS., called *Leabhar Oiris*, as given by Keating, O'Halloran, and others, that when Malachy returned to Meath, he described the battle as follows:

"It is impossible for human language to describe that battle, nor could less than an angel from heaven relate the terrors of that day. As spectators, we were separated from the combatants at no greater distance than the breadth of a ditch and a fallow field, the high wind of the spring

blowing towards where we stood. Not for longer than half an hour after the conflict commenced could the combatants be distinguished from each other. Not even a father or a brother could recognise each other, except by their voices, so closely were they mingled together. When the warriors engaged and grappled in close combat, it was dreadful to behold how their weapons glittered above their heads in the sun, giving them the appearance of a numerous flock of white sea-gulls flying in the air. Our bodies and clothes were covered over with a red rain of blood, borne from the battle-field on the wings of the wind. The swords, spears, and battleaxes of the combatants were so cemented and entangled with clotted blood and locks of hair, that they could with difficulty use them; and it was a long time before they recovered their former brightness. To those who beheld the slaughter as spectators, the sight was more terrible than to those engaged in the battle, which continued from sunrise until the shades of evening, when the full tide carried the ships away."

As already mentioned, Brian Boroimhe fell that day. He was remarkable for his majestic stature, and highly distinguished for his personal prowess, bravery, and feats of arms in various battles. There are still some remains to be seen of the great earthen ramparts that surrounded his palace of Kean-Coradh, on the banks of the lordly Shannon.

I have gone thus far into the history of Brian Boroimhe and the battle of Clontarf to show the reader that the O'Tooles of the period were justified in taking the part they did on that memorable day in which their king Dunlang was second in command. The battle was not, as is generally supposed, entirely between the Irish and the Danes, in the first place; and secondly, not having possession of the crown of Leinster, they were bound by the law of Tanistry to obey Maelmordha, the king of that province, who entered into the war.

Brian Boroimhe, having upset the normal state of Irish government, which had been established by Tuathal the Legitimate in the second century, and which provided four provincial kings, one for each province, and a fifth to be king of Meath or Tara, and supreme monarch of Ireland, his usurpation so disorganized the state of things in Ireland,

that when he was removed by death, nothing but disorder and confusion reigned among the petty kings and princes of the country, and this contention, disunion, and disorganization continuing, prepared the country for, and made it an easy prey to, the Anglo-Norman invaders who took possession of Ireland in something more than a hundred years afterwards, and continue to hold it to the present day, to the great detriment and impoverishment of the Irish people. And thus have we been justly punished by Almighty God for the dissensions of our forefathers.

“’Twas fate, they said, a wayward fate,
Your chain of discord wove;
For while your tyrants joined in hate,
You never joined in love.”

118. *Dunlang*, king of Liffe, was eldest son of Tuathal, who lived at Garbthanach, near Mullaghreilion, in Mach Liffe, and it was here that the great battle of Clontarf was agreed upon at a meeting of the kings and princes, held at Dunlang's palace, on the return of the king of Leinster from a visit to Brian Boromhe at Kean-Coradh, A.D. 1013. Dunlang fought valiantly at Clontarf, and subsequently retired to the secluded retreat of Glendalough to prepare for the close of the great battle of life, where he succumbed to the many wounds he had received, and died peacefully in the same year as the battle, A.D. 1014. He was buried at Glendalough, with six other kings of the house of O'Toole, where their graves are still pointed out. Until lately this grave was marked by a tombstone, which has been gradually removed by tourists and foreigners visiting Glendalough, and taking away with them as relics to their friends in distant lands pieces of the tombstone of King O'Toole, till nothing now remains of it.

This tombstone is mentioned by Archdall as follows:*

“The Rhefart church, literally the sepulchre of kings, is famous for having seven princes interred within its limits. In the church is the tomb

* Archdall's "Monasticon Hibernicum," Seven Churches, Glendalough.

of M'Mthuil, or O'Toole, the ancient chieftain of the country, with the following inscription in the Irish character :

“JESUS CHRIST.

“ Mile deach feuch corp re M'Mthuil.

“ See here the resting-place of the body of King M'Thuil, who died in
“ Christ, 1014.”

Many others of the family are said to be interred here, where a stone cross elegantly carved is still preserved.

Dunlang, king of Ui Muiredeagh, who died at Glendalough, as already stated, is thus mentioned in the Four Masters :

“ Battle of Clontarf, 1013 : Fell, Tuathal, son of Ugaire, royal heir of Leinster, and a countless slaughter of Leinstermen along with him.” *

He left a numerous family of children, namely :

(1.) Domhnall, who blinded the Coarb of St. Kevin in A.D. 1029.

(2.) Murcadh, who slew Domhnall Rhecamer, king of Hy-Cinnsellagh, at Cillnalappoy, County Carlow, in the year 1041, and was slain himself in battle by Mac Gillapadric in A.D. 1042.

(3.) Doncuan Ua Tuathail, who assumed that surname by order of the monarch, Brian Boroinhe, who was the third son of Dunlang, and was called the “ Simpleton,” for what reason does not appear, as he seems to have possessed better sense than any of his brothers. He was made king of Leinster by Malachy II. in A.D. 1016, and was slain by Mac Gillapadraig, A.D. 1018.

* “ Tuathal, son of Ugaire.” This is a mistake, because Tuathal, son of Ugaire, died in 956. It should be, as in the “ Annals of Innisfallen,” “ MaeTuathal,” *i.e.*, Dunlang, the son of Tuathal, son of Ugaire. This Tuathal was the progenitor of whom the Ui Tuathal, or O'Toole, of Ui Muiredach, Ui Mail, and Fera Cualan, in Leinster, immediately took their hereditary surname. See O'Donovan's notes to ‘ Four Masters.’

(4.) Augaire or Ugaire,* 1021. A victory was gained by Ugaire, son of Dunlang, over Sitric, son of Amhlaribh, and the foreigners of Ath-Cliath (Dublin), at Derg Mogerog, in Ui Bruinn Cualann, where he made a dreadful slaughter of the foreigners (the Danes at Delgany).—(Four Masters). He was himself slain in battle with Dunsleibhe MacMaelmordha, lord of Hy Faelan, at Dubhloc, in Leix Cuille, A.D. 1024.

Donnsleibhe, son of Maelmordha, lord of Ui Faelan, set out on a predatory excursion into Ui Failghe, and the lord of Ui Failghe and some of the Ui Muiredeagh overtook and slew him as he was plundering Cill-dare (Four Masters) 1037. Gillacomhghin, son of Anhalghaidh, lord of Ui Ceallaigh Cuallan, was slain by the son of Aedh, son of Tuathal.

(5.) Doncadh, who was blinded at Castle Dermot by Duncan MacGillapadraig, King of Ossory, in the year 1037. The event is thus recorded †:—"1037—Douchadh, son of Dunlaing, lord of Leinster, was blinded by Douchadh MacGillaphadraig, and he died at the end of the week." And again, under 1038—"Dunchadh, son of Dunlaing, king of Leinster, was taken prisoner at Desert Diarmada (now Castle Dermot) and blinded by Douchadh MacGillaphadraig, and he died immediately after."

(6.) Dunlang, who migrated to Iar Connaght, married the daughter of O'Flaherty, king of Iar Connaght, with whom he received the Island of Omev as a dowry, and founded the Connaght branch of the clan O'Toole in the beginning of the 11th century.

(7.) Murcadh, who was elected tanist of Leinster, and was slain at the battle of Magh Mulceith, in Leix, in the year 1042. The event is recorded thus ‡:—"Murcadh, son of Dunlaing, king of Leinster, and Douchadh, son of Aedh, lord of Ui Ba'che, fell by Gillaphadraig, son of Douchadh, lord of Osrighe, 1042."

* Colgan, in his "Life of Saint Canocus," says: "A.D. 1026. Augarius filius Dunlaing, Rex Lageniae, in conflictu habito, ad Dergniam S. Moyouci, in regione Hy Brian chiealann, contrivit Sitrium, filium Amlai et Nortmanuos Dubliniensis usque ad internecionem longe Cruentam.—(O'Donovan's Notes to Four Masters.)

† Four Masters.

‡ *Ibid.*

(8.) Gillacaemghin, son of Dunlang, son of Tuathal, royal heir of Leinster, was slain by the Leinstermen themselves—*i.e.*, by the people of Laighis (the Ui Moores), 1019. He left a daughter, who married Cathal, lord of Cellagh Cuallan, who was slain in the year 1034.

(9.) Boetan, who was slain at Clontarf, 1014.

(10.) Longseach, also slain at the same battle.

(11.) Muirchertach—"1027. A plundering army was led by the Osraighe into Ui Muireadhiagh, and they obtained great spoils, and mortally wounded Muirchertach, son of Dunlaing."* "1027. The Ui Muireadhiagh went into Osraighe and plundered Tealach Domain (now Tullamaine, near Callan, County Kilkenny), and slew the vice-abbot."†

It would appear that the O'Tooles and the Fitzpatricks of Ossory were continually at war about this time. Of all the sons of Dunlaing not one died a natural death, but were all slain in battle, either at Clontarf, or afterwards by the king of Ossory or other petty kings. But they were all brave warriors, and met a soldier's death.

119. Doncuan Ua Tuathal, who was slain in 1018, as stated above, was the third son of Dunlaing, the king of Ui Muireadhiagh, and was made king of Leinster by Malachy the Second, and the first to put the "Ua," or "O," before his name, and assume permanently the name, Ua Tuathail, by which name all his descendants are known and called, which was in after years anglicised into O'Toole. He left a son named

120. Gillacomghall Ua Tuathal. "1041. Gillacomghall, son of Donchuan, son of Dunlaing, was forcibly carried away from Cilldarra by Murchadh, son of Dunlaing, when the successor of Bridget was violated."‡ He left a son named—

121. Gillacaemghin Ua Tuathal. "1056. Gillacaemghin, son of Gillacomghall, and Maelmordha, grandson of Faelan, were slain by Murchadh, son of Diarmid, through treachery and guile." Note.—"Gillacaemghin"—*i.e.*, servant or client of Kevin. He was Gilla Kevin O'Toole, son of Gillacomghall, who was living in 1041, who was son of Doncuan,

* Four Masters. † *Ibid.* ‡ *Ibid.*

son of Dunlaing, son of Tuathal, the progenitor of the O'Tooles, who died A.D. 956.

122. *Doncuan Bacagh Ua Tuathal*. In 1075 he slew Doncadh and Gillacaemghin, sons of Ugaire Ua Lorcan, of the Ui Doncatha. The event is thus recorded by the Four Masters: "1074. The two sons of Ugaire Ua Lorcan, namely, Doncadh and Gillacaemghin, were killed by the grandson of Gillachomghaill Ua Tuathal in contesting the chieftainship of Ui Murchadha for their father. In 1076 his people were slain by the Ui Lorcan, and sixty-three heads were carried to a hill south of Castle Dermot (Knoepatrack). The year of his death is not recorded, probably 1076. He left one son named—

123. *Gillacomghall Ua Tuathal*, who succeeded him in the lordship of Ui Muiredeagh, and was slain in battle, A.D. 1119. He left after him five sons, namely—

(1.) Gillacaemghin. (2.) Ugaire, slain by the Ossorians. "A.D. 1134. An army was led by the son of MacMurchadh and the Leinstermen into Osraighe, and the Osraighi resisted and slaughtered them, and slew Ugaire Ua Tuathal, the royal heir of Leinster, with many others."*

"Same year a slaughter was made of the Osraighi and of the foreigners of Port Lairge (now Waterford) by the sons of MacMurchadha, in revenge of the slaughter aforesaid."†

(3.) Gillacomghall, who became Abbot of Glendalough, "was killed by the Forthuatha; he was the successor of Caemghin, A.D. 1127."‡

(4.) Murchadh was taken prisoner by the unlucky Diarmid Mac Murrough, who caused his eyes to be put out in the year 1141. Under 1143, we find: § "Murcerteach Mac Gillamacholonoy, king of Leinster, with the two Ua Lorcains, *i.e.*, Murchadh, king of the Ui Muiredeigh, and his brother, defeated by the O'Neills, who invaded Leinster, and slaughtered the Leinstermen." And from the same authority, under A.D. 1133||: "Dermot MacMurrough exercised great tyranny and cruelty upon

* Four Masters. † *Ibid.* ‡ *Ibid.* § *Ibid.* || *Ibid.*

the Leinster nobility. He killed O'Foylan and Murrogh O'Tuhail, with others." (5.) The fifth and strongest son of Gillacomghall was—

124. Muirchertach Ua Tuathal,* who succeeded his father in the possession of his princely patrimony, was elected king of Ui Muiredeagh. He slew the king of Ennechglais, now known as Arklow and Ovoca, and the surrounding country. Mac Cuir-na-g-Calpach-Ua Tuachnach, lord of Feanachglais, was slain by Muirchertach Ua Tuathal, Lord of Ui Muireadhaigh. "1164. Muirchertach Ua Tuathal, lord of Ui Muireadhaigh and chief of Leinster, in hospitality and prowess, died after penance. He was the father of the celebrated Saint Laurence O'Toole (Lorcan), Archbishop of Dublin."†

This prince, after his election to the chieftaincy of his clan, lived at Garbh Tanach, near Mullagh Reelion, and Castledermot, and he must also have had a residence, or as it would be termed in modern parlance, a "hunting," or "shooting-lodge," at Brittas, in the Glen of Imaile, where Saint Laurence was nursed, and where his descendants continued to live after they were driven by the English from the fertile plains of Kildare, and from which they were further driven in after years by Cromwell and his freebooters.

Muirchertach married the daughter of his kinsman Bran Ua Faelen, or O'Byrne, King of Ui Faelan, by whom was born to him one who in after years became the greatest ornament, not only of his family and clan, but of his Church and nation, as a saint, a hero, and a patriot. This son was the great, the illustrious, and the patriotic *Saint Laurence O'Toole*, who has shed more lustre and renown on the house and name of O'Toole than all the royal ancestors of his line, though that line be traced to the valiant Cathair Mor and Ugaine Mor, and even to Milesius.

For, while the memory of these brave kings and noble heroes, eminent as they were in their day for their prowess and magnanimity, has almost

* It must be borne in mind by the reader that in future whenever he meets with Ua Tuathal and O'Toole in the course of this work, they mean the same name, and are sounded in the same way, the *th* in the former being silent, or nearly so, the latter being the English way of spelling the name.

† Four Masters.



Saint Laurence O'Toole distributing bread to the famine-stricken Irish.

passed away, and their exploits and feats of arms nearly forgotten by their countrymen, the name of Saint Laurence O'Toole remains enshrined in the grateful memory of all Irishmen, and he is regarded as a shining light, illumining the dark pages of the history of their unfortunate country, and will be revered and venerated as long as self-sacrificing patriotism, unbounded charity, and heroic saintliness are dear to the Irish heart.

A short sketch of the exemplary, chequered, and wonderful life of this most illustrious scion of the house of O'Toole will not, I trust, be deemed out of place here.

SAINT LORCAN UA TUATHAIL, OR LAURENCE O'TOOLE.

Saint Laurence O'Toole was born in the year of our Lord, 1127, at his father's castle, near Castledermot, probably MullaghReelion, or Garb Tannach, near Castledermot, in the County Kildare. His father, Maurice (Muircertach), was prince or king of Hy Murray and Imaile, a district comprising about half of the present County Kildare, namely, the baronies of Kilkea, Moone, Narragh, Rheban, and part of the barony of Connell. His mother was a daughter of O'Byrne, prince of Hy Faelan, a district including a great part of the north-east of the County Kildare. Saint Laurence was the youngest of eight children, seven sons and one daughter, named Mor, who was espoused to Dermot MacMurrough, king of Leinster, who, notwithstanding, proved the saint's persistent and relentless enemy.

The infant was sent by his parents to the Church of St. Bridget, Kildare, to be baptized, with orders that he should be named Conchobar, or Cornelius; but the attendants were met on the way by a holy old man, esteemed a prophet, whom they informed of the object of their journey, when he immediately cried out: "This boy will be magnified on earth, and be glorified in heaven; he shall rule over many, rich as well as poor, and his name shall be Lorcan; thus I require him to be named." The attendants hesitated at first to disobey their master's orders, until the holy man guaranteed his seeing, and satisfying, the parents of the child at once, and they then yielded; the bishop of Kildare baptised the infant Lorcan, or Laurence, which means "greedy" or "voracious," to signify

his future zeal and avidity for the glory of God. His childhood evinced the most amiable and happy dispositions, and he gave early promise of those graces of mind and person which attracted the interest and affection of all connected with him.

When Laurence was but ten years old, he was delivered by his father as a hostage to Diarmid MacMurrough, king of Leinster, who evinced towards him the most malevolent hostility, and who, on the present occasion, having made an unprovoked war on the territories of the saint's father, the latter agreed to deliver his son Laurence as a hostage, for the purpose of arresting the cruel rapacity of the tyrant, and securing the tranquillity of his harassed people. Once in the power of this unprincipled and savage man, the holy youth was treated with the greatest harshness and severity, being confined in a wild and desert place, allowed insufficient food, and that of the coarsest kind, and restricted to clothing of the most wretched description, treatment calculated to destroy his health, and undermine his constitution for life. For two years he had to endure these hardships and privations; but he bore them with heroic fortitude and uncomplaining patience, and, no doubt, made them the foundation of that wonderful abstemiousness, mortification, and spirit of contemplation and prayer, which so distinguished his after life.

The saint's father, Maurice, hearing at length of the deplorable situation of his son, captured twelve of Diarmid's soldiers, whom he threatened to put to death if his son was not restored. MacMurrough thought it prudent to compromise the demand by agreeing to transfer the youth to the custody of the bishop of Glendalough. By the care and tenderness of his new custodians, our saint's health and strength were speedily restored, and under the tutelage and direction of the bishop and abbot of Glendalough, he engaged in a course of study with the greatest ardour. After some time, his father, desirous of evincing his gratitude to the bishop for the care bestowed on his son, as well as in accordance with a custom prevalent among the Irish nobility and gentry, of dedicating at least one of the family to God's service, paid a visit to Glendalough, and signified his intention of devoting one of his

children to the service of the Church; but either that all were equally dear, or wishing to act with strict impartiality, he desired to make the selection by lot. This proceeding was strenuously, but respectfully, opposed by Saint Laurence, who proclaimed his earnest desire and firm determination to devote his services and talents to God and His holy Church, and besought his father not to oppose his wishes, upon which Maurice delivered his son cheerfully to the bishop, to be prepared for the priesthood. The holy youth then pursued his studies with renewed vigour, received the habit, was professed as a monk, and in due course was ordained priest, while he was yet young.

In the year 1157, Gilda da Naomh, abbot and bishop of Glendalough, died, and our saint was unanimously elected abbot, and would have been elected bishop also, but that he strongly objected his own ineligibility, as being under the canonical age of thirty. The holy abbot, by his exalted virtue, strict observance of religious discipline, and zeal in reforming abuses, incurred the censure and opposition of some of his unmortified brethren, who even slandered his reputation. But by meekness and patience the saint won over the most violent of his adversaries, and was enabled effectually to carry out his reforms. During his government of the abbey, a grievous famine afflicted the poor of the district, and the charities of the holy abbot were almost incredible, devoting not only a great part of the riches of the abbey, but also of a treasure deposited with him by his father, to the relief of the famishing people.

On a certain occasion four ecclesiastics, under the rule of Saint Laurence, were bearing the Blessed Eucharist in procession along the public road to the sick, accompanied by many persons of the neighbourhood, when they were assailed by a band of robbers, who had been lying in wait, by whom many were grievously wounded, and by whom also a most impious sacrilege was perpetrated. The holy abbot, on being informed of this terrible outrage, retired to the church, and prostrating himself in prayer, implored the Lord to deliver his people from these terrible evils. After eight days all the principals in this horrible outrage were apprehended, and subsequently executed on the scene of the sacrilege.

Gregory, the first archbishop of Dublin, died on the 8th October, A.D. 1161, when our saint was thirty-four years old; he was immediately elected, almost unanimously, to the vacant bishopric. Owing to the difficulty of overcoming the objections raised by his own humility, he was not consecrated till 1162, when the ceremony was performed by Gelasius, Archbishop of Armagh, and Primate of Ireland, assisted by several other prelates, in the Church of the Holy Trinity, now Christ's Church.

In the year 1163, having obtained the Pope's sanction, the archbishop took the habit of the Canons Regular of Arouasia. He wore the garb of the brotherhood under his episcopal robes, and was most exact in observing the religious regulations prescribed by the rule. He observed the regular hours of silence, and assisted at the midnight office, after which, when others retired to rest, he remained in the church absorbed in fervent prayer, and before daybreak he repaired to the neighbouring cemetery, to meditate on death, and to pray for the repose of the souls of those who had been interred there. As he took his meals in the common refectory, it was remarked by all that he appeared to take his food without relish or enjoyment, and to eat only what was absolutely necessary to support life. He never used flesh meat, and on all Fridays, remembering the holy Passion of our Divine Redeemer, fasted on bread and water, and frequently went without any sustenance whatever on that day. And yet, this model of mortification was hospitable, courteous, and affable. His exalted position imposed on him the obligation of entertaining distinguished visitors, but while most attentive to the wants and wishes of his guests, he studiously avoided all delicacies himself, and while at table used water merely coloured with wine to conceal his abstemiousness. He wore a rough hair shirt constantly next his skin, and used the discipline to correct the slightest faults of which he supposed himself guilty.

On the elevation of Saint Laurence O'Toole to the archbishopric of Dublin, an unworthy ecclesiastic was, through the influence of Dermot MacMurrrough, appointed abbot of Glendalough; but, in a short time, on account of his reprehensible conduct, he was compelled to resign, and a

pious and zealous young clergyman, named Thomas, nephew to the archbishop, was elected in his stead. From the time his nephew undertook the government of Glendalough, St. Laurence made frequent visits to this beloved and peaceful retirement. Flying from the noise and tumult of men, he withdrew to a lonely cave, spending days in prayer and contemplation, subsisting only on bread and water, and sweetly and uninterruptedly communing with his beloved Lord. It would seem that, during one of these retreats, God was pleased to reveal to his holy servant the dreadful calamities about to be visited on the Irish people, in punishment of their murderous feuds and other crimes. Coming out of these retreats he appeared like another Moses, full of heavenly fire and divine light from conversing with God.

The archbishop every day entertained thirty poor persons at table, and frequently twice that number, besides relieving in private houses many families who knew not the name of their benefactor; also, during a dreadful famine which for three years continued to afflict the country, he put himself under an obligation of feeding, every day, fifty strangers and three hundred poor persons of his own diocese, besides many others whom he furnished with clothes, victuals, and the other necessaries of life. Several mothers, unable to keep their children, left them at the bishop's door, or where he would be sure to see them, and the saint took care of them all, having sometimes as many as three hundred of them together to provide for.

It is, indeed, hard to pass over in silence this important period of Ireland's history without at least referring to it in a general and passing way, and the more especially as the Clan O'Toole and the other Leinster septs were so much mixed up with it, and who, perhaps, if they had acted with less honourable motives, and been less imbued with love for virtue and justice, might have saved Ireland from the evil reproach of an Anglo-Norman invasion and the consequent sufferings; but I may say of the Irish in general of those days, they were not diplomatists or politicians, but soldiers, and knew little of the intrigues and stratagems of other nations, and especially of those of the English king, Henry II. and his Norman followers.

THE ENGLISH INVASION AND THE IRISH MISFORTUNE CAME ABOUT IN THIS WAY:

The wife of Tieghernan O'Rourke, king of Breffni, eloped with Diarmuid MacMurrrough, king of Leinster, while her husband was making a pilgrimage at Lough Derg. On O'Rourke's return, he, hearing of what had happened, was resolved to have revenge on MacMurrrough, and complained to the Ard Righ, Roderick O'Connor, and asked him to inflict condign punishment on the king of Leinster for his wickedness and injustice to him. The Ard Righ hearkened to his request, and summoned the other petty kings and princes to assist him in punishing MacMurrrough and seeing justice done to O'Rourke. Diarmuid MacMurrrough soon heard of these military preparations against him, and summoning the nobility of Leinster about him, the principal of whom were O'Toole, king of Imail, and Ui Muiredheah, and O'Byrne, king of Hy Felan, and others, he laid before them the formidable strength of the confederate army of the Ard Righ, and with great earnestness implored their help to scatter the impending storm, that would not only overwhelm himself, but involve them in the common ruin, and bring destruction on the whole country.

But the application had not the desired effect, for the O'Tooles and the O'Byrnes, with the other Leinster nobles, had conceived such a violent resentment against their king for the abominable crime and injury he had committed that they absolutely refused to support him in so wicked a cause, which no excuse could palliate, and nothing but repentance and restitution could atone for; and to secure themselves from any violence that Diarmuid might purpose, they renounced his authority and put themselves under the protection of Roderick O'Connor, the Ard Righ of Ireland, for the king of Leinster had incensed his subjects by many former provocations, and by his improvident and tyrannical government had so lost their affections that they left him in his distress, and abandoned him to the power of his enemies. The king of Ireland, encouraged by this defection of the nobility of Leinster, marched his army into the territories of that province, and plundered the country of those who had continued firm in their allegiance to Diarmuid, for he met with no opposition. The king of

Leinster being compelled to fly with a few followers, and leave the province without defence, the confederate army raged with all the terrors of fire and sword, and among other devastations they marched to Fearná, plundered and demolished the royal palace of Diarmuid, and drove that unfortunate prince out of the island, and immured the unhappy wife of O'Rourke in the Convent of St. Bridget, at Kildare, to do penance for her sins for the remainder of her life, whilst Mor O'Tuathail, his lawful wife (according to some authors) had left him and fled to her brother, St. Laurence O'Toole, Archbishop of Dublin, who provided a place in the Convent of Our Blessed Lady, which stood on that part of the city of Dublin now called after it, Dame Street, where she remained unknown to Diarmuid till his death, when she appeared at his funeral service at Baltinglass Cistercian Monastery. The exiled king, thus forced from his dominions, was bent upon revenge, and, giving full loose to his passions, determined to punish his rebellious nobility at all hazards, though the happiness of his country was to be sacrificed in the attempt. For this purpose he fled into France, and implored the protection of Henry II., king of England, who was carrying on his conquests in that country. The English monarch gave him letters of introduction to some of his Ministers in England, recommending that those of his subjects who were willing should be at liberty to go to Ireland and assist Diarmuid in regaining his kingdom. Upon Diarmuid's arrival in Bristol he delivered his commission to the magistrates of that city, where the letters were publicly read; and to encourage men to engage in his service he made ample promises of lands and estates to those who offered themselves, and would assist him in the expedition against his enemies, who, he said, had invaded his province and robbed him of his crown. In this city he met with Richard MacGilbert, son of the Earl of Strangwell, afterwards known as Earl Strongbow, to whom he engaged that if he would appear in his cause, and raise a body of men for his service, he would bestow on him his daughter Aoiffe (Eva, who was heir-apparent, according to English law, to his dominions, his two sons being illegitimate), and as a dowry would confirm to him and his heirs the crown of Leinster after his decease, which proposal Strongbow joyfully acquiesced in, and

promised he would proceed to Ireland when he had a sufficient number to assist in the enterprise. Diarmuid MacMurrough having enlisted Ralph Griffin, Robert Fitz-Stephen, Maurice Fitz-Gerald, and a few others of less note, and successfully managed the whole plot of invasion, returned with great privacy and with a very small retinue into Ireland in order to be ready to receive the assistance and succours he expected. He came to Ferns in disguise, where he lay concealed in a monastery till the following summer. At length the fatal hour struck. Early in May, 1169, a small flotilla of strange vessels, favoured by a dark night, was piloted safely by a trusty convoy, set by MacMurrough to watch for their appearance, into a little creek near Bannow, on the Wexford coast.

This was the advanced guard of the Anglo-Norman invasion—a band of 30 knights and 60 men in armour and 300 footmen, under Robert Fitz-Stephen. Next day, Maurice de Prendergast, with an additional force, disembarked from his galley, *The Bun*, which lay alongside the fine barque *The Leinster King*, now changed to the name of *The Bag*, in which Fitz-Stephen and his party arrived, and which was left by Diarmuid for that purpose in Bristol. They at once communicated their arrival to Diarmuid MacMurrough, who, at the head of 500 horse, went to meet them.

After a council of war they at once besieged and took Wexford without opposition. Diarmuid, in compliance with his engagement, bestowed Wexford and two cantrids of land upon Robert Fitz-Stephen, and likewise conferred the next two cantrids on Hermon Murty. Diarmuid, having rewarded his auxiliaries, made a general muster of his forces, and found upon review that his force consisted of a body of 5,000 men.

He then gave orders to decamp, and marched towards the territories of Ossory with a design to plunder and reduce the king of that country to obedience. The king of Ossory, finding himself not in a condition to give opposition, submitted to him, and promised to pay the annual taxes to him as usual.

By this time the whole kingdom was alarmed with the success of Diarmuid MacMurrough and his Anglo-Norman auxiliaries; and to prevent the dreadful calamities of a civil war, the Righ Begg, the chiefs, and

nobility of Ireland besought the Ard Righ, Roderick O'Connor, to stop the ambitious designs of the king of Leinster, and scatter the impending storm before it grew too formidable, and in a capacity of overwhelming the island in blood and confusion. A convention of the estates was, therefore, assembled, at which St. Laurence O'Toole attended, counselling moderation and peace; but without avail. for, after many debates, it was agreed that every province in Ireland should be obliged to supply the Ard Righ with a certain number of men in order to confine the king of Leinster within the bounds of his province, and drive the English out of the country. This resolution was quickly executed, and every province raised their quota of men, who were sent to the place of rendezvous with the utmost expedition. When Roderick found his army complete, he began his march, and directed his course toward Jobh Cinecalach, with full design to give battle to the king of Leinster, and fight him at all adventures. But Diarmuid, being much inferior in the number of men, determined not to stand the shock of this formidable army, so, as Roderick approached, he retired, and withdrew with his troops into the woods and wildernesses which at that time stood near Ferns, and afforded him a secure retreat. The king of Ireland, perceiving that the enemy would not abide the issue of a decisive battle, but lurked in the woods where he could not be attacked, sent to Robert Fitz-Stephen, the commander of the English, with orders that he should immediately leave the country with all his foreigners, for the cause he was engaged in was unjust and dishonourable, and he had no right to a foot of land throughout the island. But Robert despised this proud command, and returned for answer that he had no inclination to quit the country, and would never forsake the king of Leinster, but prosecute his right as long as he had a man left. Roderick, enraged with this reply, divided his army into small bodies, and gave orders to his officers to enter the woods and attack the king of Leinster in his fastnesses, and he commanded them to give no quarter to native or foreigner, but to put them all to the sword, and by that means to bring the war to a final end. But the clergy of Leinster, with St. Laurence at their head, foreseeing that these commotions would be of fatal consequences to their

country, and that these intestine broils were destructive to the peace and established revenues of the Church, resolved to use their utmost efforts in reconciling the two kings, and securing the two kingdoms from bloodshed and other miseries that the continuation of the war made unavoidable. For this purpose they assembled in a body with the holy Archbishop of Dublin at their head, and marched towards the army of the king of Ireland. When they arrived they were admitted into the king's presence, and prostrating themselves before him as humble suppliants, they besought him to commiserate the distressed state of their native country, and prevent the effusion of Christian blood by ceasing hostilities and entering into treaty with the king of Leinster. The conditions of peace were agreed upon, which established that Diarmuid should enjoy the government of Leinster in as full extent as any of his predecessors did before him, but he was obliged to send hostages of the first quality to the king of Ireland as a security for his future obedience, and that he would not embroil the kingdom in new troubles.

The conditions were accepted by Diarmuid, who sent his youngest and favourite son, whose name was Art-na-Ngiall, as a hostage to Roderick. But this happy state of things did not last long, for the following summer Maurice Fitz-Gerald landed in Ireland with a contingent of 10 knights and 100 foot, whom he set on shore in the port of Wexford. They urged Diarmuid MacMurrough to again break the compact and the peace entered into a short time previous. They laid close siege to Dublin, for the inhabitants of that place had always shown themselves great enemies to his father and himself. They first overran Fingal, and then sat down before the city of Dublin. The citizens of that city were so terrified that they commissioned their holy archbishop, St. Laurence O'Toole, to meet the enemy and offer him any terms he would ask, and save their city from plunder. They sent to Diarmuid in his camp outside the walls a large quantity of gold, silver, jewels, silks, and other valuable presents, and surrendered themselves to his mercy, imploring him to spare a deluded and unfortunate people, and to accept of hostages, whom he should receive as an evidence of their loyalty, and a security for their future

obedience. They promised likewise that they would pay whatever tribute he would think well of levying on them, and atone for their former misconduct by a double share of duty and fidelity. These articles were accepted by the king, and Dublin was spared for the present, Diarmuid returning home.

This continued course of success animated MacMurrough to more ambitious designs, and reflecting that many of his ancestors had worn the crown of Ireland, he now entertained hopes of becoming monarch of Ireland, and resolved to make an attempt upon the throne. With this intention he wrote to Earl Strangwell, reminding him of the agreement entered into between them a few years before, that he, Earl Strangwell, would come over to Ireland with an army to assist him to regain his kingdom, and that in return he was to get Eva, Diarmuid's only daughter, in marriage, and with her the kingdom of Leinster, at Diarmuid's death, as a dowry. To this renewal of Diarmuid's request and offer Earl Strangwell, or Strongbow, as he is usually called, acquiesced immediately, and sent over Raymond de la Grose and William FitzGerald with a small body of forces to inquire into the posture of affairs, and to assure MacMurrough that he himself, with a large following, would come over to assist him the following summer. The year following, upon St. Bartholomew's day, in harvest, the Earl Strangwell landed in Ireland, and brought over a strong body of forces, consisting of 200 valiant knights and 1,000 esquires, that were bowmen, whom he set on shore at the port of Waterford. Diarmuid MacMurrough and his English auxiliaries went to meet them, and it was agreed that they would immediately lay siege to and attack Waterford, which they did, and captured it with much slaughter, its king, Maolseachlain O'Faolain, narrowly escaping, through the generosity of Diarmuid MacMurrough. Now, it was MacMurrough who felt himself bound to fulfil his part of the contract, disgraceful as it was, and so he sent for his daughter, Eva, and had her married, reluctantly, to Earl Strangwell, in Waterford, on the scene of Strongbow's first great victory in Ireland.

“ Lonely she stood, in her mournful eyes
Lay the clear midnight of southern skies.
And the drooping fringe of their lashes low
Half veiled a depth of unfathomed woe.

“ Stately she stood, though her fragile frame
Seemed struck with the blight of some inward flame,
And her proud, pale brow had a shade of scorn
Under the waves of her fair hair worn.”

This was Eva, daughter of Mor (or Mary) O'Toole, and niece to the great and saintly archbishop of Dublin, St. Laurence O'Toole, made a pawn of by her wicked and unscrupulous father. After the accomplishment of the nuptial ceremonies the earl left his wife and the city of Waterford under the care of a strong guard, and with MacMurrough at the head of his troops, directed their march towards Dublin, south of the Wicklow mountains, to avoid Roderick O'Connor, who had encamped at Clondalkin, and by Glendalough, which city they burned and laid in ruins as a punishment of the O'Tooles, who would not join MacMurrough, or give him any assistance in his nefarious work of ruining the country by inviting the strangers and handing it over to foreign rule. After demolishing Glendalough, they marched towards Dublin, by the Scalp and Rathfarnham, and encamped at Dolphin's Barn, outside the walls of the city of Dublin. Never did the approach of an enemy ever make a more terrible impression upon a distressed city than the advance of the Irish and English upon the inhabitants of Dublin, who, it must be borne in mind, were for the most part Danes, now converted to the Catholic faith for upwards of a hundred years. Nor could a victorious general lay siege to a town with more fury and resentment than then raged in the breast of Diarmuid MacMurrough, king of Leinster, against the people of that city, who had killed his father, and used him in an ignominious manner after his death, for they buried in the same grave with him a dog, as a testimony of their hatred, and offered such indignities to him as history can scarcely parallel. These affronts were fresh in the memory of the king of Leinster, who resolved to wreak ample vengeance on these vile



Diarmuid M'Murrough bestowing the hand of his daughter Eva in marriage on Strongbow.

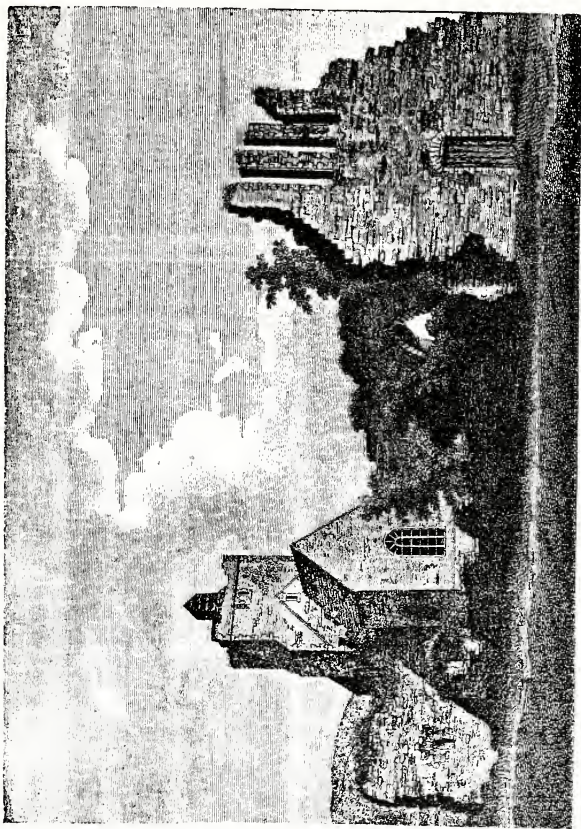
citizens; and so convinced were they of what usage they had to expect from him that they immediately met in council to debate on the necessity of their affairs, and avert the impending storm before they were overwhelmed by it. In this assembly it was unanimously agreed to send their archbishop, St. Laurence O'Toole, with a commission to treat in the most submissive manuer with the king of Leinster, and to prevail with him, upon any conditions, to spare a distressed city, that was now so sensible of the indignities she had offered him and his father. But, while the archbishop was interceding for the acceptance of these conditions and adjusting the capitulation, it happened that Miles de Cogan and Raymond de la Grose, with a strong body of English knights, were posted on the other side of the town, and carried on the attack with such vigour and success that they made a considerable breach in the walls and forcibly entered the city. The citizens and whomsoever the soldiers met, in their fury, were put to the sword, without exception. The news of the entry of Miles de Cogan and Raymond de la Grose into the city put an end to the parley between St. Laurence O'Toole and Diarmuid MacMurrongh, and the holy and warlike archbishop ran to the rescue of his people. As a father, he heard his children cry, he burst forth crozier in hand; foremost he wins his way through the wild stampede, pressing to the scene of strife; borne along in the promiscuous whirl of friend and foe, he gained the streets of the city, already choked with carnage, and at the hazard of his life he flies through javelin showers, and crossing brands, and flashing scimitars, and plashes through the rivulets of blood, to administer to the dying the last consolation of religion, and snatch writhing victims from the hands of human fiends; exhorting, entreating, and commanding, his voice is heard wherever the conflict is thickest and demoniac rage is at its height—commanding as a general, encouraging as a father, absolving and anointing them in their dying moments. Some historians go so far as to say that Archbishop O'Toole was dressed in military costume, and commanded as a general on the battlements and walls of the city. But all was in vain, the day was lost! Dublin fell into the hands of her enemies! The gates of the city were seized, and the city secured for the king of

Leinster, who, after he had left a strong garrison to defend it, drew out his men and led them in pursuit of further conquests. The king of Breffni at the time was O'Rourke, with whom he had an old quarrel, and who always professed himself an enemy to the king of Leinster. Diarmuid, therefore, attended by his confederate English, entered the country of Breffni with fire and sword, and committed incredible barbarities upon the inhabitants. O'Rourke was reduced to great extremities by this invasion, and the king of Leinster was so elated by a constant course of success that he made no disguise of gratifying his ambition for the monarchy of Ireland, for his very name was a terror throughout the kingdom, and victory followed him in all his undertakings. Laden with spoil from Dublin and Breffni, MacMurrough and Strongbow, having appointed De Cogan governor of Dublin, retired to Ferns to enjoy themselves and prepare for further conquests. The indefatigable archbishop of Dublin, St. Laurence O'Toole, whose warnings and entreaties would not be listened to by the Ard Righ and the other Irish chieftains, now, for the last time, went round to all the Irish chieftains and petty kings, and to the Ard Righ himself, preaching a crusade against MacMurrough and the Anglo-Norman invaders, who, he forewarned them, would be the masters and owners of Ireland before long, if they did not unite and rise like one man, and drive them from the country. They at last hearkened to his admonition and forewarnings, and uniting as they never did before, marched, 60,000 strong, and set themselves down before the walls of Dublin, demanding its evacuation by the Normans; but fearing that the English would carry out a threat which they had made, of putting to the sword every man, woman, and child, if they were not allowed favourable terms of capitulation, as there were only 600 of them against 60,000 of the Irish army outside the walls, they hesitated. For two months this huge Irish army remained outside the walls of Dublin, whilst Murtha and Felim O'Toole kept guard at Dunleary, and O'Byrne at Dalkey, guarding the southern mountain passes between Dublin and Hy Ceonسلagh, whilst the mouth of the harbour was blockaded by a Danish fleet, under McTorcal and Asculph, to prevent assistance coming to them by sea, hoping by that means to starve the garrison out.

BATTLE OF FINGLASS.

At last, matters becoming desperate with the Norman garrison, their last biscuit having been eaten, they held a council of war as to what they should do, when it was resolved to make a sortie as a forlorn hope of escape from their dreadful position. Raymond le Grose, with 200 knights, led the vanguard; "I will keep the centre," said Miles de Cogan, "with 200 knights, and Fitzgerald, at the head of 200 more will bring up the rear, leaving a few to keep the city, as they best may. Should McTorcal essay it in our absence, which I trust will be brief, you, de Riddlesford, we make our seneschal, assisted by the good knight Hartpole; and fare you well until we meet again in a more auspicious hour." The sortie succeeded. As the clock in the tower of Holy Trinity Church struck twelve o'clock they marched out by the northern gate of the city, across the river by the bridge of hurdles towards Finglass, where O'Brien, the Righbeg of Thomond, with his Munster army, was encamped. The night was dark and stormy; the Norman knights came on the vanguard of the Irish unperceived by them, and found them asleep, wrapped up in their greatcoats in the shelter of their tents. The 600 Norman warriors put the greater part of O'Brien's troops to the sword, and caused a panic in the whole camp. Early in the morning, when the report came to the Ard Righ, he was engaged in taking his usual morning bath, and Archbishop Laurence was preparing to say Mass. The former took no action, nor did he order any pursuit of the bold Norman adventurers; but the latter, St. Laurence, rushed to the scene of the recent conflict to attend and comfort the wounded and dying. When the Righbeg of Thomond, O'Brien, who had been absent during the night, arrived on the scene, and found his army surprised and slaughtered, and that the Ard Righ had taken no action, not having even ordered a pursuit of the flying enemy, he at once began to suspect treachery on the part of the Ard Righ, who he suspected would be very glad to be rid of him and the Munstermen, between whom and the Ard Righ an ill-will and a jealousy of long standing existed. Accord-

ingly, he upbraided him with conniving at the surprise and slaughter of his men, and threatened to leave the camp and return home to Limerick with the remnant of his army that escaped the slaughter, which he immediately did, in a state of high dudgeon. Now, Roderick appeared thunder-stricken with the whole thing, and did not know what to make of it. It was true, it was rumoured in the camp the previous day that Diarmuid MacMurrrough and Strongbow were coming to the rescue of the starving Norman garrison of Dublin; but he knew that the port of Dublin was well guarded by the Danish fleet, in command of McTorcal, and the O'Tooles and O'Byrnes guarded the roads and passes from Hy Ceonسلagh, from Dalkey to Baltinglass, and that if their lines were forced, or attempted to be forced by MacMurrrough and Strongbow, they would have immediately reported it to him. He knew, too, that the Norman garrison in Dublin could not hold out much longer, and that his efforts should be of necessity crowned with success, if he had but a little patience; but it struck him very forcibly that O'Brien of Thomond had departed in a very bad spirit, and that he intended revenge by raising an army on his return home, and making war on his province of Connaught, laying waste his country with fire and sword; and further, that it was his duty to be there to defend his people and his country from the enemy, and that he would at once raise the siege and return. Having made known his intention to the Righ Begg and other chieftains, who were astonished at such a resolve, and opposed the idea—especially O'Hanlon and the Northern princes, who asked was he going away, leaving the O'Tooles and the O'Byrnes, and the other Leinster princes, who had all through remained faithful to the cause and to the country, to the mercy of Diarmuid MacMurrrough and his Anglo-Norman auxiliaries?—Roderick answered that he had his own country and people to protect, and that the O'Tooles, the O'Byrnes, and the other Leinster princes should shift for themselves as best they could; and so he ordered the siege to be broken up, and all returned home to their respective principalities and kingdoms—fled away like a flock of birds; thus leaving the O'Tooles, the O'Byrnes, and the other Leinster princes to fight out the battle by themselves alone. Of the manner in which



Baltinglass Abbey, Co. Wicklow.

they did it their future history will show, and it will be for the unprejudiced reader to judge and give his verdict.

McToreal, the Danish commander of the fleet, having ventured too far up the river Liffey, and not being able to return in a low tide, was caught in the net and made prisoner, with the whole fleet, and thus ignominiously ended the siege of Dublin, A.D. 1171.

The holy prelate, St. Laurence, having been engaged on the battlefield with the wounded and dying, went from that to his cathedral to chant the *Requiem* for the repose of the dead, from the towers of which he saw, with astonishment and regret, the Irish army taking their departure, leaving him the sole mediator and arbitrator between Diarmuid and the Leinster princes.

On the English becoming masters of the city they attempted to deprive the native clergy of their benefices, and to substitute English, but this was successfully resisted by Saint Laurence. In May, 1171, died Diarmuid MacMurrough, at Ferns, of a mysterious and putrefying disease, and without the sacraments, leaving the invader, Strongbow, who had married his daughter Eva, heir to his possessions.

Henry II. now becoming jealous of Strongbow, summoned him to England, but was so well satisfied with the declaration of the latter, "that he only conquered in his sovereign's name," that Henry confirmed him in his possessions.

On the 18th October, 1171, King Henry landed at Waterford, at the head of 400 knights and 4,000 men. The kings of Desmond and Thomond submitted to him; and during his progress to Dublin many chiefs tendered their allegiance. This general defection was very unacceptable to Roderick O'Connor, the Ard Righ, who, finding himself abandoned by his countrymen, who rather chose to submit to a foreign yoke than attempt to repel these foreigners, thought it prudent to make a virtue of necessity, and submit likewise to the king of England; for he was forsaken by most of the princes of the island, and was in no circumstances to oppose the king of England's arms, and therefore he thought that the condition of his affairs required that he should rather acknowledge an authority,

however unjust, than oppose it to his own destruction. Under these circumstances he received from the king of England, by two principal noblemen, named Hugo de Laey and William de Aldehemel, a kind invitation to wait upon their master, who lay with his army on the bank of the river Shannon. The king of Ireland was obliged to comply, and accordingly he met the monarch at the appointed place, who received him with the greatest generosity and friendship, and after mutual compliments an ignoble peace was concluded before the nobility of both kingdoms, making King Henry II. the Suzerain Lord of Ireland.

“The fatal chain was o'er them cast,
And they were men no more.”

And thus was the Irish nation cast into bondage, where she remains ever since, and is likely to remain for years to come.

In the beginning of 1172, Henry convened a Synod at Cashel, at which Saint Laurence and other Irish prelates assisted, and at which the spurious Bull of Pope Adrian IV. was presented by the English king, and, in the following April, he sailed for England, leaving behind him, as chief governor, Strongbow.

After the departure of Henry, St. Laurence erected additions to the Church of the Holy Trinity, and a steeple, choir, and two chapels were added, the archbishop bearing his proportion of the charges.

St. Laurence O'Toole, Catholienus, Archbishop of Armagh, and Concors, Abbot of St. Brendan, were deputed by Roderick O'Connor, as ambassadors to the English court, for the completion of a treaty with the king of England, and, after an audience with the English sovereign at Windsor, Michaelmas, 1175, a treaty was concluded between Roderick O'Connor and King Henry II.

Returning to Ireland after this event, the holy prelate attended the obsequies of Richard de Clare, or Strongbow, who died a most miserable death in May, 1176, from a virulent cancer, which, spreading from his foot upwards, so ate away his body that it almost fell in pieces. He had slain his son with his own hand, and his daughter, Isabella, by Eva, was

left heiress to his ill-gotten possessions. Thus were these two great enemies of St. Laurence O'Toole and Ireland summarily and mysteriously punished by the Almighty God; even in this world the malediction seems to have fallen on them.

Dalton, in his "History of the Archbishops of Dublin," says, that in the year 1177, when Cardinal Vivian presided over the Council of Dublin as Papal Legate, when the right of the king of England to the sovereignty of Ireland, in virtue of the Pope's authority, was further inculcated, there is no positive evidence that Saint Laurence O'Toole, the Archbishop, was present, or took any part in the proceedings, although he appears in other transactions conjointly with Cardinal Vivian, during his stay in Ireland, by which it appears certain that the holy archbishop never consented to the yielding up of his country to the English, but only held himself passive when he could not prevent it.

Saint Laurence, with five other Irish prelates, assisted at the Council of Lateran, held at Rome, in 1179; Henry II. warning them, before their departure, to say nothing at the Council detrimental to his Irish interests. But our saint, even with the martyrdom of Saint Thomas à Becket fresh before his eyes, and with the prospect of a similar fate in store for himself, was not to be intimidated from discharging the duties of a vigilant and loving shepherd of Christ's flock, by revealing to the common father of the faithful the sufferings and oppressions of the Irish Church, from the greed, injustice, and rapacity of Henry's unprincipled followers. The Pope, Alexander III., treated Saint Laurence with special favour, and granted him a Bull, confirming the rights and privileges of the archiepiscopal see of Dublin; and he also appointed him Legate of the Holy See for all Ireland. Henry could not conceal his annoyance at the noble and independent conduct of the saint, and his success in securing the privileges for the Irish Church. Distasteful as he had already been to the English monarch, by reason of his acknowledged and unpurchasable patriotism, he became now doubly obnoxious to him. On the occasion of the archbishop's next and final mission to England, Henry issued orders to all the English maritime ports to deny him a return voyage to his native land; and after the death

of the holy prelate, he kept the see vacant for twelve months, and, as was his custom with other sees, appropriated its revenues during the vacancy.

The sons of Roderick O'Connor having rebelled against him, and, in violation of the treaty between Roderick and Henry, having been aided by the English deputy's troops, Roderick defeated them, and he immediately despatched Saint Laurence as ambassador to the English king, for a renewal of the treaty which had been thus shamefully violated by Henry's deputy. In the autumn of the year 1180, Saint Laurence, accompanied by a son of Roderick, and David, the prince's tutor, sailed for England; but on his arrival he found the English king inexorable in his anger, and deaf to all his appeals for peace. The saint then retired to the monastery of Abingdon, where he fell ill. In the meantime, Henry passed over to Normandy, having, as already mentioned, issued orders to block Saint Laurence's return to Ireland from any of the English seaports.

On this occasion of his journey to England, the saint made a pilgrimage to the shrine of Saint Thomas à Becket, and was about to offer the holy sacrifice, robed in pontificals, and standing at the foot of the altar, when he was felled to the ground by a violent blow on the head by a supposed or pretended maniac. All present supposed the holy bishop to be killed, but becoming conscious in a little time, he called for water, which, having blessed with the sign of the cross, he ordered the wound to be washed with it. This was no sooner done than the blood was stanchcd, and the holy prelate was able to celebrate Mass. The fracture remained in the skull after death, and is yet visible, which I have myself seen at Eu.

The good bishop was so deeply anxious about the fate of his beloved country, that, without waiting for his perfect recovery, he sailed for Normandy from Dover to make a final effort with the king in its behalf; and landing on the coast of Normandy, near the town of Eu, he was descending a hill, since named after him, when he met a shepherd, of whom he demanded the name of the town beneath them, and of the church whose pinnacles rose before them, and being told that it was the town of Eu, and the abbey, that of Saint Victor, he replied: "This is my resting-place for ever; in this place will I dwell, because I have chosen it." He proceeded to

the abbey, and was received with reverential tenderness by Abbot Osbert. The holy prelate, though tottering from weakness, before taking rest, first repaired to the church to thank God for his prosperous voyage, and to pray for the success of his mission.

His illness increased; his exhaustion and weakness became extreme; his pilgrimage was drawing to a close. Still his patriotic heart could not rest without a final struggle to avert the horrors of war from his native land. He despatched David, the prince's tutor, to King Henry, with messages of touching and earnest pleading for the ratification of peace with his majesty's Irish subjects. The dying words of the sainted bishop were at length successful, and in four days David returned with the consoling intelligence of the king's acquiescence to his entreaties. The saint fervently thanked God for this most happy result, and now, with soothed and tranquil mind, he prepared to close his holy life by a most edifying and happy death.

A short time before his decease he was reminded to make a will. "Of what do you speak?" said the dying saint, with a smile of heavenly sweetness. "I thank my God I have not a penny left in the world to dispose of." How, indeed, could he, for whatever he possessed became at once the treasure of the poor? He made his last confession to the abbot, and with sentiments of sublime fervour and ardent love, received the last sacraments. And now, at the last moment, the loving shepherd would cast one lingering look of pity on his dear flock about to lose their truest friend. How earnestly and devotedly had he laboured for them! How zealously and tenderly had he protected them! How nobly and unflinchingly had he defended them from the oppressions and exactions of their tyrant masters! He was at once their champion and their father. Well may his compassionate heart breathe out its pitying wail, in the expressive language of his native land: "Ah, foolish and insensible people! What now shall become of you? Who will relieve your miseries? Who will heal you when I am gone?" These were his last words; and thus, on the 14th November, A.D. 1180, at the age of fifty-three, passed to immortal bliss one of Ireland's most illustrious sons and the last of her canonized saints.

At the moment of the saint's death, the abbey was so flooded with celestial light and environed with so great brilliancy that it was thought at first to be on fire.

Saint Laurence is represented as being tall and graceful in stature, of a comely presence, and in his outward habit grave but rich.

Among the many munificent charities which signalized the administration of Saint Laurence, was the support of hundreds of destitute orphans. When the boys among these attained a sufficient age, each was provided with a wooden cross, and sent through the provinces, and Irish proverbial benevolence was not appealed to in vain by these poor houseless wanderers, bearing the symbol of man's redemption, while the sainted prelate was thus enabled to entertain the more urgent claims of the helpless infant orphans.

The miracles of Saint Laurence during life were numerous; but owing to the anti-nationality of his successors and early biographers, we have but a scant and meagre record of them. As to the miracles operated through his intercession since his death, the relation of them would fill a moderate volume.

Two men guilty of sacrilege had, by Divine judgment, lost their reason, and being brought before the archbishop in irons, he, moved with compassion, ordered their chains to be struck off, and gave them his benediction; when, falling prostrate before him, they remained motionless for some time, then rising up in restored sanity, fervently thanked the saint, who said that "not to him, but to God alone, were their thanks due."

An officer of the archbishop's household was afflicted with a frightful tumorous disease, and despaired of by the physicians, when he was brought to the saint, who laid his hands on him and prayed, saying afterwards: "Let him return to his hospice, and when he shall have been healed let him resume his duties." The following night the putrescent matter of the tumours was carried off, and in eight days, when in perfect health, he returned to thank the saint, who, with deep humility, said to him: "Recollect, that not to man, but to God alone, must your thanks be given."

Gallivedius was a priest of St. Martin's Church, beloved by the arch-

bishop, who, after suffering from a grievous illness, appeared to have succumbed, but whose burial was delayed for three days and nights, owing to the want of absolute certainty of his death, when the archbishop approached the inanimate body, and said: "If you are able, dearly beloved, you will now speak to me; but in all things be the will of God done." He then knelt down and prayed, when the priest opened his eyes and said: "My soul was separated from my body, and while the angels were about to receive me, I saw the Blessed Virgin, and Bishop Laurence entreating for my restoration to life." The saint strictly cautioned Galivedius not to disclose this miracle during his (the saint's) life.

A servant of St. Laurence was condemned to death, and led to execution, when word was brought to the archbishop, who hastened without delay to his rescue; but the cruel executioner noticing the archbishop's approach, at once struck off the prisoner's head. The holy prelate struck with horror, denounced the wicked inhumanity of the deed, and that same night the executioner broke his thigh bone by a fall, and the fracture caused his death.

In 1180, the body of Saint Laurence, after lying five years and five months in the grave, was exhumed, and found as fresh as on the day of sepulture, and exhaling a pleasant odour. It was then placed before an altar in the church of our Blessed Lady at Eu; and from that time the miracles were so numerous and striking that applications were made, first to Pope Celestine III., and afterwards to Pope Innocent III., for his canonization. At length Pope Honorius III., in the year 1225, forty-five years after the saint's decease, published the Bull of his canonization, to the great joy of the people of Eu and the surrounding districts, to whom his relics had proved a most wonderful and inestimable treasure.

In the year 1226, the remains of St. Laurence were again exhumed, and on the 10th May, in the same year, were solemnly translated, the Archbishop of Rouen, the Bishop of Amiens, Guido, Prior of St. Victor, and several other ecclesiastics being present. The shrine enclosing the saint's relics was carried in procession through the town, accompanied by a vast multitude, and at the close of the procession the shrine was placed

before the great altar. The anniversary of the saint's death, and that of the translation of his relics are observed as festivals in the town of Eu.

In the year 1824, a church was built in the County of Kildare, and archdiocese of Dublin, by the Rev. Mr. Lenham, P.P. of Castledermot, which is supposed to be the first in Ireland dedicated in honour of St. Laurence since the Reformation.

On the 24th June, 1850, the new church of St. Laurence O'Toole, North Strand, Dublin, was solemnly dedicated by the Most Rev. Daniel Murray, Archbishop of Dublin; and on the 7th October, 1853, the Rev. Michael Farrington was appointed first pastor of the newly erected church and parish of St. Laurence O'Toole.

In the year 1855, in the city of St. Louis, in Missouri, United States of America, a church was dedicated in honour of Saint Laurence O'Toole, and in 1856, a parish was constituted in connexion with said church.

The following extract is taken from the Bull of his canonization :—

“From the deposition of these witnesses, it plainly appears that the holy life of this man has been proved by miracles so numerous that they should make a goodly sized history were they all committed to writing seriatim. Not to speak of the lame, and the deaf, and the leprous who have been cured by the invocation of his holy name, we will here record, that his intercession restored seven dead men to life, one of whom was three days in the grave.”

In appendix form, at the end of this history, I have placed on record a full account of the celebration in Dublin of the seventh centenary of St. Laurence, and trust it may be of interest to the reader, proving, as it does, that the memory of the great saint is still green in the hearts of his countrymen in general, and among the members of Clan O'Toole in particular.

ABBOT THOMAS O'TOOLE AND GLENDALOUGH.

In the foregoing biographical sketch of the great Saint Laurence, the election of Abbot Thomas O'Toole, the nephew of the holy prelate, on the deposition of the nominee of MacMurrough, has been already noted, as well as the frequent retreats, during his episcopacy, of St. Laurence at Glendalough, where he retired to gain new strength and courage for his glorious victories over the enemies of Christ and His holy Church.

The two circumstances above referred to, namely, the close relationship of the holy bishop to Abbot Thomas, and the long connection of the saint with the abbey, and the sweet attractiveness it ever had for him during life, renders the following record of Abbot Thomas and Glendalough an appropriate sequel to the sketch I have given of the life of the sainted archbishop. But Glendalough has this additional claim on our attention, besides its connection with the illustrious prelate whose sanctity and patriotism shed undying lustre on the name of O'Toole. We have the fact of its being originally part of the patrimony of the Clan O'Toole, and conferred by King Colman (the King O'Toole of the legend) on Saint Kevin (Caemghin), its first abbot. And here I may say that it was this gift of the valley of Glendalough itself to Saint Kevin that formed the direct property of the monastery of Glendalough, and was the only territorial possession the monks had. Several gifts and endowments were made to it from time to time, in days subsequent to King Colman's grant, and certain tithes were paid to it from the diocese of Glendalough, which corresponded in area to the extent of territory that was apportioned to his son, Muiredach, on the partition of his kingdom by Murcadh Mor. In a word, when Saint Laurence O'Toole was elected bishop, all the patronage, all the endowments, and all the prestige as a seat of learning that the diocese of Glendalough and its monastery enjoyed, had been conferred on it by his royal ancestors.

1173. Earl Richard, the lieutenant of King Henry in Ireland, granted (or rather attempted to grant) to Thomas O'Toole, his clerk (as he calls

him), the abbey and parsonage of Glendalough, and the lands and dignities thereunto belonging, and situate in the city, with the churches and land without the town. He also attempts to grant to the monastery lands and possessions over which he had not the slightest control, and to bestow territories into which he or his dared not put a foot. Commend us to this for a piece of barefaced impudence! But, apart from this, the proceeding was the outcome of a most crafty policy, adopted in order that the apparent acceptance of them from him would be at least a tacit acknowledgment of his authority; but it was rather late in the day to confer lands and endowments on the see and abbaey of Glendalough, that were already enjoyed by them for many hundred years, through the munificent charity of the Clan O'Toole.

Strongbow appears to have assumed that because he was married to Eva, the daughter of Dermot MacMurrough, he should, at his death, inherit, through her, a right to all Leinster, her father being king thereof, a ground for the claim to succession quite unheard-of up to that time in Ireland, where the laws of Tanistry everywhere prevailed, and where, according to these laws, *only* the *male* issue succeeded to the lands of the father, much less to the whole kingdom. The election of his successor also depended on the members of his clan, or the clans of which the kingdom was composed. Hence Strongbow had no right whatsoever to offer this patent to Abbot Thomas O'Toole, as Glendalough lay on the unconquered portion of the Clan O'Toole's territory, nor were the O'Tooles going to allow him to exercise any right over it, as the sequel will tell.

The following is the patent or charter which Earl Richard offered to Abbot Thomas O'Toole, and is written in the old contracted Latin of the time:—

ORIGINAL.

CHARTÆ PRIVILEGIA ET IMMUNITATES.

Concessio Abbatiae de Glendelaughe per Ricardum Comitem Pembrochia facta.

Cir. A.D. 1173. }
 An. 20 Hen. II. } Sciant presentes et futuri quod ego, R. Coñ vices Regis Anglie in hibernia, agens oñibus dedi et concessi et hac mea carta pñti confirmavi Thome (O'Toole) eficeo meo delecto et spiali abbatiam et psonatum de Glendelaughe integre cum omnibus suis ptinentiis et terris et dignitatibus in ipa civitate et in omnibus ecclesiis et villis ejus extra civitatem in ppetuam elemosinam. Hac sunt terre que pertinent jure antiquo et predictam abbatiam scilicet fierter et Magmersa et Umail cum omnibus suis ptinentiis circa ipam Civitatem et terra de Wygto, Cellmolibbo, Eredmochae, Gleñfadli, Rubascolage, Achad, Caracane, inberneali cum suis pertiñciis, Cullenn, Cellbrittoñ, Cellmaenmadan, cum suis ptñ bacuaseri, Cnocloigusechane et in terra de Arelo, Balliumeill, Carrac cochaill,

TRANSLATION.

CHARTER OF PRIVILEGES AND IMMUNITIES.

Grant made by Richard, Earl of Pembroke, of the Abbey of Glendalough.

About A.D. 1173. } Be it known
 In the 20th year } that now and
 of Henry II. } henceforth, I,
 Earl Richard,
 From the Alan } Viceroy from
 Registers, 6, 21, } England, acting
 d., in possession } in all matters in
 of the Arch- } Ireland, have
 bishop of Dublin. } given and
 granted, and by
 these, my present deeds, have at present confirmed to my specially beloved Thomas (O'Toole) (cleric) the entire Abbey and personalities of Glendalough, with all their appurtenances of lands and dignities in that perpetual free gift. These are the lands which of ancient right belong to the aforesaid abbey—namely, Fertire, Mageany, and Imail, with all appurtenances around that city, and in the district of Wicklow, Cellmolibbo, Eremochae, Gleenealy, Rubascolage, Annahenragh, Emericly, with its appurtenances; Culler, Kilbride, with its appurtenances;

Cellbicsigi, Cellmodieu, Cellfñnagi, Cellnupodi, Celleassaille, Clyreachane, Cenature, Achad, Cruachane. In terra de Duceñselaige, Cell Achad et in terra iñdalbaig. Teg Imbeochaire, In fra de Umurethaíge, dimediam partem de Umail, Sciliez, Lesonañuseñ, cum omnibus suis ptenenciis, Cellnamanache, balitarsna, Domnachmore, Monisuli, Hieotlud, dimediam partem de loche leigh raffaun, Ardnierbane, Cluamdarcaada, et in terra de Ufelañ, Ballincutlane, Dundaemane, Raithedagain, Lathrache, Nabroon, Cellchenulli, Tegmochna. In arnsna et in terra Magillamochalmoc, Tegdologa, Celladgair, Glenn, Mumeri, Deirgin, Cell, maccabinru Cell, Dologa, Cell, mo mothense ceñ suis ptenenciis et villa undunetha Cell, escoib, Silleam, Ballivodram, et ex altera parte Montiu, Dumbuoeci, elpi Armeicbrein, Ballelomañ, Cell Belat, Achadbudu, Donarde, Balmenaig, Cellehuachi, Rathasallache, Dunmeillobam, Balliu-mail. Toper, cum suis pertinenciis balli Ingunbram, Cellfrenne, Ballimennendig, Cellin ulugair, tota terra Umeilgille, Baliudalehinsa, Caliamelain, Balliudaeuane, Ballindaling, Cell boedam, Cell Ugarreon, cum suis plenciis.

quare volo et firmiter precipio

Derrylossery, Cuoc-Loigusechane ; and in the district of Arklow, Ballyuimail (or Ballymoyle), Carrick, Oghil, Kilbixi, Kilmocoo, Kilmagig, Cellnupodi, Kílcalshal, Clerihan, Centure, Achadbrochane. In the district of Cronsallagh, Cell Achad, and in the district of Indalbeg, Teg Imbeochaire ; in the territory of Ui Muerdhaigh (or Hy Murthie), the half-part of Imail—viz., Lessnahmusen, with all their appurtenances ; Kilnamanna, Balitrasna, Donochmore, Munisuli, Hieothud, the half-part of Loughleig, Raffan, Ardnierbane, Cluamdarcaada ; and in the district of Ui Felan, Ballincutlane, Dundaemane, Rathangan, Lathrachenabroon (now Laragh-bryan), Kileullen, and Teg-Moone. In Arnsna, and in the district fo Mac-Gillamochalmoc, St. Dolough's, Killegar, Glenn Mumeri, Delgany, Cell Maccabinrin, Kilmaeanoc, with its appurtenances ; and the village Adunetha, Bishopswood Church, Ballivodram ; and on the other side of the mountains Dunboyke, Crehelp, Ardmaebrien, Ballylion, Kilbelat, Atbuoy, Donard, Ballymoney, Killook, Rathasallagh, Dunlarvin, Bally Omail, Tubber, with its appurtenances ; Ballyingunbram, Freynstown, Ballymennendig, Celliuulugair

q̄tinus predes, Abb habeat prenoi-
 atas terras integre et libere, et honori-
 ficc, in terra, in mari in bosco, in plano,
 in aquis, in molendinis, in piscaturis,
 in pascuis, in pratis, in clemosinis et
 silvis, in venationibus, in foro et
 elemosinis et oblacionibus et suam
 curiam justiciam de omnibus p̄teneti-
 bus ad predcam abbatiam et sine
 tributo et judicio et hospitatu et
 omni servicio laicalis p̄sonc sicut m' in
 verbo veritatis diarmicius Rex.

Teste testatus—

L., Archiepo. Dub̄in,
 Eva, Cometissa, Ran̄n const
 Robo de Brumarde,
 Waltero de Rideff,
 Meilero filio Henrici,
 Johe de Clohall,
 Adam de [S]herell, et
 Donmall m̄gell,
 Machomoc et
 Nicho clico

qui hanc cartam sigillavit.

(now Killeen Cormac), and the
 whole district of Umeilgille, Bally-
 udlehinsa, Baliumelan, Ballylackeen,
 Ballydowling, Templebodan, Kilu-
 garcon, with appendages.

Wherefore I desire, and strictly
 order that the aforesaid abbot hold
 entirely, freely, and honourably, the
 lands already designated on land, by
 sea, in wood, plain, or water; the
 right of mills, of fishing, of hunting;
 in pastures, meadows, woods; the
 rights to alms and oblations; and to
 hold his own justice court regarding
 all things appertaining to the afore-
 mentioned abbey, and without pay-
 ment of tribute, adjudication, enter-
 tainment, or any sort of service
 rendered to any person. As a con-
 firmation of this true deed King
 Diarmuid openly asserted in the
 word of truth.

Witnesses—

L., Archbishop of Dublin,
 Eva, Countess of Rannelagh,
 Robo de Brumarde,
 Waltero de Ridell(sford),
 Meilere FitzHenry,
 Johe de Clohall,
 Adam d [S]heriff,
 and Doumall, M'Gell,
 Mochomoc, and Nicholas Cleric,

Who have to this Charter set
 their seals.

In the following year a letter from King Henry II. confirmed the charter granted by Earl Richard, of which the following is a copy, with translation :

ORIGINAL.

Rex concessionem Abbatiae de Glendalache per Comitum Pembrochia factam confirmat.

Circ. A.D. 1174. }
An. 21 Henry II. } Henricus Rex
Ex Alani Reg. } Anglie, Duc Normanie et Aquit,
f. 18, d. } et Com̄ And,
penes Archiep. } Archiepis, Ep̄is,
Dublin. } Abbatibus, baronibus, justic̄ et
omnibus ministris et fidelibus suis Fran̄, Angl̄, et Hiberniensebus salūm Sciatis quod egodedi et concessi et hac mea carta confirmavi Thome (O'Toole) dnico meo clerico dignitatē que decitur Abbatia de Glendalaghe et psonatū intus et ext^a oēs res et possessiones et hōies et redditus in eclis et oblacionibus et decimis et terris et aquis et molendinis et silvis et venacionibus et villis ubicunq̄ sint et in oibz aliis Rebus ad Abbatiam illam s̄tinentibz imppetuam elemosiniam sicuti melius Richardus Comes sua carta confirmavit et igitur mando et firmiter p̄cipio quatinus p̄des Thomas (O'Toole) habeat suam cu-

TRANSLATION.

The king confirms the grant made by the Earl of Pembroke of the Abbey of Glendalough.

About A.D. 1174. } Henry, King
21st year of } of England, Duke
Henry II. } of Normandy and
From the Alan } Aquitaine, and
Registers, f. 18. } Comt of Anjou,
d., in the posses- } to the arch-
sion of the Arch- } bishops, bishops,
bishop of Dub- } abbots, barons,
lin. } justices, and all
England, and Ireland saluting: } his faithful ser-
Be it known that I have given } vants in France,
and granted, and by this my charter } England, and Ireland saluting:
have confirmed to Thomas (O'Toole), } Be it known that I have given
my noble cleric, the dignity which } and granted, and by this my charter
is called abbot of Glendalough, } have confirmed to Thomas (O'Toole),
and jurisdiction within and without, } my noble cleric, the dignity which
and all things and possessions, } is called abbot of Glendalough,
fees, revenues in churches, in ob- } and jurisdiction within and without,
lations, and tenths, and lands, and } and all things and possessions,
waters, and mills, and forests, and } fees, revenues in churches, in ob-
hunting, and in towns, wheresoever } lations, and tenths, and lands, and
they may be, and in all other things } waters, and mills, and forests, and
hunting, and in towns, wheresoever } hunting, and in towns, wheresoever
they may be, and in all other things } they may be, and in all other things

riam et justiciam de omnibus p̄teinen-
tibz ad p̄deam dignitatem et om̄es
res alias de quibus Carta Richardi
Comitis loquitur. Et vos om̄es
res ejus et possessiones et homi-
nes ubicumque sunt et liber-
tates et liberas consuetudines omni
occasione remota cum habere fa-
ciatis eiisq̄ libere et pacifice in-
tegre et honorifice sine laicali ser-
vicio custodiatis et protigates ita
quod nullā ei vel hominibus suis
injuriā v̄l contumeliā faciatis nec
fieri permittatis. Et siquis ei super
hoc in aliquo forefacere presumpserit
plenarie ei inde justiciam sine dila-
tione faciatis Teste magistro.

Waltero de cont̄

Ox̄m Archidiacono

Regiū de Curten

M̄ Hugone de laici

Willo de braosa

Hugone de Gundevilla

Willalmio filio Aldelmi.

dapifero Apud Gildeforde.

in the abbaey appertaining, free for
ever, just as has been established
by Earl Richard in his charter;
and therefore I order and strictly
command to the end that the afore-
said Thomas (O'Toole) shall have his
court and jurisdiction of all matters
belonging to aforesaid dignity, and
in all other things of which the
charter of Earl Richard speaks. And
all things of his and his possessions
and men, wheresoever they are, and
liberties and free customs, on every
occasion when taken away you shall
make him to possess, and you shall
keep and protect them freely, and
peacefully, entirely, and honourably,
without lay service, in such manner
that you shall do no injury or con-
tumely to him or to his men, nor
permit same to be done. And if
anyone after this presume hereafter
to act in any such way to him, you
shall then cause justice in full to be
done to him without delay.

With magisterial witness by

Walter de cont, Archdeacon of
Oxford.

Reginald de Curten.

McIngo de Laey.

William de Braos.

Hughe de Gundeville

William, Fitz Aldelm.

I make this grant at Guilford.

The O'Tooles refusing to accept the proffered boon of Strongbow, the English resolved to enforce it on them, and so, according to the annalist, we find them invading Glendalough, as reported by the Four Masters.

1176. Glendalough was plundered by the English adventurers; but not succeeding, even then, in having their authority recognized, they determined to call in the Pope's authority. Meantime, we are told that in the year—

1177. An astonishing flood ran through the city, by which the bridge and mills were swept away, and fishes remained in the town, even in its most central part, as recorded in the "Annals of Leinster." Thomas, the abbot, being, as it were, between two stools, was undetermined what course to pursue. He had the Clan O'Toole, who had founded and endowed the monastery and bishopric, on the one side, insisting on the recognition of their authority, and that he should retain the abbey, with all its rights, dignities and possessions, in virtue of the grants and endowments made to it by them from time immemorial. On the other side, he had Earl Richard claiming authority over the abbey by virtue of his wife, Eva, and in right of his king, Henry the Second, who, he (Thomas) supposed, had just conquered the country, and who was offering him a charter, re-granting to him and confirming all the rights, lands, and possessions of the monastery, and to the bishop of Glendalough those possessed by him. In this critical position in which Abbot Thomas was placed, he appears to have acted most wisely and prudently, for he sought counsel from the Pope, and delivered up the monastery and all its possessions to his Holiness.

It would appear from the letter of Alexander III., that the bishop of Glendalough had, under similar circumstances, placed his possessions at the disposal of the Sovereign Pontiff.

1179. By a letter, dated 12th May, in this year, Pope Alexander III. confirmed to Malchus, bishop of Glendalough, the whole of that city, and its appurtenances, reserving only to the abbot all his rights and privileges. The following is a copy of the Pope's letter, with translation :

ORIGINAL.

Bulla Alexandri III., Papae de Civitate Glendalachanensi et omnibus aliis possessionibus Abbatis ejusdem.

13 Maii, A.D. 1179. An 26 Hen. II. f. i. d. Penes Archiep. Dublin. Alexander ep̄s servus servorū Dei venerabili fratri, Malcho Glendalachanē ep̄o ejusq̄ successoribus canonice substituendis inppetuū. In eminenti aplice sedis specula disponente dno constituti fratres et coeponi. nros tam vicinos quam longepōitos debemus caritate diligere et ecclīis sibi adeo cōmissis pat̄na sollicitudine p̄videre. Ea p̄pter venerabilin xp̄o frat̄ ep̄e tuis justis a postulcionibus clementer annuam et Glendalachanē, eccliam cui auctore deo pr̄esse dinoceris subbeati Petri et nra p̄teccōne succipimus et psentis scripti privilegio cōmuniū Sta tuentis ut quascumq̄ possōnes quecumq̄ bona eadē ecclia in psenciarum juste et canonice possidet aut in futurū cecssioide pontificū largicōne Regum vel principū oblacōe fidelīū seu aliis justis modis p̄stante dno potit̄ adipsci firma tibi tuisq̄ successoribus et illibata p̄mancant. In quibus haec p̄p̄is

TRANSLATION.

Bull of Pope Alexander III., concerning the City of Glendaloch and all other possessions of the Abbot thereof.

12th May, A.D. 1179. 26th year of Henry II. f. 1. d. in possession of Archbishop of Dublin. Alexander, Bishop, servant of the servants of God to the venerable brother Malchus, Bishop of Glendaloch, and to his successors for ever canonically appointed. Beholding from the eminence of the Apostolic see our brethren and co-operators duly appointed by the Lord, we are bound to love them with fraternal charity, and to provide with paternal solicitude for the churches committed to them, whether adjacent or remote. For this reason, venerable brothers in the episcopate, We graciously accede to your just requests; and that you may acknowledge the ruling of the Deity by his agent, we take the church of Glendalough under St. Peter's and our protection, and by these present writings We confirm by privilege standing possessions, and whatever and what goods soever

duximus expimenda vocabulis Ipam
 Glendalachenē civitatē in qua Ca-
 thedral sedes est cū cēlis et aliis
 ptenenciis suis salvo jure abbatis
 ipius Glendalachenē ecclibecū territorio
 suo aduigen usq̄ Tegfledi Oathcarr,
 usq̄ Adhundeenn, continue Disserdia-
 riamada, cū suis ptenenciis, Conneche
 Mugnā cū suis ptenēne, Reban cū
 suis ptenēn, Cluandaananair, Cluan-
 dartada, Maen cū omnibus suis
 ptenenciis fforacha eccliam Celleu-
 lind cū oīibus suis ptenenciis.
 Domnachmorantechda, Domnechi-
 meleche cū oīibus ptenē, Cecheli
 cū oīibus suis ptenenciis, Cellu-
 sailli ecclia, Techtua cū oīibus
 suis ptenēn, Lachrachbruin cū
 oīibus suis ptenēn, Techeumni cū
 obūs suis ptenēn, Leteconfi cū oīibus
 suis ptenēn, Grāgias Gaellincemgin,
 Cellgnoe, Cellepseupedam, Athichip,
 Senehel, Balinrodach, Ballinfind,
 Thehugonail, Achadeloinmalechain
 Erman, Disert cellaig cū oīibus suis
 ptenēn, Inishboethin cū oīibus suis
 ptenēn, Lechpadric cū oīibus suis
 ptenēn, Cellmantan Cellochtair, Cel-
 lesquediēcēa, Celpichi ecclā, Inverdele
 cū ptenēn suis, Cell Cassill, ecclī,
 Cellbiesigi ecclia, Domnichrignagi,
 Celltamlancha, Cellfumnagī, Cell-
 gormayne cū oīibus suis ptenēn,

are canonically and justly possessed
 at present by same church, or that
 in future may be obtained by grant
 from the Pope, by bounty from the
 king or prince, or by oblation of the
 faithful, or by gift made in any other
 manner. That such may remain
 firm and inviolate to you and your
 successors, We have conveyed these
 declarations to the places named,—
 Glendaloch itself, the city in which
 is the seat of the Cathedral, with its
 churches and other appurtenances,
 saving the rights of the abbot thereof,
 the church of Glendaloch with its
 territory and adjuncts, Tegfled,
 Oathcarr, as far as Ardhundeenn,
 adjoining Disserdiamid, with their
 appurtenances; Conneche Mugna,
 with its appurtenances; Roban, with
 its appurtenances; Cluindainanair,
 Cluandartada, Maen, with all their
 appurtenances; Domnachmoruna-
 techda, Domnachimeleche, with all
 their appurtenances; Cecheli, with
 all its appurtenances; Cellasnull
 church, Techtua, with all its appurte-
 nances; Lachrachbruin, with all its
 appurtenances; Techeumni, with all
 its appurtenances; Leteconfi, with all
 its appurtenances; the granges of
 Gaelleneamgiu, Cellefnoe, Cellef-
 seupedam, Athichip, Senehel, Bal-

ciis Inismocholmoe cū omibus ptineñ, suis Celleagain, Lochluana, Moirmedoe et Donnachmorumail ecclīā. Decernimus ergo ut nulli dño hoinfas sit p'fatam ecclīam teme pturbare aut ejus poſſiones auferre vx allatas retinere minñe seu quibuslibus vexacionibus fatigare szqomñia integra conseruentur eorum pro quorū gubernacione ac sustentacione concessa sunt usibus omñimodes pfutura salva sedis ap'ficee auctoritate et Dublinē Archiepī debita reverencia. Siqua igitur in futuro eclesiastica (secula) risve psona hanc ñre constitucōnis, paginam sciens contra eam temere venire tēptavit sedo terçove cōmonita nisi reatum suū digna satisfacione currexit potestatis honorisq sui dignitate careat reamq se divine judicō existere de ppetrate iniquitate cognoscat et a sac'issimo corpore et sanguine Dei et dñi redemptoris ñri. Jhu-xpi aliena fiat atq in extremo examine divine ulcoi subjaceat Cunctis aruñ eidē loco sua jura servantibus sit pax dñi ñri Jhu xpi Quatenus et hic fructū bone acçōnis percipiant et ap districtū judicē pñia eterne pacis inuēant. AMEN.

Dat laterañ pmanū Alberti scē Romane ecclē pbri Card et Cancēllī, iiii id Maii Indicōne xii. Incarna-

linrodach, Ballenfena, Thelugenaill, Archadeloimalechailu, Erman, Disert, Cellaig, with all its appurtenances; Inishboethin, with all its appurtenances; Leepadric, with all its appurtenances; Cellmantan, Cellachtair, Cellesquidi church, Ceipichi church, Inverdale, its appurtenances; Cellessill church, Donnachrignah, Cellamlamcha, Cellfumaigi, Cellgormainfe, with all their appurtenances; Cellagain, Lochluana, Moirmedoe, and Donnachmorinumail church.

We, therefore, decree that no man shall have the right rashly to disturb said church, or to take away its possessions by force, or, being taken away, to retain or diminish same, or for anyone whatsoever to harass it with annoyances; but that they should preserve all things of theirs for whose government and sustentation these grants are made for their future use in all ways, save the reverence due to the Apostolic See and the authority of the Archbishop of Dublin. If, in future, therefore, any ecclesiastic, or other person shall, at any time, knowingly and, being admonished, rashly, and in-idiuously try to come into this see, against this our written order, let him

cionis dnice Anno MCLXXIX° pontifici domini. Alexandri pp. III. Anno XX°.

know that, unless reacting he shall pass over his dignity of power and honour with becoming satisfaction, but failing in which, that for his

days he lives under the divine justice, from the iniquity perpetrated, and let him be deprived of the most holy Body and Blood of our Lord and Redeemer Jesus Christ, and in his last examination he shall be subject to the Divine anger. But to all persons preserving its lawful rights to same place, may there be the peace of Our Lord Jesus Christ to the end that they may know the fruit of good works here, and at the end of a brief trial, may come to the reward of eternal peace. Amen.

Given at the Lateran by the hands of Albert, Roman Secretary, Cardinal Priest of the Church, and on the Ides of May, the 12th of the Indiction, in the year of the Incarnation of Our Lord, one thousand one hundred and seventy-nine, in the twentieth year of the Sovereign Pontiff Alexander III.

1180. Saint Laurence O'Toole having died, and an Englishman being appointed as his successor, it was considered a favourable opportunity to renew the attempts already made by Strongbow, to force an acknowledgment of the authority of the king of England over Glendalough, by craftily endeavouring to assume powers he did not possess.

Though the Normans were actively engaged in fortifying Waterford, Wexford, Drogheda, and some other towns of which they contrived to get possession, Dublin was their chief stronghold, and, along with a colony from Bristol, they brought thither John Comyn, a native of England, and favourite of Henry the Second, who, in A.D. 1181, was consecrated Archbishop of the Metropolitan See, which had been governed by Saint Laurence O'Toole for a period of eighteen years. Comyn was the first Englishman who held this important position, and among the prelates who succeeded him, by the "*favour of the Crown*," I cannot name one of Irish blood.

A year after Comyn's instalment in the See of Saint Laurence O'Toole,

Prince John, son of Henry II., at the head of a large body of troops, and accompanied by a brilliant retinue of ecclesiastics and lawyers, landed at Waterford, where he was coldly received by the natives, many of whose chieftains, after being grossly insulted by his followers, retired to their fastnesses, and resolved, if possible, to expel them. John's enterprise was most unsuccessful, and, after a sojourn of some seven or eight months, he had to withdraw, without obtaining either tribute or hostage from the Irish nobles.

In the suite of Prince John was the Archdeacon Girard de Barri, better known as Giraldus Cambrensis, who, during this ill-starred expedition, collected the matter which he afterwards published as "*Topographia Hiberniæ*," and "*Hiberniæ Expugnata*." A very distinguished scholar, although somewhat garrulous and egotistic, was this archdeacon; and my reason for introducing his name at all is to show that he has not sufficiently done justice to our beloved patron, Saint Laurence O'Poole, whom he mentions with faint praise, as "*vir bonus*" (good man), a term in itself comprehensively eulogistic, but one that might be bestowed by him on many another in nowise remarkable for those characteristics which so brightly distinguished that sainted prelate.

Sparing, however, as Girard was of encomium in this instance, it is but fair to state, that in his famous sermon, preached in the Church of the Holy Trinity (now Christ Church, Dublin), before Archbishop Comyn and Felix O'Donnally, bishop of Ossory, he has left us a most admirable picture of the moral excellence of the native Irish priesthood, which contrasts very strongly and (to them) favourably with that which he has drawn of the Welsh clergy in his book, "*De Menevensis Ecclesiae Stater*."

"The Irish priests," he tells us, "were exemplars of chastity, punctual in performing the Divine offices, but overmuch given to conviviality when the night set in." As for their bishops, the self-sufficient archdeacon regrets that "they were not selected out of the body of the working clergy, but taken, as they were, from monasteries, where they had made but little acquaintance with the everyday life of the outer world and the requirements of their flocks."

To this he attributes the turbulence of the Irish in his day, and their reluctance to submit themselves and their fortunes to the rule of the vicious Prince John, and his equally wicked father, Henry II. But was this archidiaconal superciliousness unreprimanded? Let us hear Girard himself: "Next evening, when the bishop of Ossory was supping with the archbishop (Comyn), the latter said: 'My lord, what did you think of the sermon?' 'Some of it,' replied Ossory, 'was commendable enough, but there were passages downright bad. I declare to your grace that I could hardly refrain from flying at him and answering him to his beard.'" Peace to your soul! brave Bishop Felix; would it were in the power of the writer to prevent your tomb from lying neglected and grass-grown among the ruins of the once splendid Jerpoint, which Donald, prince of Ossory, erected in honour of the ever-blessed Mary.

I will not attempt to portray the feelings with which the Clan O'Toole regarded the accession of the English stranger to the archiepiscopal chair of their dearly beloved Saint Laurence; and when they saw rising on the spot where Saint Patrick is said to have baptized the people of Ath Cliath (the Celtic name for Dublin), the stately cathedral that Comyn had there erected, we fear much he was looked on only in the light of a usurper, and this feeling was still more strongly accentuated when it became known that the baronial archbishop had received a writ authorising the building of a strong stone castle on the high ground hard by the old cathedral of the Holy Trinity. It would appear as if they had premonitory presentiments as to the evils to be wrought upon them through the instrumentality of that same Dublin Castle in the days to come; presentiments of gloom, persecution, and sorrow, alas! too fully verified in the dark future that lay before them.

Such facts were suggestive of the probability of aggressive measures in days not far distant, and the O'Tooles of that day were not the men to rest on their oars when there was prospectively such cogent reason for them to be prepared for emergencies. The rude weapons of the period, pike and pole-axe, could be easily forged in the mountains; and as for the bow, they had yews enough on every hill-side from Fassaroe to Glenda-

lough, and round by Soilcalagh to Imaile, to supply them in abundance; and apart altogether from what new oppressions the English might be preparing to inflict on them, early as it was in their unhappy arrival, they had bitter wrongs to avenge, wrongs and outrages of which they were the victims at the hands of Strongbow's followers. These and the well-grounded apprehensions of hostility with which the colonists of Dublin regarded them, prompted the Clan to be ever ready, either to repel the attack, or, if favourable chance offered, to lead the foray.

But it may be here asked, were there not religious influences to counteract sentiments of this nature, which, strictly construed, may appear to savour of feelings of revenge? To this it can only be answered, that however much the Clan O'Toole may have revered Archbishop Comyn's ecclesiastical dignity, he must have felt himself utterly powerless to reconcile them to that portion of his flock which had nothing in common with them but the same religious belief; while locality, language, and usages singularly peculiar, patriarchal, and primitive, helped to confirm estrangements, and to perpetuate mutual antipathies of the most enduring character.

Besides, the Clan would have nothing to do with an English archbishop; they would not be governed in things spiritual, any more than temporal, by the foreigner. And so they continued for four hundred years longer to exercise that proud privilege, which they had enjoyed for six hundred years before, namely, the nomination and appointment of their own bishop; and their elected choice was always ratified by the Supreme Pontiff. It is unlikely, indeed, that any of the clergy of Archbishop Comyn ever risked their personal comfort and safety among the hills of Fercualan, Fertire, or Imaile for the discharge of their sacred functions. What effect would their preaching have upon a people when delivered to them in a tongue they did not understand, and associated in their minds with everything that was galling and oppressive? And the English clergy cared not to acquire a language in which they could reach the minds of the people; this would be paying a tribute to their nationality which they as Englishmen personally detested. And we must not forget

that the last canonically instituted abbot of Glendalough did not die until two years after the death of Archbishop Comyn, when the union of the two dioceses was again attempted to be established by Papal and regal authority.

“This fact notwithstanding, it would appear,” says Ware, “that many bishops (Celtic, of course) held the see of Glendalough, either by usurpation or Papal promotion, long after the aforesaid period, who were supported by the clans of that country not yet amenable to English law.” “Wadding,” says the same learned authority, “states that Ivo Russi (probably a Latinized or Italianized form for an Irish name) was advanced to this see, A.D. 1494, and that on his death the next year, one John, a Franciscan friar, was promoted to it by the same Pope. The last bishop who, we are told, held the see of Glendalough ‘*by usurpation,*’ was a friar named Denis White, who surrendered in May, A.D. 1497, to Archbishop Fitzsimons.”

1192. In this year Prince John, who had been created Lord of Ireland by his father, and who was at this time ruling in England for his brother Richard (who was engaged in the Crusade), made another effort insidiously and quietly to get possession of Glendalough and the lands and appurtenances belonging to it, by granting to the abbot, Thomas O'Toole (that is, if a man can grant what he does not possess), the abbacy of Glendalough, and all the lands and possessions which it already enjoyed; possessions held by virtue of gifts and grants made to it in the past by the kings and individual members of the Clan O'Toole, recently confirmed by the Sovereign Pontiff, and the encroachers or disturbers of such enjoyment of these possessions subjected to anathema by the powers of the Bull of Alexander III.

John's action in this matter was directed to the one end, namely, to try and get the abbot, Thomas O'Toole, to accept the grant at his hands, as he would thereby be acknowledging his sovereignty, a light in which the abbot refused to see it. Hence we have Prince John issuing his grand patent, by which he gives to Thomas O'Toole, abbot of Glendalough, for the use and support of that monastery, the abbey and the appurtenances

thereunto belonging, situate in the lands of Fertuathal (now Fertire or Vartry), Maganiens (now Maganey), Umail, contiguous to the city; and in the lands of Wickinglo (now Wicklow), Kelmolible, Eredmoghae, Giendalough, Bastologa, Achadh, Carrachane (now Carrigeen), Ibernoli, Cullen, Kilbritton, Kilmaebuodan, Bachaneseri, and Crochlomfachan; in the land of Arkelo, Balinincilin, Carrochill, Celbichfegi, Killmodien, Filfinnagi, Kelunredi, Killeassavell, Creocuan (now Croghane mountain), Kin-cievelt, and Achadhernaichain; in the land of Ukenfellig, Kellachadh; in that of Magdalbaigh, Tegunbeochaire; in the land of Ui Muireadhchigh, in the moiety of Umaile, to wit, Lefneheusen, Kilmanache, Ballytarsna, Donnachmore, and Munefulchadlud; and the moiety of Lochlech, to wit, Raffin, Armacreuan, and Glendarchad; in the land of Uffalan Ballynentlane, Drumdadwen, Radangan, Katerach, Aabrone, Kilkellmoli, and Trogmohi, in Aresia; in the land of Mac-Gillcholmoc, Tregdeloge, Keladgerne, Glenmuner (now Glenmalure), Dergin (now Delgany), Kilmahabeme, and Kilmakanoc; in the town of Udinoghta, Killbesopsillan, Ballnideran, Killbelet, Achadbudi, Dunaide (now Donard), Ballinaroe, Kilinahe, Ratissallech (now Rathallah), Dunmaleen (now Dunlavin), and Kilmaluyer; and all the lands of Umergill, Ballindacursa, Helmoian, Halinlachna, Ballindaly, Kilbolane, and Killugarten.*

By a document dated the same year, Prince John confirms to the archbishop of Dublin the bishopric of Glendalough. This document, it is needless to say, possessed neither power nor validity, any more than the grant made to Abbot Thomas O'Toole.

The following is his letter to the archbishop of Dublin from John :

* The spelling of these towlands is quite incorrect, being neither Irish, English, nor Latin, and many of these places have become so obscure and forgotten that it is quite impossible to point them out, or give the correct spelling of them:

ORIGINAL.

TRANSLATION.

A.D. 1192.
An. 4, Ric. I.
Ex. Alani Reg.,
f. 21., d.
p̄enes Archiep.
Dublin.
Confirmatio dona-
tionis episcopa-
tus de Glenda-
laughe Archie-
episcopo Dublin.
eēce et pro salute anime mee ad
proces venerabilis p̄ris Johis Dei gr̄a
dubliniū archiep̄i, consilio baronū
meiz concessisse et hac mea charta con-
firmasse eēce dubliū et p̄fat̄ Joh̄i
archiep̄o de dubliū et om̄ibus succes-
soribus suis donacionem ep̄atus de
Glendalauhe imp̄petuū ita scilicet
quod cum cathedralē eccliam de
Glendel vacare contingeret archiep̄s
de dubliū ep̄atum tenebit in manu
sua alisq; om̄i responsione quam
mihī vel heredibus meis inde faciat
donec ep̄i ep̄atui pro voluntate sua
de pastore assensu mea nō expecto
scdm̄ dñm̄ p̄videret et quod ep̄s
Glendē capellanus sit dublineū Ar-
chiep̄o et vicarius quare volo et fir-
miter precipio quod contā hanc meam

Jrannes domi-
nus Hibernie
comes Morhtoñ
archiep̄is ep̄is,
abbatibus, justi-
ciār, baronibus
militibus, et om̄i-
bus fidelibus suis
totius hibernie
sal̄m. Sciatis me
divine pietatis in-
tuitu et ad hono-
rem Dei et Dubliniū

A.D. 1192.
Fourth year of
Richard I.
From Alan Regis-
ters, f. 21, d,
in possession of
Archbishop of
Dublin.
Confirmation of
the gift of the
bishopric of
Glendalough to
the archbishop
of Dublin.

John, Lord of
Ireland, Count of
Moreton, to his
archbishops,
bishops, abbots,
justices, barons,
knights, and to
all his faithful
servants in all
Ireland, health.
Know ye from me
that, in regard of
holy piety, and to
the honour of
God and the
Church of Dublin,
and for the health
of my own soul, and at the request of
the venerable father, John, by the
grace of God Archbishop of Dublin,
and member of the Council of Barons,
I have confirmed by this my charter
my grant to the Church of Dublin,
and to the said John, Archbishop of
Dublin, and to all his successors, for
ever, the transferred bishopric of
Glendalough. And be it known,
that the archbishop of Dublin shall
freely take possession of the cathed-
ral church of Glendalough, and shall
therewith hold in his possession the
bishopric in his own hands, and

concessionem et dignitatem Deo et
eccleie dubliū a me collatam nemo de
cetero eidem Archiepo Jōhi vel
cuiquam successorum suorum inde
molestiam inferat vel impedimentū.

Testibus :

hūg Coneng̃ Abbm fernense
ēpis,

S. Ridell, Canceſſ meo,

Rob de Mellent,

Witto de veñ Comitibus,

Jōhe de Curcy,

Gerard de Camutt,

Petro Pipard,

Theoß Walti,

Philipp Wigorū,

Witto de Wenevaſſ,

Witto de Bromearde,

Rogero Tirell,

Die beati Jōhis evangeliste, in
natali Regni Regis Riçi anno quarto
apud Notingham.

which, with every other responsibi-
lity, he shall henceforth render to me
or my heirs, until he, of his own will,
and of his own pastoral assent, shall,
without my desiring it, provide a
ruler for the seat of the episcopacy,
and that he shall be a chaplain and
vicar for the archbishop of Dublin.
Wherefore I wish, and firmly com-
mand, that against this, my grant,
and honour to God, and to the
Church of Dublin, by me conferred,
no one shall in future offer molesta-
tion or impediment, to the same
archbishop, or to any of his suc-
cessors.

Witnesses :

Hugh Cunningham, bishop and
abbot of Ferns,

S. Ridellsford, my Chancellor,

Robert de Mellen, Count,

William de Vem, Count,

John de Courey,

Gerard de Camull,

Peter Pipard,

Theobald Walt,

Philip Wigar,

William de Wenvall,

William de Bromarde,

Roger Tirell.

Given at Nottingham, on the
Feast of Saint John the Evangelist,
in the beginning of the fourth year
of the reign of King Richard.

1199. Seven years after the date of the above grant, Pope Innocent III., apparently in reply to a letter of the abbot, Thomas O'Toole, received the church and monastery into his protection, thus rendering abortive the repeated efforts of the English rulers to assume dominion over it. The following is a copy of the Pope's letter, as given in the charters, &c., of Ireland, 12th century :

ORIGINAL.

Innocentius III. Papa, ecclesiam possessiones que conventus Glendalacensis in suam protectionem recipit.

22nd December,
A.D. 1199.
An. 1, John.
Ex. Alani Reg.,
f. 3, d.
Penes Archiep.
Dublin.

Innocentius
Eps servus servorum
Dei dilectis
filiis Thome
(O'Toole) Abbt
et conventui
Glendalacensium
salutem, et aplicam
benedictionem cum

nobis, petitur quod et justum est honestum tam vigor equitatis quam ordo exigit rationis ut id per sollicitudinem officii v̄ri ad debitum pducatur effectum Eappter dilecti in dno filii devoconem quam erga beatum Petrum et nos ipos habere noscimini attendentes ceciam et psonas v̄ras cum omnibus bonis tam ecclesiasticis quam mundanis que impresenciarum rationabiliter possidetis

TRANSLATION.

Pope Innocent III. receives the church and convent of Glendalough into his protection.

22nd December,
A.D. 1199.
First year of John.
From the Alan
Registers, f. 3, d.,
in possession of
the Archbishop of
Dublin.

Innocent, bishop, servant of the servants of God, to his beloved son, Thomas (O'Toole), and the convent of Glendalough, health and apostolic benediction. Seeing that it is sought from us, as being just and honest, as well for the strengthening of justice as that reasonable order requires it, that, through the solicitude of men in office, it may be carried out with due effect. For this reason, we being reasonably impressed with the devotedness of our beloved son in the Lord towards blessed Peter and ourselves which you are known to possess, attending to the church

caut in futurum justis modis deo
 ppitio poteritis adipisci sub beati
 Petri et nra pteccōne suscepimus
 specialiter autem magnam eccliam
 beatorum Petri et Pauli Glendalacei
 cum ptienciis suis scilicet Glenda-
 lacha totaliter cum suis ptienciis
 desertum Sci Comdini cum cella sua.
 Scelet cum ptiis suis, Fartur mac-
 mohet sem Umal cu ptiis Eredonohe,
 Celmuliban Glenadlen, Rubain,
 Seolagen, Acadgiragen, Celmacam-
 madañ, Baecnasser, Invernoe, cum
 ptiis suis Carracōne, Balunoel, Cel-
 bicligi, Celunoge, Celcassil, Cre-
 chane, Centuire, Accadcerrochane,
 cum ptiis suis, Lesmohunšoeayne,
 Celiomanac, Dunacmore, Muthalam-
 godlad, Achadbude, Achadbudi,
 Dunarde, Celoclet, cum ptienciis
 suis, Eransahie, Rafane, Dunoeloun,
 Tobar, cum ptienciis suis, Ardmecc-
 eronane, Cluandartah, Dunnoci,
 Elpi, Ballimore, cum ptienciis suis
 Tubber et totam terram, Umolgida,
 Dundaeman, Celfrēn, Baleneudlane,
 Larrachmibroon, Celciamelli, Ballen-
 menigan, Ballenmoelane, Ballanda-
 laeg, Cellugareon, Celbodane, cum
 ptienciis suis, Tethdoelga Celadi-
 gair, Cleuinmiare, Dergin Bergi,
 Balenceclida, Celmacabire, Elmo-
 senoc, cum ptienciis suis, Celcp-

and its various charges, with all
 goods, as well ecclesiastical as tem-
 poral. That you may possess them,
 and also that you may be able, in a
 just manner, by the favour of God,
 to fulfil them under blessed Peter's
 protection and ours. We, indeed,
 specially receive the great church of
 Saints Peter and Paul, at Glenda-
 lough, with its appurtenances, known
 as all Glendalough, with its appur-
 tenances; the wild place known as
 Comden, with its cells; Scelet, with
 its appurtenances; Fartur, Mocmo-
 hetson, Umal, with their appurten-
 ances, Eredenohe, Celmuliban,
 Glenadlen, Rubain, Seolagen, Acad-
 giragan, Cellmaccamodan, Bucca-
 soer, Invernoe, with their appur-
 tenances; Carracone, Balunoel,
 Celbiclege, Celunoge, Celcassil, Cre-
 chane, Centuire, Accadcerrochane,
 with their appurtenances; Lesmo-
 hunseefne, Celivomanac, Dunac-
 more, Muthalamgodlad, Achadbude,
 Achabudi, Dunard, Celbelet, with
 their appurtenances; Eransahie,
 Rafane, Dunoeloun, Tobar, with their
 appurtenances; Ardmecceronane,
 Cluandartah, Dunnoci, Elpi, Bally-
 more, with their appurtenances;
 Tubber, with all its land; Umolgida,
 Dundaeman, Cellfren, Baleneudlane,

scōisilleñ Ballemodrane, cum p̄tin suis eccliam Chelmoñhenoc, quā habet in ep̄atu Fernen cum om̄ibus p̄tineñc suis decimas eciam et terras quas nobilis vir Iō d̄ominus Hībuie vobis in cleemosinam contulit sicut ea juste ac pacifice possidetis vobis et p̄ vos ecclie v̄re autoritate apl̄ica confirmamus et p̄t̄is scripti patrociniō cōmunimus. Nulli ergo omnino hominū liceat hanc paginam n̄re p̄tecōnis et confirmationis infringere vel ei ausu temerario contraire siquis vo hoc attemptare presumpserit indignacionem omnipotentis Dei et beatorum Petri et Pauli ap̄lorum ejus se noverit incursum.

Dat Laterān XI^o,
Kalendas Januarii,
Pontificat n̄ri,
Anno p̄ⁱ mo.

Larrachmibroon, Celciamelli, Ballenmenigen, Ballenmoelane, Ballandalaeg, Cellagarrcon, Cellbodane, with their appurtenances; Tethdoelga, Celadagair, Cleninmiare, Dergiu, Bergi, Balendanechda, Celmacabime, Elmosenoc, with th̄eir appurtenances; Celepscoibsillen, Ballimodrane, with their appurtenances; Celmohonoc, which belongs to the episcopate of Ferns, with all its appurtenances, tenths, and also the lands which the noble John, Lord of Ireland, conferred on you in gift. That you may justly and peaceably possess them, we confirm by our apostolic authority, and by these present writings, we fortify with our patronage, to you and your ecclesiastics. Therefore, let no man infringe this document of our protection and confirmation, or rashly dare to act contrary thereto. If any one shall presume to attempt such towards you, let him know that he incurs the indignation of the omnipotent God, and of His blessed apostles, Peter and Paul.

Given at the Lateran, the eleventh of the Kalends of January, in the first year of our pontificate.

1214. King John, by another patent, dated 30th July, renews the grant to the archbishop of Dublin, and his successors, of the episcopal see of Glendalough, and the land thereunto belonging, together with the abbey, reserving to Thomas O'Toole, the abbot, his tenement—to wit, half a cantred—he to hold the same during his life from the archbishop of Dublin.

This, like a great many other patents to be hereafter granted—in which disposition was made of the lands and territories of the O'Tooles—bearing the sign manual and royal arms of England, was treated with scant courtesy by those “*unappreciative*,” “*stubborn*” clansmen, who defied King John and his mandates, and refused to pay to the archbishop of Dublin any of those tithes which they had always, and would still continue, to pay to the bishop and abbot of Glendalough, and we cannot be surprised if the abbot Thomas and the Clan O'Toole looked on it as an endeavour to lessen their ecclesiastical prestige very much by asking them to offer any obedience to the see of Dublin. They would very naturally form a comparison in their own minds as to the antiquity of their abbey and diocese, founded since the days of Saint Kevin, and the modern archdiocese of Dublin, only brought into existence since the Danish invasion—Donatus being its first bishop, then Gregory, then Saint Laurence O'Toole; and up to St. Laurence's time the diocese of Dublin only took in the seaport, and the land immediately bordering the seashore, from Dalkey to Balbriggan. Besides this, since the death of their own beloved St. Lorean, now that his chair was filled by a Norman stranger, it was not likely to cause any warmer feelings of submissive obedience to an alien, particularly when they were confirmed in the enjoyment of their ecclesiastical rights by the Supreme Pontiff himself.

King John now had more important matters to occupy his own attention at this time, as it was in A.D. 1215 that the barons of England frightened him into signing Magna Charta at Runnymede, and dying in the following year, 1216, he was saved further humiliation from the hands of Clan O'Toole, by endeavouring to enforce upon them his ecclesiastical enactments at the point of his Norman sword.

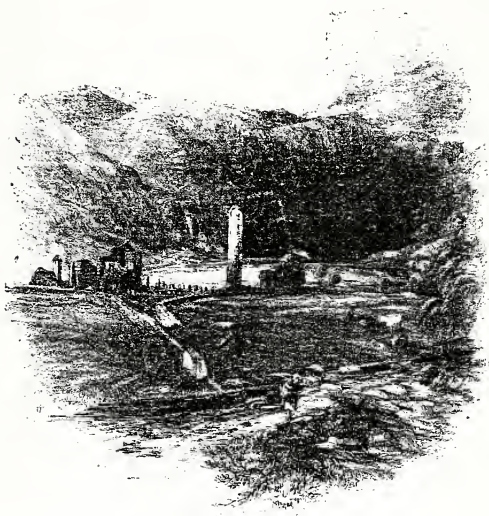
John was succeeded by his young son, Henry III., who was only nine

years old at the time, and we find him in the year 1228, that is, twelve years after his accession, or when he himself was about reaching man's estate, reversing the patent his father had granted the archbishop of Dublin in 1214. With reference to Glendalough, we thus find him, on his accession, following the earlier policy of Strongbow and his father, and through his Lieutenant, Earl Richard, he grants to Thomas O'Toole (his clerk he calls him) the abbey and parsonage of Glendalough, together with all its appurtenances, lands, and dignities, situate within and without the city of Glendalough, in pure and perpetual alms.

This "*grand restorative*" seems to have extracted no exuberant overflow of gratitude from Abbot Thomas or the Clan. They seemed to take the *restoring* patent with the same calm equanimity of temperament as they did the *depriving* one. In fact, parchment deeds of any kind were ever treated by them with the greatest possible "nonchalance;" they looked beyond the vellum for the actual coming of the new possessors, and they generally managed, no matter how limited their resources, to treat the patentees to a welcome so warm as generally to prove overwhelming.

The "patent" game was endeared to the English from their earliest settlement in Ireland. The Bull which they, by lying misrepresentation and false pretences, swindled from Pope Adrian, had made them look on all such instruments as powerful aids in the base and interested motives of the colonists. This feeling was not at all shared in by the Clan, who totally and entirely repudiated their right to grant deeds or patents of their property—either church or tribelands; and though the O'Tooles of this day were not skilled diplomatists, they were sharp enough to be able to discern the motives of a Strongbow or a Henry, who, by having their patents accepted, considered there would be in that act itself a "quasi" acknowledgment of the rights of a suzerain.

Hence the O'Tooles would have none of them, and for the remainder of Henry's reign they seem not to have been importuned further with reference to Glendalough. About this time, too, the abbot, Thomas O'Toole, died, at an advanced age. He had lived through stormy and troubled times, and had never wavered in maintaining those indisputable rights conferred



Glendalough, Co. Wicklow.

"... that lake whose gloomy shore, skylark never warbles o'er."

upon his monastery and diocese by a long line of princely ancestors. Shielding himself under the affectionate and protecting authority of the Holy Father, he succeeded during his time in warding off the covetous aggrandizement of the Norman invader. With him died the glory and splendour of the great abbey and monastery, after six centuries of prosperity and usefulness, through which the brilliancy of its sanctity and learning was not confined to Clan *Uí Tuathail*, or even to Ireland, but whose effulgent rays had dispelled the clouds of ignorance and paganism, in the persons of its saints and missionaries, through the remotest corners of the then known world.

It struggled on for some years still, but owing to the frequent incursions of the English, and the ravages they made on it from time to time, the churches and monastery of the city of Glendalough were changed into those heaps of ruins which to-day stand forth, silent but expressive monuments of the vandalism of England.

The summer of A.D. 1198 saw the forces of King Richard performing one of the last acts of sacrilegious barbarity to which the sacred buildings were subjected, as they then burned and destroyed them. Nor did Richard have the better luck for this cowardly barbarism, for his expedition to Ireland ended in defeat. And while he was lighting the fires of ruthless destruction in the sacred city, another and yet fiercer fire had been ignited in his own kingdom of England. The flames of insurrection and revolt had broken out there, and when, in a short time after, he left Ireland to quell it, he left Glendalough behind him in ruins, to land in his own country, to be jeered and scoffed at by his own people, and to enter upon a fruitless struggle that cost him his crown and his life.

“The mills of God grind slowly,
But they grind exceeding fine.”

Richard may then have remembered, when it was too late, that had he remained in England to consolidate his interests and defeat conspiracies in the bud, and had he left alone the two fruitless expeditions to Waterford and the Leinster chieftains and the city of Glendalough, he might have continued to preside over the destinies of England.

As a fitting supplement to the foregoing sketch of the ecclesiastical history of the diocese of Glendalough, I submit the following short description of its abbey and of the seven churches :

THE ABBEY OF GLENDALOUGH.

The ruins of this abbey, being the first which the traveller perceives, are situated in the bottom of the vale, and consist of two buildings parallel to each other (the larger one, on the south side, being the church). On the east end of the abbey is an arch of extremely curious workmanship; the columns on the sides recede one behind another, and are very short, but do not diminish; the capitals are ornamented in a singular manner, most of them with human heads at the angles and dragons or other fabulous animals at the sides; the heads have much the appearance of those in Egyptian sculpture, with large eyes, long ears, and the tresses of the hair straight; the ring stones of the arch are indented triangularly in imitation of the Saxon style of architecture, and in some parts human heads and other ornaments are within the triangular mouldings.

On the removal of some heaps of rubbish from under the ruins of this arch, a few stones, beautifully carved, were found, many of them belonging to the arches, and some to the architraves of the window. The architrave is twelve inches broad, and a panel is sunk on it, ornamented lozenge-wise, and of an oval form; the lozenge, with a bead running on each side. The centre of the lozenge is decorated on one side by a bas-relief of a human head, with a bird at each side picking at the eye, and on the other side by a dragon twisting its head round, and the tail turned up between its legs into the mouth. Here is another stone, apparently the capital of a column; two sides of it are visible, both of them ornamented with a pattern, but each side in a different manner. One consists of a flower of sixteen large leaves and fifteen smaller ones, relieved the one-eighth of an inch, and the other of six leaves branching from the centre, with another leaf extending between their points.

In describing the other ruins of this desolated city of the past, which

appears to have been built in an elegant style of Grecian architecture, I in some measure, outstep the bounds originally prescribed; but their contiguity to the abbey which we have just now quitted, induces me to proceed to the next erection, called

THE CHURCH OF THE TRINITY.

It stands on a rising ground north of the abbey, and as the inhabitants say, was dedicated to the Holy Trinity. In the front of the church is a circular building, upon a square base, which evidently was intended for a belfry, a sufficient space being left for the rope to come down. Hence, let us come to the

SEVEN CHURCHES.

- (1). The Cathedral Church,
- (2). St. Kevin's Kitchen,
- (3). Our Lady's Church,
- (4). The Rheafeart Church,
- (5). The Priory of St. Saviour,
- (6). The Ivy Church, and
- (7). Teampull-na-Skellig.

These are the churches for which Glendalough has been for many centuries remarkable, and for which it will be celebrated even when the vestiges of them now remaining are no more. The entrance to the area on which these churches stand is on the north-east side, through the ruins of a gateway, 16 feet 6 inches long, by 16 feet wide; the arches, which are still entire, are 9 feet 7 inches wide, and 10 feet high; and the ring stones, which are of mountain granite, are the full depth of the wall; the outside arch is composed of twenty-four stones, and the inside one of twenty-seven, which are 2 feet 6 inches in depth.

The Cathedral Church ranks as first, and owes its origin to Saint Kevin, by whom it was dedicated to the patron saints of the abbey. Under a small window of this church, at the south side of the choir, is a

tomb of freestone, ornamented, and in the cemetery stands a round tower, one hundred and ten feet high, uncommonly built, and in a fine state of preservation, the roof alone having suffered through time; but that has lately been capped. At the bottom it measures 52 feet in girth, and the walls are four feet thick. The remains of several crosses may still be seen among the ruins, and that situated in the cemetery of this church particularly merits notice, being one entire stone, 11 feet in height.

Saint Kevin's Kitchen (its vulgar appellation) was undoubtedly one of the seven churches, and is still almost entire, having suffered alone in the ruin of a window, the only one in the church. This was placed about 8 feet from the south-east angle, and was ornamented with an architrave elegantly wrought, but, being freestone, it was conveyed away by the neighbouring inhabitants, and brayed to powder for domestic use.

Our Lady's Church,—The most westward of the seven, and nearly opposite to the Cathedral, is now almost in ruins; but from the doorway and the few remains of walls, it appears to have been built with more knowledge of the art than the other buildings.

The Rhefcart Church (literally, the Sepulchre of Kings).—In this church, as given earlier in these pages (see under Dunlaing, in the 11th century), is the tomb of McM. Thuil, or O'Toole, with its quaint antique superscription. Many of the other chieftains of the sept have been interred here, where a stone cross, elegantly carved, is preserved.

The tombstone referred to by Archdall in the "Monasticon Hibernicum," has been (particularly since his notice of it appeared) taken away bit by bit, by tourists from England, America, and the Continent, who were anxious to have it to say on their return home, that they had visited Glendalough, and producing as proof of the *bona fides* of their visit a portion of the tomb of King O'Toole; thus many an Irish home across the broad Atlantic has been cheered by so ancient a souvenir, with the result that nothing of the tombstone is now to be seen.

The Priory of Saint Saviour (commonly called the Eastern Church).—Of this building little can be said, the foundations only remaining; but some years since a quantity of stone, remarkably well wrought, was dis-

covered here, and, in removing a heap of rubbish, the accumulation of many centuries, two clusters of columns were found, with curious emblematic decorations, which had supported a great fretted arch, composed of the above-mentioned stones, which led to the discovery.

The Ivy Church is situated somewhat to the westward, and has large breaches in its walls, long since overgrown with ivy. Nothing now worthy of remark is to be found in this building, which is entirely unroofed.

Teampull-na-Skellig, situated in the recess of the fourth mountain, was the ancient Priory of the Rock, and was also called the Temple of the Desert, both expressive of the Irish appellation.

The Bed and Cell of Saint Kevin.—The celebrated Bed of Saint Kevin, on the fourth side of the lough, is a cave hewn in the solid rock on the side of the mountain, exceedingly difficult in ascent, and terrible in prospect, for it hangs perpendicularly over the lake, at an alarming height above the surface of the water.

“Where the cliff hangs high and steep,
Young Saint Kevin stole to sleep.”

At a small distance from the bed on the same side of the mountain, are to be seen the ruins of a small stone building, called Saint Kevin's Cell.

And now, in the words of Mervyn Archdall (himself a Protestant), in his great work already referred to, we shall bid adieu for the present to the ruins of this once illustrious seminary, which (in the language of a late writer) “was once the luminary of the western world, from whence the savage septa and roving barbarians of other lands derived the benefits of knowledge and the blessings of religion.”

The romantic shape of the surrounding mountains, many of which are covered with a fresh spring of wood, and others, though of a surprising altitude, retaining almost to their summits the liveliest verdure the whole year round; these, added to the winding form of a very fertile valley, which terminates in a beautiful lake of considerable extent, increase our veneration and exalt our spirits. In a word, on viewing such a scene, to

abstract the mind from all local emotion would be impossible, if it were endeavoured, and would be foolish, if it were possible. Whatever withdraws from the power of our senses; whatever makes the past, the distant, or the future predominate over the present, advances us in the dignity of thinking beings.

Far from us, and from those we would call friends, be such a frigid philosophy, as may conduct us with steps indifferent, and feelings unmoved, over any ground which has been sanctified by virtue, or dignified by wisdom. That man is little to be envied whose piety and patriotism will not grow more ardent, and become more warm, when he permits himself to reflect on the countless number of kings and chieftains, bishops and abbots, holy priests and ascetic monks, gallant warriors and simple peasants, whose commingled dust lies beneath his feet, as he reverently steps among those shadows of the hallowed ruins of Glendalough.

And if the jocund laugh of the tourist and the pleasure-seeker be hushed, the men become more thoughtful, and the step of merry youth less buoyant, as they gaze in silent veneration at those symbols of the ecclesiastical glories of Catholic Ireland, dating from the earlier ages of Christianity; if even those who have not the happiness to share with us in our belief in that glorious old faith, that grows stronger by persecution, are here impressed by the sacred solemnity of their surroundings, and can find no place in their thoughts even for those sly, irreligious quips and jokes that are elsewhere ever ready to their lips; if this be true—and we all know it to be true—what must be the feelings of the descendants of those over whose bones they stand, and who can claim common ancestry with those princes and prelates who rendered brilliant and holy the ages in which they lived?

How quickly rushes the life blood through the veins, how unconsciously the eye becomes obscured with moisture, and the throat-valves checked by uncontrollable emotion, when even the strongest of us, standing in this sacred spot, allows his mind to indulge in meditative reverie on what the O'Tooles were in those days whose glories have departed! Aye! and may we ever be susceptible of such feelings; for, trust me, the

heart from which they spontaneously and voluntarily arise is, and ever shall be, true to the best and highest impulses of our nature.

Of those venerated remains in Glendalough's silent shade, we may well quote the words of our truly national poet :

“ All, all are gone—but still lives on
The fame of those who died,
But true men, like you men,
Remember them with pride.”

And during these days, while the ancient ecclesiastical endowments of the Church were being plundered, and every effort made to secure for the English archbishop of Dublin the endowments and tithes of the see and monastery of Glendalough, or Glenade, as it was known by, before Saint Kevin built his monastery there; while the successors of Henry II. and the Norman barons were proving to the Christian nations how much truth there was in their representations of the Irish Church needing reform and the correction of abuses, while they convinced the Supreme Pontiff himself that their *reform* meant not *robbery*, and their *ensorship of morals personal aggrandisement*; how fared it during these days with the temporal affairs of the O'Tooles?

We have seen elsewhere that despite every malignant effort, the see of Glendalough preserved its independence, and maintained its relations direct with Rome, up to the closing years of the fifteenth century. And as it was in things spiritual, so was it in their temporal affairs also: the Clan O'Toole had just as little regard for a royal warrant depriving them of their lands and homes as they had for the king's fiat commanding them to transfer their spiritual allegiance (and with it the revenues) from the bishop of Glendalough to the archdiocese of Dublin; and they treated both with an equal measure of respect (?), and though sometimes defeated, were never subdued.

Glendalough, too, suffered in those burnt-offerings that were made at the shrines of heresy and ignorance, by plundering baron, bigoted fanatic, and mercenary hireling; but the total destruction of the monastic literary

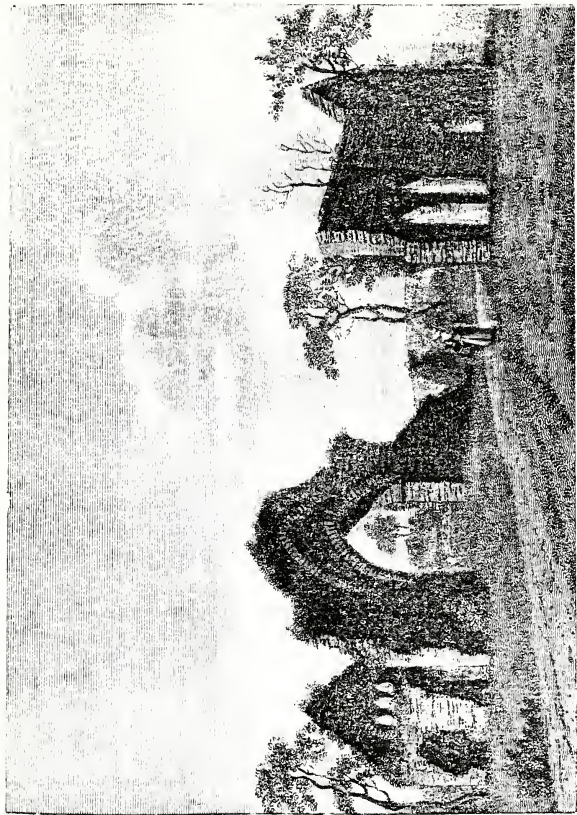
treasures was reserved for the refined barbarity of Sir Charles Coote, who in the 17th century burnt the town of Wicklow, and among other fiendish acts, he enjoyed the hellish luxury of seeing Irish infants tossed high in air, and received on the points of his soldiers' halberds, there, writhing in tortured agony, to die a miserable death, while those demons in human shape, emulating the example of their cowardly commander, these wretches—disgrace to the name of soldier—danced round their helpless innocent victims with exultant shouts and horrid imprecations—another of the methods for the civilization of the “*barbarous Irish*.”

But the reader may naturally ask, was not the great seat of learning, Glendalough, laid in ruins by the English in 1214? * And how, or where, then, were their priests and bishops educated and consecrated? I will tell you. The O'Tooles and the O'Byrnes, seeing their great abbey and educational establishments destroyed, and robbed of their income by the English, invited the Franciscans, who had lately come to reside in Dublin, to found a house of their order in Wicklow, about A.D. 1222, where they could educate their sons, and consecrate to the Lord their priests, necessary to minister to the spiritual wants of the people throughout the districts of the diocese of Glendalough.

Here, then, in a sweet secluded spot, near the present town of Wicklow, was founded by them the monastery and college of the Franciscans (the ruins of which are still visible), for the good estate of their own and their posterity's souls. † This fact is especially worth remembrance, for it is a proof that no matter how English prejudice may misrepresent and vilify them (and, dear knows, they have done both with no niggard hand), these hardy mountaineers must have had a keen perception and due appreciation, not only of the essential principles of their holy religion, but also of the arts and sciences in some of their finest details.

* For further particulars concerning this famous Monastery of Glendalough see “*Monasticum Hibernicum*,” by Archdall, where a history of it is given, with the names of its abbots, from St. Kevin, the founder, down to its last abbot, Thomas O'Toole.

† “A monastery was founded here for Franciscans by the O'Byrnes and O'Tooles in the reign of Henry III.”—Arch. Mon.



Wicklow Abbey.

Founded in the reign of Henry III. by the O'Tooles and O'Byrnes for Conventual Franciscan Friars. It is situated in the town. Here the Fitzgeralds, in 1178, erected a strong fortress, called the Black Castle. In 1301 it was taken and burned by the O'Tooles and O'Byrnes. In 1533 the O'Byrnes, submitted to Henry VIII., by indenture, and granted him the town and castle of Wicklow. It was retaken in 1580 by the O'Tooles and the Feagh McHugh O'Byrnes; but, in 1642, Sir Charles Coote marched with an army from Dublin and defeated them, and drove the O'Byrnes into the mountains. It was retaken again by the O'Tooles, under Colonel Luke O'Toole, of Castle Kevin, in 1646, but recaptured by Cromwell in 1649, and remains ever since in ruins.

The above view was taken from an original drawing, by J. G. Drien, 1792, in the collection of the Right Honourable W. Cunningham.

The colonists may have been justified in styling them the "Irish enemy" (a name they often strove hard to merit); but assuredly the founders of religious houses, such as the abbeys of Glendalough, Castledermott, Kildare, Baltinglass, Shelton, &c., and the monastery of Wicklow,* did not deserve to be called either "rude," or "barbarous," epithets bestowed on them by the poet Spenser, and others, in times much nearer to our own.

Here, then, within the sanctified cloisters of the monastery, and at the schools of this college, were the young scions of the noble houses of the O'Toole and the O'Byrne educated in secular, hand-in-hand, as it ever should be, with that religious training and spiritual guidance so carefully given by the sons of St. Francis. From here, too, as from the central focus, radiated those lights of religion and knowledge that diffused their genial and cloud-dispelling warmth far and near, the whole country round. We may rest well assured that these good fathers were jealously conservative of the ancient language and primitive usages of their country and clans, and carefully preserved them from any attempted intermeddling, innovation, usages, and customs for which the English archbishop and his clergy had very little respect. Here, too, many an O'Toole and O'Byrne took the cowl in these sacred cloisters, and I need hardly say that here, as in Glendalough, the holy and learned monks strove to perpetuate, in goodly tome and illuminated manuscript, the warlike achievements of their royal and noble ancestors, as well as the most remarkable incidents in the lives of their descendants.

Where now is all the labour of the pious monks? And do we recognise sufficiently what even the arts and sciences have lost by the destruction of their labours? But, alas! they were sacrificed by the ignorant barbarity of the first preachers of the so-called Reformation, who, in their

* "Dermot O'Moore was the last warden, and the inquisition taken 10th May, 5th King Edward, finds, that at his surrender, he was seized of nine acres of arable land and one acre of meadow; annual rent, besides reprises, 2*os.* 10*d.*" "28th July, 17th Queen Elizabeth, a lease of said friary was granted to Sir Henry Harrington for a term of 21 (twenty-one) years, at the annual rent of £3 12*s.* 0*d.*"—(Notes from Archdall's interesting work on Glendalough, &c.)

enlightened zeal for our benighted souls, made bonfires of those invaluable treasures, the MSS. of the monastic institutions of Ireland. And then we are told, and told seriously, by men in the full possession of their faculties, that these things were done, tolerated, and commended, even from the Invasion to the Reformation, all with the one purpose, namely, the civilization and better governing of the people of Ireland.

And while the brilliant lustre of their spiritual authority was being dimmed, as far as the efforts of Henry II. and Strongbow, and the fiats and grants could obscure it, so in mundane affairs also, had the Clan O'Toole to contend with the plundering barons of England, by whom they were ultimately deprived of the fairest portion of their tribe lands—the verdant plains of Ui Muiredaigh.

And as it was with the Church, though her patrimony may be curtailed and sacrilegious hands laid upon her revenues, there was a limit, beyond which the irreligious robbers dare not go; that limit set up by Christ the Eternal, when He made Peter the rock upon which He built His Church, against which, in vain, the waves of persecution may dash for ever.

So was it with the worldly affairs of Clan O'Toole. No doubt they may have often sighed, when they looked down from amongst their new barren, bleak mountain homes upon the fruitful plains of Kildare, from which they had been driven by fraud and force; but, too proud to sit idly bemoaning their loss, they devoted themselves to the prevention of a further disturbance. How they succeeded the subsequent parts of this history will endeavour to show.

“ Those fertile plains, that softened vale,
 The birthright of the sons of Tuathal,
 The stranger came with iron hand,
 And from our fathers 'reft the land.
 Where dwell we now? See! rudely swell,
 Crag o'er crag, and fell o'er fell.
 Ask we this savage hill we tread,
 For fattened steer or household bread;

Ask we for flocks those shingles dry,
And well the mountain might reply.

“To you, as to your sons of yore,
Belong the target and claymore.
I give you shelter in my breast,
Your own good blades must win the rest.
Pent in this fortress of the south,
Thinkest thou we'll not sally out.
To spoil the spoiler as we may,
And from the robber rend the prey.”

And the calumniated O'Toole, who had no Scott or Moore to fling the halo of their genius round his efforts, would have added :

“The Holy Faith by Patrick taught,
Which long by force and fraud you've sought
To crush—or sap, shall still command
The fealty of my heart and hand,
Shall have such aid as may afford,
Whate'er betide—my father's sword ;
And well the Clan Ui Tuathail's steel
Will fence the altars where they kneel.”

As a concluding chapter to this Part I. of “The History of Clan O'Toole,” I submit here a short

TOPOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF IMALE.

In attempting to give the reader an idea of the most prominent points of interest in Imaile, I have not strictly limited myself to what may be termed the simple topographical features. It has been more my aim to endeavour to interest the reader, and hence it is that when I have come across any entertaining item bearing on the particular locality of which I am at the time treating, I have recorded it. Mayhap I have not been as particular as I ought in my classification of the different notes I have

taken, and that the topographical is sometimes not sufficiently distinguished from the descriptive, while facts, civil and military, may appear to trench unceremoniously on domains ecclesiastical; all I ask is, whenever the reader begins to find himself inclined to censure me for lack of systematic arrangement, let him charitably remember that I have, by apology, anticipated him, and present my facts thus crudely rather than affect the more ambitious authors by inflicting on the reader either appendices or glossaries, which I know from experience are hardly ever read.

Imail, or Imayle, as it is generally spelled in the State papers, takes its name from Mal, the brother of Cathair Mor, monarch of Ireland in the second century: "Manius Mal Catherii regis frater Imalae regioni nomen dedet ex quo O'Kelly Cualan in Weckloensi argo."*

We thus see Imaille simply means, when applied to territory, the lands or territories of Mal, who was king of Leinster during the minority of Cathair Mor, and possessed this part of Leinster, which included the greater portion of the present counties of Kildare and Wicklow, and as we see by the Book of Rights, it extended northward into Glenrigh (valley of the king's river), North Lobhau and Table Mountains, and so far east as Glendalough and Fertire and Feraculan, east of the range of mountains which run from Kippure to Ballinacor, and thence to Keageen mountains, over Glen Imayle, in which the old name is still preserved.

The valley or glen Imayle is one of the most extensive of the Wicklow glens, as well as one of the most beautiful and picturesque, justly earning for itself the name by which it is known, "The Garden of Wicklow," although we learn it was barren and bleak when the O'Tooles were driven into it by the rapacity of the Norman barons. It extends east and west about six miles, and north and south five miles. According to the measurement on the Ordnance Survey maps, a line drawn from the top of Lug-na-cuillagh to the top of Cnoc-na-carriga (or Park Hill, as it is now called) measures $6\frac{1}{4}$ miles, while a line from the summit of Keageen mountains to the top of Keleuagh mountain, over Suugborough,

* Ogygia, London, 1685—p. 3., Cap. lex p. 310.

measures $5\frac{1}{4}$ miles. Across the gap, on the west, a line from the top of Brusselstown Hill to the summit of Park Hill, over Donoughmore Church is over 2 miles. These hills slope abruptly to the river Slaney, which takes its rise in the glen, and rushes through a gorge not wider than half-a-mile across, sweeping by that ancient and ruined castle of the O'Tooles called Castle Ruddery (Knights' Castle), where the younger sons of the Royal House of Ui Tuathail kept watch and ward.

“The livelong night in branksome rang,
The ceaseless sound of steel,
The castle bell, with the backward clang,
Sent forth the 'larum peal.”

And on and on swiftly rolled the river, laving on the opposite side the foundations of that other old castle, called Castle Sallagh, the residence of an Ua Tuathal, long before a Norman dared set his foot in their territory. The fosse of this castle was so situated as to be capable of being flooded from the river at pleasure; but now what a melancholy change has come over these once two great fortresses, and among the ruins of the latter, a whole farmstead has been built up within its crumbling walls.

“A ruin now—the castle shows,
The ivy clothes its mouldering towers,
The wild rose on its hearthstone blows,
And roofless stand its sacred bowers.
Close by the long abandoned hall
The narrow tide is idly straying,
While ruin saps its tottering wall,
Like those who held it—fast decaying.”

A little further down, in Ballintruer, on the bank of the river, is the ruin of another old castle of the O'Tooles, still in the possession of an O'Toole, a sailor on the mighty deep, who keeps it for the sake of auld lang syne.

Looking eastward from Cnoc-na-Carriga, Lugnacuillagh, the highest mountain in Leinster, attains an elevation of 3,031 feet. On the southwest, Ballinedden (*i.e.*, Baill-an-edden, the place of the streams, which are numerous and refreshing) attains the height of 2,498 feet. The eastern gap of Imaile passes between this mountain and Slieve Reagh, a spur of Keageen, which rises up in a bold abrupt outline from the plain to an altitude of 2,145 feet, to the north of which is the famous Kilranalagh hill, on the brow of which are the ruins of an old abbey surrounded by a graveyard, in which are buried the greater number of the O'Tooles of Imaile, and in which, according to popular tradition, a Protestant has never been buried, nor a worm ever seen. Here, too, is the old well of St. Brigid, the waters of which are said to be an infallible cure for headache. The abbey is thus described in an old poem :

“Not far from Tubber-na-Brigid, and nigh to a shelt'ring wood,
The mouldering remains of an abbey, in tottering majesty stood ;
The ivy was over the ruins—the freshness of life with decay.
The ivy will flourish for ages, the walls will soon moulder away.

“Around are the graves of our fathers, they sleep in the sanctified dust,
With the saints and the martyrs beside them, the bones of beatified
just ;
They sleep where no sorrows can reach them, and under the emerald
sod,
They rest 'neath the grass of Old Ireland, and near to the temple of God.

This ancient abbey was founded shortly after the advent of Saint Patrick, and flourished for many a century ; and in the dark days of the religious persecution of our country, when Donoughmore and the other churches in the valley were taken from the people, it often served the O'Tooles' turn, to attend the holy sacrifice of the Mass in the old church of Kilranalagh. From the graveyard on the hill can be seen Ui Muiredeach, Mullaghmast, Mullarelion, Knoc-Patrick, and almost the whole of the O'Tooles' ancient territory in the present county of Kildare ; and on

the other side, to the south, we have the old ruins of O'Toole's castle in Castle Quarter, formerly called Ballymaledy, near Talbotstown; and here, too, is another very ancient graveyard of the O'Tooles. The ground round and about this hill of Kilranalagh is endeared to the memory of those who have made themselves acquainted with the history of its neighbourhood. From the very earliest periods it has been the arena in which many a bitter, bitter struggle has been waged between the O'Tooles and the English plundering freebooters; one of the last acts in the bloody drama being fought out at its base between Tirlogh O'Toole and Piers Talbot, in which the former was defeated and slain, after which Talbot got possession of a large portion of his lands, and from whom the barony of Talbotstown derives its name.

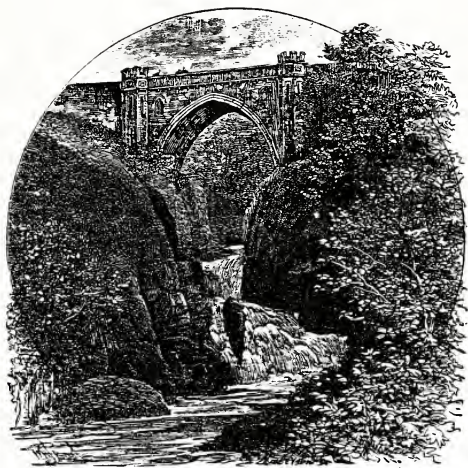
On the western side of Glen Imaile, is Brusselstown hill, rising to a height of 1,326 feet, crowned with the remains of an ancient Celtic stronghold or Cathair of very extensive proportions. The mountains on the north side of the glen slope away from Lugnacuillagh to Table Mountain, over 2,000 feet high; westward from this is Lobhaun, 2,095 feet high; Ballinclay, double-peaked, abruptly approaches on the glen and lifts its summit 1,817 feet on its western and 1,911 feet on its eastern peak, between which and Lugnacuillagh an elevated ravine, forming an old road or bridle-path, leads to Glenmalure, and another to Aughavanna. Lobhaun mountain slopes westward to Kilicugh, which is 1,630 feet high and slopes down to Drumreagh and Cnoc-an-darragh, 949 feet high, at foot of which lies the town of Donard, where the Paladian missionary, St. Sylvester, laboured, died, and was buried. On the opposite side is Cnoc-na-carriga, 1,023 feet high.

On the north and south sides of Lug-na-Cuillagh are two wonderful excavations, almost in the shape of "lugs," or "cars," which are called the north and south prisons. These very remarkable precipices near to the mountain summit, may have been the craters of an extinct volcano, from which the north and south sides fell away. In one of them (the northern) rises the river Slaney, and sweeps onwards through the Glen of Imaile, fed on its route by a thousand tributary streams, some of which

are of considerable volume. The term "prison" seems to have been given them from the allegation that the daughter of King Tuathail was detained here by her husband as a prisoner in these weird and gloomy recesses. The legend is given in our earlier pages.

Donoughmore lies about two miles south of Donard. It was at Donard that St. Paladius (who was sent, A.D. 431, by Pope Celestine to the Scots as their first bishop) erected one of the three churches which owed their foundation to his labours; the second was on the borders of Kildare near Narraghmore, and was called Killeen-Cormach; and the third at Ovoca, in the county of Wicklow, on the Avonmore river, known as Tech-na-Roman, *i.e.*, Domus Romanorum, now Tigroney. The church of Donoughmore was founded by St. Patrick himself when he visited Imayle and the surrounding country; and there is a "holy well" there dedicated to the saint, and called Tubber-na-Corriga, immediately above the church, at which (until it was lately discontinued) a "patron" was held annually. The parish of Donoughmore includes the greater part of Glen Imayle, and covers an area of twenty-three thousand four hundred and twenty-eight (23,428) acres, and is now called the barony of Upper Talbotstown, in the county of Wicklow. It extends southwards by the Keageen mountains and Ballyhubbock and Spinans, adjoining Kiltegan and Baltinglass. The old patrician church, from which the parish has its name, is situated in the mouth of the glen, on the western side of Park hill (Cnoc-na-Corriga) where the gap or entrance to the glen opens to discharge the waters of the Slaney. On the southern side of this hill a new and beautiful Catholic church has been erected lately, through the exertions of the late lamented curate of the parish, the Rev. Thomas Lynch, a native of Carrick-on-Suir, who, it may be said, killed himself by his labours and toil in the building of this church, and in the faithful discharge of the other duties of his sacred ministry.—R. I. P. We read in the "Life of St. Kevin," that, "hearing a foray into the Glen of Imayle was contemplated by cattle-lifters, he sent a blind man across the mountains between it and Glendalough to warn his friends of their impending danger."

From Donard we pass along the ancient highway called Beallach



Phool-a-Phooka, Co. Wicklow.

Dunbolg, where the great battle was fought between Bran Dubh and the monarch of Ireland. The scene of this battle was near the entrance to the glen; and passing on the right the spa-hole and the yellow lough, we are in front of that curious natural phenomenon, the mouth of the glen itself. Before leaving the spa-hole, I may here remark, that I have been informed by a professional friend, who is an expert in the sciences of engineering and metallurgy, that it and its immediate surroundings present very strong evidences of the existence of valuable mineral stratum, which, if energetically worked, would most probably well repay its promoters.

The mouth of the glen itself bears resemblance to there having been taken out of it by some supernatural agency, a large portion of the solid rock, and of course, so ample a field for the "seanachies'" legend could not remain uncultivated. The story goes, that the devil, in one of his fits of ill-humour (you see, he has his little failings, like people of less note), took a bite out of the mountain, and the incision that he had thus made caused that opening into the glen. Whether it was that his passion was cooled by the process, or that he hesitated to subject his masticatory and digestive organs to so trying an ordeal as to chew and swallow such an adamantine mouthful, the record sayeth not, but he spat it out anyway, and it can still be seen further up the glen, where the most sceptical can convince himself of the truth of the legend by seeing for himself how closely this scalp would fit into the mouth of the glen, were it shifted from its present position and placed there. Should he find this impracticable, let him go his way without further cavil.

High up on this scalp is Saint Kevin's bed, which he occupied prior to his establishing himself at Glendalough, to which he retired for still further seclusion; and pursuing the road which, no doubt, the saint travelled on the occasion of his removal (and which tradition has it that he himself made), we are struck with the wild solitude of its surroundings. Its bleakness and barrenness, to-day, is as visible as ever. So poor and desolate is it, that in its whole extent from Slieve Gadoc to Tonlaguee mountains, a distance of nearly ten miles, there is not at the present writing a Protestant to be found in its immediate neighbourhood; such is

the instinctive horror with which the sons of the Reformation viewed those portions of the country that yielded not milk and honey. This road (of St. Kevin's) continues through Glenreigh (through which the king's river flows), and through Wicklow Gap, down into the vale of Glendalough, between which, and the scenery of the glen, we find much similarity and many features in common.

Nor must we forget that we passed on the left from Donard, Slieve Gadoc (Church Mountain), on the top of which is an old church in ruins. Anent this church, tradition again steps in, and informs us that it was built by St. Kevin in the one night; in its centre is another holy well, resorted to by many pious persons, and remarkable for many miraculous cures.

On the left of the great highway, called Beallach Dumbolg, lies the famous Glen Mamma (now Lammanstown), where the great battle was fought between Brian Boromhe and the Leinster men (aided by the Danes). Of this battle, and its bearing on the battle of Clontarf, I have already treated.

No attempt at giving a sketch of the Glen of Imaile, however imperfect, should omit making reference to Brittas, because of the very interesting local traditions associated with it. To this place was the young Lorcan Ua Tuathal sent by Diarmid MacMurrough and kept as a hostage. It is an out-of-the-way corner of the glen, surrounded by lofty mountains, with rugged sides, and of a cheerless, uninviting aspect. In it is one spot of natural beauty, being a large field, bordered on every side by venerable ash-trees of luxuriant and refreshing appearance. This place is called Saint Lawrence's Park, from the current tradition that he was nursed here. When he was taken away from Brittas to the monastery of Glendalough, his nurse was wont to climb up one of those high trees, and therewith set up a "caoin" or lament, keeping a sharp look-out for the happy consummation of her hopes—the return of "her Daltha" (foster-child). Some of the verses of her lament were in the memory of old inhabitants of the glen of the present generation.

Having thus endeavoured in this cursory sketch to make the reader

acquainted with a few of the more salient points or natural landmarks of the glen and territory of Imaile, I will further trespass on his forbearance while putting him in possession of the relationship existing between the territory and the Clan.

In the earliest account we have of this part of Leinster, the central portion of Wicklow was known as the Forthuatha, from which Tuathal (O'Toole) took the name, the meaning of which is proprietor of a territory. In course of time, as the historical Lagenian families progressed, a tribe named Delmesincorb established themselves on the eastern sea-board, from whom are descended Saint Kevin, and many other Leinster saints. On the west of Imaile the Ui Gabla, a cognate race, were settled, who in course of time had to give way to Cathair Mor, monarch of Ireland, and king of Leinster. This monarch was slain at Magh Agha, between the rivers Boyne and Blackwater, by Conn-Ced-Catha, monarch of Ireland, A.D. 177-212.

Maine Mal, the son of Fedlimidh Fiourglas, and brother of the Lagenian king, Cathair Mor, was the founder of a race whose tribe name was Ui Mail, or the descendants of Maine Mal. They subsequently branched off into the families whose names were Ui Taidg, or Tighe; the Ui Maelcon (the standard-bearers to the O'Tooles) the MacKeohces, bards not only to the O'Tooles, but also to the other Leinster kings; the Ui Ceallach Cualan (O'Kellys), the sword-bearers to the O'Tooles, who dwelt between the vale of Glendalough and the sea. There were also the O'Cullens of Cualan, O'Cosgraves of Glencree, and other minor septs. Of the descendants of Cellach Cualan, their pedigree is preserved to Gilla Caemghin (client of St. Kevin), who was slain A.D. 1037, by the sons of Aedh, son of Tuathal (prince of Ui Muiredaigh), who lost his life at Clontarf. Cathail, king of Ui Cellach Cualan, was (with his wife) slain by the same prince, and from that time forward the Clan O'Toole possessed undisputed right and control over that portion of Wicklow from the sea to Glendalough as well as the western territory.

Soon after the decease of St. Lawrence, and after the defeat of the Ui Muiredaigh by Walter de Riddlesford, the Clan O'Toole (whose tribe

name of Ui Muiredeagh will not appear so often in these pages) had to retire into their mountain territories, and being forcibly dispossessed of their rich and verdant plains in Kildare, had to content themselves with more rugged homes among the fastnesses of Wicklow; an exchange that, among many disadvantages, had one point in its favour, that it brought forth, in glowing colours, that latent spirit of independence that maintained itself proudly at all hazards, and against all odds, for nearly six hundred years of constant oppression, persecution, and intrigue.

This may be the most opportune time to prove to the reader that the Ui Tuathal (as we shall henceforward designate them) were the supreme lords of Imaile, contemporaneously with their occupation of the fair lands of Ui Muiredeagh, and that they held feudal rights over all that part of Leinster, now known as the County Wicklow, long before its soil was stained by the foot of the Dane or the Norman invader. I say prove, because, through lack of proper research, some writers would appear to convey the erroneous opinion that they (the O'Tooles) were strangers to Wicklow prior to their evacuation of Kildare.

Among these, O'Heerin, in his topographical poem, assigns the principedom of Imaile to O'Tiegue. Now, in this, even if I admit the accuracy of the statement, there is no inconsistency with a tributary prince holding a certain territory under his suzerain, which must have been the relationship between the O'Toole and O'Tiegue, and, of course, when the former wanted the territory for their own immediate occupation, their paramount claim extinguished, as it were, the tenure of the lessee's, and the O'Tiegues gave way. This highly respectable clan is represented at the present day by several important families, and among others, Colonel Tighe, of Woodstock, Innistogie, Co. Kilkenny, and also of Wicklow.

Besides the primary and all-important fact, in treating of this matter—of its being by an O'Toole (King Colman) that the first grant of the valley of Glendalough was made to St. Kevin, and that it was by continued grants and endowments of the O'Tooles that the monastery and diocese were founded and enriched—I subjoin, in addition, a few extracts

from authentic sources, removing this question beyond the regions of doubt.

First, take that battle at Delgany, A.D. 1021, where Aunghaire Ua Tuathal slew six thousand (6,000) of the Danes by way of reprisal for their treatment of Bran, son of the king of Leinster. This was a pretty practical proof that the O'Tooles were (to use an American term) "round" that neighbourhood pretty early in the eleventh century. I venture to say the Danes thought so anyway.

Second, Myles O'Regan (private secretary to King Diarmid MacMurrough) in his "Conquest of Ireland," written in A.D. 1172, in his account of the great houses of Leinster, mentions:

"O'Tohill (O'Toole) of Imayle."

And in the Book of Howth, about the same date, he is called:

"O'Toyll of Imayll."

Again, Maurice O'Regan, under date A.D. 1169, records in his history:

"After a number of engagements, Dermot (*i.e.*, MacMurrough), with his English troops, marched towards Glendalough, to chastise the O'Tohills for refusing to come to him. When he came into the country he found no resistance. He destroyed Glendalough, and left it in ruins."

This not only proves that the O'Tooles owned Glendalough and Glen Maile at this time—otherwise Diarmid could have hardly meant their punishment by harassing it—but it goes further, for it shows that in the treacherous betrayal of his country by Diarmid MacMurrough, he had no allies or confederates among the Clan O'Toole.

We, therefore, see that the translation of the Clan from one of their territories, which by the fortunes of war they had to give up, to another already occupied by their kinsmen and brethren, was not such a hasty "stampede" after all. Warm was the welcome and open the portals of Castle Ruddy for them, where, according to custom, the younger sons of the Clanhead, with several knights, were in the habit of residing to guard the pass to the glen. Castle Sallagh, Ballyhubboch, on the other side of the Slaney, sought to outrival their opposite neighbour in the exercise of

their hospitality, while the Castles of Macledey, Carnew, and Kevin, with several others, proved by the cordiality of their reception that their honoured guests were no strangers.

Nor must we forget that King John, in granting the territories of Ui Muiredeagh to Sir Walter de Riddlesford, gave him a similar grant of the territory of Ui Maile, the lands of the sons of Ui Tuthail, as the State papers of the time tell us. Sir Walter, it seems, re-granted or let the Ui Maile portion to one De Resus; whoever De Resus may be we know not, but let us charitably hope that the conveyance of the Imaile property to him did not involve him in any serious pecuniary consideration by way of purchase-money, for, indeed, all the profits that ever accrued to him out of the lands of Imaile would not pay for the parchment upon which his conveyance was made.

He seems to have had no particular fancy for cultivating a close acquaintance with the O'Tooles, or else he must have been in dread of incurring the odium of the "land-grabber;" for though "boycotting" was not then in existence, we may rest assured that these hardy mountaineers had some very strong ideas of a "land league," the severity of whose summary jurisdiction would put completely in the shade the milder processes of more modern times.

While on this part of the subject, and as we will in our future pages hear very little more of De Riddlesford, we will now dispose of him. He, after having defeated the O'Tooles in Kildare, and caused them to retire into Wicklow, built a castle or stronghold at Desert Diarmid, since called Castle Dermot, and took the title of Baron de Bree, from a place of that name near Athy. He does not appear to have left any male issue, and his estates (or rather those of the O'Tooles) fell into the hands of the ancestors of the present Duke of Leinster in the following way:—

"Gerald, third Lord O'Faley, who died July 20th, A.D. 1286, was married to Eliminia, daughter of the Lord Justice of Ireland, Stephen de Longue Espeè, who was married to Eliminia, daughter of Walter de Riddlesford, Baron of Bree, to whom King John granted the lordship of O'Murthy and Imaile. His grandmother, Eliminia, died A.D. 1291; she

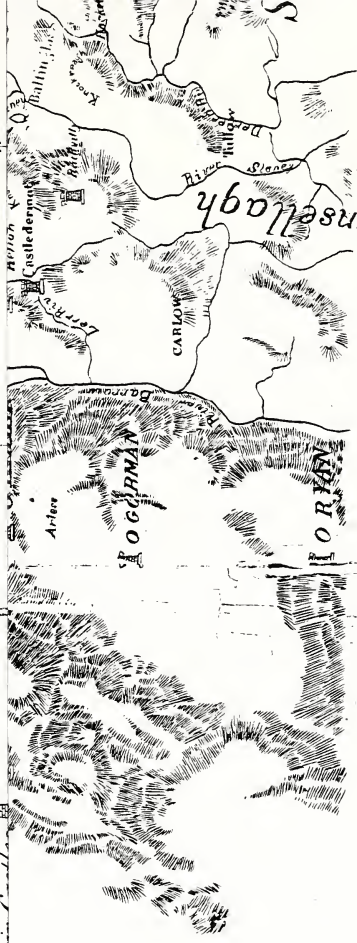
was the mother of Thomas Fitzgerald, fourth Lord of O'Faley, the ancestor of the Duke of Leinster."

With this, the conclusion of Part I., I leave the Clan O'Toole endeavouring to conform to the more straitened possessions to which they were confined, owing to the vicissitudes of overwhelming odds.

In the succeeding portions it shall be my object in this history to place before my readers in a simple and concise form the unremitting persecution to which they were subjected by the English and the Palesmen, and to show how nobly those plundering marauders were repelled, and how gallantly, for over five hundred years, the O'Tooles preserved their independence in the mountain homes of Imaile, as well as in the sylvan glades of Fertire and Fericualan.

END OF PART I.

*An Ancient Map of the Country of
the O'Toolas, O'Byrries and other*



H. CAENSSELLAGH
O'CAVENAGH



PINGAL

DUBLIN

DUBLIN BAY

Howth Head

Maynooth

Engles

Allen

Moine Liffey

OBYRNE

Wentworth

O TOOLE

O TOOLE

Malley

OBYRNE

Caerseilagh

Hi. Cavenagii

O TOOLE

Swit. Blagh

O TOOLE

O BYRNE

O TOOLE

MALLEN

Parry

O KELLY

O TOOLE

WICKLOW

O TOOLE

Allen Head

Wicklow Road

Bray Head

Blackrock

Harold's Cross

Blackrock

Newlands

Ophelvers

NAAS

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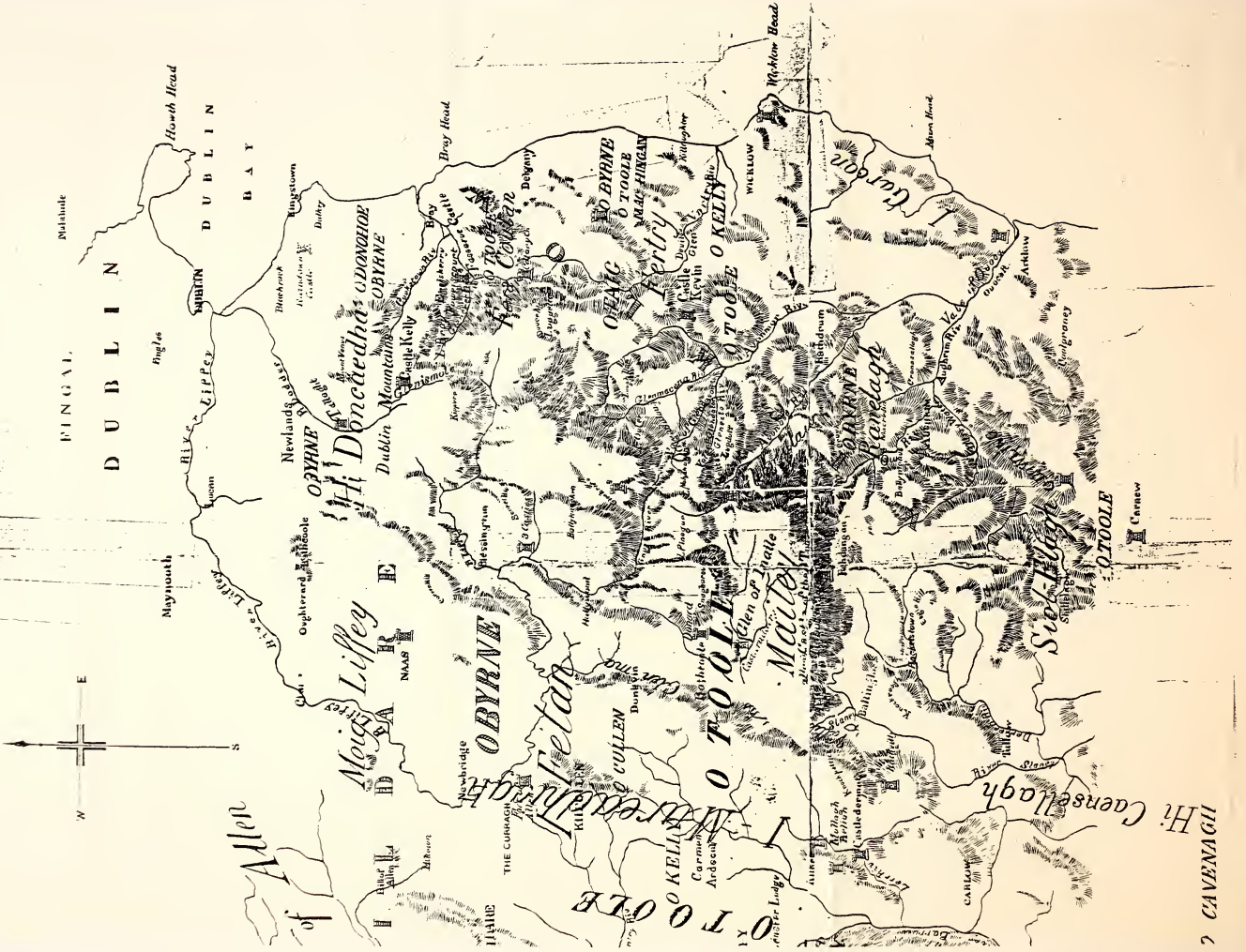
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THE CLAN O'TOOLE

AND OTHER

LEINSTER SEPTS.

PART SECOND.

AFTER the Conquest the Clan O'Toole were driven by the Anglo-Norman barons from the fertile and verdant plains of Kildare into the bleak and barren mountain fastnesses of Imuile, Fertire, and Feracualan, where they heroically and gallantly defended themselves, and defied the barons of the Pale and the united powers of England, for upwards of five hundred years.

St. Lorcán O'Toole, archbishop of Dublin, as we have seen, died in 1180. Forty-five years afterwards he was canonized by Honorius III. Some time, however, previous to that at which the saint was raised to the honours of the Christian altar, his kinsmen were driven by Walter de Riddlesford, one of Strongbow's knights, out of their ancient principality, called in the "Irish Annals" *Ui Muiredaigh*, or *O'Murthie*, which lay along the Barrow, northwards, as far as the present Hill of Allen, and comprised a goodly tract of the southern half of the present County Kildare, whilst Fitzgerald took the northern half, called *Ui Faolan*, the patrimony of the O'Byrnes, their kinsmen, who had, too, to take shelter

behind the Wicklow mountains, along the sea coast, and in Glenmalure. We have also seen that the father of the glorified archbishop had died king of his territory, in 1164, as the Donegal annalists have his decease under that date, thus: "Murtogh O'Toole, lord of O'Murthie, and chief of Leinster in hospitality and prowess, died after penance." If we may believe the bard of the period, who, doubtless, experienced Murtogh's hospitality, and had due respect for his prowess, the district of O'Murthie was a sort of paradise, whose atmosphere was laden with the odours of perpetual spring—a land teeming with yellow corn, milk, and honey; where the herds were all the year round knee-deep in rich pasture; a region irrigated by sweet, fertilizing streams, and crowned by the "festive fortress" of Mullaghreelion, whose earthen ramparts may still be seen a few miles south of Athy. It is worth noticing here, that Strongbow died four years before St. Laurence, and that his kinsmen were not disturbed from O'Murthie till he had found an exile's grave beside the Norman princes in the church of Eu, where his tomb was restored some few years ago by the command of King Louis Philippe. Need we remind our readers, that the archbishop assisted at Strongbow's obsequies, and saw his remains deposited in the vaults of the old Danish cathedral of the Holy Trinity? Ought we regret that he, too, was not buried there, the conquered beside the conqueror. Perhaps not; for it is likely enough that his relics would have been treated badly by the apostate, Archbishop Brown, who, in 1538, sacrilegiously destroyed St. Patrick's staff, and other objects of religious veneration long preserved in Christ Church.

Reverting to the bard's description of Ui Muiredaigh, we need hardly observe that it was somewhat overcoloured; but, whether or no, Walter de Riddlesford thought it a district worth getting into his possession, and now that Archbishop Laurence was dead, and his brothers, having been drawn into battle with the Anglo-Normans of Wexford, whilst following the enemy up the Slaney, were killed at Wexford by them, he thought it a good opportunity to make war on the O'Tooles of Ui Muiredaigh, and possess himself of their territory, which had just been granted to him by King John; and so, with the aid of his Norman friends and followers,



Dunlang Ua Tuathail, King of Ui Muiredeach, and brother of St. Laurence O'Toole. Slain by the English, at Wexford, A.D. 1178.

he overran their country, besieged their castles, and drove them into their mountain fastnesses of Imaal, where the O'Tooles defied him to follow them. Ousted from their territory lying along the Barrow, the O'Tooles were not slow in finding a district where they could plant and maintain themselves against any other de Riddlesford who might be inclined to molest them. Glen Imaal, sentinelled by its six majestic mountains, among which Lugnacuillagh stood like a giant warrior, "panached" with aged oaks, and appreciable for a considerable area of naturally good soil, was at the period of which we are writing a secure fastness, into which the Norman cavalier had never ventured to ride. Here, then, was a desirable location for the O'Tooles, and all the more so because Imaal was connected on its eastern border with Glenmalure, in which the O'Byrnes had taken shelter, who, with their neighbours, the O'Kavanaghs, were then much respected, or, in other words, greatly feared by the Anglo-Norman colony recently settled on the banks of the Liffey.

Amid such scenes, and surrounded by those endearing associations, historical and traditionary, that threw a lustre on the names of their forefathers, did the Clan O'Toole settle, after being driven from their more fertile territories of the O'Muirediagh in Kildare to their mountain homes of Imaile, Fertire and Feracuallan, now Co. Wicklow.

"These scenes—their story not unknown,
 Arise and make again your own.
 Snatch from the ashes of your sires
 The embers of their former fires;
 And he who in the strife expires
 Will add to theirs a name of fear
 That tyranny shall quake to hear,
 And leave his sons a hope of fame
 They, too, shall rather die than shame."

It shall be my object, in the following pages of this history of the Clan O'Poole, to place before my readers in a simple and concise form, the unremitting persecutions to which they were subjected by the English and

the Palesmen, and to show how nobly those plundering marauders were repelled, and how gallantly, for over five hundred years, the O'Tooles preserved their independence in the mountain homes of Imaile, as well as the sylvan glades of Fertire and Feraculan.

I propose to chronicle the principal events in the due chronological order of the regime of their own chieftains, and my historical data and extracts cannot be attacked on the score of national tendencies, as they will be mostly all derived from sources that were under the control of the English, which ought to be sufficient guarantee that they will not savour too sweetly of an Irish relish.

ORTHOEPY OF THE NAME O'TOOLE.

The reader, who may be naturally surprised at the various modes of spelling the name O'Toole occurring in the State Papers, will have to attribute it to its legitimate cause, viz. :—The ignorance of the Irish language on the part of the English scribes employed at Dublin Castle, who merely attempted to represent, by English characters, the sound of the word *Ua Thuathail* as it fell on their different ears, by what is known now as the phonetic system. Hence we find the following: *Ui Tuathal*, *Ua Tuathail*, *O'Tole*, *O'Toyle*, *O'Towle*, *O'Tohill*, *Ua Tuathal*, *O'Thaille*, *O'Tohyle*, *O'Tohill*, *O'Tothil*, *O'Tolles*, *O'Toole*, and, lastly, *Toole*.

The old Irish was simply *Ua Tuathal* in the singular, and *Ui Tuathail* in the plural, the “th” in the middle of the word being almost silent, sounding simply *O'Toole* or *O'Tuall*, generally spelled now-a-days *O'Toole*. The Kerry branch spell it *Tuohil* and *Tuthil*. The Four Masters spell *St. Laurence O'Toole*, *Lorean Ua Tuatail*, the second “t” being silent.

The brothers and sisters of *St. Laurence* were all either slain in battle or otherwise paid the debt of nature before the Clan retired to the mountain districts of their territory, *Gillaeomghall*, *Ua Tuachail*, *Ruadth*, *Aodh* or *Ugaire*, and *Dunlang*, slain by the English at *Wexford*, A.D., 1178, were the last of their race to hold in fee the rich lands of *Ui Muiredhail*, because though *Lorean*, son of *Dunlang*, held nominal control over them, he died

A.D., 1214, but we may say from the time of his uncle's, (St. Laurence's) death, the lordship of the Clan was past in Ui Muirediagh. This Lorcan must have been the brother of Thomas, last abbot of Glendalough.

118. *Gillacaemghin Ua Tuathail*.—To attain now the direct descent we go to Gellacaemghin Ua Tuathail (O'Toole), eldest son of Gillacomghall, and brother of Muirchartach, the father of Saint Lorcan. With his name the descent in the direct line is resumed, and henceforward the succession to the chieftancy of the Clau will be designated by the name of the elected chieftain being placed at the margin, the small figures over it referring to the order in the pedigree.

119. *Balthair Ua Tuathail*.—This chief seems to have taken up his residence in Castle Ruddy, but we have no account of any of his exploits.

120. Balthair Ua Tuathail (Walter O'Toole), his son, succeeded him, A.D., 1218, and we are equally barren of any records of his reign. He was, however, contemporary with Lorcan and Thomas, nephews of St. Laurence. We cannot err far in placing it about the year of our Lord, 1218. He was succeeded by his son,

121. *Gillacaemghen na Faidhe*, who defied Walter de Riddlesford and his Norman companions to force their way into Glen Umaile and the mountainous districts surrounding.

The following extracts from the State Papers go to show how early the liberality of the Normans was exercised at the expense of the tribe lands of the Clan, as about this time the following grant was made:

“Grant to the Church of Dublin, and to Luke, Archbishop-elect thereof, and his successors, that all woods in the following lands be disafforested, viz.:—Sanf Kevyn (St. Kevins), Ferchir and Coillac, all of the demesne of the see of Dublin, and formerly of the demesne of the see of Glendalough. These lands extend on the east towards the k—s land of Obrin (O'Byrne), and Othee (O'Toole), on the south of Wy-Kingelow (Wicklow), land of Barou de Nas, thence to Arclow (Arklow), land of Theobald Pincerna, thence to Omail, land of Philip Fitz Rieus, of the demesne of Walter de Riddlesforde, on the west to the land of Nas, thence to Rathmore, land of Maurice FitzGerald.

“On the north to the k—s land of Tachsagard, thence to Balach, land of Walter de Riddlesforde, thence to Cranaek, land of Richard de St. Michael, thence by brow of the mountain to Senekill (Shankill), land of the Archbishop of Dublin.

“Mandate was given to Richard de St. Michael, Justiciary of Ireland, that the lands be disafforested accordingly.—NORTHAMPTON.”

(State Papers, close Rolls of King Henry III., 1229 or 1230.)

These were the nominal owners, the O'Tooles were the real owners and possessors.

Gillacaemghin na Faithe strengthened his position and that of his clansmen in Umaile and Fertire, and, no doubt, troubled himself very little about the disafforesting charters granted to Luke, Archbishop of Dublin. They elicited as much respect from the Clan O'Toole as those other formidable parchments that purported to convey their lands to the De Riddlesfords and others of that ilk. Let the Normans issue their deeds and patents, but before they take possession of the mountain homes of the Clan, they have to conquer and subdue an indomitable and gallant race, on the accomplishment of which all the martial energy and corrupt trickery of England and her Irish government, both executive and administrative, were concentrated for the next four hundred years, with what result we shall see in the sequel.

The date of Gillaecamghin's death is not fixed by any authentic record, but forming my judgment from contemporary events, I should not be far wrong in assigning it to be about A.D. 1250. He was succeeded as chief of the clan by his son,

122. Felimidh Ua Tuathail. I have above given an instance of the early interference by deed and parchment with the property of the O'Tooles; and I now invite the reader's attention to the fact, that as far back as A.D. 1209, the clan were not inclined to be supine while the Norman freebooters drove off their cattle and pillaged their lands. They made retaliation for a series of outrages committed upon them in the following way:

South of the city of Dublin, then the capital of the Pale, lay an extensive wood, the name of which still survives—Cullenswood—whither

the Palesmen were wont to betake themselves for pastime and recreation on Easter and Whit-Mondays, and in accordance with which, the citizens and Palesmen were enjoying themselves on the Whit-Monday of 1209. The Clan, deeming it a good opportunity for making requitals and reprisals, and thereby compensating themselves for the damages done by the incursions of the Barons of the Pale, came down from the mountains like a torrent, and attacked the merrymakers, who, in the battle that ensued, suffered heavily. If we may credit Hanmer, "no fewer than three hundred of the chiefest of them were slain." Many of the survivors, men, women, and children, were carried away as hostages to the mountains; and the anniversary of that day was for centuries called "Black Monday," by the mayor and citizens of Dublin, "who," Hanmer tells us, "observed it with feast and banquet, and pitching up of tents in that place, daring the Clan O'Toole upon their peril to be so foolhardy as once more to approach near the feasting-place." The scene of this battle is ever since known as the "Bloody Fields," and we may mention in passing that on the same ground, in 1649, Jones, the lieutenant of Cromwell, defeated the Irish under Lord Ormond.

The prisoners here taken by the O'Tooles were ransomed by their friends at a very heavy price, and there can hardly be a doubt that upon this occasion some composition was made, and some arrangements entered into by which the citizens and Palesmen, unable to pay all at once, agreed to the payment of an annual sum; this, then, was partly the origin of the tax, or black-rent (as the Palesmen called it) which was levied off the burghers of Dublin by the Clan O'Toole, and anent which so many battles were fought and so much blood was spilled, from 1209 till late in the reign of Henry VIII., when its discontinuance formed one of the articles of a treaty between King Henry, on the one part, and Tirlagh O'Toole, of Powercourt, head of the sept, on the other.

I here insert a few extracts from the State Papers at Dublin Castle, showing that already the O'Tooles were becoming objects of the hospitable attentions of the authorities; for at page 178, Treasury Rolls, A.D. 1253, we have:

"O'Tothill (O'Toole) made a hostage of, and the cost paid for his maintenance, 18s.

"Paid to William De Castre, justice itinerant, in part payment of 38s., for maintenance of William, son of Gerald O'Bren, hostage, and of John, hostage for O'Thothal (O'Toole) from Sunday next after the feast of St. Dunstan, O.B.L., May 26th, 1273, till Friday, in the Guinyaine of Michaelmas next ensuing, by unt, 20s.—(See State Papers.)

1253. "The Leinstermen imprisoned were made to pay their ransom twice." (See letter of Walter de Burgo.)

"Walter de Burgo set them free by paying 100s. and giving up their harness to him."

"Maintaining Stephen Hayard, Conewor O'Thothail, Donough O'Thothail, (Denis O'Toole) and M'Lawelin O'Brin (O'Byrne), hostages, from the Feast of St. James the Apostle, a.v. 53, 25th July, 1271, till St. Stephen's Day, December 26th, following, 57s. 9d."—S. P.

"Maintenance of Simon O'Thothal (O'Toole) from St. James' Day, 25th July, till the feast of St. Nicholas, 6th December following, 11s.

"Maintenance of Magnus O'Thothal and Donewich M'Lawelin, O'Thothal, hostages, and of a nurse, from St. Patrick's Day, a. v. 5, till Michaelmas following, 48s.

"Paid to Ulpan de Berneval (Barnwell) Constable of the Castle of Dublin, for custody of the same, and food for the son of Thomas O'Brin, Conor, brother of Lorean M'Philip, Robert and William O'Thothal (O'Toole), hostages, for 15 weeks by unt, 22s. 9d.

"From Henry Hocostaff, for having respite by Richard O'Tuele, 1½ mark."—S. P.

We thus see that the O'Tooles were not idle during the thirteenth century, and that they had many battles with the English, ending in various results. It is clear that their prisoners were considered noteworthy when they retained them as hostages in Dublin Castle; but the accounts of the events of this period are very meagre, indeed.

The successor of Gillacaemghin-na-Faithe Felimídh died A.D. 1259, or 1260, and he was succeeded by his son,

123. Daive Ua Tuathail, who had a very long and active reign.

This is the manner in which the O'Tooles were accustomed to partake of the hospitalities of Dublin Castle. Felimidh's brother, Balthair or Walter, was the father of that Adam Dubh O'Toole who met with so sad and tragic an end in College Green, which we record later on. It is right to mention that it is said by some that his claim to the name consisted merely in his mother being an O'Toole, that his father was Duff or Dubh, and not Balthair Ua Tuathal, but into that question we will not enter.

Before entering on the very stirring events that we will have to record during the long reign of Davie Ua Tuathail, let us pause and make a *resumé*, enabling us to see how the Clan O'Toole and Ireland stood then.

This period of the history of the Clan transcends in importance both to itself and Ireland at large the events of any other portion of her records, having regard to the ulterior consequences arising from it, consequences that had their gloom of disaster, rendered still more sad and funereal by the melancholy fact of their being bordered round with the sombre hue of endurance. A clear and concise sketch (as far as our resources permit) of the precise position the Clan and the country then occupied will furnish a key to the very confused history of this troubled period—a period of such wild, constant, and chaotic struggles that the most painstaking student of its history would be hopelessly bewildered in the effort to keep its incidents minutely and consecutively arranged in his memory. The scope of our historical sketch does not aim at attaining any such almost impossible result, nor does it permit us to linger longer amid those scenes of the earlier struggles; but what it proposes is, to endeavour to make our readers acquainted with the general character, course, and progress of the struggle, the aspect it presented, the different phases or mutations through which it passed, the issues it contested, and the manner in which the Clan O'Toole bore themselves throughout, as each century rolled on, dwelling or commenting only on such events as were of comparative importance to Ireland in general, or to Clan O'Toole and their cognate clans in particular.

A hundred years had now passed away since Henry the Second landed in Ireland, and the Clan O'Toole banished from the rich and verdant plains of Kildare to their mountain homes of Wicklow. In that century let us see what did the Normans achieve, and how fared it with the Clan. The Normans required but one year to change the dynasty of England, to conquer that country, and to so completely subdue the Saxon inhabitants as to leave them little better than serfs—mere hewers of wood and drawers of water—for their more polished Norman masters.

Surely, then, judging either by analogy, or reducing it to an ordinary calculation, if one year was sufficient for so thoroughly subjugating England, one hundred times that duration would be more than adequate to bring that lesser nation, Ireland, to its knees; and yet here they were, as far away from attaining that object in the middle of the thirteenth century as they were in the corresponding years of the twelfth.

The nature of the struggle waged by the Anglo-Normans against the Irish was convincing proof that they had studied well the feelings and idiosyncrasies of the nation they wished to conquer. At no time did they openly avow that they meant to conquer Ireland as they did England, though as a matter of fact the military force engaged against the Irish far exceeded that which had sufficed them in the total subjugation of their Saxon neighbours.

King Henry and his chief advisers knew right well that did he present himself and his desigus in hostile guise, or make open declaration of his inwardly-intended object, he would have roused the spirit of the Irish to such a pitch that in the overwhelming fury of their indignant patriotism they would never lay aside their arms until every freebooting baron and mercenary hireling of them were cast headlong into the sea. He and they had intuitive knowledge that such a declaration would have caused the Irish clans, broken and split, disorganised and weakened, as they were, by internecine warfare, to be united as one man by the appearance of a nakedly hostile invasion, and, with their serried fragments welded into one compact mass, so shatter the Norman forces brought against them as would leave the history of Ireland's conquest still unwritten. But an inscrutable

Providence had ordained differently. Henry was too astute to risk the consequences, knowing it was easier to conquer a dozen Englands than to overcome that nation of soldiers when once united against a common foe.

An Anglo-Saxon colony was early planted in the south-east corner of the island, in immediate proximity to the territory of the O'Tooles, well sustained by England, under whose fostering care it was expected to become the arbiter of its own destiny, and to push forward its fortunes as rapidly and extend its influences as widely as such cheering influences would warrant the parent country to expect.

To it were given ample excitement and sustainment, and for recompense they had before them the rich lands of the Irish, which were to be theirs prospectively.

The planting of such a colony, composed as it was of able, skilful, and desperate military adventurers, and the endowment of it, so to speak, with such a rich prospect of plunder, was the establishment of a perpetual and self-acting mechanism, sure to work effectually its intended object—the gradual reduction of Ireland.

Against this colony the Clan O'Toole and the other Irish clans, warred in their own desultory way, very much in the same way that they disastrously warred against each other, and in those fierce internal struggles among the Irish princes, we have the Anglo-Norman colonists siding now with one, now with another—nay, very frequently in such conflicts, Anglo-Normans were to be found among the combatants at both sides.

Ah, but the colonists had what the Irish so sorely lacked, and to the want of which their ultimate subjection may be mainly attributed. They had cohesion; they had a supreme authority ever guiding them in the one purpose, helping in the hour of need, counselling and advising in moments of danger, acting as a reserved battalion in the struggle, and inspiring a sense of the confident consciousness that at their back lay England with all her power, even if they were worsted, while in front of them lay—not the Irish nation, God help them!—no, but the scattered fragments of that once great and glorious power, before whose conquering

arms, in days not so long gone by, the armour-protected Norman would have bit the dust.

But the Irish princes fought away as usual, expending that strength that should have been so jealously hoarded against the day of the enemy's discomfiture, and weakening their own right arm when they wanted to strike the blow. It is a pleasing duty to record, that amid the strife and through the dark days of trouble that were in store for them, the O'Toole and the O'Byrne kept well altogether, and together well against the common foe; and on, and on, for over five hundred years, in the van of the fight, or leading the foray, wherever the banneret of the O'Byrne fluttered in the breeze, the same air current would waft the cry of "Ui Tuathail aboo!" upon the car. And then, as well as now; the battle was for the soil; and towards the close of the nineteenth century, as well as in the twelfth, the shibboleth is still the same—Land or Life.

But the English power of that day, no more than now, did not confine itself to one mode of action in dealing with the clans; their versatile talents in the arts of finesse, intrigue and chicanery, would be much at fault if confined within so narrow a limit. As long as the rapacious freebooting of the barons was working profitably, not only for themselves, but leaving a margin for the king—it was all merry as a marriage feast. But when that policy had the effect of arousing the Irish into successful resistance, and the freebooters were being routed all along the line; or, when the barons had learned to think too much of their own aggrandizement and too little of the king's interests, then his Majesty took the "role" of the magnanimous friend, protector, or suzerain of the Irish princes, and the angry punisher of the naughty Norman barons. And this farce was played time after time, and always with success.

Thus we have seen that Henry's first visit to Ireland was (pretendedly, at least) to chastise his own subjects—the Norman settlers. When next an English king thus highly honoured (?) us, it was professedly with the same benignant design towards us. In 1210 King John arrived, and during his entire stay in this country he was engaged, not in wars and conflicts with the Irish, but in chastising the most powerful and pre-

sumptuous of the great Norman lords. So well and so real-like was the acting in this piece of English comedy, that it is no wonder that the simple-minded Irish princes, judging by their own standard of straightforward truthfulness, were confirmed in the idea, now an old one, and impressed upon them by the words and actions of King Henry, that though in the Norman barons they had to deal with savage and merciless spoliators, yet, in England's king they had a friendly suzerain.

And, as a matter of fact, the Irish princes who had fought most stoutly and victoriously against the Normans up to the date of John's arrival, at once joined their armies to his, and at the head of this combined force, the king was enabled to overthrow the most piratical and powerful of the barons.

Again, in the succeeding reign of Henry III., we find a like impression existing, and encouraged among the Irish princes. The king of Connaught complained of the unjust and rapacious conduct of the barons, and we find Henry only too glad to order substantial redress. Writing to his Lord Justice in Ireland, Maurice Fitzgerald, he tells him "to pluck up by the root" the powerful De Burgo, who lorded it over all the west. There is still in existence a letter written by the king of Connaught to Henry II., thanking him for the many favours conferred on him, but particularly for this one.

Was not this successful acting? Though long before the days of Shakespeare, it was equally true that "All the world's a stage."

Now, with the foregoing in our mind's eye, as we go along over the succeeding pages, we can the better understand the fortunes of the Clan O'Toole, cast in as they were, ever and always, in the cause of old Ireland, sharing in her adversity, and enjoying with her those transient brightenings of the gloomy clouds that once, in a while, lifted a corner of their silver lining, in the brief days of her prosperity; but for weal or for woe, wherever a blow was to be struck in the sacred cause of liberty, the banner of the O'Tooles was never among the absent, and may always be found, well forward to the front, where the fight was the thickest.

Daive Ua Tuathail (O'Toole), was all this time, from 1259 or 60, chief

of the Clan. He was the son of Fedlimiah Ua Tuathail (O'Toole), and Felim was the last who styled himself Lord of Ui Muirediaigh.

This David was one of the boldest and most courageous princes that was ever installed chief of Clan Ui Tuathail. He took every opportunity of attacking the English, and defeated them in many battles, but the recommendation most in his favour, will be given further on when we come to treat of his death, as copied from those encomiums passed on Irish heroes by the scribes in the State papers of his time.

We find in 1291, the Norman barons endeavouring to get possession of the eastern side of the O'Toole country, as in a report to the king the judiciary states :

“The land of Othe (O'Toole) is a land of the king's in Ireland, in the marshes of Glendalurg (bordering on Feracualan), which the Irish inhabit and hold of the king at twopence an acre. As the Irish often misapply and retain the king's rent, John De Ufford asks the king to enfeof him of the land, rendering the above rent, customs and services.” This John De Ufford was the king's justiciary, and the answer from the king was : “Let the justiciary be directed to give him the land for the king's profit, and give it to John, or another, as he may think fit to be done.”

We again find the Earl of Ormond asking and obtaining from the king, grants of Bray and the towns of Wicklow and Arklow, and though, unlike De Ufford, who was never able to obtain possession of his grant, De Butler succeeded in getting hold of the towns of Wicklow and Arklow, yet for all practical purposes the end was equally unfruitful, and although he built castles there (ruins of some of which are still visible), he was beaten out of them over and over again by the Clans O'Toole and O'Byrne.

At this period of their history, the Clan O'Toole was never at rest. They were, so to speak, wedged in, and their territories completely encompassed by foes : Kildare and De Burgo here ; Ormond and the Palesmen there. Strictly on the defensive to-day ; retaliating on the offensive to-morrow. Now hardly pushed to protect the sanctity of their homes from the ruthless freebooters ; again bearing fire and sword to the very gates

of Dublin. In such times, and amid such scenes, we sometimes find them accepting of such protection as is vouchsafed in the following extract from the "Repertorium Viride," p. 119, A.D. 1256.

"Bond by Adam de Wandeford to Fulco, Archbishop of Dublin, to pay £20 annually during the minority of Agatha, daughter of Meyler O'Toithil for her wardship and marriage." This Agatha was the granddaughter of Lorcan, last chief of the Ui Muirediagh."

In A.D. 1297: "Theobald le Bottiler, ancestor of the Earl of Ormond, after accompanying Edward I. in his expedition against Scotland, purchased the manor of Bray, and the estates of the O'Byrnes."—State papers.

The only footing he got was in Arklow, and how that resulted we have seen, for, as the State papers record in A.D. 1301, the Fitzgeralds in Wicklow, and the Butlers, in Arklow, were routed out of the castles they had built, by the O'Tooles and the O'Byrnes.

Here are two extracts from the State papers that are very suggestive of the state of affairs at the time:

In A.D. 1312. "The Tolles, Birnes, Aspols, and Harols confederated together there, and burned Wycelow and all the country there.

Again, 1313: "Richard Lawless was Mayor of Dublin, and in 1313 Hugh Lawless and others, his adherents, were commissioned to parley with the Irishry of the south-eastern parts of the Pale, the O'Tooles, O'Byrnes, and MacMurroughs."

This is an indication of the state of the political barometer, and is equally suggestive, and with this addition, that wherever you find the word parley occur in the State papers, erect your ears, and keep a sharp look out, as there are breakers ahead; either some new treachery is being concocted to which the Irish are invited to give countenance by their presence, and by their shortcomings in the diplomatic art, become accessories to their own discomfiture; or there is danger in store for England, a danger that threatens her from some extraneous source—and then parley, and pet, and promise; promise, parley, and pet; but once the danger is past, a bitter and a long experience tells us what becomes of the loving over.

tures that she made to poor Ireland, when the fright had near scared her own craven soul to death.

The latter was now the parent of this newly-created wish to parley, but what the danger was we must not anticipate.

Early in the fourteenth century, the third century of the Norman settlement, we find the Irish, for the first time, apparently, realizing their true position in relation to England. Farther back, we have shown the pains taken to convince them that it was the Norman colony that was their enemies; but the scales were now beginning to fall from their eyes, and they began to perceive the fact that it was England itself, and not the Norman colony, they had to combat, and that recognition by them of the English meant loss of liberty, loss of honour, loss of property, alienation of the soil, and a severance of those associations so dear to their hearts, and rendered sacred by the time-honoured custom of centuries. Oh! that they had awakened sooner to these facts. It is quite possible they might have exerted themselves, and combined in one grand national struggle against the fate thus gloomily presaged. But they awoke to them, alas! too late.

“The fatal chain was o’er them cast,
And they were men no more.”

But before the lines of the poet were to be applicable in their case, they would yet make one gallant bid for freedom. They saw Robert Bruce, king of Scotland, making a determined stand against the English king, and defeating him at Bannockburn, through the instrumentality of their own aid. This success very naturally inspired them with courage, and they resolved, once and for ever, to rid themselves of the Normans, and shake off the disgrace of the English rule in their country.

Utterly unused as the Irish princes were for hundreds of years to either union or combination, the readiness with which they now grasped the idea, and the success with which they carried it into execution, forms so bright a picture amid the dark and bloody pages of our country’s history, that our readers will kindly bear with us if we confess that we

would wish to prolong our gaze on it with admiration. In order to prevent any jealousy among the chiefs, as would inevitably have been the case had they put forward any one of themselves for that distinction, they very wisely chose as leader, Edward Bruce, brother of Robert Bruce, king of Scotland, a valiant warrior and an able general, and gave to him the supreme command.

They wrote to Pope John XII. a document which is still extant. In it the Irish princes acquaint the Pope with their national design, and having referred to the bulls or letters of Adrian and Alexander to Henry II., they proceed to justify their resolution of destroying the hated English power in their country, and point out to his Holiness the fraudulent and false pretences upon which these documents were obtained by the king from the pontiffs named. The sovereign Pontiff appears to have been profoundly moved by the recital of the facts in this remonstrance or memorial, for, not long after, he addressed a letter to the English king (Edward III.), forcibly reproaching the English sovereigns, who had obtained these bulls from Popes Adrian and Alexander, with the crimes of deceit and violation of their specific conditions and covenants.

"To the objects of these bulls," his Holiness says, "neither king Henry nor his successors paid any regard, but passing the bounds that had been prescribed for them, they had heaped upon the Irish the most unheard-of miseries and persecutions, and had, during that long period, imposed upon them a yoke of slavery which could not be borne."

The Irish themselves were now, however, about to make a brave effort to break that unbearable yoke—to terminate their miseries and persecutions—and to establish once more a national throne in the land.

On the 25th May, A.D. 1315, Edward Bruce, the invited deliverer, landed near Glenarm, in the County of Antrim, with a force of six thousand men. The native Irish flocked to his standard, while the Anglo-Normans in dismay hurried from all parts to encounter this truly formidable danger. They induced the Prince of Connaught to join them, but he afterwards saw the error of his ways, retracted, and threw in his lot with Bruce.

A dreadful engagement ensued at Connoyr, on the banks of the river Bann, near to the town of Ballymena, County Antrim, where the great Norman army was defeated, the haughty Earl Richard was obliged to seek personal safety in flight, his brother, William, with quite a number of Norman knights and nobles, being taken prisoners by that soldier chief whom he had arrogantly undertaken to capture and present, dead or alive, within a few days, at the gates of Dublin Castle. The remainder of the Anglo-Normans retreated southwards as best they could. The Red Earl fled into Connaught, where, for a year, he was fain to seek safety in comparative obscurity, shorn of all power, pomp, and possessions. The Irish army marched southward in pursuit, capturing all great towns and Norman castles on their way. At Loughsweedy, in Westmeath, Bruce and O'Neill went into winter quarters, and thus ended the first campaign in this the first really national war undertaken against the English power in Ireland.

“The termination of his first campaign on Irish soil,” says a historian, “might be considered highly favourable. More than half the clans had risen, and the others were certain to follow their example. The clergy were almost wholly with them, and Robert Bruce, king of Scotland, promised to follow and assist them in the spring.”

In the early spring of the succeeding year (1316) Bruce opened the campaign by a march to the southward. The Anglo-Norman armies made several ineffectual efforts to bar his progress. At Kells, in the present County of Meath, Sir Roger Mortimer, at the head of fifteen thousand men, made the most determined stand. A great battle ensued, the Irish utterly routing this the last army of any proportions now opposed to them. Already it seemed that the liberation of Ireland was complete.

Having wheeled in the direction of Dundalk, the national army rested there, and preparations were made for the election and coronation of a king to rule over all Ireland. The Irish princes waived their claims to the crown in favour of Edward Bruce, who was accordingly chosen and

crowned with great pomp and solemnity at Dundalk, A.D. 1316, and Ireland had her own Ard-Righ again.

The Clan O'Toole was well represented at those victories and at those ceremonies, and to the present day some of their descendants are to be found among the inhabitants of Dundalk, Armagh, and the neighbouring country. Amongst them are the respected and venerated priests, very Rev. Arthur O'Toole, P.P., Creggan; and the Very Rev. Daniel O Toole, P.P., Ballymore, in the diocese of Armagh, where their forefathers settled down after these battles.

The Anglo-Irish power was now almost extinct, and the few remaining blows necessary for its complete annihilation could have been too easily administered by the Irish were the issue between themselves alone. The probabilities are that the newly-revived national power would have increased with its growth, and, as it strengthened until it had spread itself like the spirit of protection all over the land, its influences permeating through every interest, until the baneful effects of the Norman occupation would become extinct, and the fair land of Erin would know them no more; but, as we have already noted, behind that broken and ruined colony were all the resources of a great and powerful nation. Now did England's king gather about him his Anglo-Irish and English barons to consult with them what was best to be done to save Ireland from being rescued from their greedy grasp. It was unanimously agreed that, in the first place, there should be a compact union among themselves; secondly, strong reinforcements from England; and thirdly, the equipment of an army of great magnitude for a new campaign in Ireland; these, and these only, were the means that could avert the complete and final extinction of the English power in that country. Preparations were accordingly made on a gigantic scale for placing in the field such an army as had never before been assembled by the Anglo-Irish colony.

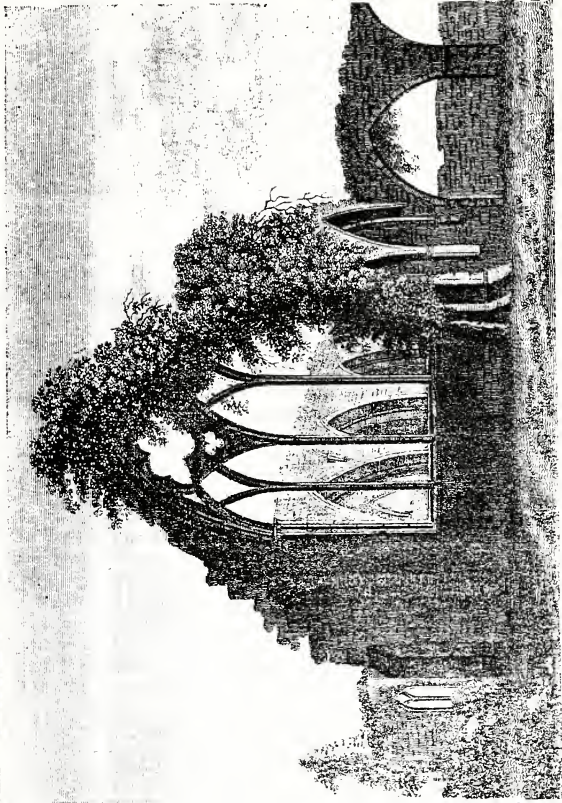
King Edward of Ireland, on the other hand, was fully conscious that the next campaign would be the supreme trial, and Irish as well as English prepared to put forward their utmost strength in the struggle.

True to his promise, King Robert Bruce of Scotland arrived to the aid

of his brother, bringing with him a small contingent. The Royal brothers soon opened the campaign, marching southward at the head of thirty-six thousand men. They crossed the Boyne at Slane, and were soon beneath the walls of Castleknock, at that time a powerful Anglo-Norman fortress, barely three miles from the gates of Dublin. Castleknock was assaulted and taken, the governor, Hugh Tyrrell, being made prisoner. Here the Irish and Scotch kings took up their quarters, and the Anglo-Normans of Dublin, gazing from the city walls, could see between them and the setting sun the royal standards of Ireland and Scotland side by side floating proudly in the evening breeze, whilst the O'Tooles and O'Byrnes hemmed them in on the south side of the city.

Dublin was then a walled and well-fortified city, and its inhabitants were resolute, and determined to defend it to the last man. The Irish army had no siege materials, and could not then afford to sit down before a fortified city for the purpose of reducing it by cutting off the communication; besides, they would require to invest it from the seaside, and for this a fleet of vessels would be necessary, whereas they had none at all adapted for the purpose. They were, therefore, reluctantly compelled to turn away from Dublin, and again, facing still south, they in due time reached Limerick. Again, as before, victory followed their banners; their southward march was literally a succession of splendid achievements, the Normans never offering them battle that they were not scattered like so much chaff.

The full strength of the English, however, had not yet been made available, but beyond this a foe more deadly, more formidable than all the power of England, was about to fall upon the devoted heads of the Irish army. The reader has but to glance at any epoch of his country's history prior to or subsequent to the period of which we write, and he will find numerous instances of those calamitous concurrences that recur so very unerringly at some critical point, and always when affairs look brightest—always when the dark night of her bondage seems about to be illumined by the bright beams of that morning of freedom which shall shine on her yet, some clouds obscure, some mists o'ershadow, the halo of its coming



Third view of the Abbey of Castledermot.

In 1364, Richard de Rupella, Lord Justice of Ireland, Lord Theobald Bofiler and John Cogan, were taken prisoners here by the Fitzgeralds of Tristledermot (Castledermot). In 1392, a Monastery for Conventual Franciscans was founded in this town by Lord Oplahay. In fourteen years afterwards it was destroyed by Bruce and the Scots, who carried away its books, vestments, and other sacred ornaments and utensils; but this and such-like sacrilegious acts so enraged the Irish against them that a division was caused in his army which led ultimately to his defeat.

On the 26th of August, 1499, a Parliament was held here, when an Act was passed for the nobility to use saddles; however, the natives retained their old custom of riding without them for 200 years afterwards (pub. Decr., 1792, by S. Hooper.)

glory. But knowing, as we do, that the Almighty in His all-seeing wisdom has designed those disappointments for her ultimate good, we resignedly submit our fervent aspirations to His divine will.

In Ireland, then, this year (1317) a famine of dreadful severity fell upon the land. The crops had entirely failed the previous autumn, and now throughout the length and breadth of the land the dread consequences were spreading desolation. Soon it became apparent that hunger and privation were destroying and demoralizing the army of Ireland; along with this a want of discipline and a disregard for the sacredness of the churches and monasteries evidenced by the Scotch allies (who pillaged these places without scruple), so annoyed the Irish soldiery, who were thus assailed in one of their most cherished affections, their love and veneration for God's holy places, that serious internal dissensions were brooding; and now a vague but all-powerful belief gradually spread throughout the country, that the dreadful scourge of famine was a visitation of heaven, called down upon the land by the presence among them of the irreverent Scots. Sad position this for an army to be placed in. Bitter dissensions, aroused by their religious feelings being insulted, was the trouble among them. Gaunt famine stalking through the land on every side of them, while in their front the English army, thirty thousand strong, fully equipped and provisioned, was being massed, ready at any moment to bar their progress, while another tremendous force was close enough in their rear to harass their wasted ranks. But such was the wholesome and salutary fear in which they were held by the English, through the lessons administered in a series of thorough whippings, that neither was the rear attacked, nor did the army that lay in their path in front bar their progress; they were permitted to pass unmolested, while if even only one of the English armies had attacked with spirit, such was their worn-out condition, they must have been defeated, and if a combined assault had been made they would have been completely annihilated.

The famine now raged with intensity all over the island, and neither party could provision an army in the field until the harvest was gathered. The yield of the crops was found fairly abundant when it was collected,

and both armies now sprung to arms again ; but, alas ! under very different auspices. The Irish were decimated by famine and reduced by sickness, while the English were reinforced by new levies from England, and had a still further advantage in the skill of their commander, John de Bermingham, a wise strategist and gallant general.

The two armies met on the 14th of October, 1318, at the Hill of Faughard, near Dumdalk, where Bruce had been crowned a year before. The Irish fought with their usual bravery, but their gallantry was all in vain in face of the vastly superior numbers of the English, so ably commanded by de Bermingham, and to further their misfortunes, King Edward was sought out in battle and slain by one John de Malpas, who himself lost his life in the act.

The Hiberno-Scottish forces dispersed in dismay, and the head of King Edward Bruce was carried to London, as a right welcome trophy to the English king, while his body was interred in the churchyard of Faughard, where within living memory a tall stone pillar was pointed out by the peasantry as marking out the spot, beneath which lay the remains of Ireland's short-lived king, the soldier monarch, Edward Bruce. Thus ended this grand effort on the part of Ireland, as an independent nation, to throw off the insulting, galling yoke of the foreigner. We have seen their success in the first instance, and we know the uncontrollable influences that changed these successes into disasters, and it will now be our painful duty to point out how the cruel Anglo-Normans made them smart under and feel their defeat. We have written thus fully of this bold and gallant effort of the united clans ; and comprised in that account is the history of the Clan O'Toole, for the same period ; for where the Irish army was, there were they also as forming an integral part, and that not the least distinguished, of that valiant host.

We have seen how the efforts of Sir Hugh Lawless, and others commissioned to parley with the O'Tooles in the hour of the Palesmen's danger, proved fruitless ; that the bait of proffered friendship failed to allure, and the overtures made them were scornfully repudiated by their gallant chieftain Daive, who, by way of more strongly accentuating his indignant refusal to betray the cause, made a strong diversion in favour

of Bruce's army on the south side of Dublin, while the king's troops were engaged at Castleknock; and when the Irish army saw the impracticability of besieging the city, and retired southward, the Clan O'Toole had to bear unaided the concentrated attack of the entire forces of Dublin, who, we may be sure, did their best to make reprisals for the heavy losses the English had been lately sustaining at the hands of the victorious Irish army. The O'Tooles were encamped on the scene of one of their former victories (Cullenswood), when the citizens attacked them in great numbers, and caused them to retire to their mountains with some loss.

The following authentic account of both the engagements at the Bloody Fields leaves the balance of the transactions very much in favour of the Clan.

"In 1316 the O'Tooles again encamped in the 'Bloody Fields,' in Cullenswood, on the southern side of the capital, where in 1209, on Easter (*query* Whit) Monday, they slew three hundred of the chief citizens of Dublin, and carried away many more captives into the heart of the mountains. In 1316 the O'Tooles got the worst of the encounter with the people of Dublin, led on by William Comyn; seventeen of them were slain and their heads sent to ornament the castle gates of the city."

A poor reprisal, after all, for the slaughter of 1209.

Now that Edward Bruce was no more, the Irish army disbanded, and the national movement collapsed, the colonists had full and ample time to devote to the punishment of those clans who so harassed them in what was so close to their final overthrow; and from the geographical position of the territory of the O'Tooles, being at the threshold, we may say, of the city, it was resolved that they should be made signal examples of, and that if in the course of future events in Irish history any similar efforts were to be made in the cause of freedom, the O'Tooles would be debarred from lending a helping hand, as steps were to be taken to eradicate them, root and branch, out of the land. Their homes and hearths were to be devastated, the passes of their mountains guarded and blocked, so that none could escape, and that neither the infirmities of age, nor the babbling innocence of childhood, nor the distinction of sex, should be respected

in this wholesale slaughter and extirpation. The following extract from the State papers will act as an exemplification :—

1325. "William Comyns had a treasury order for seventy pounds on account of his expenses in the marches of Leinster, exploring the passes of the Irish of the mountains, and doing service to the State, as well as by slaying Murcertagh Oge O'Toole, the son of Aedh O'Toole, and taking prisoners sundry others of the mountain septs, and delivering them into the Castle of Dublin." "Roll Pat. 13. Edward in Cane Hib."

This Murcertagh Oge O'Toole was the grandson of the chief of the Clan, Daive, and must have been little more than a child when he was slain by Comyns. Young as he was, he was tanist of Leinster, and as such was destined one day to succeed his fathers in the sovereignty of Imayle. He had also been raised to the dignity of knighthood, and was from these combined causes so obnoxious, though not yet so very formidable an enemy, that his tender youth had as little effect on the brutish hatred of those English hirelings, as the innocent bleatings of the lamb in the grip of the butcher. Lest it may appear strange to the reader, when mentioning his extreme youth, while at the same time being an invested knight, I may remark that the Irish nobles received the title at a much younger age than the other Christian nations, the qualifications necessary in those days being: noble blood, unblemished body, healthful constitution, dexterity in casting the dart and spear, ability in managing a horse, and that he should be seven years of age.

Young Murcertagh Ua Tuathail was not long after attaining his juvenile majority and receiving his spurs when his bright young career was thus ruthlessly ended.

He was the pride of his father, who superintended personally his feats of arms.

"And ever as the bright boy grew in strength and size
Made him perfect in each manly exercise.

The salmon in the flood,
The dun deer in the wood,
The eagle in the cloud,

To surprise.



AN IRISH KNIGHT.

With the yellow knotted spear shaft – with the bow,
With the steel prompt to deal shot and blow,
He taught him from year to year,
And trained him without fear
For a perfect cavalier,
Now laid low.”

TRAGIC DEATH OF ADAM DUBH UA TUATHAIL.

I have to place in order of date, another chapter of horrors, the miserable death of Adam Dubh O'Toole, the alleged son of Baethair, the kinsman of David.

Adam Dubh, taken by the English, A.D. 1326, arraigned for heresy, and after a sham trial convicted thereof, and sentenced to be burned, which sentence was carried out in all its dreadful barbarity on Hoggin's Green (now College Green), in the city of Dublin.

O'Toole and heresy! Attuned in any chord, pitched in any key, there is a dissonance in the sound that fails to harmonize upon the ear. Burn an O'Toole for heresy in the fourteenth century, and burn, ravage, and destroy them, for their stubbornly refusing to be made heretics of, in the sixteenth, seventeenth, and eighteenth centuries; ostracize and disqualify them from equal rights with their fellow-citizens, in the days of the vaunted liberality of the nineteenth century, because they so rigidly keep aloof from any tamperings with heretical doctrines or teachings! And, oh, you English Defenders of the Faith! You zealous burners of misguided heretics! What little encouragement you receive from these non-appreciative, ignorant Irish, who could not, and would not, make weather-cocks of their religious principles to please you, and keep pace with you in your various attempts at piety from the days of Henry and ye virgin queen to those of General Booth of the Salvation Army!

The English records of the time are silent as to the peculiar nature of this heresy; very naturally so upon a non-existent circumstance. Need we doubt that if the proofs which satisfied his executioner judges, at the mockery

of a trial, could bear the light of day, how ostentatiously they would have been paraded before the world, and how the Sovereign Pontiff would have been shown how unworthy of his sympathy these heretical Irish were? And centuries later, when in the long, long night of religious persecution, when the full strength of the armed hosts of the Anglo-Irish and the English nation were let loose upon the homes, altars, liberties, and lives of the O'Tooles, a single instance cannot be pointed out, where, either to save his head from the block, or prevent himself from becoming an outcast from the halls or homes of his fathers, the name of the sept was ever dishonoured by its most humble member forsaking God for Mammon, rejecting the teachings of Saint Patrick and their own beloved patron, Saint Laurence, for the more easy fitting doctrines of Henry and Luther. So if they could show Adam Dubh O'Toole to be a heretic, they had a "*rara avis*," indeed.

But, judging from the subsequent history of our country, even from what is passing round us as I write, we begin to think that the modern "treason-felony," or the more ancient "high treason," would be more within the confines of truth in describing his crime on the calendar than heresy was. It was very probable that Adam had carried arms in the days of Bruce, and the unpleasant memories of the disasters the English suffered in these quite recent campaigns, were likely enough to rankle sorely in their breasts, and to make them display their brute power upon the individual that fate threw into their hands.

Praiseworthy as was the cause of the clans uniting in their efforts to free the fatherland, there were now even more cogent reasons for their strengthening one another for mutual protection, as to wipe them out, once and for ever, was now the "*summum bonum*" of the Norman colonists' wishes, and with this laudable intent we find that in A.D. 1327, the clans O'Toole, O'Byrne, and Kavanagh, assembled together and elected Donald MacMurrugh Kavanagh to be king of Leinster, in order the better to be able by their united action to ward off the attacks of the Anglo-Normans.

HOW THE VALIANT OLD WARRIOR, DAIVE UA TUATHAIL, MET HIS DEATH.

Daive, the venerable chieftain of Clan O'Toole, was now very old; he was nigh three score and ten years in the chieftancy of his noble clan, and the warlike spirit of his youth, and the bold undaunted spirit of his manhood, were existent qualities still; not, indeed, so fiery as the Palesmen had bitter experience of, when half a century ago he made many of their proudest bite the dust, but to-day as valiant and as unbending as ever. We now approach the time when the fire of his eye was to be quenched for ever.

We have seen already that the three clans, O'Toole, O'Byrne, and Kavanagh, had effected an alliance, and we regret not being called upon, as chronicler of the leading events of the Clan O'Toole, to record a longer history of their united prowess; but it was otherwise ordained, for in the same year (A. D. 1327) Donald MacMurrough Kavanagh was captured in battle, and brought to Leixlip, where his captor, receiving £100 for the king's ransom, allowed Donald MacMurrough to escape, himself falling in for those demonstrative favours that were intended for the king, viz., hanging, drawing, and quartering. In the same battle, Daive O'Toole, of Imayle, was captured by Sir John Wellesley, who then commanded a military outpost at Dunlavin against the Clan O'Toole. Less lucky than his brother king, MacMurrough, O'Toole was conveyed a prisoner to Dublin Castle, in the dungeons of which he was confined until the following year.

In 1328, Daive Ua Tuathail (O'Toole), of Imayle, was led forth from his dungeon in the castle to his trial. Daive's character had preceded him. He was well known as a bitter enemy of the English, and the conclusion was a foregone one. The age was more of the rough and robust nature than our more modern civilized times, and less trouble need be taken to guard against the criticisms and uncharitable remarks about the unsullied purity of the judicial ermine. When the ultimate results come to be considered, there is not such an overwhelming amount of difference in the modes of procedure after all. Surely five centuries of constant

practice will have made the legal functionary less blunt, more suave, but with the same peep-hole in the bandage, through which they can keep an eye to the English interests.

The State papers in custody of the Master of the Rolls thus officially record Daive's trial, death, and character, from their standpoint :

"1328. Daive (David) O'Toole was led from the Castle of Dublin to the Tholsol of the city, and there, before Nicholas Hastocke and Elias Ashbourne, who judged that he should be drawn through the city after a horse's tail to the gallows, and after being there hanged, to be drawn and quartered, which was done. He was looked on as a strong thief, the king's great enemy, and the destroyer of his people."

This was the English encomium passed on him, which was fully equal, when rendered into the Clan O'Toole phraseology, of writing him down as a valiant, courageous, and warlike prince, the saviour of his people, the avenger of their wrongs, and one of the most gallant chiefs that ever led the Clan to battle. And, oh! chivalrous England, when you had the aged, indomitable chief caged up within your walls, you mercilessly wreaked that vengeance on him, which, in the open fight and fair field, he, at the head of his Clan, so often defied you to take! Imagine, sixty-nine years a ruler of the destinies of the O'Tooles, and judge what his age must now be! Could the most foul wretch that ever disgraced the name and dignity of manhood be subjected to such pitiless and such degrading brutality?—dragged at the tail of a horse! And "when the spirit was broken that never could bend"—before even the fire of that eye, which so often in life had made these executioners quail before its owner, was dimmed for ever—before the rigidity of death had quite stiffened that strong right arm, that sent so many of them reeling to the dust—while yet the life-blood flowed on sluggishly for its last final course, and while the troubled soul was before the judgment-seat of the Eternal King—the body of the veteran chieftain of the O'Tooles was lopped and mutilated with less regard to common decency than the cutting up of a sheep in the shambles!

This death was of a piece with the murder of his grandson, Murcer-

tagh, and the burning of his kinsman Adam Dubh. With what a continuous and persistent perversity England will go on, heaping outrage upon outrage upon the people of this nation, driving with a vengeance disaffection beneath the surface; aye, and often irrigating it freely with the blood of some of her best sons! Industriosly sowing her crop of dragon's teeth, which sooner or later will repay her with too superabundant a harvest.

Unmarked is the grave of Daive, unchronicled are his many brilliant deeds, but green is his memory preserved in the hearts of his clansmen—

“ Oh! names like his bright beacons are
To realms that kings oppress;
Hailing with radiant light from afar
Their signals of distress.”—*Spirit of the Nation.*

We find, apropos of this Sir John Wellesley, that Sir William Wellesley, of Dangan, a lineal descendant of Sir John's, married Matilda O'Toole, having, as then required, first obtained a royal license, whereby she and her issue became entitled to the privileges of English law. No mention of this alliance is to be found in the printed pedigrees of the Duke of Wellington, whose ancestor this Sir William was. Matilda O'Toole survived her husband, and married Patrick Hussey, who, in A.D. 1506, got a pardon from the English king, Henry the Seventh, for his marriage with Matilda O'Toole (lately the wife of Sir William Wellesley, of Dangan), without a royal license. Thus we see that some of the O'Toole blood coursed in the veins of the hero of Waterloo.

But, verily, the Ui Tuathail were not a forgiving people, for we find shortly after the tragic death of Daive O'Toole, in A.D. 1328:

123. Aedh Ua Tuathail (Hugh O'Toole) succeeded his father, Daive, as king of Imayle and chief of the Clan. Daive left three other sons after him, namely, Domhnall, the manner or time of whose death is not recorded; David, slain in battle A.D. 1368, whose son, Domhnall, died in the year 1431; and John Ruadh, who was killed by a clown in the year A.D. 1388, as is recorded by the Four Masters.

Hugh had very little breathing time afforded him after assuming the chieftaincy of his clan, for we find that several forays on his people's flocks and herds having about this time been made, the O'Tooles resolved to do something in the way of reprisals. He accordingly carried the war into Tallaght, where the English had lately built and strongly fortified a castle as a country residence for the archbishop of Dublin. They swooped down from the mountains, surprised the guards, wrecked the castle, and carried off the cattle and sheep from the well-stocked bawns of his lordship, to compensate themselves for the many liftings they had to suffer at the hands of the English. He also stripped the roofs of the castle of a large quantity of lead; this, however, he subsequently returned, but whether it was intended as an act of restitution, we much doubt. Such good actions are usually performed with little show, and as quietly as possible, while the return of the lead taken off Tallaght Castle, in the shape of bullets among the Palesmen, was bruited about so noisily as to make the recipients wish they had kept the lead intact, and never troubled them by sending it back.

It was a strong, grand edifice, this castellated summer residence of my Lord Archbishop Bechnor, in style half monastic and half baronial, and it formed one of a chain of fortified residences such as Drimnagh and Timmon, which the Palesmen were feeling the necessity of erecting as checks on the predatory incursions of their troublesome neighbours beyond the hills, the O'Tooles. To the hardy clansmen these barriers must have been a great eyesore; however, as the rich pastures round them were abundantly stocked with flocks and herds, roaming about along the Dodder's banks, from Rathfarnham to Templeogue and Tallaght, the semi-defiance of the castles, combined with the temptation of the horned booty, was too powerful a temptation for them to withstand, so we find them from time to time rushing down upon them with sparthe and skean, and always returning to their mountain homes with some of the evilly-obtained riches of the Palesmen, simply recouping themselves of what they had been previously robbed.

The State Papers give the following record of it:—"The year of

our Lord 1331, Lord Hugh De Laey, with the king's license, came to Ireland on the 9th April. The Castle of Wicklow was taken by treason by the Irishmen (the O'Tooles) on the 21st day of April same year. On the same day (St. Mark the Evangelist) even the O'Toole came to Tallaght and drove away from Alexander, Archbishop of Dublin, of three hundred sheep, and killed Richard Whyte and other men of the country, whereof came news to Dublynge, and Sir William Bret, knight, and Morich Fitzgerald, of the Order of St. John, of Kilmainham; Hamond Hankins, John Chamberlen, Richer Terrell, and two sons; Ruprald Barnewalls, and many others and diverse of the bishop's house which followed the prey, were slain by the O'Tooles by stratagem at Galrogh. Wherefore Sir William Bermingham assembled an host of men, and invaded the said Irishmen (the Clan O'Toole), and did them much hurt, and much more would they have done if they had not been deceived by the said Irishmen."

We consider that last sentence as very refreshing: "if they had not been deceived." What consummate masters of the art of deception these O'Tooles must have been! They saw concentrated against them the forces of Bermingham, with the sting of their recent defeat fresh upon their minds, and seeing from their overwhelming numbers that they could not cope with them in the open, they "led them into an ambuscade, where many of them lost their lives."

Glyn's Annals of A.D. 1331, referring to this same encounter, says:

"The O'Toole slew Philip le Bret and his son, and a Knight Templar of Kilmainham, of the Geraldines, and thirty others, strong men of the Pale."

How exasperating it must have been to the Clan to see the Knights Templars of Kilmainham espousing the cause of plundering Palesmen, and taking up arms against men who were fighting only for their lives and land; arms that should be used only in defence of Christian men, and for the greater glory of God; and that in place of attacking, had they succoured such efforts as the O'Tooles and others made to protect their rights,

they would have never brought a stain to blush at on the fluttering penons of their standard.

In the following year, A.D. 1332, the Abbe MacGeoghegan tells us that :

“ The O'Tooles of Leinster took New Castle, in the County of Wicklow, and reduced it to ashes.” This New Castle was built on an old one belonging to Teige O'Byrne.

A year after, A.D. 1333, Mureadh Nicol O'Toole, of Imayle, was murdered in Dublin while a parliament was being held in the convent of the Carmelites in that city, which stood then on the present site of the convent and church of the Carmelite Fathers in Whitefriar-street. The Annalist, Glyn, adds :

“ Et hoc Dei justo judicio qui multos male ipse fideles occiderat ante.”

But we must estimate at its proper value Glyn's opinion of an Irish chief, as his sympathies were all in favour of the English barons, as evidenced by his writings.

In the annals of James Grace, we find another very curious incident ament these O'Tooles. He tells us that :

“ In 1316, the Irish of Imail (the O'Tooles) made an attack on Tullow (query Tallaght, county Dublin), and lost 400 men, whose heads were brought to Dublin Castle, and a marvellous thing occurred: the dead arose again and fought with one another, shouting their war-cry after this fashion : ‘ Farrah aboo !’ ”

Apart from the authenticity of the foregoing, Dublin Castle must have been in those times a place of horrors, reeking with the odours of Coomassie, and filled with spectacles equally horrible with those witnessed in Dahomey, or any other arena where the savage thirst for blood was satiated.

But a slight change for the better came in A.D. 1335. The “ English Interest ” lost its chief guide and strongest adherent in the death of William de Burgo, the Red Earl of Ulster. From Strongbow's days to his own, no baron had combined more of the energies and vices of the Norman

character—brave, quick-witted, cruel, and treacherous. He had rebuilt John De Courey's castles in Ulster, fixed the wavering Palesmen in their allegiance, and subdued a great part of Connaught. His death was the signal for an extraordinary reaction. His own sons assumed Irish names and adopted Irish customs and manners. The example of the MacWilliams was infectious; MacWatten and MacGibbon became as usual in the south and west, as O'Donnell or O'Neill in the north, or O'Toole or O'Byrne in Leinster. The latest importation from England took the hue of the soil; the Graces shouted "Grasha aboo!" the Butlers, "Butler aboo!" the Fitzgeralds, "Crom aboo!" and their Desmond relatives, "Shannet aboo!" quite as loudly, and just as naturally as the old native sept, who traced their ancestry far back into the misty antiquity of the pre-Christian ages; and by the middle of the fourteenth century, the Irish language and Brehon law, native customs and usages prevailed universally among the Anglo-Normans in Ireland. Marriage and fosterage, too, were now becoming quite common between the noble families of each race. Each earl or baron among them kept his bard and his brehon, like the native princes, and in every way became as Irish, if not more, as the Irish themselves.

During this time of comparative peace, the Clans O'Toole, O'Byrne, and Kavavagh, under the leadership of Maurice Kavanagh, whom they had elected king of south Leinster, secured themselves in many of those ancient territories that were temporarily wrested from them, and wrung from King Edward III. a tribute of 80 marks a year for their toleration of the Pale (See Lacelles "Memoriam Publicorum," vol. I.)

This tribute they afterwards so rigorously exacted, that it was called by the Palesmen the "Black Rent," or "Black Mail," and led to almost as many battles as the Borhomean Tribute, levied by Tuathail, the monarch of Ireland, in the second century.

In A.D. 1356, we find Sir Thomas Rokcby, the then viceroy of Edward III., entering into a compact with Hugh, chief of the Clan O'Toole, whereby the latter, with forty horsemen and forty armed foot, undertook

to defend the "Marches," from Tallaght to Windgates, against the incursions of their countrymen.

The power of that "most puissant monarch," as the phraseology of the English court would style him, must have been at a pretty low ebb in the territory of the O'Tooles, when his Lord Deputy was forced to treat for the protection of his "Marches" with their chief. The O'Byrnes were equally independent in the south-eastern portion of Wicklow, and through Carlow and Wexford, the Kavanaghs, under the leadership of Donald and Art (whom the united clans elected in succession, as kings of south Leinster), took right good care that the English king's writ did not run in their principality. They all united in defying the English viceroy and his supine master, Edward III., who seemed to rouse himself in A.D. 1358, by calling a parliament of his barons to be held in Castle Dermot, in which Art and Donald Kavanagh were declared rebels by the deputy, Sancto Amando; and the said Art Kavanagh was further branded with deep ingratitude to Edward III., who had acknowledged him as The MacMurrrough, king of Leinster.

To carry on a war against the MacMurrroughs, the O'Tooles, and the O'Byrnes, the whole English interest was to be taxed to its utmost farthing. Louth contributed £20; Meath and Waterford, two shillings on every carucate of land tilled; Kilkenny the same, with the addition of sixpence to the pound on chattels.

As further evidence of England's weakness at this period of Hugh O'Toole's chieftaincy, we give the following extracts from the State papers:

"In 1349, the abbot of the religious house of the B. V. M., Mary's Abbey, in Dublin, on his part, freely and voluntarily consented to find, at his own cost and charges, two complete horsemen and six hobblers, to assist the king's warders at Bray in protecting the Pale from the ravages of the O'Tooles and the O'Byrnes; the king declaring, and it being understood, that such voluntary act of the abbot should not be drawn into a precedent, to the prejudice of future abbots."

Abbot Buttler, of the King's Hospitallers at Kilmainham, acted in a

similar way, and several instances are on record where services were offered to keep watch and ward along the line from Bray to Tallaght, and along the borders of the Pale, services that were of little avail in warding off the incursions of the O'Tooles and O'Byrnes.

In A.D. 1356, in consequence of an expected invasion (by the O'Tooles and O'Byrnes) of Dublin, John, the son of Geoffrey de Brett, was "commanded to defend the Pale at his manor of Rathfarnham, with his men well armed and appointed."—(Chancery Rolls, Dublin.)

And we find in the same, *Rot-in-Cane*, Hib. :

"Eustace le Poer received pardon from the king for a slight fault he had committed, on account of the great services he had rendered to the king against the O'Tooles and O'Byrnes."

From the same authority we extract :

"1359, William and Walter Harold received a reward of one hundred shillings, for manfully rescuing some spoils which the O'Tooles and O'Byrnes were carrying from Saggart, and for slaying five of the enemy."

The carrying on of this desultory warfare on the borders of the Pale land did not prevent the clans from carrying out more serious operations against the enemy, and hence we find them capturing in succession, the castles of Kilbelle, Galbarstown, Rathville, and other strong places, which succumbed before the united clans, with King Art Mac-Murrough at their head.

But now strong efforts were about being made by the English to recover their lost prestige, and to regain a usurped authority that was ebbing fast. In A.D. 1367, Lionel Duke of Clarence came over to Ireland, to claim the dowry of his wife, daughter to the Red Earl of Ulster, and to declare with all that weight and authority his exalted position as brother to England's king gave him, that all who did not conform at once in laws, customs, dress, and opinions, with the English by birth, on either side of the Irish sea, rebels and outlaws. This formidable step in the usurped legislation which he claimed to exercise over the country he gallantly carried out—that is, "on parchment"—by the famous statute of

Kilkenny, which prohibited the Palesmen all intercourse with the native Irish in marriage; buying or selling with the "enemie" to be treason; that English names, fashions, and manners, should be resumed, under penalty of being declared delinquents, with loss of their lands; that March laws and Brehon laws were illegal, and that there should be no law except the Pale or English law. These enactments were to be violated, not alone at peril of land and life, but under the threat of excommunication. There was a direct declaration of perpetual social warfare, or, to use a term of modern coinage, "Boycotting" the Irish with a vengeance. Whether the English intended this legislative effort as a challenge, we much doubt, but as such it was looked upon by the united clans, who accordingly rallied their forces, and with Art Kavanagh at their head, and in concert with other Irish forces, marched against the legislator. They fell upon the colony on all sides, drove in the outposts, destroyed the castles, hunted the barons, and re-occupied the whole country very nearly up to the walls of Dublin.

"O'Connor of Connaect, and O'Burn of Thomond," says Hardiman, "laid aside for the moment their private feuds, and united against the common foe." The Earl of Desmond, Lord Justice, marched against them with a considerable army, but was defeated and slain in a sanguinary engagement, fought A.D. 1369, in the County of Limerick. O'Farrell, the chieftain of Annaly, committed great slaughter in Meath. The O'Moores, Kavanaghs, O'Byrnes, and O'Tooles, under the command of Hugh O'Toole and Art Kavanagh, pressed upon Leinster, and the O'Neills and O'Donnells raised the red hand in the north.

The English of the Pale were seized with consternation and dismay; terror and confusion in their ranks, doubt, hesitation, and fear in their councils; while success crowned the efforts of the Irish in every direction. It was one of those hinging points in the fate of nations that, had it been grasped by some successful leader who could secure for himself the active co-operation of the other Irish princes, and divert them from that fatal mania of internecine warfare, the fate of the English colony was sealed, and their occupancy of their plundered territories was not worth a year's

tenure. But it was otherwise ordained. And as for the obnoxious statute, it was rendered a dead letter, at least until such time as through the success of their disturbance-creating machinations, its enactments could be more safely ventured on.

The united clans continued throughout this time to offer a resolute front and bold defiance to the Duke of Clarence and the English barons. Lionel appears to have retreated from Kilkenny, according to Froissart, who says: "Both armies met very near the city of Leinster—that is, Dublin. Many were slain at both sides, and several prisoners captured by the two armies; but, the English gaining the day, the Irish were forced to fly. The king of Leinster, Art MacMurrrough, escaped, and so did Hugh O'Toole, king of Imail; but his brother, David O'Toole, of Imail, was slain on that memorable day."

"David, brother of The O'Toole, lord of Imail, was slain by the English, A.D. 1369." (*Vide* "Annals of the Four Masters.")

The Leinstermen carried off their prisoners into the mountains, and amongst them the historian himself, Froissart. (*Vide* *Johanes Froissart*, vol. xi. page 58. Ld. 1806).

This battle is said to have been fought on the slopes of the Three Rock Mountain, and some of the peasantry of the neighbourhood go so far as to say that the graves of the dead can be noticed to this day by particular tufts of grass, which can be distinguished from its surroundings by its brighter verdure.

Matters must have quieted down a little after this encounter as regards any regular fixed battle; but the usual harassing of the marches and lifting of the Palesmen's flocks and herds by the O'Tooles was attended to with punctillious regularity. Though never (at that time) receiving, or indeed deserving, the character of good business people, they had sufficient respect for the sign manual of King Edward, granting them annual tribute, to make those Palesmen, no matter how unwilling, honour his draft, and, if they would not, why then the O'Tooles, rather than witness the disgrace of the royal warrant being set at naught, must needs drive off their cattle in lieu.

From the State papers in the Royal Irish Academy we extract the following:—

“In A.D. 1373 Robert Hallywood had a grant of seven hundred and forty pounds for his services in the wars of the County Kilkenny and Carlow with the O'Tooles and the O'Byrnes, and was knighted by the Duke of Clarence; and in A.D. 1377 was again required to march against the O'Tooles and O'Byrnes.”

Somewhere about A.D. 1373 Lionel Duke of Clarence was recalled to England, and a few years after Hugh O'Toole closed a successful though stormy life.

“Hugh O'Toole, lord of Imail, was slain A.D. 1376.” (*Vide* “Annals of the Four Masters.”)

The details of this particular battle, in which Hugh went over to the majority, have not come under our notice in our researches among the archives and State papers of the time, but the Four Masters' account of it is sufficient evidence that he died the death which seemed to have been established by the precedent of his ancestors as the regularly legitimate one of the kings of Imayle, and that was, sword in hand, with his face to the English foe. And this was the end (no doubt, if in his power, the end he would have chosen) of the brave and valiant Hugh O'Toole, worthy son of his worthy father, Daive, and brave father of his equally brave son, Diarmid, who for forty-eight years after him wielded the sceptre in Imayle, and headed as its chief the Clan O'Toole in many a victorious battle.

Thus passed away full of years and honour Hugh O'Toole, king of Imayle, and chief of his clan, who, during the long years of his reign, had preserved the prestige of his dynasty, maintained the independence of his clan, helped to secure that same independence for others, and ever had his standard well to the front where a blow could be struck in the interest of his nation.

Immediately after the obsequies of Hugh were concluded, in the old romantic burial ground of Kiltranelagh, the Clan elected and crowned as king of Imayle and chief of the Clan Ui Tuithail, his eldest son,

124. Diarmid Ua Tuathail, who was crowned and installed with all the imposing ceremonies customary to such solemn occasions in the year of our Lord 1376. The festivities were celebrated at Castle Ruddy, on the brow of Cnoc-na-Carriga, now called Park Hill, in the mouth of Glen Imaile.

On his accession he found the Clan in a comparatively prosperous state, their territory extending from Carnew to Donard, and from Kiltegan to breezy Bray; but they had not regained the rich plains of Ui Muirediagh, which had passed into the Fitzgerald family, through the marriage of one of them with De Riddlesford's grand-daughter. But in their Wicklow territories they had sufficient, if permitted to enjoy it unmolested, and it was always looked upon as a sacred duty by the Clan to punish severely any attempt at molestation, a duty for the faithful discharge of which even their English chroniclers give them credit, and never once attribute to them any lack in the willing exercise of such duties when called on.

Before the death of Hugh, the Clan O'Toole and their allies had fixed themselves firmly in the possession of their territories. Diarmid's standard floated over no fewer than six castles, viz., Castleruddy, Castle-sallagh, Kiltegan, Carnew, Castlekevin, and Powerscourt, while in distant Iar Connaught, a branch of the family was governed by O'Toole from his castle of Omey. The O'Mores felt as secure in Leix as Dunamase itself. The river Barrow was banked for many miles of its course by the O'Dempseys. The O'Tooles and the O'Byrnes kept the glens and hills of Wicklow inviolably sacred from the hated foot of the Saxon; the O'Nolans lorded it in Forth; the MacGilla Phadrings in Ossory, while the MacMurchos, O'Dorans, and, though last not least, the MacMurrongs of Wexford, were ready as ever to take their stand in the cause of national freedom.

Trained under such a valiant father, associated with so brave and warlike a court, heading a clan having such a brilliant record behind them, and allied with chieftains equally gallant, and with clans no less powerful, it is no wonder that at his coronation bright auguries were made for his future. A brilliant career was allotted him and the Clan O'Toole by the

loving acclamations of his kinsmen, in those days that lay before them, and, personally, the youthful prince, who combined in a powerful frame a mind of the most amazing activity and comprehension, gave ample guarantee, that the success prognosticated would not be dimmed by any failures or shortcomings on his part. The annalist says: "To his enemies he appeared very fierce and terrible, but to his friends as gentle as a child."

Under A.D. 1388 the Four Masters, writing of Diarmid's uncle, say :

"John Roe Ua Tuathail, lord of Hy Muirediagh was slain," and in a note under the same year it is stated, "Hy Muiredaigh was the tribe name of the O'Tooles, which they derived from Muircadach, the son of Murcadh, son of Bran Mut, son of Conall, the tenth in descent from Cathair Mor, monarch of Ireland."

O'Flaherty, writing of the incident, says—H. 2, 11: "That this John Roe O'Toole was lord of Fera Cualan also, and that he was hospitalissimus Hiberniae."

While in MacGeoghegan's translations of the Annals of Clonmacnoise the passage is given as follows :—

"A.D. 1388. Shane Roe O'Twohaile, prince of O'Morie in Lynster, a man of wonderful prowess and bounty, and went far beyond all others of his kindred in those and many other good parts, was killed by a churle of his own house. The churle was afterwards killed by (for) him immediately."

These were not the times, nor were Diarmid and his clan the people to permit the rust of idleness to corrode their weapons, and we find that on the first occasion he measured swords with the English power after his accession, where the united clans of Leinster, under Art Kavanagh, suffered a check at the hands of James, third Earl of Ormond, at Tiscoffin, near Shankhill, County of Dublin, in A.D. 1392, six hundred of the valiant Irish were left dead upon the hill-side; but their blood cried not in vain for vengeance, as we shall see in the sequel.

After a breathing space we find the O'Tooles, O'Byrnes, and Kavanaghs resuming hostilities, and this time acting on the offensive,

carrying the war to the southward, where they attacked the English of New Ross, and took the town, which was well guarded by one hundred and four crossbowmen, twelve hundred longbowmen, twelve hundred pikemen, and one hundred and four horsemen, a force that in point of military strength seemed to place it second to Dublin. We can form some idea, even though a remote one, of what the great resources and military prowess of the united clans must have been, when able to subdue such a very formidable force as this, fighting, moreover, from behind their battlemented walls and entrenched positions.

The capture of New Ross was a cheering omen to the Leinster clans, and having razed its walls and towers to the ground, the victors retired to their own territories, bringing with them gold, silver, and hostages, thus solacing to a certain extent the widowed and orphaned hearts of their people for the losses they had sustained a short time before.

Just then the vainglorious king of England, Richard II., made his first visit to Ireland, with a great display of pomp, power, and royal splendour, such as had not been seen in Europe for a long time. This, he concluded, would fully enable him to accomplish the subjugation of the Irish nation completely, forming his estimate, we suppose, after the manner of the Roman general, who came, saw, and conquered; and lest the brilliancy of his train and the pomp of the pageant would not be entirely able to bewilder and dazzle these stubborn Irishmen, he was not without stronger and more convincing arguments also.

Early in October he landed at Waterford with an army of thirty thousand bowmen, and four thousand men-at-arms. This was a force that, from its numerical strength, would severely strain the military resources of England, had she to concentrate them on any given point at a short notice, even in these present times, and was considered in the days of which we write of such gigantic magnitude as to be sufficient to overrun and conquer the strongest kingdom. This vast army was transported across the sea in a fleet of three hundred ships or galleys; and to administer greater *éclat* to the expedition, the king was accompanied by all the chief nobles of England: his uncle, the Duke of Gloster,

the young Earl of March (heir-apparent to the throne), and of earls and lords a goodly attendance, besides several prelates, abbots, and other ecclesiastical dignitaries, and a vast number of attendants and servitors in the royal train.

We all recollect that monarch of France, who, in the ballad, "Just marched up the hill with thirty thousand men, and then marched down again."

King Richard's expedition differed from this in some particulars, that while the poet recordeth not any casualties among the legions of the French king who exhibited such a taste for pedestrianism, we may surmise that the thirty thousand he took up returned with him; but king Richard, whose taste lay seaward, was not as lucky in his aquatic excursion, for though he sailed over with far more than thirty thousand men, he did not by any means "re-ship them all again."

On his arrival the king issued invitations to the Irish princes, which were declined by the Leinster chiefs, whose clans refused to have themselves represented at the parley. King Art MacMurrough would not come to "court" to reason over the matter with the English king. Richard sent his Earl-Marshal to Art to point out his error, and to give him an opportunity of reconsidering the matter; but this only made things worse, as the chiefs of the clans O'Toole, O'Byrne, and Kavanagh, refused to acknowledge the Earl-Marshal at all, and sent him back to inform his royal master that if they were to treat at all, it should be with the king himself, as they could not self-inflict such an outrage on their own status and dignity as to treat with an inferior.

The receipt of this message at the English court, accompanied by the brusque dismissal of their duly accredited envoy, did not tend to restore the equilibrium in an atmosphere that already gave positive indications of "stormy" in the political barometer, and Richard's rage was boundless. He, the mighty and the puissant monarch of England, at the head of his splendid cohorts, surrounded by the elite of his nation, and, in a mood of condescension, inviting these chieftains to enjoy his hospitality, and what was his return? Refusal—point blank refusal! To be thus insulted by

a handful of mountaineers! Why, it was impossible they could be so infatuated; but if it were really true, then let the kingly fiat go forth, that, in reparation of this outrageous insult, and as a prohibitory monition to unborn generations, there shall not be left alive within the confines of Leinster an O'Toole, O'Byrne, or Kavanagh, who, in days to come, may be able to point out this gloomy insult offered England's king. To arms! To arms! therefore, proud yeomanry of fair Britain, and show these haughty, misguided clansmen the disastrous results of their own temerity in thus bearding the British lion!

And as the hungry swash-bucklers girded up their loins, and enjoyed themselves in anticipation, both in the overwhelming slaughter of the Irish, and the future enjoyment of their homes and lands, we make no doubt they each and individually apportioned between themselves their aggrieved monarch's wrongs, and wrought themselves into a white temper of rage that was to fall so unrelentingly on the devoted heads of the clansmen.

And how did the O'Tooles, O'Byrnes, and Kavanaghs demean themselves, with all these cumulative horrors being piled high as their own mountain-tops above them? Did they seek shelter in flight? Did they make overtures of pacification? Did they exhibit any symptoms of swallowing the leek? Oh, no! Diarmid O'Toole and Art MacMurrough were the wrong men from whom to expect a display of the white feather. And let the English hosts divert themselves by that imaginary consternation they were going to inflict upon them, they, "good, easy men, full surely," simply solaced themselves by saying, "Let them come on; sure we can only try and prevent them as well as we can." Whether they succeeded or held their own the following pages endeavour to show.

King Richard now, with his vast army, "on murderous thoughts intent," entered upon his tedious march, and he soon discovered, to his chagrin, that the very vastness of his army—the necessary cumbersome-ness of his camp equipage—was a source of actual weakness to him more than of imposing strength. When he came among the Leinster bogs and mountains, he found it almost impossible to advance. The country was

strange and most expressively hostile; the commissariat arrangement for such an enormous force was not only difficult, but was becoming absolutely impossible; every day made a wider gulf between the English and their base of supplies; there were no food depôts on their route, nor could any be obtained from the peasantry. The choice for the advancing legions was far more varied—was far worse—than that celebrated one of Hobson's, for with them it was either cut through impenetrable forests without a vestige of a roadway—pass through impassable bogs, where the semblance of a road was convincing proof of the vanity of human belief—only, perhaps, to emerge upon a mountain defile, defended with Spartan heroism by the fearless clansmen, who neglected no opportunity of treating their English visitants to a mountain hospitality worthy of their errand.

Now, the weather broke with unwonted severity, and its rigours were awful to endure. Food for themselves and fodder for their horses now became the sole object of each day's labour on the part of King Richard's "grand armee," and the procurement of these necessaries was attended with so much difficulty that the military ardour and the spirit of combativeness completely gave way, yielding their places to the more vulgar and non-politic cry: "Let us have food, lest we perish." And well might they rail at their hard fortunes. The Lagenians swept off everything in the way of food from their line of march; they took advantage of their knowledge of the country to swoop down on them at the least expected moment, and in the most trying and disadvantageous positions; to give them sudden surprises by night, to entrap them in ambuscades by day; to separate the cavalry from the foot; and by many other stratagems and devices to thin their ranks and harass the stragglers. In fine, King Richard's splendid army lay a wreck among the Wicklow bogs and mountains, where they were stuck fast; while the vengeful and victorious O'Tooles, O'Byrnes and Kavanaghs hovered round them, now making a descent upon them to satisfy the individual cravings for revenge by the outraged members of the clans, and again, growing more daring as each succeeding sally sped well, they ever and anon poured down upon

them in their united wrath, sweeping all before them in a wild avalanche of fury.

The proud and haughty Richard was now constrained to supplicate those Leinster clans he came to exterminate, and accordingly a deputation of the English and the Leinster Irish of the Pale waited on Art Kavanagh, Diarmid O'Toole, and The O'Byrne, tendering to them their humble apologies, and inviting them to a conference with his Majesty in Dublin, where, if they would thus honour him, he would be glad, as their royal host, to extend his hospitality towards them, and they would learn from him how highly their prowess in arms and valour in the field were estimated by England's sovereign.

Though we do not believe that the chiefs swallowed all this "soft sawder," they permitted King Richard to make his way in peace to Dublin, where he arrived, crestfallen and defeated, with the bare relics of his grand army, the tattered rags of the gilt silk banners, the tawdry finery of the crimson canopies, and other regal properties, with all the brilliant, imposing paraphernalia of glorious war that were trusted to have dazzled the eyes of the septs, and frighten them into immediate submission, and that now, alas! lay stained and weather-beaten in one confused heap, resembling the cast-off finery of an itinerant showman's booth.

A few months afterwards Art MacMurrough Kavanagh followed Richard to the city of Dublin to enjoy that hospitality that was so lavishly pressed upon him and his brother-chieftains. Diarmid O'Toole, upon this occasion declined to accompany his faithful ally; and it would have been well for Art, also, if he had refused to hold communion or intercourse with them, save that unsocial friction which is obtainable by the crossing of swords. Richard had surrounded himself with some semblance of his former grandeur, and when Art arrived he found himself in the hands of a treacherous and faithless foe. He was seized and imprisoned on a charge of conspiracy against the king of England. Nevertheless, Richard did not think it prudent to pursue his hatred to the extreme bitter end; he fought shy of putting Art to death, and, retaining three of his neighbouring fellow-chieftains, who accompanied him, as hostages, he eventually set

Art at liberty, thus for ever disgracing his name by the cowardly and base violation of the sanctity of that hospitality to which the noble, kingly nature of Art had so freely and so frankly trusted. It is said that before his release Art had to submit to some form of an apparent submission, and to promise that in the future he would be more circumspect; but promises made under such circumstances by Art included, no doubt, some mental reservations of his own, and we fear he must appeal to the charity of his countrymen for not having spared the English in his future no more than in his past, for which we forgive him.

On a subsequent occasion the Leinster chiefs narrowly escaped being made the victims of another fearful example of Norman treachery. In the guileless simplicity of their own open-hearted natures, Diarmid O'Toole, Art Kavanagh, and others of the Irish chieftains, accepted the invitation of the barons of the Pale to attend a banquet to be given in their honour in one of the Norman castles bordering on their territory.

Received most courteously on their arrival, the honoured guests were treated with every mark of respect, their English entertainers vying with each other as to who would be most attentive. Ushered into the banquet hall, and as they were about to take their seats at the board, the quick eye of one of their bards detected in the movements of some of the troops in the court-yard outside, sufficient reason to cause him to suspect mischief a-brewing. Hiding his emotion, he took up his "clairsreach," and as an improvised air, he began to sing in their native Gaelic: "Irish chieftains, mind yourselves!" "Irish chieftains, mind yourselves!" Suddenly the chiefs catch the burden of the minstrel's lay, the horrors of their situation flash before them, and they live their whole lives over again in the next few minutes; but so innred are they to danger, and so firmly strung their nerves, that not by a twitching of the lip, an anxious glance of the eye, or the slightest ruffle of the calm dignity of their demeanour, did they reveal to their intended assassins that anything was suspected. Round went the pre-prandial goblet, and still as the soldiers ranged themselves behind them, awaiting only the murderous signal to fall on their defenceless foes, the

chieftains sat on, calmly circumspect, resolutely defiant, yet anxiously ready to avail themselves of the slightest chance to escape.

Seizing a favourable pretext for reaching the court-yard, the whole of the Irish party rose as one man. So sudden and unexpected was their movement, that they were on their horses before the baron and his attendants realized the real state of affairs; and those that strove to bar their egress were in eternity before they had well put themselves in fighting attitude, being cloven to the chine by the broad blades of the chiefs and their followers, who, through the dead bodies of the soldiery, fought their way almost from the grave to life and freedom.

We would imagine that Diarmid O'Toole and Art Kavanagh would have hardly needed any fresh lessons to convince them of English perfidy, as they had, *particularly* Art, some very strong practical experience of it already; however, they could not now help plainly seeing that they were dealing with faithless foes, upon whom the laws of honour and the sacred rites of hospitality had as little binding effect, and were treated as defiantly and violated equally with their unchristian non-observance of the command in the Decalogue: "Thou shalt not steal."

They then determined to declare war "a la mort," against the English settlers of the Pale. And it was no idle bombastic declaration they thus made; nor was it any light struggle they thus inaugurated, the proofs of which lie in the history of the Clan O'Toole and their gallant allies during the next twenty years. The ablest generals of England were sent against them, but their tactics were defeated and their generalship outmanœuvred by the strategy, valour, and intrepidity of these hardy sons of the mountains, who dared and defied the full strength of England, and proved themselves the victors in many a dearly-bought victory, and on many a bloody field, when bravely led by such commanders as the valiant Diarmid O'Toole, king of Imayle, and the brave and fearless Art Mac-Murrough Kavanagh, king of South Leinster.

The "Four Masters" tell us of a great battle fought about this time.

"A.D. 1396. A great battle was fought, and a victory gained by

O'Toole over the Anglo-Irish and Saxons of Leinster, in which the English were dreadfully slaughtered, and six score of their heads were carried for exhibition before O'Toole, besides a great many prisoners, and spoils of arms, horses, and armour."

This must have been a complete victory for the Clan O'Toole, but the historian does not locate the site of the battle. And a horrid, ghastly spectacle was presented to Diarmid at its close, and one the revolting nature of which we would be the first to condemn; but, while so doing, we must remember the peculiarly strong invitations for reprisals, for recent and continual outrages on the part of the English, which were offered to the Clan. Revolting a sight as it was, the clansmen would have told you that it was no more than the barbarity that enabled the Dubliners to sit round the stake and enjoy the writhing agony of Adam Dubh O'Toole, as the flames licked round his twisting limbs, while they piled on the faggots that burned him to death on a false charge.

It must have been painful to the princely nature of Diarmid to witness such a sight; but did he exhibit any feelings of commiseration, his rougher toned kinsmen would soon point out to him, that these were of the men who dragged his kingly grandfather at a horse's tail, and mangled his hoary head and aged limbs on the slaughter-block in their Dublin shambles. They would not have failed to remind him of the worse than murder that was perpetrated on his young kinsman, the child-knight Murchertagh, and though shuddering at the hideousness of the sorry show, memory would bring before his mind in a gloomy and retributive retrospect, where hundreds of the heads of his clansmen, from the spiked pedestals of the Castle of Dublin, made mute appeal to him for revenge.

BATTLE OF KELLS IN KILKENNY.

In the next year we find the allied clans attacking and taking from the English the strongly fortified town and castle of Carlow, and in A.D. 1398, a short time after, the great battle of Kenlis (Kells), in Ossory, was won by the O'Tooles and the O'Byrnes; and what appears strange in

connection with this great battle, that though we have accounts from four authentic sources, which we submit below, mention is made in none of them of Art Kavanagh or his clan being present at it, which is made stranger still by the fact that the site of the battle is very close to the Kavanagh territories.

The Four Masters merely state under the year A.D. 1398, a battle was given to the English by O'Byrne and O'Toole at Kenlis (Kells), in Ossory, in which the Earl of March was slain and the English were slaughtered.

In Ware's "Annals of Ireland," it is stated that in A.D. 1398, "Edmord, Earl of March, the king's lieutenant, was slain, with divers others, on St. Margaret's day, at Kenlis, in Leinster, by O'Brien and other Irishmen (the O'Tooles), and that Roger Gray was then elected Justice of Ireland.

The passage is given in the Annals of Clomacnoise, as translated by Macgeoghan, as follows :

"A.D. 1398, O'Broyn and O'Tuahall fought against the Englishmen, where they killed the young earle, with many other Englishmen."

Another historian describes the battle in the following roseate way :

"It was midsummer, and the woods along the Barrow and the Nore were green in their summer glory. All the natives of the forest looked upon his march; there grew the kindly oak, the melancholy yew, the supple ash, the stately fir, the delicate aspen (good for staves), with their secondary kindred, the elder, the willow, the blackthorn, the witch hazel, and the birch. Doves of swine herded under their boughs, feeding on acorns, mast, and other wooden fare; the birds fluttered in the branches, and, unfrightened by the hawk or falcon, sung their artless songs at the bidding of beneficent Nature. Prince Roger, Earl of March, and heir-apparent to the English throne, too, was full of strength and in the heat of youth, and so he held upon his reckless way even over the Barrow and into the ancient Cameopolis (Kilkenny) itself. On his march it seems he was followed by the O'Tooles and the O'Byrnes, and their Wicklow allies.

The English, either in acceptance of a challenge, or in pursuit of the Irish, who, perhaps, led a march in turn, were advanced into the district of

Kenlis, now the barony of Kells, beyond the Nore. Here, on the banks of the stream called the King's River, the two armies met face to face, in an open field, for the first time in this war. The numbers must have been between ten and twelve thousand on each side. With Roger (Earl of March), were Ormond and Grey; with the O'Tooles and the O'Byrnes and other Leinstermen were Dermid O'Toole and O'Byrne. It was the 20th of July, the Feast of Saint Margaret the Virgin. The armies of the combatants were nearly equal, but the English had greatly the advantage in armour. The Leinster princes were 'equipped at all points' in a manner that excited the admiration of the French cavalier who has written the account (Froissart) of Richard the Second's expedition; but the use of defensive armour had not been universally obtained by the Irish.

"The battle was long and bloody, but decisive; great numbers fell on both sides, and among them the Earl of March, heir-apparent to the English throne (who was disguised as a hobiler), and then in the twenty-fourth year of his age."

Thus passed away the heir to that throne for which so many of his ancestors had sighed, the royal sceptre almost within his grasp, when death, at the hand of an O'Toole, waved it away, and claimed him as his own. In truth, an untimely eclipse of the rising sun of England. Great was the consternation the result of this battle spread through "the Pale." The scattered remains of the army cowered for shelter under the walls of Dublin, like so many sheep that a storm had suddenly blown from a bare hill. Roger Grey was elected Lord Justice, and Archbishop Cranley, despatched messengers to England, whither King Richard had some time previously gone, to gently break to him the sad tidings. What a humiliation for proud England! And how different an ending to the hopes of her disappointed king! The Leinster sept found themselves now, in the spring of 1399, masters of the situation, with their nation as great as it had been in the days of their ancestors, or since the sea kings established their Pale in Leinster in the ninth century; and they resolved that if it did not become greater, it should not become less.

And how fared it with England? Upon receipt of the disastrous intelligence, the British lion howled forth as only a member of the canine species can howl, when any sad accident befalls its caudal appendage. Richard now swore a royal oath, that nothing less than the complete annihilation of these O'Tooles and their allies would half appease his wrath; but this failed to frighten the clans to any great extent—in fact, if the process was to be anything like their former annihilation, the O'Tooles rather enjoyed it, and were quite ready for more.

KING RICHARD'S SECOND INVASION OF LEINSTER.

Another grand invading army was now embodied, and accompanied as before by all that was grand and imposing in Church and State, King Richard, at the head of thirty thousand men, arrived in Waterford, on the 1st June, 1399. Six days after arriving he advanced in close order to Kilkenny, and on the 23rd June, the very vigil of St. John, a saint to whom Richard was much devoted, he started towards Carlow by Leighlin bridge. He sent a message to MacMurrough to come in and submit, and Art returned him for answer, that he denied his right to in any way attempt to exact submission or obedience from him; that he, as king of south Leinster and chief of his clan, knew no master; that the wish of Richard to deprive him of his kingdom by conquest was unlawful; that he would only cease the defence of his clan, his kingdom, and his allies with death, and that that was his final answer. Brave words, Art, true son of Cathair Mor!

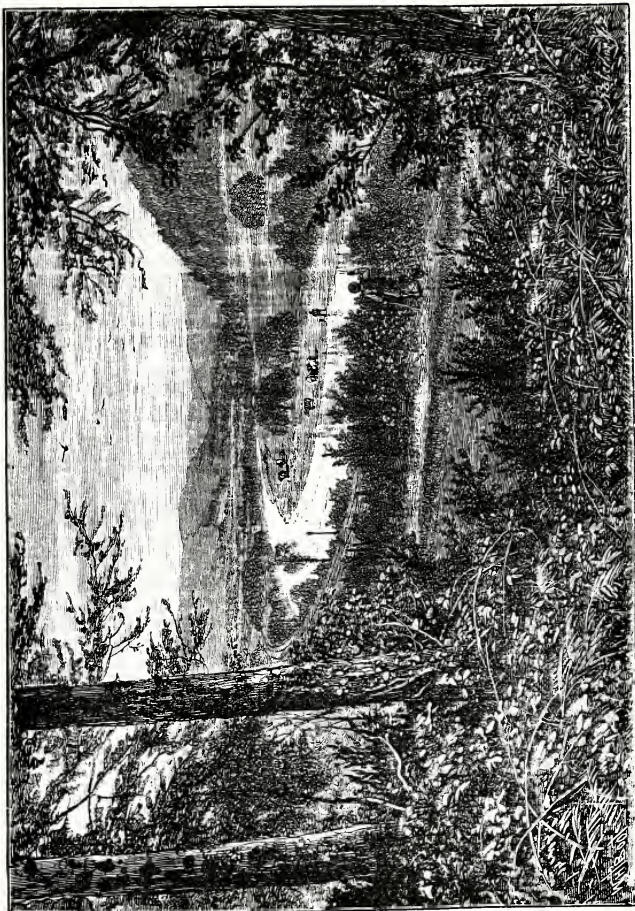
To back this proud defiance which Art MacMurrough hurled indignantly at the English king, he had three thousand men of his own clan in the field. The numbers of the O'Byrnes or the O'Tooles, with Diarmid at their head, that joined him is not given. No doubt, though respectable, they were numerically far below the English. Cretonne, says:

“They did not appear to be much afraid, but were resolved not to give battle in the open.” They removed the cattle and corn, the women and children, into the interior fastnesses, while they awaited him at Idrone. His route was onwards towards the eastern coast. Art and his confe-

derates retreated before him, harassing him fearfully day and night, carrying off from his route everything edible for either man or beast, and repeating, "*de novo*," all the tactics pursued by them with so much success in the first expedition, so unlucky for Richard. Ever and anon the English archers got occasional shots at the clansmen, and some went down. This was assuredly followed by an attack in the rear, and the Irish threw their darts with such force, that haubergeon and plates were pierced through and through, and many a brave knight and man-at-arms fell to rise no more. The uncle of MacMurrough having submitted, Richard may have hoped that the Leinster chiefs would follow; but he was disillusioned on the return of his second messengers from Art, who defied him more bitterly than before.

The English king shaped his course for Dublin, while the allied clans fell back on Wicklow as their great fortress. The horses of the English now began to succumb. They could find no fodder but a little green oats, and the exposure by night and day began to tell severely. The general discontent now made itself audible, even to the ears of royalty. For whole weeks five or six men had but a single loaf; knights and squires, gentle and plebeian, fasted for days and nights together; daily deaths made the camp a continual place of mourning; but at last they came in sight of the sea, where some vessels laden with provisions sent from Dublin were awaiting them, and so eager were the famished men for food that they rushed madly into the waves to reach the ships.

The scene of this extraordinary incident we conjecture to be at or near Arklow. The morning after the arrival of the stores, Richard again set forward for Dublin, determined to penetrate Wicklow by the Vale of Avoca, and the other eastern vales that lead from the upper meeting of the song-famed waters to Bray. He had not proceeded far on his march when a Franciscan friar reached his camp as an ambassador from the Leinster camp. This unarmed messenger, whose cowl history does not raise, on the part of King Art, Diarmid O'Toole, and The O'Byrne, expressed a wish to treat with the royal head of Clan London through some accredited agent, some nobleman that might be relied on, so that their anger, that



The Vale of Orona.

had long been cruel, might be extinguished. This announcement we may well conceive, spread great joy in the English camp.

A halt was ordered—a council convened—when it was resolved that De Spenser, Earl Gloucester, should be empowered to treat with the Leinster princes. De Spenser knew something of the Gaelic customs and tongue, and was captain of the rear-guard upon this expedition, and now, with 200 lances and 1,000 archers, all of whom were chosen men, he set out for the conference. Our guide also went with them, as he himself relates:

“Between two woods, at some distance from the sea (the Vale of Avoca), I beheld MacMore and a body of the Irish, more than I can remember, descend the mountain. He had a horse without housing or saddle, which was so fine and good that it cost him, they say, four hundred cows, for there is little money in the country, whereas their usual traffic is with cattle. In coming down it galloped so hard that in my opinion, I never saw horse, deer, sheep, or any other animal (I declare to you for a certainty) run with such speed as it did. In his right hand he bore a dart which he cast with much skill. His people drew up in front of the wood, and these two, *i.e.*, Gloster and King Art, like an outpost, met near a little brook. He was a fine, large man, wondrously active. To look at him, he seemed very stern and savage, and an old man. He and the earl spake of their doing—recounting the evil and injury MacMore and his allies had done the king at sundry times, and how they all foreswore their fidelity, when wrongfully, without judgment, they most mischievously put to death the courteous Earl of March at Kenlis. Then they exchanged much discourse, but did not come to any agreement. They took short leave and hastily parted, and the earl returned towards King Richard.”

This interview seems to have taken place at an opening of the Vale of Arklow (at the Vale of Avoca), now called Glen Art, from that incident.

The ambassador returned to King Richard, who was impatiently awaiting him, and the information he had to give him of the failure of his

mission was not likely to improve the sweetness of his temper. His face grew pale with anger, and he swore in great wrath, by Saint Edward, that he would never depart from Ireland until, alive or dead, he had Kavanagh, O'Toole, and O'Byrne in his hands. "Swear not at all" is a Scriptural exhortation, equally applicable to the monarch and the peasant, and Richard's oaths on the present occasion did not come to much, as subsequent events will disclose.

Before finally leaving this interesting conference between the Earl of Gloster and Art, Diarmid, and O'Byrne, we place before our readers the following description of the interview, as taken from an old painting (*Vide* Strut, Regal and Ecclesiastical Antiquities of England, p. 17):

"MacMurrrough has a light pink robe over his shoulders, and the figure next him (O'Toole) is in a red robe and white cap, and the third (O'Byrne) is in a blue robe with a red cap."

The vignette of the scene in Moore's "Ireland," vol. iii., is engraved from an illumination to Creton's *Chronicles*.

King Richard continued his march to Dublin, where he arrived, crestfallen and fatigued, vowing the direst vengeance on the O'Tooles, O'Byrnes, and Kavanaghs, reserving a special vial of his wrath for Art MacMurrrough Kavanagh, who was the commander-in-chief of the allied Leinster clans during the late engagements. He swore roundly he would not leave Ireland until he would chastise these haughty clans; and as for Art MacMurrrough, as a mark of special attention, he offered "a hundred marks in pure gold" to anyone who would bring him to Dublin Castle, "dead or alive." Art must have felt a proud man to be thus publicly rendered such an appreciative mark of the English king's wishes in his respect; but the defiant prince of Leinster took little notice of those proclamations. Moreover, the English forces had commenced a new campaign. Their army, divided into three attacking corps, was sent out to harass and prey upon the neighbouring chiefs; but with no greater success than the burning and laying in ruins what remained of the city and churches of Glendalough.

Their revelries and rejoicings over this slight victory were ruthlessly

interrupted by the arrival of sinister news from England, where a formidable rebellion had broken out, headed by the banished Lancaster. Richard marched southward with all speed to take shipping at Waterford, from whence he embarked for England, but arrived too late. His campaign against the O'Tooles, O'Byrnes, and Kavanaghs had cost him his crown, and eventually his life, had changed the dynasty in England, and seated the house of Lancaster upon the throne; while the invincible Art Mac Murrough, upon whose head he had set a price, reigned over his territory, preserving it inviolate, and maintaining the brilliancy of his fame to the very last, ignominiously defeating every expedition sent against him and his gallant allies. He died at New Ross on the 12th January, A.D. 1417, in the sixtieth year of his age.

"He was," say the Four Masters, "a man distinguished for his hospitality, knowledge, and feats of arms; a man full of prosperity and royalty; a founder of churches and monasteries by his bounties and contributions."

In fine, our history enumerates no braver soldier, no nobler character, than Art MacMurrough Kavanagh, Prince of Leinster.

But how fared it with the O'Tooles since Richard's departure and death? It mattered little to the Clan O'Toole, and indeed to the Irish in general, in those days, as well as now, who reigned in England; for quarrel they ever so bitterly among themselves, they agreed most cordially in uniting in their hatred to Ireland, and always managed to spare from their internal wars a contingent to maintain the persecution of the Irish, especially the Clans O'Toole, O'Byrne, O'Neill, and O'Donnell; and so we find them at their work again in 1402, and recorded in the State papers that:

"The Mayor of Dublin, John Drake, with a strong body of well-armed citizens, marched against the O'Tooles and O'Byrnes, whom he encountered in battle near Bray, at a place now known as Bloody Bank, where four thousand of the Irish rebels were slain, and many of their heads spiked on the gates of Dublin Castle.

"For this service the citizens re-elected Drake their mayor for the ensuing year, while Daniel O'Byrne (chief of his sept) tendered his allegi-

ance and his castle of MacKinigan to the king." Probably the English settlers in Dublin had dishonoured their engagements to pay the O'Tooles their annual tribute, and that the O'Tooles were over demonstrative in getting them to liquidate their dishonoured acceptances, and hence the retaliation on the part of the citizens; and we do not at all wonder at the compliment paid Drake, as far as the mayoralty was concerned, because it was so very seldom such a success had to be recorded in their favour that the exuberance of their spirits found a very mild vent after all. Eight years after this event, encouraged, no doubt, by the success of Drake, says Harris:

"Thomas Butler, Prior of Kilmainham, then Lord Deputy to the Duke of Lancaster, marched into the country of the O'Tooles with 1,500 kerns, and was strengthened by the citizens under the command of Robert Galan, then Mayor of Dublin. Upon their approach to the enemy eight hundred of their kerne deserted to the Irish, so that if the garrison had not been at hand it might have proved fatal to the Lord Deputy, who by that means made an orderly retreat."

A sore humiliation for the prior, who, doubtless, had been more fittingly engaged at his prayers with the Knights Templars at Kilmainham, if English statutes had not taught him that a mere Irishman was little better than a heathen Turk.

THE BATTLE OF ATH CROE, A.D. 1416.

But the Clan O'Toole was not going to let the matter rest here, and mustering their strength they swooped down on the Dubliners, and encamped in very disagreeable proximity to poor Prior Butler at Kilmainham. From here they penetrated into the plains north of the city, making reprisals by preying on the sheep and cattle of the citizens, thus applying the doctrine of self-compensation for the non-payment of their taxes, and returning with interest the injuries that had been inflicted by the English of the Pale in their recent raid on the territories of the clan. The English and Anglo-Irish, under the eye of their prince,

marched out to intercept and dislodge them on their recrossing the Liffey at Inchicore. The English troops were marshalled in four divisions. The first was led by the Duke of Lancaster in person; the second by the veteran knight Jenecho D'Artois; the third by Sir Edward Perrers, an English knight (Kilmainham); the fourth by Sir Thomas Butler, Prior of the Order of St. John (afterwards created by Henry VI., for his distinguished services, Earl of Kilmain).

With the O'Tooles were allied the O'Byrnes to oppose this formidable array; but we have no mention in the State papers of the time of Art Kavanagh or his clan being engaged in this battle. The numbers on each side could hardly fall short of ten thousand men, and the action may be fairly considered as having been one of the most decisive of those times, ending in a complete victory for the O'Tooles and O'Byrnes. The duke was carried back to Dublin wounded; the slopes of Inchicore and the valley of the Liffey were strewn with the dead and dying; the river at that point obtained from the Leinster Irish the significant name of "Ath-Croc" (ford of slaughter), while the widowed city was filled with lamentation and dismay. The victorious clans retired to their mountain homes carrying with them much prey and booty, and were allowed to live in peace unmolested by the English for a long time after, such was the respect with which their would-be assailants had learned to treat them.

Diarmid O'Toole, prince of Imaile and chief of the clan, was commander-in-chief at this great battle, his brothers Felimdh and John, Lord of Imaile, being co-ordinate leaders (his brother Aedh had died a few years before of a dreadful plague). Of this period of the history of the clan a very enlightened writer of the present day says: "The facts now laid before the reader will, it is presumed, convince him that the Clan O'Toole was one of the bravest that ever disputed the advancement of the English power in Ireland. Indeed," he adds, "when we consider the proximity of their country to the metropolis, and the incessant efforts made by the English to wrest it from them, we cannot but admire the persistent heroism they exhibited, and the loving tenacity with which they clung to their native glens and mountains. In the course of a few years after the first ar-

rival of the Anglo-Normans they parcelled out among themselves the rich land lying immediately on the banks of the Liffey; but, as we have seen, neither they nor their descendants had the same good fortune south of the Dublin mountains, where the O'Tooles held their own during the reigns of nine English sovereigns, who styled themselves 'Lords of Ireland.'"

This is especially noteworthy when we call to mind the resources of the colonists, their more enlightened policy, their better military system—in a word, all those superior advantages which ought, but yet did not, make the subjugation of the tribes of the Leinster highlands a matter of comparative ease. And still we find that more than two centuries had yet to elapse before that long-desired end could be obtained—centuries of unlawful hostilities only interrupted by treacherous subterfuges still more base, and through which the O'Tooles bravely and proudly bore themselves, casting no discredit on the fair fame of their forefathers, and handing down from sire to son, as the dearest memories that an untoward fate had left them, their glorious records of the past, and their unbroken and never-dying hatred of their English plunderers.

Here it may be opportune, while the O'Tooles are left in the comparatively peaceful enjoyment of the beauties of their native glens and valleys, and the solemn grandeur of their majestic mountains, to put the reader in possession of some of the vicissitudes of Castle Kevin, which for many centuries was the residence of the lords of the Fertire (Vartry). This historic edifice, ruins of which are still well known, stood hard by Ath-na-moe (*i.e.*, the cow's ford), and is in close proximity to Glendalough, and the lakes Dan and Tay. Of the exact date of its erection we are, unhappily, ignorant, but there is good reason for assigning it to the beginning of the twelfth century, when the O'Tooles were driven out of the *Uí Muiredhagh*, or, as it is now called, O'Murthé. Further on we read in the State papers that in the year 1308 the Viceroy Wogan, with a strong force, attacked the O'Tooles in this place, but was shamefully put to flight after losing some of his best knights. In the same year of our Lord, Pierce Gaveston, Earl of Cornwall, and favourite of Edward the Second, was appointed Lord Deputy, with most ample powers for remov-

ing officials, and the presenting ecclesiastics to benefices within the king's gift. His deputyship was brief, not quite a year, but during it he had some hard fighting with the Clan, and succeeded in marching as far as Castle Kevin, which, it is said, he rebuilt. He has also got credit for having cut passes through the woods from Castle Kevin to Glendalough, and for having made a thanksgiving in the Church of St. Kevin for his "insignificant victories."

'Tis likely enough that he assisted at the "Te Deum" in that beautiful little oratory which a stupid and persistent ignorance would have us believe was the saint's kitchen, but wishing to steer clear of the disputed paths of antiquarian lore, and granting that the earl did join in the anthem of rejoicing, we have it on the best authority that a short time after, the O'Tooles and O'Byrnes, totally ignoring his tastes for pious intonations, drove him ruthlessly forth, and, if he would chant, let him sing the "De Profundis" as plaintively as he list on his way back to Dublin.

We shall not at present dwell more diffusely on the history of Castle Kevin, but inform the reader that in this Castle Kevin Theobald O'Toole, eldest son of Diarmid, the hero of Athcroe, took up his abode, and it continued to be the stronghold of the O'Tooles of Fertire until the confiscation of James I., in the seventeenth century, when it was demolished by the guns of Mountjoy, and at a subsequent period had the honour of receiving some of those polite attentions so lavishly bestowed by Oliver Cromwell on our Irish fortresses. Nothing remains of it now but the buttresses, and even these were lately undermined by a gentleman of the name of Keogh, who was impressed with the idea that great treasures lay hidden beneath the ruins. Success not crowning his efforts he caused the excavations to be discontinued, and it now stands a melancholy monument of the once powerful clan that possessed it and the surrounding country. But it answers another and more useful purpose besides being a memento of the mournful past—it is to the lover of Ireland and the hater of her oppressors as a beacon that casts its lurid light far back over the bloody pages of his country's wrongs; it reminds him of the ruthless persecution of that and all the other noble clans, and it stimulates him to go forth, and,

in that walk of life to which the Almighty has allotted him, to cheerfully perform a man's part in the noble struggle of placing his beloved country once more "among the nations of the earth."

Well may the reader of Byron, as he passes beneath the now lonely buttresses of Castle Kevin, be reminded of Childe Harold, and exclaim :

"Clime of the unforgotten brave !
Whose land from plain to mountain cave
Was freedom's home or glory's grave.
Shrine of the mighty ! can it be
That this is all remains of thee ?"

The district of Fertire consisted of over fifteen thousand acres in the upland regions of the present barony of Newcastle, and was subsequently erected into the manor of Castle Kevin. But there was another tract of country called Feracualan, adjacent to Fertire, which had special charms for the lord of Imaile, who, no doubt, combining his love of the picturesque with his appreciation of the goodly nature of the soil, resolved that it should henceforth be part and parcel of his principality. Fertire and Imaile were to a certain extent rugged, uninviting regions—mere mountain fastnesses—but Feracualan was beautiful as a poet's dream. It stretched over an area of five miles long by four miles broad, from Barnacullian, by east and south of Glass-na-mucky brakes, to Pallycallion, by west of Windgates, near Delgany, and contained within its limits Kilpeter, Kilcoolyn, Onagh, Ballycarty, Temple Beggan, Kilgaran, Ath-na-crewe, Ballinbrone, Kiltegar, and Monastery. Above this district stood up like lifted spears Beanagh Mor and Beanagh Beg (the great and little peaks), for so were they called till in recent times some imaginative sugar refiner named them after the staple of his craft. Singularly remarkable features are these two mountains in this loveliest of landscapes, and with truthful application did the Irish call them spears—"The Golden Spears"—for when the setting sun pours his last rays on the purple heather that clothes their sides they do present a strikingly close resemblance to those burnished weapons which the Celts used in warfare. But the chief

and most exquisite attraction of the district was and ever shall be that delightful, that beautiful, ravine whose primitive appellation has happily escaped modernizing debasement, and is still preserved in the Celtic name "Dargle" (Glen of Oaks).

If a man were to be held excusable for feeling proud at the beauty of the things of this vain and transitory world, which the beneficence of an all-wise Providence had placed at his disposal, the entertaining of such a thought were pardonable on the part of The O'Toole, lord of Imaile, Fertire, and Feracualan when first he wound his way adown the basky slopes which overhang that sweetest of dells, where Dame Nature seemed to have selected a site for her special bondoir.

What pleasing contrasts and novel beauties reveal themselves to him at every step. Masses of jagged rock, in whose crevices the forest king had struck his gnarled roots, now flooded with sunlight, now softened with sombre hues, anon glowing with the richest tints—bloom and verdure sweetly commingled with ferns and wild flowers in all their native luxuriance, while the air was rendered balmily refreshing by the delicious coolness wafted round from the spray of that graceful cataract, while it leaped from crag to crag, and, finally, tiring of its gambols, flashed across its rocky bed towards the mighty ocean.

In this part of the O'Toole territory was the tribe of the O'Cosgraighs; but they had to give way, and either amalgamate themselves with the sept (as did the O'Teignes in Glen Imaill), or seek a settlement elsewhere. There can be no doubt, therefore, that long before the English invasion the Clan O'Toole held undisputed possession of Feracualan, and justly regarded it as one of the choicest appendages of their principality, a striking proof of which occurs to us in passing: that, in the year of our Lord 1031, the Danes were defeated at Delgany by Augaire, or Hugh Ua Tuathail (O'Toole).

We know that De la Poure (or Power, as it is spelled), one of Strongbow's companions, settled down here and built a castle, after whom the place, to the present day, is called; but we also know that The O'Toole soon drove him out, nor did the fact of De la Poure's only having recently brought

a young wife home to grace his castle cause The O'Toole of that day to stay the eviction. This apparent lack of gallantry can only be excused by the exigencies of a man wanting to get possession of his own. O'Toole took up his residence in the new castle, probably finding it more commodious than his ancestral home at Fassaroe, although it certainly did not command such a beautiful aspect. It may, indeed, be easily supposed that The O'Toole considered himself just as happy and secure in his mountain fastnesses, with such beautiful scenery round him, as did his forefathers ere they were driven from their verdant lands of O'Murthie by the strong hand of Walter de Riddlesford.

Standing within the shadow of that mysterious cromlech-tomb of primitive warrior, or rude sacrificial altar, whichever it may have been, what a splendid panorama lay spread out before him! In the glorious summits of the mountains on his right; the Golden Spears on his left; those huge masses of rock upheaved, as it were, by some terrible convulsion of the infant world which the Celts called "Skelligs," the etymon of "scalp," at his back. Casting his eyes downwards were primeval forests; glades musical with the voices of many waters; a chain of raths standing out against the clear blue sky, and in close proximity to each other; thickets affording the red deer abundant covert, and verdant fields, where countless herds could pasture, or the tiller of the soil might reap the golden grain without much sweat of brow. And to enhance the loveliness of the landscape (perhaps it were more correct to write, to consecrate it), on either side were ancient oratories, almost coeval with the first preaching of Christianity in Ireland—rude structures, it is true, but hallowed by hermit and sage, who could nowhere find spots more sequestered for a life of prayer and contemplation. Almost within sight of that immense bold rock, said to have been the dwelling-place of Ollager, one of the Ossianic heroes, stood the cell or oratory of Egar, of whose life, unhappily, we have no record; a short distance thence, Cill-Ternan; but the most venerable of all those sacred edifices was Cell-Mochonoc, of which we shall have occasion to write more fully when we come to speak of the confiscation of The O'Toole's lands of Glencap, or Glen of the Downs (as it is now called).

But Diarmuid was not to remain in peaceful possession of these lands, the beauties of which we have made a poor attempt at portraying, and at which the English citizens of Dublin and Palesmen of the Marches often threw wistful and covetous eyes; so preparations were made on a large scale for a grand descent upon the peaceable inhabitants of the O'Toole country, as we see by the State papers, Rot. in Canc. Hib.:

"In the year 1412 the king appointed John Walsh, Thomas Wallace, and others, to prevent the exportation of grain on the (Wicklow) coast, from Bray Head to the Nanny Water." Boycotting, this, with a vengeance!

A.D. 1414. Henry V. sent Lord Furnivall as his lieutenant to Ireland, "who brought the O'Tooles, O'Byrnes, Kavanaghs, &c., &c., to live in peace."—(See Red Book of Exchequer.) How that was accomplished it is not stated, but the natural deduction we draw from it is that they were at peace because they were let alone, and perhaps Lord Furnivall lacked not that very useful quality of prudence (*verbum sap*).

Now that peace prevailed along the whole line of The O'Tooles' territories through that beautifully-diversified country from Glen Inaile to the strand of breezy Bray, can we suppose that The O'Toole regretted, either for himself or his posterity, the loss of his ancient patrimony by the Barrow? Assuredly not, for he must have felt that among these mountains he had founded a home from which it would be difficult, if not impossible, to expel him. In the lowlands once owned by his fathers he would have now been little better than a nomad; for it is notorious that the inhabitants of extensive plains always exhibit a nomadic tendency, and are never overmuch attached to the place of their birth. Better soil, indeed, may be had in this description of country, but they lack those features that render more diversified land so endearing, and without which it is impossible to love them, their other good qualities notwithstanding. For instance, let an army lay waste a tame, flat district, burning down its woods and thatched dwellings, what remains to the peasant of this level country? Literally nothing. But let the land of the mountaineer be subjected to the same ordeal, and how fares it with those palpable and

indestructible forms that meet him at every point? The graceful outline of the hills, the relieving shade of the glens, the music of the stream murmuring through the verdant meadow, the cataracts' crash, as it tumbles itself down the sheer sides of the cliff, the path that winds round some huge block of granite to his mountain home—all these preserve their unchangability amid the din of strife and horrors of war. Such surroundings from childhood become graven on a man's memory, haunt him in his dreams, and become part, as it were, of his individuality; and to such a man the monuments of a city, no matter how grand, how ancient, will never recompense him for the loss of those cherished associations of his native nook in the hills. Ask him how does he account for this peculiar feeling, and all he can offer in explanation is that those mighty wonders of nature have impressed themselves more vividly and lastingly on his remembrance, and are dearer to his affections than the sublimest works of man's genius ever could be.

Now the lands comprised in Imalle, Fertire, and Feracualan were destined to be not only the home of The O'Toole, but the country of his children's children in the strictest sense of the word. A love of the territory was to be perpetuated from sire to son, not alone by local associations and reciprocities, which were a consequence of their partial isolation, but by the far more potent influences of those ancient laws, language, and usages to which they clung with undeviating fidelity for more than five hundred years, despite the efforts of eighteen English monarchs, who left nothing untried to accomplish their abolition.

This country, which shall in future be known as the O'Toole country, was in after years (during the reign of Queen Elizabeth) created into a shire or county, and called Wicklow, which word is but another form of "Wigginge Lough"—that is, "Ship Lough," a Scandinavian compound, for the Northern pirates often moored their galleys there in the eighth, tenth, and eleventh centuries, when they came to anticipate the ruffians of the English Reformation, in despoiling the temples of God, and laying waste the monasteries.

Craving the indulgence of the reader for this digression, we return to

the fortunes of the O'Tooles, who were enjoying a comparative peace while the English were fighting amongst themselves about the respective beauties of the red and white roses, the insignia of the rival houses of York and Lancaster.

These internal wars of England, lasting as they did quite a century (from A.D. 1420 to A.D. 1520), during which time the English people were powerless to offer any tangible resistance, afforded the grand opportunity for Ireland to shake off their yoke, an opportunity neglected then, as it has often been since; and, with nations as with individuals, we fear that the repeated ignoring of such golden chances leads to the non-possibility of their again recurring. With England distracted, torn, wasted, and paralyzed by a protracted civil war—with the lords of the Pale equally divided and comparatively helpless—had the Irish princes united and made an effort, they might easily have swept from the land every vestige of foreign rule. The chain which in after years was so tightly strained as to rankle and fester the limbs it bound, now hung so loosely around them as but to require the slightest rousing from their lethargy to shake it off for ever. Literally, indeed, they had but to will it and they were free. But alas! it was not so. But no practical good can be now attained by our idly lamenting over it; better turn attention to current events, and be ready to take advantage of such opportunities as they afford, and, though they be not as favourable now as they were in the days of which we write, let us hope that by exhibiting a quick intelligence to grasp and a firm tenacity to hold them, such as they are, we will ultimately be able to achieve that long-deferred but sure-to-be-attained hope of each true Irishman's heart, the independence of his country.

In those days the Clan O'Toole enjoyed the blessings of "Home Rule" in their fullest and widest extent, but the records of their parliaments, with their other archives, have all perished in the common conflagrations and destruction of their castles, monasteries, and convents, which followed in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. Their country was in the true sense of the term a *terra incognita* as far as historians of the present day are concerned, and whatever information we can get must

of necessity be obtained from such polluted and prejudiced sources as the archives of their enemies, preserved in the Bermingham Tower, Castle of Dublin, the Public Record Office, Dublin, or Fetter Lane, London; some lately published, some still in manuscript, all possessing this advantage, that when presented to the impartial reader *verbatim*, and without being subjected to any dilution or process of filtration, they certainly will not be open to the charge of having been written with any great tendency to show forth the character of the Irish in the most flattering terms.

Lest the Clan O'Toole may be thought by our readers to have spent all this time in the effeminate arts of peace, to relieve them from what they would, no doubt, have considered the obloquy of such an accusation, and to show that they had a few affairs with the English by way of keeping their hands in practice, we again have recourse to the State papers.

We find them, in 1419, swooping down on the Palesmen, and lifting a prey of four hundred cows. Whether this was to make reprisal for some injury done, or to enforce payment of the tribute to which they were entitled, we do not know. The State papers merely say: "In 1419 O'Toole . . . took four hundred cows belonging to Ballymore, thereby breaking the peace, contrary to his oath."—(See Marlborough Chronicles.) A blank is left after O'Toole, so that we are left in ignorance as to the cause of O'Toole breaking his oath of peace.

We also find by the same State papers that a short time before the king had ordered a strong ward to be placed here to guard the marches from the O'Tooles and the O'Byrnes. He also commanded Maurice Earl of Kildare, to strengthen and maintain his possessions at Kildare, Rathmore, and Ballymore, under penalty of forfeiting the same and other estates granted to his grandfather (see Rot. in Cam. Hib.), so that at best the peace between O'Toole and the Palesmen was only superficial.

In 1422 the Council of Dublin Castle directed that on account of the *notorious war* waged by the O'Tooles on the liegemen of the counties of Dublin and Kildare, the same forces of men-at-arms and archers should be continued as heretofore to oppose them, and the same subsidy raised.—(See Rot. in Cam. Hib.) And again, in 1429, by writ reciting that

Sir John Sutton, Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, had lately made a successful incursion on the O'Byrnes, of the County of Wicklow, at his own expense, for which the sheriff of this county and its crosses was ordered to provide one hundred carts of victuals, eight hundred men with axes and bundles of wood; one hundred men with iron tools (not O'Tooles), and two hundred men with caltrops, together with victuals for six days, under penalties which had been incurred by his neglect in that behalf; all said penalties were by the king directed to be forthwith paid to the said Lord Lieutenant.—(See Rot. in Canc. Hib.)

This was an effort on the part of the Viceroy to make a road through the O'Toole country, from Bray through the Glen of the Downs, to the O'Byrnes' country, castle MacHiuegan (now Newtownmountkennedy), the O'Byrne of that place having lately submitted to English rule.

The O'Byrnes of that period do not appear to be as valiant—any way they were not as successful—in their wars with the English as the O'Tooles, or as the O'Byrnes of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, as we shall see when we come to that period—when they were led by the brave and valiant Feach McHugh O'Byrne, chief of the Clan Rinalagh. The O'Byrnes being further away from the Pale than the O'Tooles, did not come into close contact with the English so often, and the brunt of the battle having to be borne by the O'Tooles, its fiercest edge was tempered before it reached the O'Byrnes' length, which may account more or less for the latter's effeminacy. Many were the fierce and bloody battles the Clan O'Toole had with these same Palesmen up to the time of Henry VIII. and Elizabeth, especially with the Fitzgeralds and Talbots, in which the O'Byrnes took no part, these Talbots seeming to keep a particular eye on the O'Toole and his territories, till they succeeded in getting almost complete possession of them.

Soon after the English invasion of Ireland, branches of the Talbot family obtained considerable grants in the counties of Dublin and Meath, and their chivalrous spirit could not select (says M. Dalton) a theatre more calculated for its constant development than Belgard. It was the border fortress of the Pale—the great barrier against the incursions of the moun-

tain clans, the O'Tooles and the O'Byrnes—and often in these deep glens and wild passes that intervened, did the lords of Belgard and the chieftains of Inaile and Powerscourt measure their strength in alternate triumphs. Sometimes the sudden encounter and the furious onset would prevail against orderly array and disciplined valour, and the crossbow was cloven down by the battleaxe. On the other hand, and on more frequent occasions, the garrison of the castle would penetrate the defiles of the hills, and carry desolation by fire and sword into the fastnesses of the indomitable Irishry of Wicklow.

In truth, the history of Belgard, and its wars with the O'Tooles, if rescued from the dust in which the records of Ireland are suffered to moulder, would furnish one of the most interesting pictures of the State government and of society in Ireland from the twelfth to the sixteenth century. We find so early as 1376 that Richard Talbot, of Malahide, was at the Parliament, or rather Council, convened at Baltinglass for the purpose of treating on terms of peace with the O'Byrnes, O'Tooles, O'Nolans, and MacMurrroughs. He was afterwards Sheriff of the County of Dublin; and from that time the Talbots never ceased to throw covetous eyes on the territories of the O'Tooles, and by constantly harassing them, and waging unjust war on them, they succeeded in obtaining a foothold among them. Having themselves first appointed Seneschals of the O'Byrnes' and part of the O'Tooles' country, they subsequently got possession of more of the clans' territory from the king, naming it, after themselves, the Baronies of Upper and Lower Talbotstown, which name it bears to the present day. They went so far as to have themselves named guardians of the young O'Toole, when he became a ward in Chancery, as was the case of young Arthur O'Toole, of Castle Kevin. They kept these estates in their possession until the time of the Cromwellian settlement, when, not being able to swallow the poisonous pill of conforming to Protestantism, they had to disgorge these lands of The O'Tooles, with others, till at last they have dwindled down to one family of note, and even that one has lost the faith.

During the reign of Henry V. of England we hear comparatively little of the Clan O'Toole, who, we make no doubt, always gladly availed

themselves of any lull in the storm, as affording them an opportunity for preparing the usually warm reception for the incursionists of the English Pale on their next unwelcome visit. Twenty-one years, however, after the accession of Henry the Sixth, or A.D. 1442, William Wells, then Lord Deputy, led a strong force into the Wicklow mountains, "where," say the Four Masters, "they committed great depredations."

"But the O'Byrnes and O'Tooles overtook the English, defeated and killed eight hundred of them, and stripped them of countless spoils."

This, it would appear, was one of the most signal successes the clans, when united, ever achieved, for in the interval of fifty-one years that elapsed, and which comprises the reigns of four English "Lords of Ireland," we have no data to prove that the O'Tooles and their confederate clans were molested by the English garrison of Dublin. But, alas! this did not leave them without enemies, and the next disaster that it becomes our painful duty to record as having befallen the clan reached them, not at the hands of the English, but from those whose duty as Irishmen it should have been to preserve with their own lives that blood they so ruthlessly spilled.

While the old and valiant Diarmid held the reins of government we see how well-behaved the English of the Pale had remained, treating his clan and that of O'Byrne with that respectful courtesy begotten of fear. But now the time had come when the indomitable old chief must, even in the course of nature, shortly "shuffle off the mortal coil;" the weight of eighty winters pressed upon him, and he began to make arrangements for the government of his territories and children after his death. He accordingly decreed that his brother Shane (Join) should succeed him as lord of Inaile, and possess that portion west of the mountains, while his own sons should possess that portion east of the mountain—viz., Fertire and Feraealan—and reside in the Castles of Powerscourt or Fassaroe and Castle Kevin, which arrangement was carried out after he was laid with his fathers, an arrangement that proved fatally detrimental to the interests of the Clan O'Toole in the future. Diarmid might have remembered the

very disastrous results arising from a similar division in the case of an ancestor. Mureadh Mor, king of Leinster, who died cir. 720, made a will dividing his territory among his three sons, thereby rendering each of them so individually weak that they were not able to contend with the neighbouring princes, so that the crown passed into the hands of the stronger sept (the Kavanaghs), at least, much oftener than they were accustomed to have it before. He did not stand by the truth of the old adage, "United we stand, divided we fall," and his case is one that shows, even in the limits of his own clan, how history repeats itself, as the sequel will show.

Reverence for his memory, and sympathy for his untoward end, forbid us to criticize too minutely the action of Diarmid in this matter of the succession, more particularly when we firmly believe that he was actuated by the purest motives, according to his lights, in the threefold interests of his children, his clan, and his country, for the furtherance of which he had spent a long life in scenes of activity, enterprise, and danger, and at the evening of which he may have naturally looked forward to a calmer and more peaceful end than death by the sword at the hands of his own fellow-countrymen.

The "Four Masters" record his death in this way under the year A.D. 1445.

"Diarmid O'Toole, lord of Clan Tuathail, was slain by the grandsons of Tomaltagh O'Dempsey, in the eightyth year of his age, and while in pursuit of prey."

This passage is given in the "Annals of D. F.," in F. II., as follows:

"A.D. 1445. Diarmid O'Thuthail, king of Clan Thuthail, being slain (*recte*—was slain) pursuing a prey, by the sons of Tomaltach O'Dimasy, after he was eighty years of age, *vel plus*, and according to the testimony of self, the self Lagenians (*i.e.*, the Lagenians themselves) he was the best horseman and the best flesh-killer or slaughterer that was in his own *cúigedh* or province." "His uncle, Domhnall, son of David, had died in 1431," say the "Four Masters."

In Connellau's translation of the "Four Masters" it is given as follows, under the year 1445:

"Dermot O'Toole, lord of Clan Toole (in Wicklow) was slain while endeavouring to recover a plunder taken from him the same day by the sons of Tomultach O'Dempsey, being at the time eighty years of age."

The latter translation places the matter before us in a different light: "endeavouring to recover a plunder," and "pursuing a prey," striking the reader as being two very different things.

Did the duties of one writing history only consist in recording those traits of virtue and bravery in the character of the people or nation he may admire, the following extract might have been omitted; but though by no means likely to reflect credit on our countrymen, still thinking it better, even at the risk of touching the susceptibilities of my readers, than to leave myself open to the slightest suspicion of indulging in the "*suppressio veri*," I give it in full.

And under this year of D. F. contains the following entries omitted by the "Four Masters:": "O'Dimasy, king of Clanmalura, quivret:":

"Great warr acted by Gerald Caemhanach's son against the English of Munster and Leinster, that he hired many great bands to himself out of Connacht about Torlach MacDubgail, so that he preyed, burnt many of both English and Irish; and Gerald's son went to the faire of the Feaste of Holy Cross in Clauu Tuathail, so that they had killed, taken, and stripped all to their own pleasure in the town first; and they took now O'Tuathail prisoner, and they stripped him, an unworthy dealing done to one of his name and dignities, and they set him at libertie, he being not so good a prisoner for ransom, and for his ould age, and after that they sat him downe in the towne, and consumed the towne's provisions in meate, and they drank its drink, and beer and wine; and two or three of those that fled into the church as a reffuge, were choaked, one of which was OTuathail's daughter; and they went to the church after that and took out by the poles all men therein, and so Gerald Caemhanach's son left Clau Tuathail."

It was not to be expected that Diarmid, no more than his fathers,

should pass away surrounded by the luxuries of a soft couch, and all those accessories to comfort that tend to diminish the pang of parting; but it may have been naturally hoped by the clan, that if he were destined to die by the sword, it should be a death worthy of himself and of his sept, in the van of the fight, with his face to the foe, and his dying moments brightened by the cheering intelligence that his English enemies were in retreat; but to be carried off in a miserable squabble over cattle, and that by countrymen of his own, was a bitter memory to his children and clan; and long and sincerely was he bewailed by them among the hills and glens of Imaile, Fertire, and Feracualan. Sad and solemn was the procession that accompanied his remains to Glendalough, on whose southern shore they hollowed his grave beneath that historic flag-stone which up to a few years ago marked the last resting-place of the earlier princes of the Clan O'Toole.

Peace be to your ashes, Diarmid! The news of your entombment must have lifted a heavy load off the minds of the Dublin colonists, who often felt the weight of your battleaxe in many a bloody fray.

The clan, immediately on the conclusion of the obsequies of their departed chief, proceeded to elect his successor. Their choice, guided by the wishes of their late valiant leader, fell upon Diarmid's eldest son, who had been tanist of Leinster, Theobald Ua Tuathail. Theobald was the name of this prince, and he was in due course inaugurated and crowned chief of Clan Uí Tuathail. The ceremony of inauguration, as carried out in those days, was, though simple, exceedingly imposing. Standing on that grand old rath that so proudly rises above the castle of Castleruddery, in the midst of the whole Clan Uí Tuathail, and surrounded by the neighbouring princes with their retinues, McKehoe subjects him to the usual queries as formulated for such solemn occasions. The elected chief makes the necessary promises, and McKehoe, placing the crown upon his head, and O'Kelly, the sword in his hand, the air was rent with vociferous shouts of "Ua Tuathail aboo!" (O'Toole for ever!) This ceremonial, with the wide canopy of the blue skies above him, and the demesnes of his clansmen, which he had sworn to preserve inviolate, spread out before him,

was more in accord with the aspirations and usages of the people, and more likely to render sacred the obligations imposed upon the chief, than all the bowings and scrapings of your gold and silver sticks and black-rods-in-waiting of our nineteenth century civilization. And though, no doubt, our exquisites of the present day may endeavour to sneer slyly at the lack of spectacular display, we find that at the coronation ceremony of the King of Hungary in 1867 many of the usages of our forefathers were brought into conspicuous prominence at Pesth. True, there were no idle pageants for oppressed bumpkins to admire, but neither were hosts of military required to protect the monarch, nor prying "mouchards" to ferret out the secret plots of the Nihilists and the Dynamiter. Such a scene—the crowning of an elected chief by the acclamations of his clan—must have been present to the poetic vision of Moore, when he wrote those soul-stirring lines:

“Oh ! for the kings that flourished then,
And oh ! for the pomp that crowned them,
When hands and hearts of true-born men
Were all the ramparts round them ;
When safe built on bosoms true,
The throne was but the centre,
Round which love a circle drew,
That treason durst not enter.”

Here I may inform the reader that as I now go on in my historical sketch, The O'Toole is mentioned in the State papers as O'Toole of Powerscourt. This title always means the head of the sept, and though we sometimes find mention of O'Toole of Imaile, O'Toole of Fertire, O'Toole of Carnew, from this up to the end of Elizabeth's reign, it will be well to remember that these titles were held by subordinates or the lieutenants of The O'Toole, most generally his uncles or brothers, known by the term, "uraights," and as such they owed sundry duties to their chief, a few of which duties I may enumerate here.

They were bound to follow their lord in all his martial expeditions, without once questioning whether he had right or wrong at his side. In this respect the military nature of the chief's relations to his clan were paramount to the patriarchal ties otherwise existing, and as in more modern times they merely acted as soldiers.

“Theirs not to reason why?
Theirs but to do—or die.”

They were furthermore obliged to entertain him and his retinue of armed followers whenever he went amongst them. This hospitable custom frequently proscribed by Acts of Parliament was called “coshing,” a custom we regret to write is now obsolete. “Spend me but defend me” was the order of the day, but in later times the latter part of the contract has in many instances been supplanted by another word which I shall not now write. In return for these the chief relieved his subordinate lords and the sept in general from the labours of mental exertion; they had not to think or annoy themselves in balancing the merits or demerits of any subject that was calculated to provoke hostilities or invite friendships; they committed these exercises to him, and accepted his decision with obedience and alacrity. This mutual reliance and familiar intercourse rendered the relations between the chief and his sept kindly, nay cordial and endearing. The chief may visit his people at stated periods, and the exercise of the rites of hospitality on these occasions becomes a labour of love. But should he be tempted by the weakness of our common nature, either through cupidity or from any other reason, to throw a covetous eye on homestead or possessions of his “nraight,” he was debarred by the very stringent provisions of the Brehon law from any arbitrary exactions. The mutual knowledge of the existence of this law on the part of chief and clansman established their relationship on a firm basis.

Another prevailing custom was that called “fostering” when a son was born to the head of the sept, the wealthiest and bravest families competed amongst themselves for the honour of fostering the child, who might

one day succeed to the chieftaincy, and to render that succession possible there were certain conditions that were imperatively essential, among them being the following : he must be robust, lithe of limb, proficient in military science, free from bodily blemish, and exempt from any symptoms of imbecility.

Under the benign rule of Theobald, who lived in Castle Kevin, the Clan O'Toole does not appear to have entered into many conflicts with the English enemy, as his name does not occur in the State papers of the day. Neither have we any records of his being engaged in any of those warlike contests with his neighbours. He lived in peace with all, and as a consequence he passed out of the world in peace, and amid surroundings of spiritual comfort that very few of his predecessors or successors were, through the turbulence of the times, permitted to enjoy. He was interred, we may presume, with all the pomp and ceremony of holy Church, in the family tomb of Teampul-na-Rhefeart, on the south side of Glendalough, there commingling his bones with those of his noble father and his valiant ancestors to await the morn of the resurrection. The year of his obit is not given by the annalists ; he was succeeded by his eldest son,

126. Edmond Ui Tuathail, who appears to have had a misunderstanding with the O'Byrnes, the old kinsmen and valued allies of Clan O'Tuathail. This misunderstanding appears to have arisen about the boundaries or mearne between their respective countries. He was slain in 1488 by the sons of Tadge O'Byrne, of New Rath, near Wicklow. The "Four Masters" mention the circumstance in this way :

"A.D. 1488. O'Toole (*i.e.*, Edmond) was treacherously slain by the sons of Teige O'Byrne; they sent him away without shrift or unction, not even in open battle."

He, too, was laid to rest with his fathers in Tempul-na-Rhefeart, and was succeeded in the chieftaincy of Clan Ui Tuithail by his son, Arthur Ua Tuathail. Some very jealous bad feeling must have sprung up between the O'Tooles and O'Byrnes at this time, and very inimical it must have been to the interests of both clans to have these internal dissensions exist in the face, and to the inexpressible delight of their common

enemy. This was one of the evil effects of the arrangements of Diarmid's will, where the tripartite divisions of the territory rendered each of the chiefs so weak that I make no doubt that imaginary grievances on the parts of the neighbouring clans sprung up, and quarrels were picked for such trivial causes, as in the undivided state of the clan, before the demise of the indomitable old chief, Diarmid, would have been allowed to pass by unnoticed.

Again, I have not the slightest doubt that the same evil agencies of the Castle of Dublin were ever secretly at work in the creating and fostering discord and contention among those gallant Leinster chieftains, that I bring so guiltily home to them from over their own signs-manual in the documentary evidence that I will submit to the reader, as I go further on. "Out of their own mouths shall I condemn them." Apart from these much-to-be-regretted feuds among two such old allies the reign of Arthur was not distinguished by any remarkable struggles in the field. The English of the Pale seemed to preserve a very quiet demeanour (no doubt from very potent reasons) during the eleven years of Arthur's reign, at the end of which, A.D. 1499, he was gathered to his fathers. To him, also, was vouchsafed the luxury of a peaceful deathbed, and ceremonious obsequies in Teampul-na-Rhfeart. He left two sons, Turlogh, or Terence, of Powerscourt, Feracualan, and Arthur Oge, to whom he left Castle Kevin, in Fertire, both of whom subsequently played a prominent part in Irish history, nobly bearing aloft the proud standard of their clan, which, by the way, is a noble lion pursuing an onward and fearless course, without stopping—on red grounds—which being translated from the flowery imagery of heraldry, means: that the Clan O'Toole always pursued a noble, straightforward, and independent course, without stopping to intrigue, or descending to subterfuge, although their own course was often red with their blood, freely spilt in defence of clan, country, and religion. Their motto was, "Semper et ubique fidelis,"—*i.e.*, "They were ever and everywhere faithful." Another branch had for their motto, "Virtute et fidelitate,"—*i.e.*, "Courage and fidelity"—courage in battle, and fidelity to chief, clan, country, and faith; and in later times another branch adopted "Spero,"

or, "I hope,"—*i.e.*, I hope to regain my territories, to keep the faith, and to gain eternal life. Such have been the mottoes and aspirations of the O'Tooles, and such we hope they will be to the end.

The calm enjoyed by the clan, if ceasing to have the opportunity of measuring their swords with their English enemy, can be designated an enjoyment, was soon to be dispersed by the storms of warfare. If any rust had accumulated on their battleaxes and claymores during the chieftaincies of Edmund and Arthur, it would soon, under their new chief, the redoubtable Tirlogh, be afforded every opportunity of being washed out in gore.

We will not anticipate further than to remark that with the new century, almost opening with the reign of Tirlogh, the clan entered on a stormy disastrous time; the reader, whom we have thus far induced to bear with our shortcomings, and to look with an eye of charity on our manifold faults, will see in the chequered history of Tirlogh's reign, ending, though it did, in sorrow and dismay, that the clan fought its way bravely and gallantly; that though it were outside the pale of feasibility to have their heroic efforts crowned with success, they were never routed with dishonour; the finger of reproach could never be pointed at them, and they dragged from their very enemies reluctant admiration of their valour.

Before we enter on Tirlogh's inauguration let us see how the clan was at this time represented. There were five great houses, all, of course, owing allegiance to "The O'Toole of Powerscourt" as the recognized chief:

O'Toole of Castle Ruddery, residing in Glen Imaile.

O'Toole of O'Toole's Castle, Ballymaclody, now Talbotstown, Glen Imaile.

O'Toole of Carnew Castle.

Art Oge O'Toole of Castle Kevin, Fertire.

Tirlogh O'Toole of Powerscourt, Feracualan.

O'Toole of Omev, Iar Connaught, with other minor houses of the family such as O'Toole of Ballineddan and Brittas, in the Glen Imaile;

O'Toole of Toolestown, near Dunlavin; O'Toole of Glengap, or Glen of the Downs (as it is now called); and a few others. The leading branches of the clan were to a certain extent independent of each other; they were all bound to protect themselves; but in matters affecting the whole clan (as, we may say, in imperial affairs) they were bound to obey the head of the sept.

Thus stood affairs at the early dawn of the sixteenth century, with England, notwithstanding her four hundred years of incessant striving for a foothold, as far away from it as ever. True, her monarchs styled themselves "Lords of Ireland;" but as for any effect this had on the O'Tooles they might as well have claimed, with the celestials, to be first cousins to the moon. The laws of Tanistry and Gavalkind were in force throughout the country; the Celtic tongue was spoken and sung from Carnew to Slieve-rue, and from Kiltegan to breezy Bray.

Up to this time they maintained and exercised the right of nominating their own bishops of Glendalough, and Rome sanctioned the nomination of the O'Tooles, so that their country was entirely free from the contaminating influences of English rule either in Church or State.

In a word, we might call it a "Patria Intacta," or a "Terra Incognita," as far as the English rule or the English king was concerned.

But future events belong to the reign of Tirlagh O'Toole of Powerscourt.



Powerscourt Castle and old tree.

THE CLAN O'TOOLE

AND OTHER

LEINSTER SEPTS.



PART THIRD.

THE FINAL OVERTHROW OF THE IRISH NATION, AND WITH IT THE CLAN O'TOOLE AND THE OTHER LEINSTER SEPTS—ATTEMPT TO ESTABLISH THE REFORMATION BY HENRY VIII. AND ELIZABETH—OPPOSITION "A LA MORT" OF THE CLAN O'TOOLE.

1499. Scarcely had the old chieftain been laid at rest with his fathers in Glendalough when the Clan O'Toole assembled and elected his eldest son, Tirlagh Ua Tuathal as its head, and M'Kehoe was called on once more to inaugurate the Ua Tuathal, or O'Toole, chieftain of Clan O'Toole, Lord of Imaile and Feracualan, or Powercourt, as it is now called, in the presence of his clansmen and neighbouring chiefs, whom he entertained and banqueted with that right regal hospitality for which the chieftains of Clan Ui Tuathal were always proverbial. The fatted beeves of Imaile, the venison of Fassaroe, were laid under contribution, and mutton in galore was provided in lavish abundance. The chiefs and clansmen came with appetites in full accord with the good cheer

provided, and the goblet, and flowing bowl went round, filled to the brim with the rosy wines of Spain, or the more potent native Uisquebagh, while the health of their young chieftain was drunk and toasted to their hearts' content.

“ Oh ! to have lived like an Irish chief, when hearts were fresh and true,
And a manly thought, like a pealing bell, would quicken them through and through ;
And the seed of a generous hope might soon to a fiery action grow,
And men would have scorned to talk and talk, and never a deed to do.
Oh ! the iron grasp,
And the manly clasp,
And the laugh so loud and gay ;
And the roaring board,
And the ready sword,
Were the types of that vanished day.”

The festivities being over, Tirlough Ua Tuathal, or O'Toole, as he is called in the State papers of the period, had to see to the advancement and protection of his clan.

Though peace reigned around, and England's king appeared to have enough to occupy his mind with his English subjects, whilst he left his Irish Palesmen to be governed by his deputy, the Geraldine, yet had Tirlough quite enough to do to protect his territories from the greedy “Barons of the Pale,” and especially from the Fitzgeralds, who frequently made raids and preyed on him, possessing themselves of part of his lands, and killing some of his clansmen. Upon the whole, Tirlough had a stormy time of it, which tested to the utmost his skill, valour, and endurance, as we shall see in his future history, which, if written in full, would fill a fairly large volume.

His younger brother, Art Oge O'Toole, was left in possession of Fertire and Glendalough, and his residence was Castle Kevin ; at this same time Shane O'Toole was chieftain of Glen Imaile, and all the

O'Toole territory west of the mountain range. Both of these princes, as well as O'Toole of Carnew Castle, were tributaries and vassals to Turlogh O'Toole of Powerscourt, and as such were bound to assist him in all his conflicts and wars with his enemies; or, in other words, they enjoyed "Home Rule."

"The history of the Clan O'Toole during the reign of Henry the Eighth," says a contemporary writer, "is indeed singularly remarkable, and the State papers of that monarch's reign enable us to present it to the reader vividly and amply in some of its most interesting phases." It is well, however, to bear in mind that this cannot be done so amply as may be desired by the writer, because, for this period of their history, only one side, and that the English side, can be given; indeed, as regards the Clan O'Toole, this holds good during the whole of their chequered history, from the date of the English invasion until a very recent period. Being a conquered people, their archives and records were destroyed or lost, so that in writing a history of them we must peep into and have recourse to the State papers and documents of the enemy, which we must take "*cum grano salis*," for what they are worth. The history of these gallant and warlike septs, compiled from such sources, will have this advantage at least, that no one can say that the writers of these State papers were likely to give these septs credit for imaginary virtues, or to say the worst of themselves.

About this time, according to a French writer, "Shane O'Thale de Imayle was chief Capytaine of his Nation in Glen Imayle, and Turlough O'Thale de Powerscourt was the head of the Clan O'Thale, and Prince de Imayle."

In 1509 Henry the Eighth had himself proclaimed King of England and "Lord of Ireland," and signified his intention to pursue in future a more rigorous and decided course towards not alone the Irish chieftains, but also towards those English barons in Ireland who had been gradually withdrawing themselves from under English control, and uniting themselves with the Irish chieftains, and were fast becoming more Irish than the Irish themselves. Henry was resolved to put a stop

to this, and as one of the preliminary steps he issued the proclamation, "Lord of Ireland," which we have already referred to above; also, to have reports made to him as to the state of Ireland, and how it could be completely subdued and conquered. In compliance with these wishes, and for this purpose, we find, in A.D. 1515, one Baron Patrick Finglasse writing a report encouraging the king. Concerning the Reformation of Ireland, among other things, the Baron writes: "The Kavanaghs and the O'Tooles took possession of the country from Carlow to the sea, thirty-eight miles, shortly after the year 1200, and hold it still. If the king propose a thorough reformation of this land he should begin at Leinster, which was not these 500 years so likely to be conquered, for the Kavanaghs, the Byrnes, and the O'Tooles are but few in regard to the strength they have been in former times, albeit if he propose to make a general reformation, yet it is very fit that he should reform Leinster, which will be no great difficulty, for there is on one side the County of Kildare, and on the other side the County of Kilkenny, and the sea on the third side. There are many abbeyes near the said borders where the rebels dwell, which are a great succour to the rebels than to the king's subjects, and should be suppressed. It might please the king to give them to divers individuals the following places: The Abbey of Dunbreythe and Tynterne, in Wexford; Duske, in Carlow; and Baltinglass, in Kildare; Old Rosse, with its Fassaghe of Bentry; the Castles of Fernes, Keyne, Wicklow, Rathdowne, Powercourt, and Arklow. All these are round about the rebels, and for the most part are possessed by Englishmen. Touching the inhabitants, as it might be dangerous to depeople the realm of England, the lands might be inhabited by some sort of Irishry as at the first conquest, for there be no better laborers than the poor Commons of Ireland, nor sooner to brought to good fame, if they be kept under a law.

“(Signed) “PATRICK FINGLASSE, BARON.”

It is evident from this report of the Baron that he had an eye to his own and his friends' interests in this recommendation to King Henry

to reduce the Leinster septa and to dissolve the abbeys, and to give them to English settlers. It is also evident from the above report that Baron Finglasse had a knowledge of Henry's weakness and anxiety for the suppression and confiscation of abbeys, which took place in a few years after, as well as almost the total subjugation of the Irish race and the confiscation of their estates and tribe lands. And so, about this time we find the Viceroy, Gerald, the ninth Earl of Kildare, instructed by Henry to attack the O'Tooles, who, he said, recently committed some outrages on the "English Marches;" but according to the O'Tooles' notion of the transaction, "attempted to enforce and collect their just taxes as a legitimate right from the English Palesmen, according to agreement." The Earl of Kildare accordingly forced his way into Glen Imayle in the night-time, where he slew Shane O'Toole, Prince of Imayle, while in his bed, in 1516, and sent his head for a present to John Rochford, Mayor of Dublin, who sent it in turn, as a present, to London, to King Henry, who had it spiked on London Bridge, where the Earl's own head and those of his three brothers, and his son's (Silken Thomas) were placed in a few years afterwards. See "Four Masters." The following year the Earl's party made another raid on the O'Tooles of Imayle for the purpose of preying on their lands, but not with the same success; for when his men had collected all the horses, cattle, and sheep they could find in the Glen, and were driving them away towards Kildare, Shane Oge O'Toole assembled his clansmen and overtook them in Hollywood Glen, gave them battle, and defeated them, killing them all, with the exception of a few who escaped by flight, and drove back his flocks and herds into the Glen. The following year the Mayor of Dublin, Christopher Usher, would try his hand, and had the temerity to attempt to imitate his predecessor and the Viceroy in their attacks on the O'Tooles, and, we may suppose, to secure an O'Toole's head for himself as a present for his Majesty. So we find him making a dash into Feraenalán, where he was met by Tirlagh O'Toole at the head of his noble clan. A pitched battle ensued, when the Mayor was completely routed, and a great portion of his army slaughtered. The survivors sought, with great haste, the city walls.

Keating, in his History of Ireland, relates this event in the following manner :

“A.D. 1516. A desire for plunder induced the inhabitants of Dublin to collect in bodies at the time. They went out of the city well armed to revenge the territory of Imayle, in the County Wicklow, but were soon put to flight by the sept of the O'Tooles, who pursued them to the very gates of the city of Dublin. The coldness of the weather caused hostilities to cease for some time. The frost was so intense that rivers were frozen over, and supported the heaviest carriages, which seldom occurs in Ireland.”—See page 434.

Thus we may see that the Earl, the Mayor, and the Dubliners got a cooling in more ways than one; but we must remember that the citizens of Dublin then were not as they are now, for the most part of Irish race and blood.

Shortly after this we read in the “Four Masters,” under A.D. 1523: “Hugh O'Toole, son of Art O'Toole, the most celebrated of his tribe in his time for hospitality and nobleness, was slain by the O'Byrnes.” This was Hugh O'Toole of Castlekevin, with whom the O'Byrnes of Rathnue had some dispute. Another domestic event occurred about this time, which may be recorded here as interesting to the reader.

In A.D. 1532, we find Shane O'Toole of Imaile marrying a daughter of Sir James Fitzgerald of Leislip, Knight of Rhodes. One would imagine that the O'Tooles had got quite enough of the Fitzgeralds, and more especially as Sir James was a near cousin of the great Earl of Kildare who did so much injury to the O'Tooles; but the fact was, that Sir James of Leislip was an outlaw, which was no doubt a strong recommendation to Shane O'Toole's sympathy, and tended in a degree only secondary to the charms of the fair Geraldine herself, from whom the name Gerald is continued in the O'Toole family to the present day.

In the “History of the Fitzgeralds,” by the late Duke of Leinster, this event is set down as having taken place in the year 1536, and is recorded thus: “Sir James Fitzgerald of Leislip, Knight of Rhodes and

St. John of Jerusalem, became an outlaw. He married the daughter of the White Knight, and had by her a daughter, who was married to O'Toole of Imail."

In 1530, Sheffington was appointed Lord Deputy, and came to Ireland, accompanied by the Earl of Kildare, who we have already seen was most inimical to the O'Tooles. During his absence in England it would appear that the O'Tooles preyed the Earl's lands, and carried off whole flocks of sheep and herds of cattle, to recoup themselves in some measure for the depredations he had made on them while he was Lord Deputy of Ireland.

On being made aware of this he was annoyed and irritated, and resolved to have revenge, and chastise them. He immediately went from Dublin with two hundred archers to punish the O'Tooles, who met him fearlessly, and compelled him to retreat in hot haste, the ultimate result of this being the defeat of the proud Earl. It is thus recorded in the State papers of that period as follows: "December, 1533, the Earl of Kildare was shott through with a gonne, and hardly escaped the deth. His three brothers also, James, Richard, and Walter being in the marches in one house, part of the O'Tooles one night burned it, and James did escape by the swiftness of his horse; his men slayne, and both his brothers escaped in the clothing of women."

A sad humiliation was this for the proud Earl of Kildare, called (ironically) by Cardinal Wolsey, "the king of Ireland," so great was his power in Ireland at the time. We have a corroboration of this event in a letter written about this time by Sir William Brereton to Cromwell, dated May the 17th, and runs thus: "While I was at the said Parliament, O'Connor, with a great number of horsemen and gallaghlasses with Kerne, did burn in Bermyngham's Country. The Lord Chancellor and Master Treasurer were then in Kildare raising, to keep upon the O'Tholes', the Kavanaghs' and the O'Connors' Country, and burned divers towns. I made haste and took some cattle, this caused O'Connor to return. I made haste to the border, and have concluded an hosting to go upon him." (See State Papers.)

The O'Tooles did not stop at the earl's discomfiture, for we read further on in the State Papers, that, in 1535, in a letter to Cromwell, from the Lord-Chancellor of England, dated December 13th, it is stated, amongst other matters, that "six out of the eight baronies of Kildare had been burned; that the O'Tooles had retaken Powerscourt castle, one of the finest garrisons in the country, which had cost the Earl of Kildare and citizens of Dublin between 400 and 500 marks; and that the people on the lands which belonged to the Earl of Kildare were slow in taking their farms." For this last grievance the remedy suggested was to pass an "Act of Forfeiture" against the O'Tooles. But no—not yet. Henry VIII. would try another remedy. He had no great wish for the Earl of Kildare, and was not sorry to see him defeated and humbled, even by the O'Tooles; and we find Brabazon, in the next year, rebuilding Powerscourt and Fassaroe castles, in the hope of possessing them himself. The latter had been set to one Talbot during the short time that the Earl of Kildare held possession of that part of the territory of the O'Tooles.

Now, for the first time, we find Brabazon, the forefather of the present family of that name, interesting himself about, and anxious to possess himself of some of the lands of the O'Tooles, a project in which his descendants were, unfortunately, too successful at a subsequent period, as we know that his present descendant possesses a great portion of the territory of the O'Tooles and the O'Byrnes, from Bray to Ballinacor. Let us hear Brabazon, Vice-Treasurer, in his letters to Cromwell. In one bearing the date of 10th September, 1535, he says:

"The Chief Justice and I ride about the king's lands, which of all others be now the worst and most neglected, but, God willing, it will amend. If it now stand with the king's pleasure, the land of Ireland may be at commandment, if his Grace will have it quicklie handled, and in especial to banish the Tooles, and Burnes, and Cavanaghs, which with the McMurgh's (O'Murphy) and his secte, which is easie to be done, and to proceed farther into other parties."

In another letter, from the same to the same, we find the following:

“The lands of Ireland may be at your Lordship’s command, by banishing the O’Tooles, Byrnes, and Cavanaghs inhabiting the countries betwixt Dublin and Waterford. They require reformation, and unless the same be achieved effectually his Majesty will never be able to keep the same without continual charges.” To which the Lord Deputy adds, in his letter to the king: “Neither your Highness nor your heirs can ever have your dominions defended from Irishmen, unless you conquest the O’Tooles, O’Byrnes, and their kinsmen.”

Highly complimentary and very agreeable recollections are these for the Clan O’Toole, and with good reason may they plume themselves when they reflect on their forefathers presenting such insurmountable obstacles to the political and religious reformation of King Henry VIII. They can afford to forgive Brabazon, Vice-Treasurer, for throwing a covetous eye on, and ultimately possessing some of their lands, as they forgave the Earl of Kildare, and sympathised with him and his in their difficulties, assisting them in their revolt, and aiding and affording hospitable shelter to Gerald, the only member of that once great family who escaped from its wreck, and from whom the present great house of Leinster has been raised, phoenix-like, from the ashes of their sires.

This was a failing of the Clan O’Toole, which its members, even to the present generation, have inherited—namely, that of sympathising with and assisting their persecuted neighbours, even if up to that these same neighbours had been their enemies. I doubt if they ever find their neighbours treat them in like manner. Experience teaches that the contrary is the rule; however that may be, the O’Tooles appear to lack in this respect the prudence of the serpent.

About this time the great Geraldines got into disfavour with King Henry VIII., who suspected them of treason—viz., James Earl of Desmond was suspected of inviting Charles V., king of Spain, to invade Ireland, while the Earl of Kildare, Henry’s deputy in Ireland, was suspected of conniving at his kinsman’s treason. He was called over from Ireland, and accused by Wolsey to the king of this connivance, and thrown into the

Tower of London. Prior to his departure from Dublin he nominated as his deputy during his absence his son Thomas, known in history as "Silken Thomas," a hot, impetuous, brave, daring, and chivalrous youth, who, having heard a false rumour that his father had been murdered, threw up the sword of office, and declared open war against the king, whom he accused of having ordered his father's murder. The O'Tooles espoused the cause of "Silken Thomas," and gave him the aid of their services; and Harris states that: "Fingal, then the granary of Dublin, was exposed to their incursions, and that the citizens of Dublin, sallying out to intercept them at Kilmainham Bridge, were signally defeated after losing four-score of their best men, and the rest made a hasty escape into the city." When "Silken Thomas" had failed in his rebellion, he was, with his uncles, brought to London, where he, they, and his aged father, were all put to death, leaving none to represent the Geraldines save one, a brother of Thomas, a boy of twelve years. His lands were forfeited to the Crown, and he himself eagerly sought for and hunted, in order to be put to death, that the Geraldines might be annihilated and wiped out root and branch.

Yes, in that same Glen Imaile, Feracualan, and Glendalough, and amongst those very Wicklow mountains, where a short time before Gerald, Earl of Kildare, Henry's Lord Deputy of Ireland, entered with fire and sword, preyed and plundered all before him, and put the beloved chieftain of their clan, Shane O'Toole, to death, and to the ignominy of mutilating his body by sending his head as a present to the Mayor of Dublin—it was here now, amid these scenes and to those people, with the memory of that outrage fresh upon them, that Gerald, the youngest son of that same Earl, appealed in the hour of his sore need for succour and protection! Nor did he appeal in vain; the clan remembered not against the son the wicked deeds of the father, and stood by the young outlaw nobly, as we find from reference to the State papers, and "The History of the Earls of Kildare," by the late Duke of Leinster, from which we take the following extract:

"Confession of Connor More O'Connor concerning Gerald Fitz-

gerald, brother of Thomas Fitzgerald, commonly called 'Silken Thomas,' the outlaw.

"Connor More O'Connor, servant and messenger to young Gerald, son of the late Earl of Kildare, made before the Chancellor and others on the 17th day of April, A.D. 1539, a statement in which he says:

"That he was servant of the Deputy, and had been sent two years before to Gerald, with whom he had remained; that by the advice of O'Neill and O'Donnell he was sent by Gerald to O'Toole, of Wicklow, to inquire what he would give him; that the chief replied that he would assist Gerald, and that the Earl of Desmond, the O'Byrnes, and Kavanaghs would do the same; that Gerald would have come to the Deputy, but O'Neill would not allow him, and that Art Oge O'Toole, of Castle Kevin, had sent to Gerald before Christmas,

"A saffirn shert, dressed with silke, and a mantle of English cloth fringed with silke and certen moneys." (See State papers, Vol. III., p. 139, R.I.A.).

Well done, O'Toole. This was, indeed, practically carrying out the grand Christian maxim, "Return good for evil," but your history shows that you too often got in return "evil for good."

In this day of trial and hour of need the Clan O'Toole held out a helping hand to young Gerald, and, with other friendly nobles, sheltered him and protected him from his enemies until they got him away to Rome, where he was beyond the power and free from the machinations of the wicked king. Here the poor young hunted Irish prince remained in safety until after the death of Henry, and when Mary came to the throne the young Gerald came back to Ireland, his estates were restored to him, and at the hands of the Clan O'Toole he received the most cordial congratulations.

I have only to mention the name of Lord Edward, the descendant of this Gerald, to make the pulse of the true Irishman beat faster in sympathy for the sufferings of that bright example of pure patriotism and heroic devotion to his native land.

“These Geraldines, these Geraldines!—rain wears away the rock,
And time may wear away the tribe that stood the battle's shock;
But ever sure while one is left of all that honoured race,
In front of Ireland's chivalry is that Fitzgerald's place.
And men will say of valour's rise or ancient power's decline—
'Twill never soar, it never shone, as did the Geraldine.”

I quote this poem with the more pleasure because the spirit of Maurice still survives in many true Irishmen who bear this honoured name. The Geraldines of Desmond staked and lost all for Ireland and her faith. Deep in her heart Ireland treasures the names of “Silken Thomas,” James Fitzmaurice Fitzgerald, and of the good Lord Edward. The first, to redeem his country and to avenge his father's wrong, dared the tyrant, Henry the Eighth. He lost his rich earldom, and expiated in the gloomy Tower of London the crime of loving his country. This accomplished nobleman—the very cream of Norman nobility—was treated more ruthlessly than any modern prisoner, even under Balfour's coercion code. He was left without clothes during the cold winter in his English prison until a collection of rags was made among its inmates to cover him.

The correspondence of the period, however, gives us a clearer insight into the state of Ireland at this time, and proves conclusively how much the O'Tooles were dreaded by the authorities in Dublin Castle, as we shall presently see. Meantime, it may here be opportune to remind the reader that the scope of this history does not permit us to enter minutely into the general history of the nation, it being simply an effort to show the side which the Clan O'Toole took, and the part that they played in the several stirring events comprised in the history of their country's struggles. And while doing so I do not mean to set up for the O'Tooles any proud pedestal of pre-eminence distinguishing them from the other faithful clans, nor do I for one moment wish to throw the slightest shadow on that brilliant lustre which the fair fame of such names as the O'Neills, O'Donnells, and O'Byrnes have so deservedly earned for them. I would have the reader look on the valour

and noble bearing of the Clan O'Toole as a sample of what the other gallant clans did in defence of their creed, country, and race. One circumstance, which in our days would be considered by many as an advantage, tended very much to augment the troubles of the clan—this was, that owing to the close proximity of their territory to the Castle of Dublin they were too often made objects of the Viceregal attentions, which were not in the shape of invitations to a leveé. Bordering so close on the Pale, almost overlooking the Castle, and under the very nose of their enemies, with this vexed question of the territorial tax always as a bone of contention, the Clan O'Toole was of a necessity, I may say almost always, engaged in continual warfare with the English garrison. They had to bear the brunt of the attack from the Castle, and were always to be found in the van of the battle; and so it was that so many of them bit the dust and sealed with the last drop of their blood their devotion to their country's cause. They were, as it were, a bulwark between the English Pale and the country of the O'Byrnes and O'Kavanaghs, and it was only when the lines of the O'Tooles were forced that the O'Byrnes were compelled to give battle, as we shall see further on; and hence it is that their ranks are so thin to-day, and that they are so few in comparison with the O'Byrnes and other clans.

Here we may mention in passing, whether it may be looked on as an ill omen or not, the sad death of M'Keohoc, the hereditary bard of the O'Tooles, accidentally caused by some of the clan. The Four Masters record it thus under "A.D. 1535. Mulmurray MacKeohoe, intended Ollav of Leinster, in poetry a learned man, who kept a good house of hospitality, was killed accidentally by his mother's brothers, the sons of O'Toole."

The Four Masters do not tell us by what manner of accident it happened; but we may be quite sure that no one was more sorry for the sad affair than the innocent cause of it, his maternal uncles.

In the twenty-sixth year of Henry the Eighth's reign, this proud and dissolute monarch proclaimed himself Head of the Church in England and Ireland, and in that same year the See of Dublin was disgraced by being presided over by an apostate Augustinian friar of English birth, who may

be styled the First Protestant Bishop of Dublin. He writes :—" At the hazard of his life he had endeavoured to induce the nobility and gentry of Ireland to own the king as their supreme head as well spiritual as temporal, and devised the calling of a Parliament to pass the Supremacy, as the people did not much mind the king's commission."

Little, indeed, did the Irish people care for Archbishop Brown's attempts to force them into schism by Acts of Parliament, and we can easily imagine with what scorn they must have regarded his project. The O'Tooles, surely, had peculiar views of their own on the subject, preferring, as they did, to take their chance of hell with their own St. Loran, than accept a guarantee of heaven at the hands of George Brown, whom they knew, despite his purple and ample revenues, to be a wanton, avaricious miscreant, mere gilded clay ; knew him to be, in fine, what the Protestant Deputy described him : " A poll-shorn knave." What ! Convert an O'Toole to Protestantism ! Three hundred years of preaching against the Pope, the spoliation of their lands, the direst persecution that the most devilish ingenuity could invent, ending often in a miserable death, and the countless millions squandered on an alien church, forsooth, by law established—all these combined have not been able to convert or withdraw one decent member of the Clan O'Toole from his allegiance to Rome and the religion of his fathers.

But let us do justice to Brown. He did not care for the souls of the O'Tooles. His only concern was for their bodies, which if he could, he would certainly have gibbeted on every tree from Boher-na-breena to Terenure ; and what else did they deserve at the hands of him or his ? For, as he himself would say of them, neither night nor day did they give him rest, in that magnificent palace of his at Tallaght, within whose moated walls he usually dwelt. A beautiful prospect lay before him, whenever he ascended its tower ; but the pleasure he derived from contemplating a landscape of such surpassing loveliness must have been dashed, when he remembered (as he too often got cause to do) that beyond that line of the Dublin hills lay the country of those marauding O'Tooles, who thought more of his sheep and herds than they did of himself, or bloated Harry the

newly constituted Head of his brand new Church. According to the unfortunate bishop, the sufferings of all the martyrs were "trifles light as air" in comparison with what he (Brown) had to endure at the hands of those "ferocious, unbelieving mountaineers," "who," he tells us, "were his mortal enemies, daily oppressing his poor tenants." "If," continues his Grace, "I am enforced to lie at Tallaght, I shall be in the same case with the Tooles that my predecessor was with the Geraldines. How I am wrapped, God judge. If I repair to Tallaght, then am I assured right to my confusion; thus on every side am I invaded with sorrow."

Poor fellow! And to render his distress more poignant, Henry VIII. cared not a copper coin how Brown fared, so that he succeeded in his own pet project of being recognized as supreme Head of the Church, and, as such, to be enabled to grant himself dispensations to divorce his lawful wife and marry whom he pleased, and also possess himself and his needy barons with the spoils of the churches and monastic institutions, at his pleasure.

Nor was Henry without counsellors, who, having an eye to their own interests at the expense of their neighbours, would fain suggest to him the total subjugation, and annihilation, of the O'Tooles, under pretext of promoting their master's cause, while in reality they were only studying their own aggrandizement, by hoping to acquire their forfeited lands. Thus we find Brabazon, the War Treasurer in Dublin Castle, writing to Cromwell, in the following strain, in 1535 :

"If the O'Toylles and Burnes and Cavenayghes (which is Mac-Murgh) and his sect were banished and destroyed, and it (their country) inhabited with Englishmen, then the king would have here a good country, and no Irishmen who could make war against him."

But Henry was not prepared to go so far as yet. He had, as regards the chieftains of clans, another project in view, which was to allow them to retain their positions over their clans, and the possession of their territories, if they would but receive them from him, and acknowledge his authority. And in furtherance of that end, we find his deputy (Lord Grey) and the Council writing to the king on the 26th June, 1536, and

recommending him to grant the forfeited lands, and the conquests of MacMurrough, O'Murroughoe (O'Murphy), O'Toole, O'Byrne, and their kinsmen, inhabiting between Dublin and Waterford, to them. About the period of which we are writing, Turlough O'Toole was head of the sept, and his brother, Art Oge (young Arthur) kept state in Castle Kevin. These princes had been harassed by a succession of lord deputies, the last of whom, the ninth Earl of Kildare, having got temporary possession of Powerscourt, had leased some of the lands to one Talbot, before he (the earl) was imprisoned in London Tower. The present deputy (1537), entered into an armistice with the brothers Turlough and Art. Hostilities were to be suspended for three years, till an understanding could be arrived at, and an arrangement made with King Henry.

One would now be forced to smile at finding the chiefs of a mountain tribe negotiating with the representative of English Majesty, who was only too glad to accept the following terms :

TERMS OF ARMISTICE BETWEEN TURLOUGH O'TOOLE AND LORD GREY,
THE LORD DEPUTY OF IRELAND.—(State Papers).

- “1st.—This suspension shall last till May, 1540.
- “2nd.—Turlough shall possess all the territory owned by his father, Arthur O'Toole, forty years before this date.
- “3rd.—In all hostings, Turlough shall attend the deputy with two horsemen, and two common soldiers, who shall receive diet from the deputy.
- “4th.—Art Oge shall be bound by these terms, or else forfeit all right to the land of Fertire.
- “5th.—There shall be a general amnesty for all injuries inflicted on either side during the late hostilities.
- “6th.—Lord Ormond and Ossory and his brother Lord James Butler, shall enter into recognizances for carrying out terms of truce.

“7th.—Neither said Turlough, nor his brother, nor any of his name, shall levy on the king’s subjects, within the English Pale, any tribute except such as they have been in the habit of receiving the last forty years.”

One would almost imagine they were the terms of a treaty between two great powers, such as France and Germany, instead of between the king of England’s lord deputy, and Turlough or Terence, the intrepid chief of Clan O’Toole. The truce did not, however, last very long, for in a letter written by the lord deputy to the king, bearing date June 4th, 1537, he says:—“O’Toole has entrapped Kelway the constable of Rathmore;” but not a word writes the deputy of what the constable had done to the O’Tooles. He omits to write that he had hanged without trial two of the O’Tooles, whom he found collecting their usual just tribute, in accordance with the terms of the agreement just concluded between the lord deputy and Turlough. A contemporary writer thus describes the whole affair:

“One Kelway, constable of Rathmore, took some of O’Toole’s people on a charge of sheep-stealing within the English border, and forthwith hanged them (without trial). Hearing this Turlough O’Toole and Art O’Toole felt offended, and their agreement with the lord deputy violated, and resolved to be at quits with Kelway, who fled to Three Castles, near Blessington, on the borders of the O’Toole country, and took shelter in a thatched house there. The O’Tooles set fire to the house, and when they had smoked out Kelway, hanged him, slew sixty of his company, and made prisoners of many others, among the rest one Richard Aylmer, of Lyons.”

The deputy fumed at this energetic conduct of Turlough and Art O’Toole, and wrote to King Henry as I have already stated. He further wrote: “Kelway, the agent, was a very hardy gentleman as any could be, that he (the deputy) was likely to get the prisoners without ransom, and would hold Turlough O’Toole to stand to the order of the Council in Dublin Castle.”

As bearing further upon this incident, I append the following letter from Sir William Brabazon, to Gerald and John Allen, as taken from the Carew State Papers :

“As to the ‘occurrences,’ there be nothing so fretful as they were at your departure. On Friday last past, Mr. Kelway had parliament with Tirlagh O’Thoyll and Art O’Thoyll, beside the Three Castles, who had assembled to him certain his bondmen and freeholders of Rathmore, Newton, the parish of Kill, and others, and would needs chase Tirlogh O’Thoyll and Art O’Thoyll up the high mountain. They had their kernes there ready, and turned back and set upon Kelway, and drove him to the Three Castles, and others with him, and set fire on the top of the castle, so that they yielded, wherein was taken Kelway and your kinsman, Mr. Justice Richard Aylmer, young Flattersbery, Long, and divers others, and such husbandmen as the kerne met with they slew them, for they had no horses to flee, and as I am informed there were slain sixty householders. Thomas Long and Mr. Aylmer remained with them and some others, and that they had Mr. Kelway. Within a while, they killed him and such of the soldiers as was with him. I have never seen like handling.”

Here, however, his lordship was deceived, for, anxious to get O’Toole into his grip, he (the Lord Deputy) appointed to meet him near Ballymore, on Slieverue, in the County of Kildare, on the borders of Wicklow (a place now owned by one Shane O’Toole, a descendant of the same Turlough), where he was encamped with the O’Byrnes and Kavanaghs. On his arrival the deputy found that, after a short parley, Turlough and his confederates retired into Glenmalure, whither he followed them and got such rough handling that he was glad to escape with his life to Dublin, “after,” as he himself tells us, “making some roads where deputy never was before.” Soon after this a rumour reached the O’Tooles that Deputy Grey had been recalled, and they immediately descended into the pasture lands about Dublin, from which they lifted preys of cattle, and, what they prized more, a considerable quantity of arms. Supplies of this sort enabled them to set the government at defiance, so much so, that the

deputy thought it expedient to invite them to a conference for the purpose of renewing the truce.

The account of this scene by Sir William Brereton is so graphic that we quote from the State papers, verbatim, hoping it will prove of interest to the reader :

“His lordship appointed a meeting with Turlough O’Toole, upon the borders of the County of Dublin, to which resorted the Chancellor, the Treasurer (Brabazon), Lord Kilcullen, with many of the nobility of the country. Turlough sent word to the deputy, that the Chancellor, the Treasurer, and two chief judges, should come to the water-side as safe conducts, to commune with him, which when he did, he spoke to Turlough very gently, saying he would kill with his own hands, any that would offer him hurt. Withal Tirlogh, perceiving the deputy’s men to draw down fast in plumps, did find default at it, saying he was in fear. The deputy answered, ‘Fear nothing, gossip. I will go myself and put them back,’ leaving the council communing with Tirlogh. As soon as the deputy came to his men, he caused the trumpet to sound, and ran in chase after Tirlogh, till daylight took the sight of him from them, which was the greatest shame and rebuke to him (the deputy) and all the council that ever was heard in Ireland. Such treachery as this discredits the king in all Ireland, amongst Irishmen, who, they say, be more in security in time of war than peace, for, in time of peace they be robbed, and never esteemed for good services.”

This unprincipled Deputy being recalled in 1540, was succeeded by Sir William Brereton, appointed to act as Lord Justice “*ad interim*.” A few days after his arrival in Dublin he wrote the account of this to the king. He also notified to the king that the O’Connors were up in the west ; that the Tooles and Kavanaghs were burning in the marches of Dublin ; and that for want of troops he was unable to stay them. In July of same year Lord Ormond (sleeky Lord Ormond) informs the king that O’Toole, he thought, was ready to make peace, now that Grey, who had always acted falsely by him, was withdrawn.

July, 1540, Sir Anthony St. Leger was constituted deputy, and in

September, shortly after his arrival in Ireland, he wrote to the king, "that if the O'Tooles would not submit, he must proceed to their utter banishment (or, as the poet would say it :

'To tame that proud and haughty race,
'Or drive them from the land'),

which is more to be done with pains (excessive difficulty) than with any good result."

Here it may be well to acquaint the reader with the deep scheme which St. Leger and Ormond had laid for the complete subjugation of the Irish princes and the thorough establishment of Henry the Eighth as king of Ireland as well as Head of the Church.

THE WAY IN WHICH ST. LEGER HOPED TO SUBJUGATE IRELAND.

Soon after his arrival in this country the wily and crafty deputy, St. Leger, invited all the Irish chieftains and Anglo-Norman lords to meet in Dublin and hold a Parliament there, to settle the affairs of Ireland, which were then, and had been, in a very indifferent state, owing to the almost continuous wars which for a long time previously had been waged with the English. And it was not to this alone, but also to those unfortunate intestine warfares between the Irish themselves, caused by that family pride which would not permit an O'Brien to follow an O'Neill, nor an O'Connor to grant precedence to either. It was this same over-punctilious honour that would not permit O'Toole to strike a blow at the deputy, whilst that worthy was engaged in a conflict with the O'Neills and O'Donnells, on the principle that it would not be fair play ; but to wait until their struggle was decided, and then have a slap at him singly. This may be quite in accordance with the laws of knight-errantry, but the O'Tooles had too many practical illustrations of the lack of chivalry in their English enemies to permit themselves being prevented by any quixotic notions of honour from availing themselves of every opportunity to harass and annoy them.

Never before had an English monarch such an opportunity as the state of Ireland now presented for improving his hold on the country, and his wily deputy, with their pliant "Fidus Achates," the treacherous Ormond, were not the men to permit the golden chance to slip. The Irish princes and chieftains, utterly broken down in spirit, 'reft of all hope, and weary of the struggle, seemed to have at length yielded themselves up to their inevitable fate. Abroad there was no hope of an alliance sufficient to counterbalance the immense resources of England. At home life-wasting wars, the conflict of wars of language and of titles to estates, had become unbearable. The Irish chiefs and the lords of English descent had been reduced to a state of deplorable misery and exhaustion, and had begun to entertain the idea of submission; while, on the other side, the English party endeavoured to make it appear that they were in the mood for concession, and anxious to conciliate the Irish princes and chieftains. So well did St. Leger take advantage of this state of things that he succeeded in assembling his Parliament in Dublin on the 12th June, 1541, at which, besides all the principal Anglo-Norman lords, there attended Donogh O'Brien, Tanist of Thomond; The O'Reilly, O'Moore, M'William, Fitzpatrick, and Kavanagh, son of MacMurrough, who had previously "submitted," renouncing the title of MacMurrough, adopting the name of Kavanagh, and undertaking on the part of his sept that no one henceforth would assume the renounced title. Neither O'Neill nor O'Donnell nor O'Toole would attend this Parliament; they held out sullenly for a time, but the next year O'Neill and O'Donnell came in.

The speeches in the English language were translated into the Gaelic tongue to the Irish chiefs by the Earl of Ormond. The main business was to consider a Bill voting the crown of Ireland to Henry the Eighth, which was unanimously passed—registered rather—for, as far as the native legislators were concerned, the assemblage was merely that of conquered and subdued chieftains, who could not do otherwise than consent to the proposal. They severally yielded up their Irish titles and received English instead, and in many instances, if not in all, they consented to receive from Henry royal patents or title-deeds of their lands. Theirs from the

English standpoint, but, according to the views of their clansmen, not *their* lands, but the tribe lands.

The acceptance of these patents, much more than that of their English titles, was a complete abrogation of the Gaelic relation between clansmen and chief, and, this being done without the knowledge or consent of the different Irish clans, they, when the matter came within their ken, very naturally repudiated it, declaring that their chiefs had received from them no authority or power to enter into any such compact with Clan London, and that in the absence of such deputed authority from them the action of their chiefs as regards their tribe lands was null, and ceased to be obligatory upon them; but to no use.

We have entered thus far into the history of the time in order that the reader may at once understand the position, and the bold and defiant attitude assumed by Turlough O'Toole upon this trying occasion; "for," continues St. Leger, in his letter to the king, "these same O'Tooles inhabit the mountains, where they have no habitation but the woods and marches, and yet do more harm to your English Pale than the most part of Ireland."

A marked compliment this to the prowess of the O'Tooles; but St. Leger had made up his mind that they must be subdued, and in the November following we find him issuing a proclamation to the O'Tooles, in which he commands them to quit their mountains and seek locations elsewhere. This monition, he tells us, they clearly denied to follow, whereupon his Excellency, with a strong force, entered their country, and, being joined by the Earl of Ormond with a company of 600 horse and foot (who came at the rear, whilst St. Leger attacked them in front), they continued about the fastnesses for four weeks, pursuing them and slaying some of the sept, till at last they almost annihilated Turlough's army in a fierce and bloody battle at a place now called the War Hill, near Powerscourt Waterfall, when for the first time his indomitable courage began to fail.

Before proceeding to further describe the nature of the parley between Turlough and St. Leger, we may here state that this last great



Powerscourt Waterfall, Co. Wicklow.

battle is to us supposed to have taken place on and around War Hill, on which Turlough and his clan were encamped. O'Curry, in his "Manuscripts," speaks of this hill thus: "There is a rock in Glencree, called by the natives 'Castle Toole,' but why, they do not know. Near here, too, is a hill which the natives call War Hill. A battle was fought here between the English and the O'Tooles. The killed were buried in a graveyard near this hill, now called 'The Graveyard,' of which there is not at present (1839) a vestige but the name."

Here, then, it was that Turlough O'Toole made his last stand against the overwhelming forces of the English, under St. Leger, Brabazon, and Ormond, and here it was the gallant old warrior was brought to bay, although not yet finally conquered. On and around this hill were the dead and dying strewn as the sun went down on the evening of that fatal day.

AFTER THE BATTLE WITH ST. LEGER AND ORMOND.

- "Night closed around the conqueror's way,
 And lightnings shew'd the distant hill,
 Where those who lost that dreadful day
 Stood few and faint, but fearless still.
 The soldier's hope, the patriot's zeal,
 For ever dimmed—for ever crost!
 Oh! who shall say what heroes feel
 When all but life and honour's lost?"
- "The last sad hour of freedom's dream,
 And valour's task, moved slowly by,
 While mute they watched till morning's beam
 Should rise and give them light to die.
 There's yet a world where souls are free—
 Where tyrants taint not nature's bliss—
 If death that world's bright opening be,
 Oh! who would live a slave in this?"

But we must return to Turlough and the deputy, and their parley at the castle of Fassaroe. Turlough saw before him the vast powers and resources of Henry, while his own were all exhausted. He saw marshalled before him thousands of mailed warriors, with every improvement in arms and their appointments, fully versed in the improved mode of warfare; whilst nearly all his own men were slain in the many and long-continued contests with their English enemies.

What did it avail that though every one of the few of his gallant clansmen that were left survivors was a match for every twenty of the hired assassins of England? Still, even with this odds, numbers will o'erwhelm, and what would his few gallant knights and gallowlasses be when compared with the tens of thousands that Henry could bring into the field? Add to this the knowledge that Turlough had of the other Irish chieftains having given way, or being about to accept terms; the Kavanaghs had accepted them, the O'Byrnes had followed suit, and so had the O'Neills and O'Donnells, and many other great Irish chieftains.

All these causes must have formed in the mind of Turlough a gloomy prospect, strongly urging him to accept the inevitable; and we may rest assured that the crafty St. Leger and slippery Ormond lacked not in pointing out the alleged advantages to be gained by submission to England's king. Submission! Aye! here was the drug that embittered the already bitter cup of the poor chieftain's shattered fortune. "Oh!" soliloquized he, "was it for this that the chieftains of my clan, for over 400 years, defied the power of the English might? Had they submitted to the Norman conquerors they might have enjoyed the possession of their fat acres and wide demesnes on the rich plains of Kildare. But, no; they preferred liberty among their wild and barren mountains, from whose impregnable strongholds they could proudly hurl defiance on the Norman freebooters in the valleys below, and, ever and anon descending like a destroying host, make those same plundering Normans disgorge large portions of their wrongly-acquired wealth.

"Bitter, unrelenting fate! Has it been reserved for me to surrender

these fortresses that for over four hundred years have been the protection of my clan?"

"'Tis little we'd heed their father's sons,
The marchmen of the Pale,
If Irish hands and Irish hearts
Had Spanish blade and mail."

Hereupon, Turlough, finding himself unable to cope with such strong array, and seeing the inutility of continuing such an unequal strife—particularly as the Kavanaghs, O'Byrnes,* and the other chieftains had made their submission—reluctantly signified, through Ormond, that he would parley with the deputy St. Leger. The proposal was eagerly accepted by the deputy, and the parley was held in the old castle which stood at Fassaroe—that old stronghold of the O'Tooles which commanded a view of the beautiful scenery of East Wicklow. But the beautiful and enchanting diversity of wood and glade spread out before them had little charms for either Turlough or the deputy, who, upon this solemn occasion, had more important matters to occupy their minds. No doubt, the iron must have entered the soul of Turlough when he saw he had no alternative but to submit to the deputy of Henry.

We can form but a weak conception of the anguish this great chieftain, the lion of the Wicklow mountains, the hero of a hundred battles, must have suffered before he could bring himself to pronounce his acquiescence in the plans and arrangements of the deputy. We may well imagine how often his proud spirit was tempted to close the parley, to scout their proposals, and, gathering the small remnant of his clan around him, either fight his way to a mountain retreat, or, 'mid further deeds of daring, die. And could Turlough have foreseen what the consequences

* As far back as A.D. 1535 we find: "Thaddeus O'Byrne entered into an agreement with Lord Deputy Grey, on the 22nd January, A.D. 1535, and amongst other things he stipulated not to adhere to any Irishman, or any other, against the king or his subjects, or maintain any of the rebels of the king, especially those of the 'nation' of 'O'Tholes' fleeing into his country."—(*Vide* Carew State Papers.)

of this one moment of weakness and vacillation were to be in the future to his clan he would gladly have suffered his own and their annihilation before he acceded. But, though a great warrior and valiant champion, he was a bad diplomatist, and to this must be added his lack of knowledge of the English language, while the English king was represented at the conference by accomplished adepts in the arts of *finesse*, lying, and treachery.

So at last the Clan O'Toole were about to become "Yinglisshe" subjects; but Turlough was resolved thus far: he would dispute his rights, inch by inch, though he was to submit; the terms for himself and his clan should be of the most honourable kind, and the terms to be entered into must be arranged between himself (Turlough O'Toole) and the king of England direct.

St. Leger was only too happy to agree to this; in fact, as long as his submission was accomplished, the deputy cared little for the details, and promised to facilitate in every way the completion of a treaty between Turlough and King Henry.

O'Toole demanded that at least he and his should be allowed to hold their lands on the same terms as the Kavanaghs were allowed to hold theirs. This St. Leger refused to listen to, but offered them other lands within the Pale, "where," says he, "they should not have occasion to do loyal subjects so much harm." But the hills and glens, the crags and peaks of their beloved Wicklow were dearer to the O'Tooles than any possessions they could get elsewhere, and they resolved to dispute the wholesale evictions. Seeing this, and knowing that he had stern and determined men to deal with, who would shed the last drop of their blood sooner than part with their dear mountain homes, St. Leger relaxed somewhat in his demands, and hinted that the king might think it better to give them the lands they claimed as their own than any other.

"Considering," says the deputy, in his letter to the king, "the same be all waste, and hard to make Englishmen inhabit same without great loss to his Highness."

But it occurred to Turlough that it would be more in conformity with

his own rank for him to treat with Henry the Eighth direct than to have an inferior like St. Leger, through whom the communications should pass, with so much to say to them. He, therefore, determined to prefer his claim to the king to have and hold his territory from the Crown the same as the other chieftains. St. Leger appeared to think this fair enough, as he wished for a settlement at any cost, and immediately took Turlough and his brother, Art O'Toole, of Castle Kevin, to peace, on condition that they should leave the challenge of their lands and all tributes which they had of his Majesty's subjects (three hundred or four hundred marks per annum) until Henry should finally settle the matter in dispute.

These preliminaries having been arranged, the deputy returned to Dublin and wrote to the king that Turlough "was able to raise two or three hundred soldiers, and had done more hurt to the English Pale than any man in Ireland, and would do so again, if he be not clearly banished or restored to your Majesty's favour." He also advises that the lands claimed by "Turlough be given to him, seeing that it would be hard to maintain same without excessive charges to the king; that he (Turlough) should have a grant of Powerscourt, lately passed to someone else who was entitled to recompense; and that Art Oge O'Toole (a sober fellow and good captain) should get a grant of Castle Kevin, with the lands thereunto belonging, called Fertur, to be holden of his majesty by such service as might stand with the royal pleasure."

"On these conditions," adds the deputy, "Turlough and Art have promised to put in pledges of the best they have for good behaviour to your Majesty's subjects, and also to pay yearly to your Majesty, after two years, five markes by the year for Powerscourte, with Feracualan, and other five markes by the year to the archbishop of Dublin, for his interest in the said Castlekevin and Fertur aforesaid."

Great must have been the rejoicings at Dublin Castle, and self-congratulatory must have been the chucklings of the happily assorted trio—the cunning diplomatist, St. Leger, the treacherous, deceitful Ormond, and the sleeky, servile Fitzwilliam; how very cordially they must have complimented one another on their success in bringing the warlike and haughty

chief of the O'Tooles to acknowledge the sovereignty of their royal master. Ormond wrote at once congratulating the king, and special couriers were despatched with his and the deputy's letters. In these, as we have shown by the extracts given above, we see St. Leger's anxiety that the king should by all means accede to the terms of the O'Tooles, and to make sure of Henry's acquiescence, he forewarns him of the evil consequences sure to be attendant on his refusal. He writes of the three or four hundred of the clan available at any moment for war purposes, the infertility of the soil, the difficulty and expense of settling Englishmen on it, and, lastly, that the brothers both are right good fellows, whilst Art Oge falls in for his especial commendation.

I fear the anxious zeal of St. Leger to have the O'Toole difficulty off his hands must have actuated him to attribute to them many qualities, the possession of which, did they tend towards their good name, he would have denied them in private, trumpet he ever so loudly in his letters to the king. But he may have spared himself any anxiety about Henry's raising any difficulties as to the details of the O'Tooles' submission; far too glad was he that there was a chance of Turlough's acknowledging him as his sovereign master for him to spoil it by any higgling over the terms. Certainly not! The O'Toole would be granted anything he asked of him, and the joy of the English monarch at the thought of receiving the submission of so troublesome an enemy as Turlough O'Toole had proved himself, was as full and as complete as the bitterness of soul and heartfelt pain of that proud chieftain at making it.

Towards the end of the same month in which the deputy and Turlough held their parley, the latter made some preparations for his journey (which was not then as easy a matter as it is now). When starting he was accompanied by a few of his faithful knights, and forming one of the party was Fitzwilliam, who was to act as interpreter between King Henry and the chieftain in their conference, which was to come off at Hampton Court, whither they were destined, and where the king was then residing.

Three hundred and sixty-five years had passed since the great St. Lorcan Ua Tuathail waited on Henry II. at Windsor, on a mission

somewhat of a similar nature. It is reasonable to suppose that this fact must have occurred to the memory of Turlough, and taught him that he was not the first of his family who approached the majesty of England; and it must have buoyed up his spirits when he remembered that he was but walking in the footsteps of that great patriot, his kinsman. Turlough being personally and favourably known to the Duke of Norfolk, determined to wait upon that distinguished nobleman, *en route*, more particularly as he brought a letter of recommendation from St. Leger to the duke. We produce this document in all the freshness of its quaint phrases and peculiar orthography. The reader will see that its tenor is in keeping with those of like import, in which an example is given of how sleeky and servile courtiers, especially those sent over to Dublin, were accustomed to address their superiors at the London Court, and particularly the king. It will also show the style and manner they adopted when writing of the people of this country, either with premeditated untruthfulness, or with an assumed pity that is near akin to contempt.

Out on it! Oh, if Turlough had but known the contents of this so-called letter of "recommendation" (?) he would have thrown it indignantly in the teeth of St. Leger, and put him to the challenge of mortal combat. But what matter? The stout heart can smile down complacent suggestions of this kind, and as it were more or less the custom of the age, and the men were Castle sycophants, basking for the time in the sunshine of royalty, we can understand it, and so understanding, we can estimate such attempts at lessening the moral character or social status of men like Turlough at their true worth. Mere State puppets these, prepared to write or to say—ay, to swear—whatever their master wished; poor, paudering, profligate slaves to a licentious tyrant's whims.

The "worthy" letter of recommendation runs thus:

"MY MOST GRACIOUS GOOD LORD,—It may please your grace to be advertised that concerning his Majestie's high commandment concerning the reformation of Laynster, whiche, as your grace knoweth, restith in reforming the O'Berns, the O'Tooles, and the Kavanaghs, whiche, thanks be to God, are now contented to be as others of his highnesse's subjectes. And,

for because I knowe your Grace shall se the Kinge's letters, wherin I, with the counsell here, have expressed at large our proceedinges, I leave to wryte the same to your grace. But the speciall cawse I wryte to your grace is, first, considering how miche I am bownd to love and sarve your blood, with whom I have hadde my bringhing up, and also for that I knowe no noble man in Ynglande hath such knowledge of the qualities of this land, and the people thereof, as your grace.

“And therefore I shall moste humbly beseche your grace, when ye shall se and peruse the same our letter, sent to his Majestie, that ye will, according your accustomed goodnesse set forthe the same, and, wher it lacketh good matter to pardon our rudenes and accept our good willes.

“And as concerning Tirlough O'toole, your old servante, his only confidance, next the king, is in your grace, apon whose only favour he is now repaired into Yugland; and as your grace knoweth, altho' he be but a wretche, yet he hath done more harme to the Ynglisse-Pale than any one man in Irelande, and could never before this tyme be brought to that poynte that he now is.

“And it is verely thought, that, if it may please the kinge's majestie, to entreate this symple person in good sorte, that shalle meane not only to reduce the grete parte Laynster, but also encourage other Irishmen to like obedience. Your grace knowith well that the contre where the O'Tooles inhabitte, is all wast and ther lyving is only upon the kinge's subjects by stelthis bodragges and tributes whiche they have yerely of the kinge's subjects to the valew of 4 or 500 markes which they have now clearly realised.

“And for because this Tirlogh namyth hymselfe your servante being mynded, as I before have said, to repair unto Yngland to the kinge's majestie, and lacking money for his furniture I have given hym of myn owne purse 20 £ towards his charges, and he wold nedis that I shuld wryte to your grace that he shuld lacke nothing when he cam ther, for he said he was suer that if I wold wryte to your grace, that your grace wold se that he shold lacke nothing, and tho' your grace knowe his wretchidness

of lyve yet his corege is grete, for when O'Neill, O'Donnell, O'Chonnor, and all the grete lordes of Ireland were bent ageinst the Ynglisshe Pale, he sent word to the Lord Deputie and said: 'Sens that all these grete lordes were against hym, that he wold suerly be with hym, and do no hurte to the Ynglisshe Pale in his absence; but when so ever that all they were at peace, then he alone would be at warre with hym and the Ynglisshe Pale. Whiche promies he truly kept, for, assone as O'Neill, O'Donnell, O'Chonnor, and all the reste werc com to submission, then this Tirlogh began to make warre and not before, and your grace knoweth ryght well that ther is more honestie to be gotten ageinst O'Neill than agayn such a one as Tirlogh, who may do mich harme and hath nothing to lose, whiche considered I dowt not but your grace will thiuke it good to wyne suche a person to goodnesse whereby as miche contre may be manewred as will fynd 2 thowsand persons, and now is waste without corne or cattel. I remitte this to your Lordship's wisdom, I shall desire the same to command me and ye shall fynd me redy to doo it with as hartie will as any poor man may.

"And thus I pray God send your grace long life to His pleasur.

"From Kilmaynan, the 16th of November, in the 32nd yere (1541) of his Majesties most victorious reign.

"(Signed),

"Your Graces to command,

"ANTHONY SENTLEG.

"To his Grace the Duke of Northfolk."

Anyone after reading and studying the life of Turlough O'Toole, his noble and chivalrous bearing, his self-sacrificing and patient character, would at once stamp the aforesaid letter as one continuous tissue of falsehood, deceit, and fraud, inasmuch as St. Leger evidently had one object in view—namely, to obtain the goodwill of his royal master; and no artifice, however mean, nor no lying treachery, however base, would he for one moment permit to stand between him and this his darling *desideratum*. Here St. Leger's plan was to get the Duke of Norfolk, whom he knew to be a particular friend of Turlough's, and all-powerful with the

king, to use his influence with Henry to secure for Turlough a favourable reception at the hands of that monarch, that he may extend to him his friendship, and restore to him under his royal patent his Irish territories. Needless to say, all this trouble and manœuvring on the part of Sentleger was not for any friendship he entertained for Turlough—quite the contrary—but he very astutely wanted to establish the principle of receiving their lands from the hands of the king among the Irish chieftains, his success in any one case proving as an inducement for others to do the same; thereby obtaining the thorough subjugation of Ireland, and bringing the Irish chieftains one by one to acknowledge their allegiance to England's king. In the ultimate attaining of this object we have the best proof of the success of St. Leger's tactics, in the pursuance of which he was very little troubled about the view that might be taken of his actions from a moral standpoint; neither paused he to inquire "Does the end always justify the means?" or to consider that evil cannot be done even if good come from it. These questions were too abstruse for St. Leger. He wanted to secure himself in the arch-confiscator's good graces by his Irish policy, and he succeeded but too well.

That Turlough O'Toole was somewhat eccentric, with a strong dash of originality in his composition, is certain; that he was brave, noble, and generous there is no doubt; but that he was impolitic is unquestionable. When O'Neill was harassing the northern limits of the Pale, Turlough folded his arms and would not strike a blow at the deputy, because he thought much honour could not be gained under such circumstances. He had, indeed, an exaggerated notion of "fair play," and deemed it beneath him to take advantage of Saint Leger's difficulties while that personage was engaged with the Ulster clans. Turlough was jealous of his laurels, and too confident of his own prowess. He courted no alliance with either O'Neills or O'Donnells, but was perfectly satisfied with the resources which his own clan and those of the O'Byrnes and Kavanaghs placed at his disposal. If the Dubliners demurred to their agreement, and refused to pay the O'Tooles the tributary tax, Turlough would have no assistance in the forcible collection of it, and as they did so demur on every possible occa-

sion, they thought the others were not in a position to enforce it. We can easily see that the maintaining of this levy was an incessant source of warfare. Whether Turlough's constant war in support of it was imprudent or not, to him must be accorded the possession of that spirit of chivalry that would not permit him to abate for a moment any of the tributary rights of his clan, or permit to be curtailed during the time of his chieftainship any of those privileges to which they were entitled, and which had come down from his predecessors. This heightened, independent conduct of Turlough caused him to be much feared by his enemies, and by none more than by the deputy.

But methinks that the deputy had said too much for Turlough in his letter of recommendation to the Duke. By what process of transformation they were to make an "Ynglisshe man" of Turlough is far beyond our comprehension. Would he be so impressed by the sights of London, and the obese proportions of the bloated, licentious king as to induce him to part with all the grand qualities that distinguish the character of the Celtic chief? Could all the splendour of Greenwicks and Hampton Court make him forget the hills and glens of Feracualan and Imayle? Or would the glories of Westminster Abbey make him a whit more devout than the unadorned little oratory of St. Machonoc, or the grand old ruins of Glendalough? Above all, could he forget the wrongs and outrages that he and his had endured for long centuries at the hands of a succession of English pro-consuls, whose aim was to wrest from them their lands, and their hearts' desires gratified when they succeeded in throwing them homeless and penniless on the world? Perhaps Henry thought he might be able to effect this supernatural change by some artifice or stratagem. But, no—the thing was impossible; the king might induce him to learn the English tongue, to don the English apparel, but were this to make of him an "Ynglisshe man" we might deny the adage which maintains "that the habit does not make the monk," except outwardly.

Since 1367 the English executive in Ireland had striven to bring about this homogeneity, but with what result is well known. And, indeed, it is hard to imagine how so crafty and sensible a fellow as St. Leger

undoubtedly was could have counted on changing the nature of such a man as he knew from bitter experience Turlough to be. But have not all England's deputies, from St. Leger's time even to the present day, in pursuing the same fatal policy, been rewarded by the same barren results? As the centuries rolled round, and as the different tyrannical methods were adopted in interminable succession, each wave of persecution, as it passed over, left its surviving victims bereft and desolate, but unchanged and unchangeable in their undying fidelity to their God and country. Yes; undoubtedly, the Irish people may laudably boast of this; for neither the rack nor gibbet, the pitch cap, and free quarterings of earlier days; the famine pestilence, or the bitter exodus of our people in more modern times; the scaffold or the patriot's prison cell of our own generation; aye, down to the Balfourian application of liberal England's "resources of civilization," have tended for one single moment in the reconciling of the people to the sway of England. On the contrary, they have acted as incentives to the more zealous preservation of their nationality; and, profiting by experience, they have carefully made sound the weak points in their armour, through which they were formerly so successfully assailed, and now present to the world, after all their sufferings, one solid, unbroken front of undying patriotism.

Are we not still an unconquered race? Go where you will, at home or abroad—even to the very extremities of the earth—and will you not find the Clan O'Toole, and not only the Clan O'Toole, but all Irishmen, fervently retaining their marked characteristics: love of native land, generous ardour, tenderness, vivacity, hatred of oppression, and devotion to faith and fatherland? And in the possession of all these qualities Turlough O'Toole need have yielded to none. Little apprehension, then, need be entertained of the success of St. Leger's project to anglicize him; for, though Turlough was soon to be a mover amid strange scenes and brilliant pageants, his heart would be far away amid the native glens and valleys which he loved with a passionate love, second only to that he bore his God and his holy religion.

Accompanied by a few of his gallant knights and a guard of honour,

Turlough now set out for the English court. He wished to maintain that style and dignity on his journey, both on account of the self-respect due to his clan and himself, and the exalted position of the king with whom he was going to have audience. We make no doubt that the reception afforded Turlough and his knightly companions by his old and esteemed friend, the Duke of Norfolk, was cordial and sincere; that the hospitalities were extended to him and his train more in the light of an honoured and welcome guest, equal, if not superior in rank to that of his noble host, than in the spirit of the lying, cringing letter from St. Leger, of which Turlough was the bearer.

The duke, no doubt, also promised his friend, Turlough, the exercise of his good offices in introducing him to the king, facilitating his business, and furthering his cause, and that he would strive and make his visit to the English metropolis as pleasant as could be expected under the peculiar circumstances.

Henry was staying at his palace at Hampton Court, and thither went Turlough and his knights attendant. They were attired in the costumes of the Irish nobles of the time, viz., saffron shirts (or tunics, something after the style of the Roman toga), trimmed with silk and gold, and mantles trimmed in like manner, together with all the insignia of knights. In the tall, erect form of that old warrior, whose seventy and odd years were borne as lightly as if he had not yet commenced to count his years by scores, one would fail to discover any of those symptoms of the craving suppliant that St. Leger would fain have him considered. There was certainly very little quailing in the glance of that eagle eye, as it was thrown from time to time amid the ranks of the inquisitive Saxons, and it acted as an unmistakable extinguisher in repressing the too eager curiosity of any impertinent courtier.

The Duke of Norfolk introduced him to the king, and how it fared with Turlough and King Henry his Majesty himself tells us: "That he treated the mountain chief hospitably and with kindness," and we have no reason to think that he did not, nor failed to show him that respect due him as the head of the Clan O'Toole. There was one

great difficulty in this interview, and that was the difference of language. They knew not the Irish tongue; superfluous to add that Turlough was equally ignorant of the Saxon jargon, and though St. Leger made provision for partially surmounting this difficulty, by sending over in Turlough's train one Fitzwilliam as interpreter, yet the parley must have been one in which Turlough's interests were likely to suffer, in evidence of which, we find that while St. Leger had an instrument already prepared to lay before the king, in the form of a petition, Turlough laboured under the hallucination that he was formulating the basis of an agreement which was to be executed between himself and the king.

It runs as follows, substantially, as copied from the State Papers of the time:

"That the territory of Feraenalan, which his ancestors had, and which he (Turlough O'Toole) had, until expelled by the Earl of Kildare, extending five miles in length and four in breadth, now desolate, except only Powerscourt, Kilpeter, Kileoolyn, Barnaghbeg, Barnaghmore, the Owenagh, Ballycarty, Templebeggan, Kiltagaran, Cookstown, Anjacreve, Ballynbrow, Kylleger, and the Monastery; and that these lands should be divided between him and his sequelle (that is, his followers or clansmen), on condition of their obedience to the king, use English apparel, and performances of such services as the gentlemen of the Welshes and Harols do or use in the Marches of Dublin. The said Turlough to have the premises divided between him and his brother, and after division made, each party to have letters patent of their portion.

"The said Turlough to hold the seignory of the king, by knight's service and payment of five marks yearly. On behalf of his brother, Art Oge O'Toole, he further prayed that he might have after like form and sort the manor of Castlekerin, with the lands of Fertire of the king, reserving yearly five marks to the archbishop of Dublin and his successors."

This was the substance of the memorial presented to the king in the name of Turlough, but in reality it was St. Leger's, and in it was contained everything which he knew Henry desired, and even more. It was formally

handed by Fitzwilliam to the king, and the king's words in reply were interpreted by that individual to Turlough.

We can form some conception of the reluctance of Turlough to acknowledge Henry as his king, or to agree to accept the patent of his lands from his hands; but "needs must," he had to accede to the inevitable, and become an illustration of the adage that "Prudence is the better part of valour;" and so the old "warrior bowed his crested head, and tamed his heart of fire."

Henry was quite overjoyed at the successful issue, and entertained Turlough and his knights most sumptuously, and wrote in gleeful haste to St. Leger, his well-beloved deputy in his kingdom of Ireland, from Hampton Court, 27th January, saying that he had entertained the memorial of Turlough O'Toole favourably, and that he had "not only used him well," but had thought fit to grant to him and his brother Art all the lands as were contained in the schedule remitted to the deputy; and furthermore, authorised the chancellor to make out to him and his brother, Art Oge O'Toole, and their heirs, Letters-Patent under the Great Seal of Ireland, of the same, to have and to hold said lands upon conditions which "We send you." The year in which this grant was made was an epochal one, because in it, after solemn Mass had been sung in St. Patrick's Cathedral, Dublin, by the schismatic Archbishop Brown, Henry VIII. was duly proclaimed king of Ireland.

We here extract from the State Papers :

"Letter from King Henry VIII. to Lord Deputy St. Leger and Council.

"Hampton Court, *January 27th*, 1542.

"Grant to Turlo O'Thole and his brother, Art O'Thole, all such lands as were contained in the schedule forwarded by the Lord Deputy, and directing him to call before him Piers Talbot, who had already possession of the lands of Powerscourt, and in 'a gentle sorte' to get from him a surrender of those lands and give them to O'Thole; and Fitzwilliam, who came as interpreter, informed his Majesty that the Lord Deputy had promised him the lands of Imaile, which were then in an Irishman's hands,

The king commanded the fulfilment of this promise, for the full winning of Turlo and the better alluring of others by his example, enjoining him to have a vigilant eye to Turlo and his brother, and if they should happen to return to their old kind of life, 'so pursue them, as they may as well in their punishment be example to others.'"

These are the conditions upon the avoidance letters patent to O'Toole shall depend :

"He shall keep the Castle of Powerscourt stanch and formidable. He and the inhabitants shall use the English language to the best of their knowledge, and they shall use the English habit and manner. They shall bring up their children after the English manner, and in the use of the English tongue. They shall keep such of their lands as shall be suitable for tillage, manurance, and husbandry.

"They shall impose no cess or charge upon the inhabitants, nor keep any gallowglasses but such as shall be permitted by the Lord Deputy and Council.

"They shall not exact black rent, coyne, or livery on any of the king's subjects in the counties of Kildare, Dublin, or Katherlough.

"They shall permit paths or roads to be made by the deputy through their possessions.

"They shall be obedient to the king's laws, and answer his Highness's writs and commandments at the Castle of Dublin, or where his court shall be kept, or his laws administered.

"They shall attend the Lord Lieutenant on all hostings when forewarned, in such form and in such company as the marches of the county of Dublin.

"They shall not maintain nor succour the king's enemies, rebels, or traitors.

"They shall hold their lands by one whole knight's fee and five marks rent, and O'Toole shall give one of his 'best sonnes' for pledge.

"(HENRY VIII., Rex).

"Given at Hampton Court, January 27th, 1542."

Henry might impose conditions, and subject Turlough to certain obligations, and even if the latter had succeeded in combating his natural reluctance to abide by them, the diabolical chicanery of St. Leger started fresh obstacles in his path. Apparently struck with a scruple, the deputy refused to make out the patents to the king's order, because he had discovered in the interim that Turlough's children were all bastards, that is, "born of parents not married according to the order of his Majesty's laws." "Till your Highness' further pleasure signifies" (writes this consummate scoundrel) "I stave to make and delyver any graunte to them."

In reply to this, however, the king writes, July 4th, 1542 :

"Concerning the grants made to Turlough O'Toole, for as much as when the said grant was made unto him, his son was taken for his heir, though some objection might have been made as to his condition, whereof we then heard nothing; in case young Turlough will be bound to the conditions which his father had promised, we be pleased that you shall, by warrant hereof, cause letters patent to be made unto him and his right heirs of the same."

But this royal mandate was unheeded, for St. Leger informs us that:

"Young Turlough was slain before his Majesty's will in that regard took perfection."

What a thoroughly hypocritical knave was this! How punctiliously, scrupulously anxious he was for the Act of Parliament legitimacy of Turlough's children! Well in his heart he knew that Turlough had been lawfully married according to the rites of the Holy Roman Catholic Church, although he nor his had not, nor would they ever, conform to the rites of the new church established by Henry and Elizabeth.

It has seldom fallen to our lot to be able to record anything honourable of England's eighth Henry, but his action in this matter of Turlough O'Toole goes to show that even in what may be termed his own special line of business, viz., robbery and confiscation, he was but a mere apprentice when compared with that barefaced plunderer, his Irish Lord Deputy. Even as it was in 1542, so is it to-day; the little good that may from time to time be wrung from the English Government, is, in passing

through those channels of corruption in Dublin Castle, become so impregnated with the noxious germs of that fetid atmosphere, as to be rendered completely useless.

However, St. Leger did not succeed in preventing the king from insisting on the patents being made out, which at length were done, and having been signed by St. Leger and the Council, by Henry's command, were handed to Turlough O'Toole.

The following are the letters patent, and on account of their quaintness and style, we will give them to the reader, as they may be interesting to him:

<p style="text-align: center;">Fiant Henry VIII.</p>	}	<p style="text-align: center;">Fiant Lre Dñi Regis patentes in debita forma</p>	}	<p style="text-align: center;">Let it be done as commanded by Henry VIII.</p>	}	<p style="text-align: center;">Have made, by letters patent of our lord the</p>
<p>tenore verbos sequēn Rex, etc., omnibus ad quos, etc., sāltm, s̄ciatis q^d nos de gr̄a n̄ra speciali ac excerta scientia et mere motu n̄ris.</p>						
<p>Neenon in consideracione veri et fidelis servicii, quod dictus subditus noster Terentius O'Toole genosus jam dudū nobis de rebellione sua reconciliatus in dies nobis imposterū impendet Delimus concessimus ac p̄tes damus et concedimus eid Terentio maneriū et castrum nom̄ de Powercourte, in Coim̄ n̄ro Dublin̄.</p>						
<p>Neenon Ocā Miss̄, terras, reddit, rencōes et serviē, praī, frasē, pastuī, bosē, sub-bosē, molendiū, aquas, stagū, vivaī, piscatī, mentes ac Oiā alia hereditamenta n̄ra quicūq̄ cū vībus suis portiū in viſſ et handlē</p>						
<p>King, in due form set out in the following words: The king and so forth, to all to whom, and so forth, saluting. Be it known that we, of our special grace, and from certain knowledge, and moved by our generosity; also in consideration of the true and faithful services which our said noble subject, Terence O'Toole, lately reconciled to us from his rebellion, daily inclines to us for the future, we have given and granted, and we do give and grant, to the same Terence our manor and castle of Powercourt, in our county of Dublin.</p>						
<p>Also all messuages, lands, revenues, rents and services, t.eadows, pasture, pasturage, woods, under-</p>						

de Powerscourte, Kilpeter, Kileolyn, Beanaghbege, Beanaghmore, le Ovenaghe, Ballycarty, Templebegan, Killagoran, Cokeston, Anacrew, Kilmolyny, Ballinbrowe, Killeger et Maynster, in Fereolen, in cōm, n̄ro, p'diet Henē et teñened p'diet mañiu et Castrī necnon. Oīā p'redict, mes, terras, teñ ac Oīā alia cetera premises cū, ptiñ, p'fat, Terentio et Hered, masculi de corpe suo legitime, procreat. Tenend de nobis hered et successoribus nostris in capit p servitiū unius feudi milit. Necnon reddend unde nobis hered et success, n̄ris, annuatim idem Terentius et hered sui p'diet, ad scđd m̄rm Hibernia ad festa Pasche et St. Michis Archis equis porcionibus quinq̄ marcas leḡ monette terre n̄re Hibernie predict p om̄ibus s'vicis quibus cuq̄ absq̄ compoto se aliquo aleo p ende nobis hered vel success n̄ris reddend proviso semp quod p'diet Terentius hered et assign sui p'diet et qui let cor p tempe existē firmiter observabit p formabit et adimplebit oīa singul condicōes p̄miss pacē et convenciones sequen, viz, quod dici Terentius hered et assign sui repabunt, sustentabunt, manutenebunt et custodient et quilic cor p tempe, existē, repabit, sus-

woods, mills, still and running waters, fisheries, mountains, and all our other hereditaments whatsoever lying in all his portions in the towns and hamlets of Powerscourt, Kilpeter, Kileolyn, Beanaghbege, Beanaghmore, le Ovenagh, Ballycarty, Templebegan, Kiltagaran, Cokeston, Anacrew, Kilmolyny, Ballinbrowe, Killegar, and Maynster, in Fereolen, in our county aforesaid, to have and to hold aforesaid manor and castle. Also all aforesaid messuages, lands, tenures, and all other the rest of the premises lying in that portion by grant to Terence and his heirs masculine of his body lawfully begotten, to hold from us and our successors as head by service of one knight's fee. Also the same Terence and his heirs aforesaid, succeeding to the manor in Ireland, to pay from thence to us, our heirs and successors, annually, at the feasts of Easter and St. Michael the Archangel, in equal portions, five marks lawful money of our land of Ireland aforesaid; and by all services by whatsoever or from whatsoever agreement, or by any other claim to us, our heirs or successors, to be rendered, discharged, or practised; provided

tentabit, manutenebit, et custodiet castrū p'dict de Powerscourte firmū solidū cooptū et defensibile. Ac quod p'dict Terentius hered et assign sui et eor quilit ac Tenent et inhabitantes Dñini de Powerscourte p'dict ac cupuslit inde p'cett et oim alia trā, et tēnt in his nris tris patente, viz., specificat et p'dict Terentio concess intentur habitu sermone et moribz Anglicanus p suo posse et prolis suas educabunt et educār facient similiter et q^d dict Terentius hered et assign sui et tevz quilit tros p'dict que p'cultura fūnt in et ad usum culturponent et custodient ac domus edificid neceēs p'cultonbz trā p'dict edificar facient infra tempus quo convenieter fien patent.

Et q^d nec p'dict Terentius nec hered vel assign sui capient ponent aut Assidebunt vel capi poni out assideri facient oia out impositiones aliquis deant sup cultoribus aut tenent terrā p'dict ultra et preter custuū, et annales reddit a colonis et tenent solvi debi et consuef, nisi de consensu et voluntate loū tenent aut deputate nri p'tempe existē et q^d nec ipse dicf. Terentius hered et assign sui se evz aliquis hebunt aut tenebunt, aliquos scoticos

always that the aforesaid Terence, his heirs and assigns aforesaid, and whosoever of them for the time being shall firmly observe, perform, and fulfil all and singular the conditions and covenants following allowed and contracted, viz., that said Terence, his heirs and assigns, shall keep in repair, uphold, maintain, and keep, and whatsoever of them for the time being shall keep in repair, uphold, maintain, and keep the castle of Powerscourt aforesaid strong, substantial, covered, and defensible; and that Terence aforesaid, his heirs and assigns, and whatsoever of them, and tenants and inhabitants of the demesne of Powerscourt aforesaid, and whatsoever portioned from thence, and all holders of other lands in these our granted patents specified and given to Terence aforesaid, shall use the English dress, speech, and manners, and shall educate their children, and cause them to be educated, as far as possible, in like manner. And that said Terence, his heirs and assigns, and whosoever of them that shall subsist by cultivating the lands aforesaid, shall appoint and keep a tiller for and to that use, and shall build requisite houses for the tillers

vel turbarios nisi tot et tales juꝝ forma modu et tempus p'deputatu out locu tenent et consiliu nꝝm, limitand et assignand. Ac q^d idem Terentius neq̄ hered vel assign, sui neq̄ eos aliquis capient recipient levabunt out petent aliquem reddi nginũ Anglie voꝛ "blackrent" nec coyne nec liv'ye out aliquam exactionem seu ullu onus de et ab aliam subdiũ nostꝛ infra, Coĩm Dubliũ, Kildar et Catherlaghe. Et quod dici Terentius, hered et assign, sui et evz quiet tollerabunt et p mittent omiod vias semiũ et passagũ fieri scindi et planar in quolit loco tras p'dict et in silvis bosẽ mariscõ et mont de mont de tempe in tempus quotiens auq̄ deputatus out locotenes nõstr p tempe existiẽ, voluunt assignabunt et limitabunt. Ac q^d p̄ dici Terentius hered, et assign sui et eos quiũt et omes alũ tenent et inhabitant traũ p'dict erunt nolis hered etsuccessõ nꝝs et respondebunt bꝛib p'cept p'cess et mandat nꝝs infra castru Dubliũ out alibi ubi curie nꝛe custodienter et leges nꝛe minis-trabunter. Et q^d idem Terentius, hered et assign sui et eos quiũt [et omnes alũ] tenent et inhabitant traũ p'dict p'tempe existiẽ-quotiẽs et quando p'moniti fuiũt

of the lands aforesaid, and that they cause them to be built within such time as can be made convenient.

And that neither the aforesaid Terence, nor his heirs nor assigns, shall take, impose, or assess, or caused to be made, imposed, or assessed, any burdens or impositions from or upon the cultivators and holders of the lands aforesaid, beyond and except the accustomed and annual rent payable, due, and customary from inhabitants and tenants, unless with the will and consent of our represnetative or deputy for the time being. And that neither said Terence himself, his heirs and assigns, or any of them, shall have or hold any scot or turbary, except such and so much according to the form, manner, and time, said deputy or locum-tenens and our Council shall limit and assign, and that neither said Terence, his heirs or assigns, or any of them, shall take, receive, raise, or ask for any black revenue called in English, black-rent, nor coyne, nor livery, or any other exaction, or any burden of and from any of our subjects within the counties of Dublin, Kildare and Carlow. And that said Terence, his heirs and assigns, and

respondebunt exurgent et transibunt cū lacū tenenī et deputati nostrī p' tempe existeñ ad oīa itinera viāg' regia exeursus et invasioñ contra inimicos et rebelles norōs eisđ modo et forma et tali numo hoīm cū equis curribus et victual in comitiva sua p'ut inhabitant Mehie com Dublin et Kildar' respondere et transire-solebant. Et q^d nec diei. Terentius hered' vel assign' sui neque evz aliquis tenebuntar jvabunt, supportabunt suo ullo modo recipient aliquem inimicos rebel' vel p'di'f' nostroz hered' vel succēss' n'ros aluquim p'sens concessio vaena sit et nullius vigoris in lege.

Et quod exp' s'ē menēe etē aliquo statute etc in eujus rei etc. Teste, etc.

Fiant consimiles frē patentes, Arthuro Juvini O'Tholl, de et sup' castro et Villa de Castlekevynne et le fferter p' cosmit redd' et s'vic.

{ Anthony Sent Leger.
 { Johannem Alen Cañe.
 p { Thomam Walsh.
 { Johān Wynne.
 { William Cavendyssy.

whosoever of them, shall allow and permit all manner of roads, pathways, and passages, to be made, cut, and levelled in whatsoever place in the lands aforesaid, and in the forests, woods, seacoasts and tops of mountains, from time to time as many times as our deputy or locum-tenens for the time being shall wish, appoint, and limit. And that aforesaid Terence, his heirs and assigns, and whosoever of them, and all holders and inhabitants of the lands aforesaid, shall be and appear before us at the command, process, or mandate of our sheriffs, at our Castle of Dublin, or other place where our courts are held and our laws administered. And that same Terence, his heirs and assigns, and whosoever of them (and all others), holders and inhabitants of the lands aforesaid for the time being, as often as and when forewarned, shall be, shall reply, rise up, and pass over, for our deputy or his locum-tenens for the time being, to all journeys, royal stations, excursions and invasions against our enemies and rebels in the same manner, and from and with such number of their men, horses, wagons, and provisions in their company, according as the in-

habitants of the marches of the counties of Dublin and Kildare are accustomed to answer with or pass over. And that neither the said Terence, his heirs and assigns, nor any of them, shall hold with, assist, support, or in any other manner receive any enemies rebels to us, as aforesaid, our heirs or successors; otherwise the present grant may be void and of no force in law.

To which declared resolution, soforth any other statute, and soforth. In witness of which matter and soforth.

Have made also similar letters patent to young Arthur O'Toole, of and upon the castles and towns of Castlekevynne and Fiertur, by similar pay and service.

P	{	Anthony St. Leger.
		John Alen, Chancellor.
		Thomas Walsh.
		John Wynne.
		William Cavendyssy.

Thus it was that, as far as a few skins of vellum and the redundant phrasology of the legal scribe could do it, Turlough and the Clan O'Toole were changed from rebellions "Iyrishe" to law-abiding "Ynglisshe," but we fear there was as much reality about the grand transformation scene, as when in our youthful days we witnessed the magic wonders of the pantomime-stage, when a tumble-down house in Exchequer-street became at the wand of the harlequin "ye grotto in ye valley of diamonds."

The "modus operandi" adopted in the case of the Clan O'Toole may be taken as a sample case, showing how Henry and his deputy succeeded in filching from the Irish chieftains the territories of their fathers and the rights of their clans. Several of the chiefs yielded up their Irish titles and received others instead. This was one point on which Turlough would not give in. He was satisfied with, and gloried in, his own title of "Chief of the Clan O'Toole," and his not bringing back from London any English title would, we make no doubt, have secured for him the fealty of many of his clan, who, otherwise, would have repudiated his authority.

O'Brien was now created Earl of Thomond; Ulick McWilliam, Earl of Clanricarde, and Baron of Dunkellon; Hugh O'Donnell was made Earl of Tírconnell; O'Neill, Earl of Tyrone; Kavanagh, Baron of Ballyaun; and Fitzpatrick, Baron of Ossory. Most of these titles had been conferred by Henry himself, at his palace of Greenwich, the recipients having been specially invited for that purpose, and the investiture was made the occasion of great formal display, and was carried out with extravagant pomp and impressive ceremony, sums of money having been given to the chiefs to defray their expenses and furnish the necessary adornments for their equipment. In many instances (if not all) the chieftains consented to receive royal patents for their lands.

As we pointed out in an earlier portion of this history, this reception of letters patent, or title-deeds, at the hands of the English monarch, by the heads of the several septs, was the surest, the most concise, and the most effective plan that could be adopted for completely abrogating the Gaelic relations of clansmen and chief. But neither King Henry nor St. Leger seem to have given due consideration to a very important factor in the disposition of these tribe-lands, and that was, that the clansmen concerned, and whose interests were even more vital than those of the chiefs themselves, were never consulted, and the whole arrangements were made as if they were totally non-existent.

And, hence, we need not wonder that while the newly-created barons were displaying their new-fangled honours and airing their dignities in London, and while they were being feted and flattered by Henry and his parasites at Greenwich, the clans at home, learning from dark rumour that their rights and privileges were being treasonably chartered away across the water, were nursing their wrath and bitterness in their hearts against their whilom chieftains, and they were already making preparations that when their full-fledged earls and barons would have come home to them again they must rest content with their English titles, as the love and respect of their clansmen were gone, and as "heads of their septs" they would know them no more.

There was another, and by no means the least indifferent of the many

evil influences working against the interests of the Irish, and great must be the inward rejoicings of the plotting St. Leger when he realized to the full the powerful instrument of evil this new estrangement could be made. Chief against chief, and clan against clan, was as old as the bitter memories of the first Norman invasion; but the clan against their chief was new, indeed, to poor Ireland, and too well the wily deputy knew that it would lead to results more disastrous than all the power of the king's troops, and that it would ultimately end either in their own self-annihilation or in their becoming so weakened by internal disensions as to become an easy prey.

O'Donnell, on his return, found most of his clan, headed by his own son, up in arms against him.

O'Brien was confronted by the like circumstances. McWilliam was attainted by his people, and another McWilliam put in his place. O'Neill, "the first of his race that accepted English title," found that his clansmen had formally deposed him, and elected as "The O'Neill," his son John, surnamed "John the Proud," the celebrated "Shane O'Neill." On all sides the septs repudiated the acts of their representatives, and took formal and practical measures to disavow, and as far as they could, reverse them. The hopelessness that had broken the spirit of the chief found no part in the heart of the clan.

This was the beginning of a new complication in the already tangled skein of Irish affairs. Hitherto, the clans themselves were intact though the nation was shattered; henceforth, the clans were split into fragments, and from this period we hear of a king's or queen's O'Reilly, and an Irish O'Reilly; a king's O'Neill, and an Irish O'Neill; a king's O'Donnell, and an Irish O'Donnell. Here the deputy's talent for chicanery was again brought into requisition, and by a wily trick he strove to effect a compromise offering them a chief of the native family stock, but requiring that they should hold their lands from the English crown. In many instances the English nominee was able to rally to his side a considerable number of the clan, and even without external aid they were able to hold the chosen chief in check. By the internal feuds thus incited, the clans

were utterly riven, and were given over to a self-acting process of extinction. Occasionally, indeed, the crown nominee, once he was finally seated in the chieftaincy, threw off all allegiance to his foreign master, declared himself an "Irish chief," cast away scornfully his English "earlship," and assumed proudly the ancient title that named him "head of his clan." In this event the government simply declared him "deposed," proceeded to nominate another chief in his place, and sent an army to install the new nominee on the necks of the stubborn clan.

We have entered thus far into the history of Ireland of that eventful period, in order that the reader may more easily understand the history of the O'Tooles, and account for the event which took place in Imayle and Feraeualan at this epoch, because, henceforth, the clan became divided and weakened, and took a downward tendency.

In the Clan O'Toole the brave old warrior ruled as of yore, notwithstanding all the parchment restrictions and conditions imposed by Henry's royal letters patent. These latter gave Turlough very little trouble; he knew very well that Henry gave him—nor had he power to give him—no stronger rights to the territories of his clan than what he possessed prior to his London visit. He was beloved as ever by his clan, with a few exceptions on the west side of the mountains, who were displeased with him, and by means of these few St. Leger contrived to get rid of him in a summary manner of which he has left a succinct account. Before submitting it to the reader, we may premise that the deputies of that and subsequent reigns were instructed by the London cabinet to foment those rivalries and discords among the heads of the Irish, as such would tend to their more speedy effacement.

Unfortunately, the Clan O'Toole were not altogether free from this spirit of discord. Those on the east side of the mountains, under the immediate control of Turlough and his brother Art Oge, joined with their chiefs in accepting the inevitable, and to a certain extent ratified Turlough's action, as they knew he had no other alternative; but it was not so with those on the west side of the mountains under the chieftaincy of MacShane O'Toole, whose son, Turlough MacShane O'Toole, had been

lately elected tanist of the clan, and as such, was, of course, the next to succeed to the government of the whole clan after Turlough's death. MacShane, whether right or wrong, would repudiate any arrangement made with the English king, and rose in rebellion against Turlough, no doubt urged on by the secret agency of the treacherous and wily St. Leger. No sooner did Turlough of Powerscourt hear of the rebellion of his haughty uriaight, than he resolved to crush it in the bud; and assembling his noble and gallant knights, his faithful kernes and gallowglasses, he told them of the infidelity of MacShane O'foole, and that part of the clan beyond the mountains, and his intention of chastising him, and bringing him back to his subjection.

Away started Turlough with "horsemen and kerne," across hill and dale, mountain and glen, in order to chastise his haughty lieutenant; but here Turlough met his match, or as the old adage hath it: "When Greek meets Greek—then comes the tug of war." After travelling all day over rugged mountain and fertile valley, through bog and morass, night closed round them as they arrived on the borders of Imayle, where they halted and put up for the night, fearless of danger. MacShane, learning of Turlough's arrival, and of his hostile intent, went forth to meet him, surprised him in the night, surrounded the house in which Turlough and his knights were quartered, and attacked it. In the battle which ensued, the noble and gallant old warrior and many of his knights were slain.

The exact spot where this last sad tragic scene took place is not mentioned in any book that I have read, but it must have been in one of the ravines leading into Glen Imayle from Feracualan, probably Glenreigh, which lies on the other side of the mountain, as they passed out from Glendalough and dropped down into the glen in which the Inver-reigh, or king's river, rises, and flows down till it meets the Liffey at Burgage, near Phoul-a-phooea. We are not told the number of knights (except Turlough Oge McTurlough and Turlough McArt O'Toole, of Castlekevin, heir-apparent to the Leinster chieftaincy) or kernes that were slain of Turlough's forces; but of one thing we are certain, that there must have been

positive neglect on some of their parts, else they could never have been so surprised.

A dark, sad, and evil night it was for the Clan O'Toole, when one of its greatest and bravest chieftains thus met with an inglorious death at the hands of another of her valiant sons. It was the outcome of the evil policy of the lying and double-dealing St. Leger, who first made war on Turlough, after harassing him and preying on him for two months; who next invited Ormond, with six hundred fresh men, to assist him in devastating his country and slaying his clansmen, thus weakening him to such a degree, as that he was constrained to accept his terms; terms that, had the redoubtable Turlough been able to show any kind of a front, he would have died rather than accept; and here, with the dead body of Turlough before him, the acme of his villainous machinations was attained; or, in the parlance of those days, he "compassed" the death of Turlough.

The death of Turlough O'Toole, lord of Powerscourt (as the "Four Masters" call him), and the debarring of MacShane O'Toole from the seignior of Imayle for ever; this was, indeed, killing two birds with one stone. The latter, however, was not put into force for some time by St. Leger.

Such was the melancholy end of this grand old warrior chieftain, hero of a hundred battles, who, unaided, had maintained for so many years, against many viceroys, and all the barons of the Pale, the independence of his clan.

Those of Turlough's knights and followers who escaped the slaughter gathered round the body of their dead chief, raised him gently, and carried him home to Powerscourt Castle. To add further to the misfortunes of the night, it was found that his eldest son, Turlough, as well as young Turlough, son of Art Oge of Castlekevin, and tanist of the clan, were also numbered among the slain. Arrived at Powerscourt, the body of Turlough was allowed to lie in state for some days, and his clansmen and friends passed round the catafalque, casting loving, but sorrowful eyes on the now stilled features of their grand old chief, who had so gallantly led them against their enemies for over forty-two years. Slowly and sadly they bore the beloved remains to the church, when, after solemn office and

Mass de Requiem, they were at last consigned to the grave. Loud were the sorrowful wailings of the Clan Ui Tuathail for the loss of their departed chief; deep and heartfelt were the regrets felt and expressed by the neighbouring clans; and, indeed the whole nation mourned his loss, for at such a critical period of her history there were many who could have been far more easily dispersed with. The annalist records it thus:

“This year, 1542, was slain Turlough O’Toole, lord of Feracualan and chief of Clan O’Toole, one of the greatest heroes the world ever saw. Had I the tongues of angels and men I should never be able to narrate his merits. The mighty defender of his kindred and his clan, the avenger of tyranny and oppression, the safe refuge of the weak and the distressed, thy glory and chivalry are gone! Poor Clan O’Toole! When, alas! will his equal return?”

We venture to say that among the many pious prayers offered up for Turlough, in order that his soul may share the mansions of the blessed with that of his sainted kinsman, Lorcán, there were none more from the heart (though actuated by base motives) than the *Deo Gratias* that escaped from the polluted lips of St. Leger, when first the (to him) joyful tidings were communicated to his ear; and we may safely premise that he lost no time in making his royal master a happy participator in the good news; and from the experience King Henry had, from his personal intercourse with the late chief, at the Greenwich Palace interview, he must have inwardly congratulated himself on the fact of one of his most formidable obstacles in his path being so easily swept from it.

As a corroboration of our surmise that our arch-plotter, St. Leger, was the prime mover of unwily MacShane O’Toole against Turlough, we now find him furnishing the same MacShane with a safe conduct to Limerick, where the Council was then sitting, to give an explanation of the matter; and when it came before the Lords of the Council, the deputy pleaded MacShane’s case so well, that he obtained for him a free pardon. “Considering,” say the Council, “the said Turlough O’Toole gave occasion of his own death, MacShane should have his pardon.”

Thus, according to our mind, clearly proving the prior complicity of

the deputy in secretly fomenting their quarrels and exciting the jealousies that led to it ; but look at the handiwork of the double-faced St. Leger in these further remarks of the Council's order : " Lest Irishmen might imagine that we favoured or dissembled his death, we took order for detestation of the offence, that MacShane should not only forfeit all his lands to the king, and be barred from the seigniority of Imaile for ever, but in recompense for the death of said Turlough, pay to his wife, children, and kinsfolk, thirteen score kine, with all such horses and harness as he took from them the time the act was committed."

Neither of these orders were carried out, nor indeed were they intended to be carried out. The deputy here had recourse to the old Celtic law of compensation for murder, but surely all the cattle that ever grazed in the valleys of Glen Imaile were not an "eric" for him who was killed by St. Leger's intrigues, and with his connivance. MacShane, he tells us, was not able to levy the stipulated number of kine, and so the matter fell through ; and we may be sure that he was not pressed too sorely by his friend, the deputy, who must have felt infinitely obliged to him for happily ridding him of Turlough.

Without wishing for a moment to be considered as apologists for MacShane's action in this affair, we only deem it right to place before the readers a few facts in relation to it, leaving it to them, if they see anything in our statement that may be construed into an extenuation of the crime, to follow the bent of their charitable impulses.

MacShane O'Toole, of Imaile, had good and ample reasons for being displeased with Turlough's treaty with the English king, because by its adoption the legal rights of his own son, Tirlagh, who had been recently elected tanist of his clan, and was, as such, to succeed Turlough himself, were completely sacrificed and set at naught. He was debarred from enjoying that honour, which was so laudably sought for, and he and his clansmen made subjects of the Saxon king. Besides, Piers Talbot, who was in possession of part of Powerscourt, was to be dispossessed, and get instead part of Shane's territory of Imaile. These conditions, we must remember, were imposed upon him without his being afforded any option, without his

consent, or without his being consulted. Of course, we are well aware that to Turlough the acceptance of the terms was inevitable—he having no further resources, he could hold out no longer; but the question is: Did MacShane know exactly either how he stood, or how sorely he was pressed? And add to the soreness of this question in his mind, what we may presume to be the fact, that St. Leger, or some of his satellites from the Castle, was not far from him, to pour into his ear the insidious treachery at which they were such adepts, and no doubt to point out to him that by the execution of this agreement between Turlough and the king, he (Turlough) had by his own act severed the ties between the head of the sept and his “uriaghts,” and that he (MacShane) was fully entitled to repudiate the authority thus yielded up. With this we leave him, and hope that he expiated his offence by a hearty and sincere repentance for the heavy blow he inflicted on his clan and country.

But though Turlough was gone over to the majority, the clan was not conquered yet, nor was it going to submit tamely to the dictates of the English king, as originally prompted by St. Leger; for among others, young Turlough MacShane O'Toole of Glen Inayle, and Luke O'Toole of Castlekevin, with Feagh MacHugh O'Byrne, the gallant chieftain of Ballinaeor, took up the *role* of battle, and bade defiance to the English power for many a year, and defeated them in many a hard-fought and bloody battle amid the hills and valleys of their beloved Wicklow.

Turlough was slain in the year A.D. 1542, and in the succeeding May, St. Leger memorialled the king, that Bryan, eldest son of the deceased Turlough, might have a grant of such lands as were given to his father. Henry having acceded to the petition, and ordered St. Leger to make out for Turlough O'Toole's children a title of their father's land, it struck St. Leger that he would put an obstacle in the way, and for this purpose he writes back to Henry, telling him that Turlough O'Toole's children were all illegitimate,* and as such were not worthy his majesty's favour,

* Illegitimate in *this way*, that as Turlough O'Toole had never conformed to Protestantism nor acknowledged Henry as the head of the Church, and was married by his Catholic priest, his children were considered by “English law” illegitimate. Turlough's wife was sister to O'Neill.

to which Henry replies (apparently indignant): "Inasmuch as we heard nothing of the illegitimacy of Turlough's children in the petition, let the title deeds be at once made out and the grant made, Brian's eldest son, Arthur, being sent here as hostage and a pledge for their good conduct:" which was done, when the title-deeds of P'owerscourt and Feracualan were given to Brian and Felim O'Toole. He wanted Bryan to be in the position of holding his lands direct from the king, and thus, while ignoring to a certain extent the letters patent granted to his father, Bryan would be established in the immediate relationship of subjection to the king. The deputy says, in his letters to the king, that: "Brian is a right toward young man, and must be put to great expense if compelled to repair to your majesty's presence for obtaining the grant."

129. Bryan Ua Tuathail (O'Toole), surnamed the warrior, having succeeded to the estates and honours of his father, had an opportunity of exercising that prudence and foresight which experience had already taught him was so necessary in holding his own, and through the lack of which his father and predecessors had so often suffered. And it is necessary to observe caution in judging his action at this time, lest that "discretion which is the better part of valour" may be misconstrued, for neither craven nor coward was Bryan (as he had merited for himself the title of warrior or Brian-un-Chogaigh, as he was called), for he had all the courage and bravery of his father, but he could not shut his eyes to the weakened state of his clan; he knew that breathing time was necessary for them to recruit their strength, and to gain this time and avoid collision with the English he had to assume an apparent and cordial acquiescence with many things repugnant to his feelings, but, by swallowing his ire, his clan acquired much of the strength they so much needed.

We thus find that about this time Bryan filled the office of high sheriff for the county of Dublin, which then included the present county of Wicklow as well as the county of Dublin. This, we suppose, was another of the deputy's moves in the direction of the new chieftain, but Bryan's memory was too strong, and the deterrent causes too palpable, the ruthless persecutions and the bloody shrouds of his clansmen too recent for much



AN IRISH CHIEF.

Brian-an-Chogailh O'Toole, of Powerscourt. Slain in Dublin
Castle, A.D. 1589

success in that quarter. As well try and change the spots on a leopard's skin as change an O'Toole into an "Ynglisshmane."

In the year 1547 the Fitzgeralds, after ravaging the whole country, attacked Bryan and made war on his country and clan.

The Four Masters briefly describe it as follows:—

"A.D. 1547. The insurgents (the Fitzgeralds) suffered a great defeat at the town of the Three Castles by Bryan-an-Chogaigh (Bryan of the War), son of Turlough O'Toole, in which the two sons of James, the son of the Earl of Kildare, namely, Maurice of the Wood, and Henry, together with fourteen of their people, were taken prisoners, and afterwards conveyed to Dublin by the English soldiers, and all cut in quarters except Maurice, who was confined in the King's Castle, until it might be determined by the Council what death he should receive. These plunderers and insurgents were thus scattered and put to flight after that manner, and although their power was of short continuance (only one year), yet they committed great depredations."

So far the Four Masters; but it will be well to remember that in this business Bryan acted purely on the defensive, and having cleared his own territory from the marauders' attack, pursuing them no further, they then fell into the hands of the English. It is more than probable that the cessation of warfare on the part of the clan led the Fitzgeralds to count upon their becoming an easy prey; but they reckoned without their host that time. This same year (1547) Sir William Brabazon, Vice-Treasurer, was a third time appointed Lord Justice, and carried on a campaign against Cahir MacArt Kavanagh and other Leinster chiefs. "Brabazon died," says Bolase, "on the 7th of the Ides of July in the tents of Ulster, and was buried in Trinity Church (now Christ's Church), Dublin, and his heart carried to England."

In his death the O'Tooles had one enemy the less to contend with, as he had proved himself their bitter foe. He always had a very covetous eye on their territory, an optical tendency that was handed down to his descendants, the cultivation of which, we regret to say, did not end in an optical illusion—far from it—as they ultimately became possessed of

goodly slices of the O'Toole's country, which they have held a firm "grip of" to the present day. Not that we have any peculiar "penchant" for the retaining of his heart in Ireland; indeed, were our tastes consulted, we would gladly dispense not only with his *heart*, but also with his *bones*, and the whole bag and baggage of his seed, breed, and generation; but to avoid inconsistencies, he should have left it in Ireland, if for nothing else than to prove the truth of the saying, "Where thy treasure is, there also is thy heart." Oh! but if England had never deprived us of anything more dear to us than Brabazon's heart, what a very slight struggle it would cost us to forgive her!

About this time Henry VIII. died, and was succeeded by his son, Edward VI., who, through his advisers (the lad being hardly responsible for his own actions), wished to have the Irish chieftains understand that their lands were held direct from the king. Hence we find him granting fresh patents to them, and among the rest to Bryan O'Toole of Powerscourt, and Feigh (or Luke) C'Toole, of Castlekevin, whose father, Art Oge, had previously been slain by the O'Byrnes, and whose eldest son, Turlough, also shared death with his illustrious namesake in A.D. 1542.

The Clan O'Toole do not appear to have been over anxious to acknowledge Edward as king. They, no doubt, sought in the change of kings an opportunity for emancipating themselves, and we thus find that again the cry of "Ua Tuathail A!oo!" resounded among the glens and mountains of Imayle, Feracualan, and Fertire.

A.D. 1547. The following extract from the Abbe MacGeoghegan throws some light on this period:

"Edward the Sixth ascended the throne in 1547 and confirmed St. Leger as deputy or viceroy of Ireland. The O'Tooles and the O'Byrnes, eager to take advantage of the change that occurred in the government, took the field in the month of May, to recover their freedom. The viceroy marched with a powerful army to oppose them and others, killing their chief (Turlough MacShaue O'Toole), and forced them to retreat to their fastnesses, but was unable to subdue them. At the same time he



IRISH WARRIOR.

Pierce Tabet, of Belgard, and Tirlagh O'Toole, of Imale. In the combat O'Toole was slain, A.D. 1547.

had two noblemen of the house of Fitzgerald arrested, who, being proscribed for the cause of the Earl of Kildare, had joined the O'Tooles. They were sent, with other prisoners, to Dublin, where they were all put to death."

The government now saw the difficulty they had to contend with, on account of their attempts to reduce the Irish, and establish the new religion, and they were resolved to meet the emergency by sending over additional soldiers, which they accordingly did.

We find from other State Papers of the early years of Edward's reign further particulars with reference to the efforts of the clans, anxious as ever to throw off the galling yoke. Thus we find Turlough O'Toole, of Imayle, assisted by one Keating and Maurice Fitzgerald, rising in rebellion, and declaring war against the English of the Pale. They burned and destroyed Ballymore, and other places, which at this time had got into the possession of the Talbots. The English forces, commanded by Sir Reginald Talbot, one of this same family, encountered the forces of the O'Tooles of Imayle, at Ballymacledy, where O'Toole had his castle (which is now known as O'Toole's Castle, while the adjacent townlands are called Talbotstown), and owing to overwhelming odds, the Irish were defeated, and Turlough slain. The father of Turlough, Shane O'Toole, still lived at Castleruddery, the ruins of which only now remain, but which even in their crumbling decay still present positive traces of its former splendour. This is plainly indicated in the remains of its terraced gardens and artificial lakes, with its deer park stretching along the side of Cnoc-na-Carriga, bounded for a length of five miles by a massive stone wall ten feet high. This bore no resemblance to our "drawing-room" deer enclosures of the present day.

Subjoined we give the reader in chronological order a few of the free pardons granted by Edward, as found among his "fiants" of the period in the State Papers, having proclaimed a general amnesty for all political offences on his accession to the throne:

"A.D. 1548. II. Edward VI. — Pardon to Shane McFeagh O'Toole of Castlerodery, horsemen and others."

"II. Edward VI., 12th February, 1548.—Pardon to Tyagh McShane O'Thole, of Omale, Gent., and twenty others of the same place (Ballymaeledy and Talbotstown Castle).

"A.D. 1549. III. Edward VI., 2nd April, 1549.—Pardon to Brian O'Thole, *alias* O'Coggy, of Powercourt, County of Dublin, Gent.

"III. Edward VI., 1st April, 1549.—Pardon to Gerald McFeagh Byrne, and others of Tullo; also of Shane McFeagh O'Thole.

"A.D. 1549. III. Edward VI., 1st April, 1549.—Grant of English liberty to Gerald MacFeigh O'Byrne, of Tullo, Gent., Mare ny O'Thole, his wife, James, Charles, Edmond, and Morgan, or Morghe, his sons, their issue.

"III. Edward VI., 10th July, 1549.—Pardon to Morghe Malaghlyn O'Tweyll (O'Thole), Brittas, Glen Imayle.

"III. Edward VI., same date.—Pardon to Luke O'Thole of Castlekevin, and several others, his kernes and servants.

"A.D. 1550. IV. Edward VI.—15th February, 1550.—Pardon to Mathew O'Thuathayll and kerne.

"A.D. 1551. V. Edward VI., 20th February, 1551.—Livery to Luke, *alias* Feagh, O'Tole, Gent., son and heir of Arthur O'Tole, late of Castlekevyn.—Fine, 20s.

"A.D. 1551. V. Edward VI., 20th February, 1551.—Pardon to Sawbina, daughter of Arthur ny O'Thole, wife of Hugh O'Byrne, and her daughter, Omyna. [We thus see that the mother of the famous Feigh McHugh O'Byrne, "The fire-brand of the mountains" (as the English were pleased to call him) was an O'Thole.]

"A.D. 1552. VI. Edward VI., 5th February, 1552.—Pardon to Charles O'Thole, of Ballyhobbiege, in Imayle, Gent, Conatus McFarrell O'Thole, Feagh MacShane O'Thole, Gent., of Imayle; Arthur MacShane Oge O'Thole, of Coyhreadere; and Donald M'Gilpatrick, kerne.

"A.D. 1552. VI. Edward VI., 20th November, 1552.—Pardon to Donagh McShane McFeagh O'Thole.

"VI. Edward VI., same date.—Pardon to Feagh McShane, McTeylyn

O'Thole, Gent., Own McCahir McDonoghe O'Thoolc, Gent., of Kiltegan, Richard Cullagh Fitzwilliam O'Thole, of Carrigbrake, and several others, servants and kernes of the said Feagh MacShane O'Thoolc.

"A.D. 1552. VI. Edward VI., 20th November, 1552.—Pardon to Philip McGylpatrick O'Thole, of Powercourt, kern, and Donagh McShane M'Feagh O'Thole."

It must not be imagined from these pardons, granted as above, that they were the outcome of any solicitation upon the part of the grantees; no such thing—they were purely and simply issued by the advisers of the king as a formal conclusion to the war just ended, and as the natural sequence to the peace about to be established, for how long, none could say. The names were entered in the records of the Castle, and the parties most intimately concerned with their so-called pardons cared nought about them. They would have managed to hold their heads as high, and the pure air of heaven would have played round their locks as freely, if King Edward's scribes had never troubled themselves about their pardon or their liberty. For one reason were they prized, and for that only: they would show to succeeding generations of admiring O'Tooles who those of their clan were that rendered themselves conspicuously prominent in fighting to the last for the independence of their clan and country.

It also acts as a correcting proof to that already given of the status of the several branches of the sept, viz. :—

Feagh MacShane O'Toole, of Castleruddery,
Charles O'Toole, of Castlesallagh, Ballyhublock,
Turlough MacShane O'Toole, of Ballymaeledy Castle, now
called O'Toole's Castle (in ruins), Talbotstown.

} All in the
Glen of
Imayle.

Murrrough M'Lachlan O'Toole, of Brittas.

Felim and Bryan O'Toole, of Powercourt.

Luke, or Feigh, O'Toole, Castlekevin in Fertire.

Sawbina O'Toole, wife of Hugh O'Byrne, of Ballinacorr.

The O'Tooles of Carnew, or Omey, don't appear in this list.

We then find King Edward instituting Sir James Croft Lord Deputy of Ireland, in 1551, and the first instruction he gave him on coming over:

“To reduce Leinster to order, wherein the Kavanaghs, Tooles, and Byrnes do inhabit.”

The Kavanaghs appear to have tried their fortunes in the old game of war once again about this time, but the inevitable consequences arising from overwhelming numbers and superior appliances were as usual against them. Under the command of Art Kavanagh, they attacked and plundered the country south of Dublin. Encamping at Powerscourt, they were vigorously attacked by Sir George Stanley and Sheriff Bulkely, who compelled them to surrender. A few days afterwards eighty-two of the “rebels” were hanged in the courtyard of the Castle of Dublin, and their heads spiked on the gates thereof.

The English, with a chivalrous magnanimity towards a fallen foe, worthy only of themselves, made use of this occasion to satisfy a venomous spleen by exhibiting in a caricature, the “rebel army,” as composed of a number of half-dressed and gaunt-looking men, mounted on despicable, shaggy ponies, and fleeing before their English victors.

But we know how to receive this piece of English intelligence, as the calumnies of their corrupt press of our own days must be taken with the usual reservation of saline matter.

In 1553 the youthful King Edward VI. died, and was succeeded by his sister Mary. Hitherto, the change of English sovereigns, whatever import the feuds and plottings of the English nobles, always had the same programme for the Irish nation. It was ever “subjugate them.”

With the advent of Mary's reign, though the cry for reduction and subjugation was loud as ever, yet it lost more than half its poignancy by the fact that it was not accompanied by those religious persecutions which had now become so galling to the Irish people. The first orders transmitted to her lord deputy in Ireland after her coronation were :

“First.—To restore the old religion.

Second.—To survey Ireland.

Third.—To reduce Leinster, and make Cahir McArt Kavanagh a Baron.”

We will find that through Mary's reign, while never losing sight of that "desideratum" of her father, namely, the complete conquest of Ireland, she never permitted herself to be swayed by those cruel and savage passions to which he was a slave—passions so fatally inherited and so magnified in his other daughter, her half-sister Elizabeth, as sometimes in reading the history of her reign to make us pause, and question were it possible that so black a heart could have throbb'd within the breast of woman.

Mary liberated the aged chief of Offaly, O'Conuor, who had lain long in the dungeons of the Tower of London. She also restored the young Geraldine to his estates, and the O'Tooles began naturally to entertain high hopes of being allowed to cultivate their valleys in peace, and that time would restore the ravages, and enable them to retrieve the losses of the wars and exactions to which they had been so long subjected. A general amnesty was granted for all political offences, and here we find the following O'Tooles released from durance vile on the fiants of Philip and Mary:

"A.D. 1554. II. Philip and Mary, May, 1554.—Grant of English liberty (whatever that means) to Edmond Murrough O'Toole, of Rashallaght, County of Dublin, gent.

"II. Philip and Mary, 25th October, 1554. Pardon to William Dunmore, vice-constable of the Castle of Dublin, for the escape of Hugh McFeaghe O'Toyle.

"II. Philip and Mary, 18th July, 1554.—Pardon of Murroghe, son of the late Arthur O'Thole, gent. Donat and Edmond O'Thole, gents, and forty others, their followers.

"III. Philip and Mary, 8th June, 1557.—Pardon to Luke O'Towl, Hugh O'Towl, and twenty others, their horsemen and kerns."

On the principle that something must be done on the part of the O'Tooles to merit such close attention on the part of two successive monarchs of England, and that it was not for sitting idle in their castles these fiants were issued and pardons granted, we must congratulate those

named in them, for at least moving in good society, and on making an impression (of what nature we won't say) on the minds of royalty.

A return showing the noble families of Ireland at this time was called for and sent in ; it was entitled : " What Ireland is now."

After enumerating the noble houses of Ulster—viz., The O'Neills, O'Donyll, &c., &c., comes

LEINSTER :

“ MACMURCHO, of Idrone.
 O'BYRNE, of Kyranagh.
 O'MURCHO, of Ilcline.
 O'TOYLL, of Imayle.
 O'NOLAN, of Foghyrde.
 MACGILPATRICK, of Ossory.
 O'MOORE, of Liex.
 O'CONNOR, of Faley.
 O'DEMPSEY, of Glynvebyry.
 O'DOYNE, of Irysane.”

These were the noble houses or families of the “ old blood ” of Leinster, who, notwithstanding the plunderings and persecutions to which they had been subjected, had still, on the accession of Mary, retained possession of their faith and property ; the former only rendered dearer by their being called on to suffer for it, and the latter not, as yet, materially encroached upon. It must, therefore, have been a source of the most inestimable relief to them to find that, under the new *regime*, they were to be permitted to practise not only the duties of their holy religion unmolested, but to enjoy the luxury of being permitted to live in peace at the same time.

What halcyon days these must have been for the harassed members of the Clan O'Toole, and how grateful they must have felt for those few years of breathing time, that were so sadly needed after all their incessant strife. Their present condition was so quiet and pastoral, and differed so

widely from what had become almost their normal condition—a state of warfare—that well might the humbler members of the clan have seriously doubted their own identity. During this interregnum of peace, the castles and churches of the territory received that attention which a series of hard knocks had rendered essential. The sounds of husbandry were borne on the breeze from the valleys below, while the independence with which the grazing grounds were covered with numerous flocks and herds showed that there was no fear on the part of their owners of the booty-lifter or cattle-raider; while the youthful and more ardent spirits had recourse to the hunt and the chase, in order to get rid of the excess of their animal spirits; and as hunting is the art of war in mimicry, to keep their hands in practice for what by them was hoped for as better times—an opportunity, in real battle, of emulating the military fame of their fathers.

The country of the O'Tooles afforded them the most ample opportunity for cultivating all sorts of field sports, for a full account of which the reader is recommended to a little work published nearly a century ago, and entitled "The Bride of Imcal."

So peaceable and happy were the relations existing at this time between Mary and her Irish subjects that we find her writing a letter of congratulation to her lord deputy, thanking him for the contented state "of the people of her kingdom of Ireland." In ecclesiastical affairs, too, what wonderful revolutions were effected in the most peaceful manner! On Easter Sunday, A.D. 1550, the liturgy was, for the first time, read in the English tongue, by the apostate Brown, in the old Cathedral of St. Lorean, now Christ Church. If the sainted bishop had auricular knowledge of what was passing in this mundane sphere, how his ears must have been grated by the inexplicable gibberish being muttered in the holy places of his beloved church, and how sad he must have felt were it permitted him to witness the sacred ceremonies desecrated by unworthy hands. But three years afterwards, A.D. 1553, the Catholic altar was restored within the same precincts by order of Queen Mary. Brown was compelled to resign, and was succeeded by one of Mary's chaplains and favourites—Curwin—an Englishman, of course, and one who, in subse-

quent days, found it convenient to worship the rising sun, and in the reign of Queen Elizabeth showed himself "ready to do what authority commanded."

About this time Queen Mary died, viz., in 1558, and was succeeded by her amazonian half-sister, Elizabeth, of most unhappy memory, and for her reign were reserved those troubles and persecutions for Clan O'Toole, and for Ireland, to which the many miseries of the past were but as nought.

As when at sea the circling eddies on the rippled wave, and the creaking strain on the tautened cordage, are only the indices to the pent-up fury that lies beyond yonder murky clouds, which, when it bursts upon the devoted ship, nothing, save the fiat of the Omnipotent Ruler of the storm Himself, can stay from devastation; so with the persecutions under Henry, and the pitiless determination with which the government of Edward pursued the same relentless policy, followed by the premonitory hulling of the storm during the short reign of Mary: these were forerunners merely of what was kept in store for our unhappy country during the dark days of Elizabeth. It is our pride to-day, that when that ruthless storm burst, our country withstood it as she did, with bold defiance and unflinching opposition—then—afterwards—ay! even down to the present time, through which that self-same storm has ever poured, in gusts, now more fierce, anon less virulent.

The seizures and confiscations of Henry and Edward had left to the Clan O'Toole an impoverished Church, but one in which the holy lamp of faith burned brightly as ever. The proud domes and fretted roofs of their churches were now sorrowfully exchanged for the hurried Mass on the hill-side and in the cave, where the mendicant friars ministered to their spiritual wants, among whom we find the son of Sabina O'Toole, and brother of the famous Feagh MacHugh O'Byrne, exercising his sacred functions as a poor Franciscan friar.

Wherever the hunted clergy went through the O'Toole country, they found the anxiety and earnest wish of the people to hear and honour them only equalled by the resolute determination with which they opposed any

attempt at introducing within their seigniory any of those hateful, new-fangled notions of this new church of the Saxon.

If the days of Mary's reign found the clan in the calm enjoyment of peace, the reaction to set in was fully in the other extreme: days of dark, miserable persecution, bloodshed, and treachery. Formerly the fight was more or less open; now the issue was straitened to a narrower pass. Henry introduced his innovations sparingly, indeed. He cared little for the souls of the O'Tooles, if he only got possession of the broad acres of their Church and of their monastic institutions. Elizabeth had little of these left on her advent to the throne; they had already gone into the rapacious maws of Henry's robbing abettors, so that as far as ecclesiastical patrimony went there was little, if any, to attract her or her myrmidons to the territories of the O'Tooles. But the faith they had still, and now their certainty in it was to be tried in the crucible, and nobly they stood the test. The issue was put plainly before them. The result of their non-conformity was a visible sad reality. And yet there was no hesitation; no time deemed necessary for deliberation. With one united response, they thundered back in reply an indignant, NEVER!—and throwing themselves and their cause into the hands of the Almighty, told the government of their would-be spiritual head, Queen Elizabeth, they were prepared for her worst, to die a hundred thousand deaths before they would yield the slightest scintilla of the doctrines of that glorious Catholic faith, as represented on earth by the Vicar of Christ, at Rome, and taught them by St. Patrick and their own Saint Loran.

Elizabeth, for some short time after her accession, was so much engaged in foreign complications that she was not able to devote much of her attention to Ireland; and although neither she nor her advisers were likely to stand much on the point of ceremony in interfering with the affairs of the Clan O'Toole, an opportunity offered itself in the conflict that now sprung up between rival members of the sept. On the death of Bryan of the War, the chieftaincy was claimed by Arthur, his son, in right of succession; this was disputed by Phelim (son of Turlough of Powerscourt, who was slain in 1542), who was then in actual pos-

session, and who appeared to hold his claim by the laws of tanistry: Arthur, we presume, being the young prince whom his father, Bryan, had given as hostage to Henry VIII., to fulfil that condition of the letters patent which required "one of his best sonnes as security."

This was just such an opportunity as the deputy would be glad to avail himself of, in order to carry into effect the orders he had received from London, for the creation and fomenting of discords amongst the O'Tooles, and the country in general, of which we extract some specimens from the State Papers of the time, A.D. 1562.

"Devices for the ordering (subduing) of the Kavanaghs, the Byrnes, Tooles, and O'Mayles (viz., the O'Tooles of Imayle), for such lands as they shall have in the County of Carlow, and the Marches of the said county. On these conditions all the Byrnes be ordered of like sort, as the Kavanaghs, and the O'Tooles, and O'Mayles be in like manner ordered. And nothing shall sooner bring them thereunto than the good handling of the Byrnes, Tooles, and Kavanaghs.

"That a captain of English birth be placed over the Tooles and the Byrnes. The Byrnes and the Tooles be in like sort 'reduced' to come termly to Dublyng, to answer all courts. To continue them in this order, it will be convenient to appoint a like captain of English birth, as there now is to direct them. He must have the use and custody of all the queen's principal castles and their territories with twenty harguebuzins to guard them, and twenty horsemen to attend upon him, with certain kerne to be found upon the country. He must have the direction of the forces of the borders of the counties of Dublin and Kildare, and authority to execute martial law."

In the last few lines of this remarkable epistle, we have the kernel of the nut—the very essence of what was aimed at, viz., martial law; and the lesson was not lost upon apt scholars, for, under the same date, 1562, we find in the same State Papers the following flattering character given of the sept:

"The O'Tooles, also, were then for the most part outlaws, with whom

were certain of the Byrnes, in such sort, as no man's goods in these parts were in safety within three miles of Dublin."

Now this and a hundred other calumnies were simply paving the way for the introduction of martial law. The more we read the history of our country's persecutions, how stale and commonplace, after all, the enactments of modern legislators become; for have we not here all the necessary precursors for the establishment of drastic coercion acts? First, lying "canards" as to crime and outrage; next, perjured informations as to apprehended disturbances; the result—suspension of the "Habeas Corpus," violation of the Constitution, and the country overridden by a host of needy hangers-on of the government, between whose insolent administration and martial law the choice would be in favour of the latter.

The O'Tooles of the present day can afford to smile at the very uncomplimentary terms and coarse epithets applied to them. That, also, they have modernized in our own day, when, to be credited with patriotic feelings, or to exhibit national tendencies, is sufficient to draw down the coarsest abuse, the lowest Billingsgate, and on the most flimsy pretence, the deprivation of liberty. But we feel confident that such treatment at the hands of a played-out, miserable minority to-day, while it only tends to enhance them in the minds of their countrymen, will have as little effect in changing the independent policy of Parnell and his heroic band in fighting the grand fight, as it had in altering the indomitable spirit of the O'Tooles in the days of Elizabeth, when they had to struggle against odds far more overwhelming.

The minds of the authorities at the Castle seem to have been much exercised at this period on the question of this English captaincy, as we find it constantly cropping up in the State Papers. We again quote from the year 1562 :

"The Birnes and the Tooles should be governed by an English-born man, who should have the order of them and the Marches of the County of Dublin and Kildare by the same warden of the Marches, and the castles of Castle McHyningham, Wicklow, and other places. He should also have twenty horsemen and twenty harquebusiers. The Tooles and

Birns be now reduced to such an order as they have, not only made recompence to the English Pale for the most part of the hurts they committed in the time of their disorder, but also at the present time, at the commandment of Mr. Wingfield, as chief over them, under the obedience of the law, and repairing every term to Dublin to be impannelled in juries as English subjects be."

This is the first we hear of Wingfield as captain of the O'Tooles' and Byrnes' country. This was the ancestor of the Powercourt family, and we hope we do not shock the susceptibilty of feeling of his descendants, when we accuse him of displaying and maintaining, long prior to its establishment, the strongest Land League proclivities; in fact, practically proving the utility and good results to be obtained from the observance of its fundamental commandment: "Keep a firm grip of the land;" and so well they did. Mr., or Captain Wingfield, discharged those duties over the O'Tooles' country on the east side of the mountains, having with him in the same capacity on the west side, Mr. Agard, as we read: "29th March, 1574, Instructions to Mr. Agard, captain of the O'Tooles' and Byrnes' country, to give an order to the Byrnes and the Tooles to supply ten horsemen and twenty-five kerne for his body-guard."

In 1571 we find that the County Kildare was made a rather hot spot for a stranger to visit. The martial law was beginning to bear fruit, as we have a commission granted to Gerald of Kildare, and Pierce Fitzjames of Ballysonan, gents, to execute martial law in the Co. Kildare.

"They are also to punish by death or otherwise, as directed, harpers, rymers, bards, idlemen, vagabonds, and such boys as have not their master's bill to show whose men they are.—5th November, XIII. Elizabeth, 1571.

In the year 1572 we find the lord deputy making a journey through the O'Toole and O'Byrne country, and from the "jottings he made on the road-side," as some of our modern travellers modestly style their publications, we cull the following "elegant extracts." Luckily for the historical student these notes are from no less authentic source than the State Papers.

“Note of such journeys as hath been made by the garrisons under the Sergeant-major.”

“Burning of sixteen towns in Casha, Shilelagh.”

“Divers persons killed in Imayle.”

“Two of Feagh MacHugh’s foster-brothers and sisters slain in Glensluskin on the further side of the river Avanagh.”

“Has taken Simon M’David’s sister, who, if she do not stand me in steeds, I mean to execute.”

“Killing of bullies in the Glen.”

Pretty fair bagging of game this for a viceregal battue among the highlands of Wicklow, but the cool audacity of the action of the deputy on his return to the castle surpasses it. He makes these people (or at least those of them he could not catch and kill) the subject of a letter to the queen, and in it he recommends their religious improvement. This would be treated as a joke could we not point to the record in black and white.

“July 13th, 1573. Lord Perot recommends to the queen a general reformation among the O’Tooles and O’Byrnes.”—(See original in full at Fetter Lane, London.)

We find in a short time after—no doubt as one of the fruits of the zealous efforts of the reformers, as recommended by the deputy, and, need we say, graciously approved by her Majesty—that on the 13th July, 1575, a declaration made by Shane MacFeagh O’Toole, relative to the spoiling of Daniel O’Toole, of Castle Dermot; but his “complaint was unheeded.”

Another measure for the improvement (?) of the people’s condition now presents itself in an order for the surveyance of the O’Tooles and O’Byrnes country for the purpose of turning it into shireland.

“Patent of Commission to Sir Thomas Fitzwilliam, Knt.; Sarsfield, Knt.; Richard Tyan, Michael Bee, and Patriek Gough, of Dublin; Alderman Robert Piphoo, of Hollywood, gents; and John Walsh, of Kilgovan, gent., under the statute 11 Elizabeth, sect. 3, cap. 9, to survey and make inquiry of all countries, territories, towns and villages lying in the parts of Leinster from the Barrow to the sea south-east, the said countries being

in effecte waste and desolate, other than inhabited by a few idell and evell disposed persons, known as the O'Toole and the O'Byrne country.

“The countries, when surveyed, to be formed into one county or shire, to be called the County of Wicklow, and to be divided into baronies.

“Given at Dublin, 22nd March, 1576.”

This was to be a very important factor in the process of Anglicising the septs. It would bring these haughty mountaineers, it was thought, into more immediate and subordinate relations to the authorities of the Castle. It would, by classifying the lands into baronies, adopt to a certain extent a registration of the clansmen themselves, and by assigning to each “a local habitation and a name” they would be thus rendered easier subjects for the operation of their Penal Laws. But as usual in all these Castle calculations they counted without their host. They never seemed to be cognizant of the fact that the O'Tooles were too long the undisputed lords of the forest and the flood for them to be so easily “cribbed, cabined, and confined,” by the strait-laced networks of their Saxon shires or baronies. The Omnipotent had set His boundary in the towering mountain or rushing river that divided the tribe-lands of their clans. This, and this only, would they acknowledge as their limit, and if England's power was to be carried out by force of arms they had nought to say now but what they often had replied before—“Come on!”

It must strike the reader with what an acute diplomacy the religious difficulty is kept in the background in the persecution of the O'Tooles, O'Byrnes, and the whole country at this and subsequent periods. We have enactments, orders, letters patent, &c., for the better management and survey of the lands; we have captains appointed for the better representation of order; and when the people are murdered, and their roof-trees burned above them, when they are reduced to penury by fines and penalties, rather than conform; when these captains and their spies succeed in hunting a Papish priest to death—the fact of their being subjected to such barbarous cruelty, through their refusal to “come in” and attend the Protestant service, is not put forward in such bold relief as that they were obstinate in refusing such and such an ordinance on

civil matters. Oh, law and order!—law and order!—long before the nineteenth century, you have been made the scape-goat for millions of dark deeds, in which the sacredness of thy name has been profaned. But we may exclaim with the poet of the storm rising :

“Sad times in Ireland, sadder soon to be.
The storm was gathering, all could feel and see.
Some brooding peril seemed to load the air,
And yet the land looked calm, and bright, and fair,
As was its wont. Ay, and though sorrow lay
At poor men’s hearts, and chilled them night and day ;
Though round the peasants’ hearths went sighs, and groans,
And curses deep, and threats in th’ fiercest tones,
As some new tale of hardship, woe, and wrong,
Melted weak hearts and find them bold and strong,
And make them eager for the expected hour,
To rise and grapple with the tyrant power.”

THE MASSACRE OF MULLAGHMAST.

Whilst the wars in the south were being carried on with unrelenting vigour, the Leinster chieftains had, too, “to fight out their corner” and stand to their guns, and it was within this period that we have just passed over that the ever memorable massacre of Mullaghmast took place. It is not, unhappily, the only tragedy of the kind to be met with in our blood-stained annals, yet it is, of all, the most vividly perpetuated in our traditions, and although it did not take place within the *then* O’Toole country (though within one of their fortresses of former times), we will record it in these pages as a sample of the lengths to which Elizabeth and her generals were prepared to go in order to attain their ends, namely, the Protestantizing of Ireland at any cost. Though it does not equal in its enormity and extent the massacre of Smerwick, at which Walter Raleigh and that former captain of the O’Toole

country, General Wingfield, directed operations, by which eight hundred prisoners of war were cruelly butchered and flung over the rocks where the sea was deep and the tide swift—but neither deep nor swift enough to hide that horrid crime, nor wash away the stains of such wanton bloodshed from the memory of its authors—yet, it exceeds it in foul baseness, in deep deception, and cruel barbarity, in as much as the chieftains were invited to partake of the hospitality of Cosby in the fortress of Mullaghmast, and were murdered in cold blood.

The narrative of this dreadful massacre is as follows: In 1577 Sir Francis Cosby, commanding the queen's troops in Leix and Offaly, formed a diabolical plot for the permanent conquest of that district. Peace at the moment prevailed between the government and the inhabitants, but Cosby seemed to think that in "extirpation" alone lay the effectual security of the crown. Feigning, however, great friendship, "albeit suspicious of some few evil-disposed persons," said not to be well affected, he invited to a great feast all the chief families of the territory. To this summons responded the flower of the Irish nobility in Leix and Offaly, with their kinsmen and friends, the O'Moores, O'Kellys, Lalors, O'Nolans, some of the O'Tooles and O'Byrnes, whose territories lay within a few miles of this place, and many others.

The banquet, alas! was prepared by Cosby, in the great rath of the fort of Mullaghmaisten, or Mullaghmast, in the county Kildare. Into the great rath rode many pleasant cavalcades that day, but none ever came forth that entered in. A gentleman who had halted a little way off had his suspicions in some way aroused. He noticed, it is said, that while many went into the rath, none were seen to reappear outside. Accordingly, he desired his friends to remain behind while he advanced and reconnoitred. He entered cautiously, and, oh! what a horrid view met his sight. At the very entrance lay the dead bodies of many of his murdered kinsmen. In an instant he himself was set upon, but drawing his sword, he cut his way out of the fort back to his friends, and they barely escaped with their lives to Dysart. He was the only Irishman, out of more than four hundred who entered the fort that day, that escaped

with life. The invited guests were butchered to a man; one hundred and eighty of the O'Moores alone having thus perished.

The peasants long and earnestly believed, and as positively asserted, that in the encircled rath of slaughter rain nor dew never fell, and that the ghosts of the slain might be seen and their groans distinctly heard on the solemn and midnight blast

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

“ Hark ! hollow moans arise
Through the black tempestuous skies,
And curses, strife, and cries
 From the lone rath swell.
For bloody Sydney there
Nightly fills the lurid air
With the unholy, pompous glare
 Of the foul, deep hell.

* * *

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

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

“ At the feast, unarmed, all—
Priest, bard, and chieftain—fall
In the treacherous Saxon hall,
 O'er the bright wine bowl.
And now, nightly round the board,
With unsheathed and reeking sword,
Strides the cruel felon lord,
 Of the blood-stained soul.

“ Since that hour the clouds that pass'd
O'er the Rath of Mullaghmast,
One tear have never cast
 On the gore-dyed sod.
For the shower of crimson rain
That overflowed the fatal plain
Cries aloud, and not in vain,
 To the Most High*God.”

A sword of vengeance hung over the head of Cosby from that hour, and it was the prized lot of the O'Tooles and the O'Byrnes to put that sword into execution in the famous battle of Glenmalure, of which more anon. Either in Leix or Offaly, after this terrible blow, there was no raising a regular force. Yet, of the family thus murderously cut down, there remained one man, who thenceforth devoted himself to the one pur-

pcse, and to that alone ; this was the avenging of his slaughtered kindred This was Ruari Oge O'Moore, the guerilla chief of Leix and Offaly, long the terror and scourge of the Pale ; and while he lived none of Cosby's undertakers slept securely in the homes of the slaughtered race. Swooping down upon their castles and mansions, towns, and settlements, Ruari became to them an Angel of Destruction.

When they deemed themselves most secure, and Ruari furthest away from them, then it was that his sword of vengeance was at hand. In the lurid glare of burning roof and blazing granary, they saw, like a spectre from the rath, the face of an O'Moore ; and above the roar of the flames, the shrieks of victims, and the crash of falling battlements, they heard, in the hoarse voice of an implacable avenger,

“ Remember Mullaghmast ! ”

Now that the chieftains of Leix and Offaly were laid aside in this deceitful, bloody, and barbarous manner, it was considered time to devote some attention to the O'Tooles and O'Byrnes. Often did Cosby and Cooté look up from the plains of Kildare and Queen's County to the mountains of Wicklow, and wistfully yearn for the day when they could lead their troops across these mountains into the beautiful glens and valleys of Imayle, driving before them or shooting down those indomitable mountaineers, the O'Tooles and the O'Byrnes, who defied still, as they had been doing for over four hundred years, English might, English arms, and English treachery.

At this time Sir Henry Harrington was the captain of the O'Tooles and the O'Byrnes' country, *vice* Mr. Wingfield, made a general in Elizabeth's grand army, which was very strong in Ireland at the time, having been increased to such an extent for the purpose of accomplishing the full and final subjugation of the country, and the establishment upon a firm and solid basis of the Protestant religion.

Coeval with Sir Henry, the Earl of Kildare was Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, and his vacillating, half-hearted policy, met with the inevitable result of all movements striven to be carried out on the “between two

stools principle." He was anxious, but afraid, to assist the Earl of Desmond on the one hand, thus failing to secure any friends among the adherents of the Irish cause, while he did not appear zealous enough in their persecution to keep pace with the age, and was thus almost openly mistrusted by Elizabeth and her generals. As proof of the tergiversation of the earl, we give a few extracts from authentic documents, shewing that he was as ready to give a back push to one side as the other.

An information for the earl of Kildare, was transmitted to Lord Burghley by Mr. Garrett. In it it was reported that it was untrue that the earl could withstand the O'Connors, O'Moores, O'Byrnes, and O'Tooles.

"That the O'Connors have two hundred men and upwards in actual rebellion. The O'Moores have three hundred, and are under protection, under colour of which they murder and plunder. The McShanes, the O'Byrnes, and the O'Tooles make up six hundred, and are in actual rebellion. The earl has no force to withstand such a number except his household servants. He had been forced to dwell at his house at Rathdangan."

This would appear to be an apology for some alleged national proclivities, but what shall we say of the following :

In 1574, John Keating declared on oath that the Earl of Kildare was privy to all the misdoings, etc. "That Nicholas Eustace was his messenger to Rory O'Moore of Leix, and Edmund Boy Seise to Hugh McShane O'Toole of Imayle, and Feagh McHugh Byrne of Glenmalure; and the informant saith the earl was cognizant of all the murders, etc., by these persons. That in 1572, Daniel's part of Castle Dermot was plundered by Feagh MacHugh O'Byrne with the earl's consent. Further, Richard Fitzgerald also declared that Edmond Boy Seise was messenger from the earl to the O'Tooles of Imayle, and O'Byrne of Glenmalure, and that the lord deputy would not succeed in Leix, as he himself would act as guide to O'Byrne, to burn Athy, where the English had their stores."

The following incident, which opened his eyes to the fact of the captain's publicly ignoring his authority, and which, no doubt, largely influenced the earl's action, deserves a place in this record. As usual, one

of the troublesome O'Tooles was at the bottom of it—Tibbot O'Toole of Imayle—who, if we are to accept Sir Henry Harrington's estimate of him, was an outlaw to the queen, and had committed deeds that were not pleasing to Sir Henry; but upon the principle, we dare say, that his most satanic majesty does not always present so sombre a hue as he is said to, the earl failed to find in Tibbot any of those distinguishing marks by which Sir Henry had predestined him for the gibbet, and accordingly, not only gave him safe conduct to Dublin, where he had some business to transact, but invited him, while in the city, to lodge in his own house, in order to further ensure his immunity from harm or arrest. Sir Henry Harrington, finding that Tibbot was in Dublin, had him arrested in the earl's own house, sent him away that night to his castle at Newtownmount-kennedy, and had him hanged before the earl could interfere in his behalf. The earl very naturally took umbrage at this high-handed conduct on the part of his subordinate—conduct not only lacking in courtesy, but coming very close to contempt of his authority—and he wrote a bitter complaint on that head to Lord Justice Pelham, seeking to have Harrington tried and punished for his offence.

In answer to his complaint he received in reply the following letter from Lord Pelham, then at Limerick :

“Limerick, 14th May, 1580.

“I have received your letter against Sir Henry Harrington for great discourtesies shown to you since my coming from Dublin, and mainly in the last concerning Tibbot O'Toole. I learn that the Lord Keeper has already entered into a cause of such notes as were delivered me from my Lord Keeper and your Lordship by Mr. Waterhouse. I perceive that many of the borderers have committed outrages in diverse parts. Albeit I know you politically forbear for the better preservation of the common quiet of the Pale, yet I wish that you would punish them either by force or by some other sharp example.”

He encloses in this letter a copy of the defence made by Sir Henry Harrington, which runs as follows :—

“Beeinge at my house besyde Dublin on Maii eve, worde was brought to me that Tybbot O’Toole was in the cittie, and for ten pounds I should to see him. Beeinge in my bed, I rose, payd the money, and to the place I went, where I was brought to see him at a wyndowe, in a taverne and therles house (the earl’s house). I presently assigned three of my men to the backe dore, othere three to anothere, myself and othere of my men to keep the dore to the strecte; (this done) I sent for the sheriff, desyringe his ayde for the apprehendinge of a traytor, and that he would enter the howse with a cupple of my men leaste any disorder may happen (which he did), and found the partie in bed within the taverne. He, seeinge the sheriff, suddenly got up and ran to the backe dore, which beeinge stopped of his passage, returned backe, and was found in therles (the earl’s) kytchain, where I had him stayed not longe, though the sheriff would nedes have stayed him, to have him to have bene sent to the goale in the city, beeinge within the liberties. But to be shorte, I brought him with me, and had sent him all the night away to Newcastle, in the Byrnes’ country, with orders to my officers there to hange him the next day, for fear of a pardon ore some stay. The next morning being Maii-day therle (the earl) came to Dublin greatly moved, that he was abused, and so touched in honor to have his house assayled and that he could not put y^e upp, etc., etc., etc., and said that an Irishman could not get justice from Englishmen.”

If the earl never travelled farther beyond the limits of truth than in this last remark, his worst enemies could not accuse him of mendacity. As the outcome of this correspondence we give the following letter, written by Lord Pelham to the Privy Council, at the Castle of Dublin, on the same subject :—

“Limerick, 19th May, 1580.

“I have received your letter, concerning the manner of Tybbot O’Toole’s apprehension by Sir Henry Harrington, and the execution of him by his ministers, notwithstanding an express commandment signed by you, my Lord Keeper, and Mr. Waterhouse to the contrary, the same

being delivered in such time as the party was unexecuted. I would have that matter thoroughly examined and proved. It must be prosecuted as a contempt, either with fine or some other punishment. I cannot but greatly allow of the earl in this point that he hath ordered his (O'Toolc's) enlargement to attend his office."

The result of all this was that Harrington was put through the form of a "sham" trial, and found guilty of contempt of the earl's authority (not of subjecting poor Tibbot O'Toole to the death of a felon without judge or jury, shrift or unction. Oh, no! the murder of an Irish rebel more or less was not much in those days). He was imprisoned to please the earl, but released after a very short time, and again restored to his old position of captain of the O'Tooles' country, over which, as such, he possessed full military powers and the highest magisterial jurisdiction to investigate the cause in the first instance, direct the arrangements for the capture of the alleged delinquents in the next, and having pronounced, rightly or wrongly, on the guilt of the accused, satisfied the majesty of the law by acting as its grand finisher or "executioner."

What a harmonical simplicity there was in the combination, in the person of Harrington, of all these high and important functions! What little chances were left for any unpleasant clashing or red tape trammellings between one department and another! The process is now more slow, certainly, and the ramifications more complicated; but let the English Government once only imagine even that they have hold of a serious political offender, and the result as to his conviction is equally sure.

THE EARL OF DESMOND'S REBELLION—A WAR FOR THE FAITH.

The Earl of Kildare, finding that his position was untenable, and knowing that he was strongly suspected of being favourable to the Geraldine movement, while Elizabeth was wasting his lands and harrying them as if he were an open enemy, at length resigned his office and cast in his lot with the fortunes of his cousin, Desmond. Had he done so earlier it might have been of use, but now the cause was at too low an ebb for even the earl's influence to have any material effect in staying it.

The storm of war had now burst forth in the north, where The O'Neill had risen, and where his efforts were crowned with great success, which he had vigorously followed up to the very confines of the city of Dublin, spreading terror and consternation in his wake. In this strait the Lord Lieutenant bethought him of an effectual plan for the "removal" of such a dangerous enemy. With the full sanction and cognizance of "ye virgin queene," whose memory we are often thwarted with not holding in sufficient veneration, the viceroy, Sidney, hired an assassin to murder The O'Neill. The plot miscarried, and of it, nor the subsequent acts of treachery perpetrated towards the O'Tooles, we would probably never have heard only that, awkwardly for the memories of Elizabeth and other English monarchs, those portions of the correspondence between them and their viceroys upon such "honourable" proposals remain undestroyed among the State papers, and are now available. O'Neill was afterwards defeated in a battle with O'Donnell, and, flying from the field, took refuge among a number of Anglo-Scotchmen in the north, who pretended to protect him; but in the openness of his nature they soon found a favourable chance to carry out their nefarious design towards him, and violating the sacred rites of hospitality, they fell upon him with their daggers after dinner and butchered him in cold blood.

O'Neill being "removed" in the north, gave the English more opportunity to pay attention to the clans in the south, and particularly to those that bordered immediately upon the English Pale—the O'Tooles, O'Byrnes, Kavanaghs, O'Connors, and O'Moors; also to see and curb the Geraldines, who of late had become so strong, so important, and, what was worst of all, so obstinate and steadfast in their adherence to their religious principles.

Elizabeth had not witnessed the scenes and studied the events of her father's reign in vain, and she very sagaciously concluded that if she would push her war against the Catholic faith in Ireland so as to arrive at any practical results she must first get the dreaded Geraldines and such old Celtic clans as the O'Tooles and O'Byrnes out of the way; and to do this completely and effectually it was necessary to guard against the possibility of permitting even a solitary seedling of these dangerous races to

escape. And first as to the Geraldines, she wrote to Sidney, her Lord Lieutenant, instructing him to lay "a right cunning snare for the catching of the Geraldines in one haul," a communication which for baseness of design and diabolical cruelty in the proposed execution was never surpassed from the days of Nero to the lauded age of civilization of "ye gentle and virgin queene."

The faithful viceroy of the gracious queen had his invitations sent out accordingly, asking the nobility of Ireland to meet him on a day named, for the purpose of conferring with him on some matters "of great weight, particularly regarding religion." The bait took—the dynasts of Ireland hastened to the city, little suspecting the treachery of Sidney. When the Earl of Desmond and his brother John arrived, they were seized, and committed to the Castle dungeons, from whence they were soon shipped off to the Tower of London. But it was only a partial success after all, for the whole of the Geraldines did not fall into the snare. James, son of Maurice, still remained, and became head and leader in the absence of the imprisoned chiefs, he being well known for his attachment to the ancient faith. This was James Fitzmaurice of Desmond—"James Geraldine of happy memory," as Pope Gregory calls him—who originated, planned, and organized the memorable Geraldine League, having first sent an envoy to the Pope requesting assistance and the blessing of the Supreme Pontiff on this, the struggle of an ancient Catholic nation against a monarch who had openly violated all title to allegiance. The act of the apostate sovereign of a Catholic country, drawing the sword upon her subjects to compel them to share in her apostacy on pain of death, was not only a forfeiture of her right to rule, but it placed her outside the pale of the law, civil as well as ecclesiastical. This was the position of Elizabeth when she raised the standard of persecution against the Catholic religion, against the Irish chieftains, and the Catholic barons of the Pale, who for once united under the glorious standard of the faith against the common enemy of the Vicar of Christ and the one true Church. The Holy Father sent his pontifical blessing on their efforts, and promised them all the assistance in his power; and now

the war for faith and fatherland commenced in right down earnest. "Then," says the old Geraldine chieftain, "forth flashed the sword of the Geraldine; like chaff did he scatter the host of reformers; fire and devastation did he carry into their strongholds, so that during the five years he won many a glorious battle, and carried off innumerable trophies."

But after five years of valiant effort and varied fortunes, the hour of reverses came. Elizabeth's forces were too strong for him. One by one Fitzmaurice's allies were struck down, or fell off from him, till he himself, with a small force, at last stood at bay in the historic Glen of Aherlow, which had now become to the patriots of the south what the valley of Glenmalure, in Wicklow, had become to those in Leinster, into which the war is presently to be carried against the O'Tooles and the O'Byrnes and the other gallant chieftains who stood faithful to their God and to their country.

The Earl of Desmond, who saw his forces diminishing, while those of his enemy were increasing every day by reinforcements from England, wrote to the principal noblemen of Leinster, The O'Toole, The O'Byrne, The O'Moore, and The O'Connor, whom he knew to be well disposed towards him and his cause, begging their aid in defence of their religion and their country against the common enemy. They accordingly took up arms the following year, joined by Lord Baltinglass (Sir James Eustace) and his brother, Thomas Eustace, so that we may see that it was principally for the faith as well as for fatherland that the Clan O'Toole and the other Leinster septa risked and lost all they had in this world.

In another letter from Lord Chief Justice Pelham to the queen he says: "That the Earl of Kildare was about to join the forces at Naas and attack the rebels." We have seen already how the earl had changed his mind. But as a key to the state of the country, and as giving an insight into the fears of the government, the following letter from the Lord Justice to Queen Elizabeth will be found instructing. It is dated—

"27th July, 1580.

"I have received your letter declaring your determination to send hither the Lord Grey of Wilton as deputy, and supplies of soldiers and victuals.



The Battle of Glenamur, 1580.

In which the English, led by Lord Grey, were shamefully routed and defeated with great loss, by the allied Clans, the O'Toolles, O'Byrnes, and O'Moores, Lord Ballinglass and the Eustaces, led by Feagh M'Hugh O'Byrne.

“To be disburdened of this place is the greatest happiness that could light upon me. The rebels have been relieved by the noblemen and chieftains of this province with wine and munitions from the port towns. I have lately laid hold upon them all, and keep yet in hand the best of them. The most obstinate of them is Viscount Barrie. I have established garrisons cassing upon these lords and their territories, 1,200 men of this country birth. Lest any of the chieftains should fail in duty I have assigned them in the absence of my Lord of Ormond, to the direction of the sheriff of Cork as their general, associating with him Captain Apslie, who, with his band of 50 horsemen, and one band of 100 footmen, shall accompany the sheriff and observe all their doings, and execute such services as either by himself or by the advice of Sir Warham St. Leger, and the commissioners in Cork, shall be thought convenient for that country.

The harvest being now come, I propose to destroy their corn, the fear whereof has made many of them seek protection and pardon, and breed contentions between the earl and his followers. The townspeople give relief and intelligence to the rebels. Five of my espials were hanged in one day, which I requited with death to such as promised me the rebel's head, and wrought not effectually for it. But nothing has more injured the service than lack of full pay to the soldiers. The practice is general to disturb your estate, every man expecting foreign aid, whereby O'Donnell and O'Rourke do invade Connaught. Turlough Linah O'Neill bends to the borders of the Pale, and the Pale itself is in open hostilities under Lord Baltinglass, who has associated with him the O'Byrues, O'Tooles, and Cavanaghs, and the O'Moores. You should prepare for this war with force, money, and victuals, and take the advantage of all the lands of the *revollers and plant your own nation.*”

THE BATTLE OF GLENMALURE, 1580.

In order to carry out these sapient suggestions of Lord Justice Pelham, Lord Arthur Grey was appointed lord deputy of Ireland, and was sent over this year (1580), with a large army, stores and munitions, and on his arrival in Dublin he made all possible haste to quell the rebellion

that dared to raise its head almost within sight of the viceregal presence. Those audacious O'Tooles and O'Byrnes were up in arms, encamped on Slieverue, near the famous Glenmalure, the Aherlow of Wicklow. At their head was James Eustace Lord Baltinglass, whose brother was married to O'Toole's daughter, and who himself, say the Four Masters, had recently embraced the Catholic faith and renounced his sovereign.

Conspicuously associated with the commander were Phelim O'Toole of Powerscourt, with a large contingent; Barnaby O'Toole of Castle Kevin, who was married to Honor, daughter of one of the O'Moores who fell a victim at Mullaghmast, his own father dying two years before (1578). He also had a large following, commensurate with the heavy debt he had to pay. Cahir O'Toole of Ballyhubbock was well in hand, while Feagh McShane O'Toole of Castleruddery commanded the full muster of the Glen Imayle portion of the clan. Many others there were of minor importance, but first amongst the foremost, the most prominent of all, was Feagh Mac Hugh O'Byrne, son of Sabina O'Toole of Castlekevin, and married to Rosa O'Toole of Powerscourt.

These, then, were the component parts of that grand muster of indomitable and courageous chiefs, against whose vastly inferior numerical strength was soon to be hurled the pent-up might of England's power, led by an ardent, zealous lord deputy, whose effulgent loyalty could brook no delay.

What they lacked in numbers, they made good in hate and courage. Looming up before them were the wrongs of nearly five hundred years of English persecution and English robbery cankering in their breasts. But yesterday, and the smothering, drowning shrieks of eight hundred of their countrymen were wafted on the breeze to them from the shores of distant Kerry, as their mangled, butchered bodies were swept out by the tide at Smerwick, while at home in their own Kildare the gore of their slaughtered kinsmen lay still on the earth, and the air was filled with prompting voices that, in the tension of their nerves, seemed real as life, while many a well-remembered loved one, baring their bloody bosoms, showed the treacherous gash the sword of Cosby made, and as their perturbed spirits floated by

on the summer air, they hissed into the ears of their friends and kinsmen: "Revenge! Remember me! Remember Mullaghmast!"

On that bloody day, when the red flag of England went down in the battle's hurricane, and was trampled in the dust—when Elizabeth's proud viceroy, Lord Grey de Wilton, and all the chivalry of the English Pale, were scattered like autumn leaves before the gale—on that day, and in that proud hour of Ireland's victory, Cosby of Mullaghmast, of evil notoriety, fell in the hurried route; the angel of retribution was upon him, and he was sped swiftly before the judgment-throne of the Eternal, with the brand of Cain upon his brow, by one of the many avenging Irish swords that thirsted feverishly for his blood. A like doom—a similar fatality—tracked his children from generation to generation; and nearly a score years after, on the 19th May, 1597, at the battle of Stradbally Bridge, his son and grandson, the last of their race, fell before the just vengeance of the right arm of an O'Moore; and it may be questioned if there be a human being existing in whose veins runs the blood of the greatly infamous knight-commander, Sir Francis Cosby.

This battle of Glenmalure was fought on the 25th August, 1580—fought in that magnificent, grand old defile that had long proved a friend to the patriot clans of Leinster. It seemed a fortress dedicated by nature to the defence of freedom, and to compensate by its advantages to a defending force in some degree for those overwhelming odds an unscrupulous plundering enemy was enabled to array against them; and never since the first hour that the peace of that valley was disturbed by the din of strife were its passes guarded, or its vantage points commanded, by nobler sons of freedom than those who, on this bright August day, held Glenmalure for God and Ireland. And bravest of the brave, and most fearless where none knew fear, was Feagh McHugh O'Byrne of Ballinacor, the fire-brand of the mountains. No sword was drawn in the sacred cause of liberty in any corner of the island, near or remote, that Feagh's good blade did not leap responsively from its scabbard to aid the "good old cause." Wherever the tocsin was sounded in the north it awoke pealing and sympathetic echoes among the hills surrounding Glenmalure. As in

later years Feagh of Ballinacor was the most trusted of Hugh O'Neill's friends and allies, so was he now in arms, battling for the Geraldine League. His son-in-law, Sir Francis Fitzgerald, and James Eustace, Lord Baltinglass, had rallied what survived of the clansmen of Idrone, Leix, and Offaly, and had now effected a junction with the O'Tooles and O'Byrnes, taking up this strong position in the passes of Slieverne and Glenmalure.

Let us now proceed to see what steps the new lord deputy was taking for the complete effacement and the total extinguishing of those rebel Irish and those Popish Palesmen, who were to be the especial objects of his wrath.

Lord Grey de Wilton having arrived in Dublin on the 12th of August, 1580, was eager to signalize his advent to office by some brilliant achievement; and was not his lucky star in the ascendant, as here, in close propinquity—in fact, within a day's march of the city of Dublin—lay encamped those “troublesome rascals,” the daring chiefs of the Wicklow mountains? How the viceroy's soul must have exulted at the opportunity thus afforded him of proving to his royal mistress how little time he lost in carrying out those designs she had so carefully matured for the benefit of her wild Irish subjects. In fact, their conquest would be too easy, and his lordship almost wished that there would be more difficulties thrown in his way, in order to have his victory better appreciated. “But patience, good, my lord;” though victory did not alight upon your banners, the obstacles in your path were more than sufficient to satisfy even your fastidious sense of honour. Did it never flash across the mind of the deputy that the mission he now undertook was one the fulfilment of which had so often ended in discomfiture to so many of his predecessors in office? Did he forget that it had been tried, and that it had signally failed, in the case of Lionel Duke of Clarence, commonly called the Earl of March? Even the associations of the glen should have struck a keynote of warning for him, particularly when attuned by the fingers of the O'Tooles and O'Byrnes, as it was in the same glen, and with the same clans as performers, that, forty years before, a namesake and predecessor

of his heard a warlike symphony, with martial accompaniments, that grated so harshly on his refined English ear, and made such an impression on his feelings, that it was only when the portcullis of Dublin Castle closed upon his flying retreat that the wild chorus of "Ui Tuathail aboo!" ceased to strike terror into his frightened soul. But our Lord Grey was made of sterner stuff. He would now, at one fell swoop, destroy both the "Firebrand" and the "Lion" of the mountains, and plant the cross of St. George and the standard of Elizabeth on the castles of those haughty chieftains of Ballinacor and Imayle; and then pursuing such a course of exemplary punishment on the humbler kern and gallowglasses of the clans, he would give their children's children reason to remember this day of Glenmalure. And so they did; and so did Lord Grey, but for very different reasons.

A council of war was now held by the viceroy and his staff, amongst whom we find James Wingfield and the Earl of Kildare, and several others of less note. The paramount idea of the lord deputy upon reaching the entrance to the glen was one that was going to render his name famous, and compared to his the lustre of such subsequent engineers as Jomini and Vauban would be but as an oil-lamp to an incandescent arc, had it succeeded; but, unfortunately for his lordship, that essential, success, was the only one it lacked. The idea, like all splendid ones, was simplicity itself made simple. It was to "hem" the Irish in. So he constructed a strong earthwork, or entrenched camp, at the mouth of the valley, to stop escape, and "bag his game." So completely was his mind o'ermastered by the anticipation of his splendid victory, that he quite forgot to make any provision for a retreat, a contingency which, the highest military authorities tell us, should always be present to the mind of a general even in the midst of almost assured success. All being now ready, the advance was ordered, and the attacking nine companies entered the glen for the purpose of commencing the rout, while the noble leader himself and a host of his courtiers took their places on an eminence commanding a full view of the valley, which was soon to be a scene of the most exhilarating excitement. An ominous silence prevailed as the English soldiers

pushed their way into the glen. The courtiers on the "grand stand" waxed witty; they wondered whether "the game had not stolen away?" They sadly thought there would be "no sport" after all, or they hallooed right merrily to the troops to "follow on" and "unearth the old foxes." After a time the way became more tedious, for it is upwards of three miles long, with high hills on either side, with a river flowing through the centre. "We were," says Sir William Stanley, "forced to slide sometimes three or four fathoms ere we could stay our feet, the way being full of stones, rocks, and wood, in the bottom thereof a river full of loose stones, which we were driven to cross diverse times."

All this time no sign of a living enemy. All the troubles the English soldiers had as yet encountered were simply the obstacles of the ground.

At length it seemed good to Feagh MacHugh O'Byrne to declare that the time had come for action. At the signal from him, from the forest-clad mountain sides there burst forth a wild shout—"Farrah"—whereat many of the jesting courtiers turned deathly pale, and a storm of bullets assailed the entangled English legions; and even yet the fire was unseen.

The English troops now broke in wild disorder. Lord Grey, furious and distracted, ordered up the reserves. And now the clarion voice of Feagh rang out the "charge" in such thundering notes that its reverberating echoes, a hundred times repeated by the surrounding hills, would of itself be sufficient to make quake with fear those lily-livered rascals, who, from their look-out, expected to see so different a sight. And what a charge was there! Like the torrents of winter pouring down these same hills, down swept the Irish forces from every side upon the struggling mass below. Vain were all efforts to try and wrestle against the overwhelming fury of such a charge. From the very first it was a pursuit. The one and only question was, how to escape, with the solution of which the common soldier and the castle courtier were alike sorely puzzled. Discipline was cast aside in the panic route. The noble and gallant commander himself, Lord Grey, with a few chosen friends and attendants, fled early, and, by means of fleet horses, saved themselves; but of all the brilliant host the viceroy had led out of Dublin a few days before, there returned

but a few shattered companies to tell the tale of disaster, and to surround with new terrors the names of the gallant and brave mountaineers, the O'Tooles and the O'Byrnes, and the other Leinster septs.

The account of this battle has been given by one who was engaged in it, and we will let him describe it, as no doubt his narration would have more weight with those who wish to appear incredulous, and who are always too ready to pooh-pooh everything Irish, especially Irish valour and exploit, and who would strive to cloak their ignorance of their country's history by trying to assume the "quasi" fashionable belief that it is so blended with mythical lore that there is no discerning the real from the imaginative; nor do they ever try. They can have no objection to Sir W. Stanley as a war correspondent; anyway, his prejudices will not cause him to lean to the Irish side.

"We entered the glen," he writes "on the 25th August, and were forced to slide some three or four fathoms before we could stay our feet. It was in depth where we entered at least a mile, full of stones, rocks, bogs, and wood, in the bottom thereof a river full of great loose stones, which we were driven to cross different times. So long as our leaders kept the bottom the odds of the skirmish were on our side, but our colonel being a corpulent man, not able to endure travail, before we were half way through the glen, which was four miles in length, led us up the hill. It was so steep that we were forced to use our hands as well to climb as our feet. The vanguard being gone up the hill, we (the rereguard) must of necessity follow; and the enemy charged us very hotly. Divers had served amongst Englishmen, under the leading of Captain Green, that had served in Connaught, and was carried by one Captain Garrett, a captain to the rebels. It was the hottest piece of service for the time that ever I saw in any place. I was in the rereguard, and with me twenty-eight soldiers of mine, whereof were slain eight and hurt ten. I had with me my drum, whom I caused to sound many alarms, which was well answered by 'them that was' in the rereguard, which stayed them from pulling them down by the heels. But I lost diverse of my dear friends. They were laid along the wood as we should pass, behind trees, rocks,

crag, bog, and in covert. Yet so long as we kept the bottom I lost not a man, till we were drawn up the hill by our leaders, where we could observe no order. We could have no sight of them, but were fain only to beat the place where we saw the smoke of their pieces; but the hazard of myself and the loss of my company was the safeguard of many others.

“I know and confess that it was the hand of Almighty God that preserved me. The places were so very ill that were a man never so slightly hurt he was lost, because no man was able to help him up the hill. Some died—being so out of breath that they were able to go no further—being not hurt at all.”

Or, in plain English, my dear Sir William, they got such a dreadful fright that they gave up the ghost. Very little gibing at the half-starved Irishry on this occasion. Nor do we find that the special artist who was commissioned from the Castle to caricature their shaggy ponies in a former fight, was now brought into requisition, though it were a theme worthy of John Leech himself to sketch these burly, overfed Saxon soldiers falling down in the glen, and, though completely unhurt, expire through fear, while lustily bawling for help.

O'Sullivan-Beare tells us, in his Catholic History, what Sir W. Stanley conveniently manages to omit—“That eight hundred of the common soldiers fell in the glen and on the slopes of the hills up which they had to toil with heavy harness on their backs that sweltering day.”

Indeed, anyone visiting the scene of this battle will easily realize the difficulties which those heavy English had to encounter in making their escape from their assailants, familiar as they were with every gorge and winding of that highly picturesque locality.

“They were great stern men, my fathers! who battled for every right,
And boldly grasped the dreaded sword in many a bloody fight.”

Besides the common soldiers, Cosby, of the Queen's County, then recently made into shire land, Colonel Moore, Peter Carew, Captain Audley, and many gentlemen who had come to Ireland with Lord Deputy

Grey, left their bones to whiten in the wild solitude of the glen. The deputy's "quick retreat" was too hurried to permit him take any of his baggage, so that the whole of his waggons and commissariat fell into the hands of the victors.

The Abbe MacGeoghegan, in his history, thus writes of the battle of Glenmalure (1580) :

"At this period the court appointed Arthur Grey, Lord Baron of Wilton and Knight of the Order of the Garter, Deputy of Ireland. He landed in Dublin in August. Some noblemen of Leinster and Meath beheld with indignation the Catholic clergy persecuted, the holy sacrifice of the Mass abolished, their churches profaned by the new ceremonies of the reformers, and, dreading fresh innovations, they united to defend their religion. The chiefs of the confederacy in Leinster were : James Eustace, Viscount Baltinglass, Feagh MacHugh O'Byrne, Shane MacPheagh O'Toole of Imayle, Cahir O'Toole, Ballyhubbock; Felim and Bryan O'Toole of Powerscourt, and Captain Fitzgerald, who withdrew from the queen's service for the same purpose.

"The plot having been discovered before it was ripe for execution, some of the leaders were put to death. The new deputy having, before receiving the sword, heard that Baltinglass, Feagh MacHugh, O'Byrne, and the O'Tooles and their confederates, were posted in the defiles of Glendalough, determined to dislodge them. For this purpose he collected all the English in Leinster, both foot and horse, and marched to Glendalough (near Glenmalure), where he found the Irish ready to receive him. The battle began in a wood, which was lined with cavalry, under the command of Lord Grey. The combat was long and obstinate; but victory having at length declared in favour of the Irish, a dreadful carnage was made of the English troops, and the deputy, with his cavalry, was forced to fly. The English lost eight hundred soldiers, besides Peter Carew, Colonel Moore (an Englishman), and Captains Audley and Cosby.

"This last was particularly cruel, as has been already observed; his

greatest pleasure consisted in putting the inoffensive Catholics, and even their infants, to death before his door by hanging them on a tree.

"This blood-thirsty tyrant met with his reward at last at the hands of the O'Tooles and O'Byrnes, in revenge for the massacre of Mullaghmast and his other wicked deeds."

But even when all our accounts of the victory at the battle of Glenmalure are combined, how meagre are the details? We could not expect Sir W. Stanley to give us, in any glowing colours, the full particulars, though in that passage of his letter, where he owns his preservation to the Almighty *alone*, there is a more truthful depicting of the complete overthrow of his army, and the straits to which he was put, than if we had an account from a special war correspondent, adorned with all the descriptive beauties of a Russell or an O'Donovan.

Had we a record of it from the pen of either Feagh MacHugh O'Byrne or Feagh MacShane O'Toole, we would be better able to realise the utter and complete rout which Deputy Grey's grand army received in the passes of Glenmalure, and the hills surrounding Glendalough. The record would have further told us that on the evening of that eventful day, when the victorious chiefs, surrounded at the dais by their guests and knights, and below them sat their kerns and gallowglasses, in the great hall of Ballinacor, where the much-needed and well-earned banquet was prepared; how, when the bright red wine sparkled in the cup, as with hands on "skien," they solemnly pledged each other; and MacKehoe, the hereditary bard of the clans, having attuned his harp, broke forth into an improvised ode on the day's victory.

Feagh MacHugh O'Byrne, the O'Tooles, and the Eustaces now set the Government at open defiance. On the 15th of the October following they descended on the castle of Wicklow town, then one of the strongholds of Ormonde, and captured it. The ruins of this old castle still remain, a lonely sentinel on the edge of the sea, with the angry waves breaking up against its base, well known to the inhabitants as Black Castle. After the capture of Black Castle the allied chiefs swung round the mountain and attacked Clondalkin, without apparent opposition from

the lord deputy. His unpleasant reminiscences of Glenmalure were too fresh for him to try another bout at hill-climbing, and, besides this, the Earl of Desmond gave him plenty to do in the south. Between Desmond, and watching for those foreign allies that were expected over to assist him, Lord Grey's duties were becoming anything but those of a sinecure.

The State papers merely say on this matter that "Lord Baltinglass has burned Clondalkin."

THE RETALIATION WITH A VENGEANCE ON THE O'TOOLLES AND THE O'BYRNES
AFTER THE ALLIED CHIEFTAINS BREAKING UP CAMP IN GLENMALURE.

To go back for a few months before the battle of Glenmalure, we find one Andrew Trollope, a lawyer, coming over to Ireland in search of employment from the deputy. He seems to have been possessed of a taste for the jotting down of events passing round him, and the following account of his of an event relating to the O'Toolles is so graphic that we give it place in this history :

"About the 16th July, 1581, Felim O'Toole was apprehended for victualling rebels. Thereupon his brother gathered his tenants and followers, and killed, burned, and spoyled as many as he could find disposed to be true subjects.

"He sent word to the deputy to deliver his brother, or else he would burn and spoyle the whole country to the gates of Dublin; but that, if he set his brother at liberty, he would come in and be pledged for his brother's good behaviour. Felim being persuaded to yield himself up, and being told, if he would not do so, his brother, being his pledge, should be hanged, made answer he cared not, and bid them hang him if they would. About the 28th August said Felim's brother was hanged, as I pray God I may see all the rest, for every chief rebel's pardon is a hundred men's deaths."

A most charitable aspiration this; and Trollope was not the last hungry adventurer that came over from England, legal as well as others, who, having waxed fat and insolent upon the spoils of the Irish people, were their most persistent maligners and envenomed haters.

In recurring to the State Papers of the time, we find many brutal deeds perpetrated by the English of Dublin Castle upon these same O'Tooles, as the following extracts will exemplify, and will give the reader an idea of the dreadful state of the country during this period :

A.D. Note 1580.—“Lord Barrymore a prisoner in Dublin Castle.”

1580. “The Lancashire soldiers would not fight against the Papists.”—State Papers.

Sept. 9th, 1580.—“A son and two brothers of Feagh MacHugh O'Byrne, and sixty others, slain.”—State Papers.

January 15th, 1581.—“Sir William Stanley attacked by Feagh Mac Hugh O'Byrne and Baltinglass. Feagh Mac Hugh's brother slain.”

January 27th, 1581.—“Lord Baltinglass and Feagh Mac Hugh pinched with hunger.”

It must have been a hard winter amongst the bleak mountains of Wicklow.

April 4th, 1581.—“The killing of Garrett O'Toole, and taking Thomas Eustace, brother of Baltinglass. The gentlemen among the traitors left their horses, encountered our men on foot, and charged them even upon the pikes.”

It is evident these were no drawing-room knights, as there was no display of white feather, nor lack of courage there, but they fought valiantly to the last, selling their lives dearly, so much so that it is said by historians that this war cost England 30,000 men.

May 27th, 1581.—Lord Baltinglass has burned Clondalkin on the south of the Liffey.’’

July 6th, 1581.—“Walpole writes to Burgley, and says: ‘The Kavanaghs, O'Byrnes, O'Tooles, O'Connors, and O'Moores keep a third part of the Pale waste.’”

And on same date to Walsyngham :

A discourse on the great dishonour to her Majesty by the proclamation of pardons. He says: “The Kavanaghs, O'Byrnes, O'Tooles, O'Moores, and O'Connors keep a third part of the Pale waste.”—State Papers, vol. 84.

August 30th, 1581.—“Wallop to Walsyngham. The Lord Deputy's intention to set forth towards Munster, on September 4th, 1581, and to leave Stanley to prosecute the Kavanaghs; Mackworth, the O'Connors and O'Moores; and Bagwell and Denny the O'Tooles.”

There are some of the descendants of this same Captain Denny to be found possessing property in Wicklow at the present day under the name of Dennis, showing how well he fulfilled his charge in prosecuting the O'Tooles, and how well he got his reward. Again:

July 31st, 1581.—“P. C. in Ireland to P. C. in England. The Lord Deputy has taken Wallop and Bagnol towards Turlough Lynagh (O'Neill), the place where the garrison lies, being in number 2,650, to be victualled by them. No money. Feagh MacHugh O'Byrne mocking at the pardon he had petitioned for, when he found he had it granted to him.”

July 31st, 1581. Privy Council in Ireland to Privy Council in England.—“Feagh MacHugh O'Byrne is mocking at the pardon he hath petitioned for, when he found he had it granted. None have taken the benefit of her Majesty's grace and mercy but show contempt. Accordingly, we find the lord deputy is desirous to be instructed by the Privy Council as to whether they will execute Feagh MacHugh's pledges or not.”

The State Papers do not say whether they did or not, but we suppose not, as they had enough to slaughter without them; and insatiable as was the thirst of the Castle authorities for Irish blood, their appetites must have been glutted by that of the O'Tooles at this time.

Sept. 1st. 1581.—“Viscount Baltinglass wandereth in great astonishment.”

Again, in the same State Papers (*see* foot note), 22nd October, 1581, we find Felim O'Toole of Powerscourt, detected by the Castle authorities in victualling some of the rebels (as they are pleased to call them); and forthwith, Felim, with eighty of his followers, are taken prisoners and confined in the Tower of Dublin Castle.

His clansmen and friends, knowing full well that it was owing to his efforts to aid them that he got into durance, vowed to have him free at

any cost. They accordingly made war on the Pale, burning and destroying all before them. Meantime, his brother offered to the deputy, that if he would release Felim, he (Brian) he would give himself up as security for his brother's good conduct. This offer the lord deputy accepted. Felim was released, Brian taking his place in prison.

Felim, being stung to the quick by the treatment he had received in prison, and further exasperated by the daily outrages to which his people were subjected at the hands of the English, continued to war on the English of the Pale. The lord deputy sent him word that if he would not cease making war on them, he would put his brother to death. Felim indignantly made answer that he did not care; that he would continue to make war; and the lord deputy, on hearing Felim's reply, ordered his brother, Brian O'Toole, to be put to death, which order was carried out in due course.

The story of this event is graphically told by an Englishman who happened to be employed in the Castle at the time—told, too, with all the animus and hatred of the Englishman for the Irish. It is recorded in the State Papers, as follows:

On the 12th September, 1581, Andrew Trollope wrote a long letter to Walsingham, describing the impressions Ireland had made on his mind since his arrival on the 8th July. He seems to have been an intelligent English lawyer, but evidently the soil and climate of Ireland was not congenial to his soul. He says: "About the XVth Julye, one Phelham McTole, which dwelt within VII miles of Dublin, and married to a sister of Feffe McCue, one of the notable traytours, murtherers, and thieves in all Ireland, was apprehended victualling the rebels, and his brother, Brian, gathered together his tenants and followers, and killed, bourned, robbed, and spoyled as many as he could find to be good subjectes, and sent word to my Lord Deputy to delyver his brother, or else he would bourne and spyle the countrey even to Dublin gates.

"And during my lord deputy his absence, the said Phelham McTole, his company, and other rebelles (from where Sir Wm. Standley sent VIII of their heddies to Dublin, the X of August) burned, robbed,

and spoyled the country, so bouldly as they were many tymes, both by night and by day, sene so doing within three miles of Dublin. And Phelham McTole being persuaded to cease and yelde himselfe, and tould that if he would not doe so, his brother (Brian) being his pledge, should be hanged, made answer that he cared not, and bidd them hang him (if they dare), at which my lord deputy was much greved, and would not hear any man speke of any pardons, and about XXVIII of August the said Phelham McTole, his brother, was hanged (as I pray God I may see all the rest).

“Every chief rebbell’s pardon is a hundred deaths. That Irysheman which getted pardon when he lysted, as in the tyme of Henry Sydney was lord deputy, thus Feffe McCue (*i.e.*, Feagh MacHugh O’Byrne) was a rebell. Now he had been persuaded to cumme and should have pardon. He answered that he could murder, bourne, and robb whom he liked, and then have pardon. The Iryshe have been too trusted, favoured, and preferred.”

This epistle is truly typical of the average Englishman’s feeling towards the Irish. The only time he makes use of the name of the Deity in his letter is to ejaculate the charitable prayer that he may see them (the Irish) “all hanged.” It never etered into the liberal soul of the worthy Trollope to consider the gross provocation the O’Tooles received from the English, in killing them whenever they could, bagging their heads, and bringing them into Dublin Castle as if they were game, considering them as so many trophies of their industry and zeal in the queen of England’s cause, for which they got well rewarded. To our sorrow, we have had too many of the genus Trollope polluting the soil of our poor country.

Here is another account of the same transaction from the State Papers :

On the 28th August, 1581, L. D. writes his mind to Walsyngham on the impolicy of taking Pheagh MacHugh O’Byrne, which Sir Henry Harrington has laboured hard to procure. Amongst other things he says :

“Very lately Phelim O’Toole beyinge arrested for sundrye suspytions

of treasons, havynge a pardon not 15 months before, procured his brother to be his pledge for his good behavvour and aparence when he should be called, who presentlye, even the first daye off his enlargement, enteryed into open rebellyon, and so remayneth.

“Many other ensampels myght allege were yet avoyde tedyusnes, but these beyng trywe what hope maye there off these fydelytes upon pledges. There ys no waye to duant these people but by the edge of the sworde, and to plant better in these places. Her Majestie were better to give them over to there owne government, and let them one cutt an other's throte—*i.e.*, styll to consume tressor to no purpose.

“I was off mynde when the matter came in questyon at the councell tabell, whether he should be taken in or not, that consyderynge he is so notable a rabell, and that monethe agone when we were treatyng peace with Tyrlagh (*i.e.*, O'Neill), he refused his pardon then, beyng offered, with very oprobyus words, and that now his manner of acceptynge yt ys but by way of attorneye.

“That such manner off takynge in could ether be honorable or any safty to stay him from rebellyon longer than he shall fynde opportunitie and spye tyme off advantage to do some notable myscheffe.

“Well there was one more of my oppynyn, and so the matter by more voyces fell throug. God send ye good success.”

Here we have in a neatly condensed form the whole pith and substance of the policy to be pursued by the English adventurer towards the native chieftains. “There is no way to daunt these people but by the edge of the sword.” No; nor did the soldiers of Elizabeth find them very easily daunted when they met them in the clash of battle. “Plant better in their places,” always bearing in mind that these so called “better” were always available to her Majesty, in the persons of her followers and all the other lying scribes who strove to villify and malign the character of the Irish.

Needless to say, that the suggestions of his correspondent were faithfully carried out in a few years after, and that with no niggard hand.

The flying columns sent out through the countries of the O'Tooles and O'Byrnes appear to have burned and destroyed all before them, murdering those who were not able to fly for refuge to the woods and mountains, the sole source of shelter left them.

Oct. 22nd, 1581.—“Walpole writes to Walsyngham, accusing the O'Connors, Lord Baltinglass, and Felim O'Toole, of victualling the rebels, and complains that a conspiracy existing amongst them, and made known to one hundred gentlemen, was not made known to him by one.”

November 12th, 1581.—“Finton to Burgley, recommending that some privy spial be sent into Spain to observe the draughts of the traitors.”—Cal. State Papers.

November 23rd, 1581.—“John Danyell writes to Walsyngham. The traitor James Eustace, late Viscount Baltinglass, is gone to Spain in a Scottish ship. Has offers to go thither and join with the traitors in order to reveal their secrets.”

December 10th, 1581.—“Robert Piphó writes to Sir W. Malbey:—‘The Earl of Kildare has gone from hence to have Sir John Desmond and Viscount Baltinglass delivered to him on Thursday next for a great reward.’”

It may be here noted that the good intentions of Piphó and the Earl of Kildare with reference to Lord Baltinglass were frustrated, and that the information conveyed to Walsyngham by John Danyell in the previous extract, was more reliable, as we find that brave nobleman departed this life a few years afterwards in Spain.

December 11th, 1581.—“Baltinglass's lands escheated this term by outlawry.”

“Note of such journeys as had been made by the garrison under Sergeant-Major.—Burning of sixteen towns in Casha and Shilleleagh. Divers killed in Imayle. Sons of Feagh Mac Hugh's foster-brothers and two sisters slain in Glenluchen, on the further side of the river Avanagh. Has taken Simon McDavid's sister, who, if she do not stand me in steeds, I mean to execute. Killing of bullies in the glen.” A few years before we find in the same State Papers:

“11th December, 1577.—A commission given to Richard Westby, Gentleman, Sergeant of the Birnes and Tooles' countries, and George Allen, constable of Queen's Castle, Magyneghan, to exercise martial law in the Birnes and Tooles' countries.”

Yet we not unfrequently meet with historians who describe the native Irish of that period as half savages as to their mode of living and habitation; but with that suppression of facts which is so nearly akin to mendacity, they never tell their readers that they were houseless, because these marauding bands had burned their castles and destroyed their homesteads; that they were poor, because these same English robbers had driven off their cattle and sheep, leaving all who escaped their swords to shift for themselves as best they could, causing them to eke out a semi-nomadic existence among the mountain fastnesses of their native land.

True that the O'Tooles very often, when exasperated by the wrongs to which they were subjected, turned on their persecutors and paid them back in their own coin—ay, even with compound interest thrown in. When such episodes occurred they are always treated, both in letters to the English Privy Council of the time, and in most of the histories handed down to the present day, as so many savage butcheries by the “bloodye Iryrshe,” upon those unoffending preservers of “law and order,” the pampered soldiery of a corrupt administration at Dublin Castle.

Those that were not killed outright in these forays were brought in as prisoners to Dublin, where they were made the reluctant “*Dramatis Personæ*” of that long-established farce, “Trial by Jury;” of course, a complete sham, for though there may in more modern times be occasion for the exercise of a little “finesse,” to throw some thin gloss over the corrupt practice of jury-packing, in those good old days of yore there was no necessity for packing at all, as every inhabitant of Dublin was of the right sort, and the deadly enemy of the O'Tooles and O'Byrnes, to boot.

Besides, all within the walls of Dublin were at one with the Castle authorities in wishing the total annihilation of the O'Tooles, O'Byrnes, and all other septs. From this we could expect nothing less than that the jurors of Dublin should be highly complimented by the Crown (*i.e.*, the

Castle) upon the loyal manner in which they did "well and truly try," as we find by the State Papers of that year, 1581.

Fenton, who was employed in or about the Castle as secretary (this Fenton is presumably the progenitor of the present families of that name, who possess lands in west Wicklow), writes in a letter to Walsingham:

"The jurors, by a secret power of God, proceed in the trial with great uprightness."

But to return to Dublin. We find that this "secret power," whatever it was, worked well with the jurors, as the following extract will prove:

"This year (1581) forty-five persons were hanged in Dublin for treasonable practices, and that Barrymore, *i.e.*, James, son of Richard, son of Thomas, died in Dublin Castle. He was married to O'Toole of Imayle's daughter."—Four Masters.

The O'Tooles appear to have borne the brunt of the marauding expeditions, or, at least, the latter portion of them, as Feagh MacHugh O'Byrne came to terms with Elizabeth early in the year, as appears from the following extract:

December 17th, 1581.—"Finton to Walsingham, concerning the burning of the Lord Chancellor's houses under the walls of Dublin."

Dec. 18th, 1581.—"L. D. to P. C. Sir William Sarsfield's motion to bring in Captain Garrett, and he desires to be instructed whether they shall execute Feagh MacHugh's pledges for his presumption."

December 18th, 1581.—"Garret O'Toole, son of Phelim, and ten of his followers slain by Captain Denny, for which Captain Denny receives the thanks of her Majesty and Privy Council."

Certainly! and we would not be at all surprised, were it in vogue in those days, that he would have received a sword of honour, to boot, for such a very valiant deed. But Captain Denny seeks and receives a more substantial reward, as will be found further on in the State Papers.

Dec. 27th, 1581.—"Edward Denny to Walsingham, demanding to be paid for his services, in bringing in the head of Garrct O'Toole to Dublin."

It would appear from the following extract from the State Papers that the Captain Denny, or Dennis, and Bagnall were appointed by the lord deputy to pay all their attention to the O'Tooles. Extract is as follows, in a letter from :

“Wallop to Walsyngham, signifying the lord deputy's intention to have Stanley to prosecute the Kavanaghs; Mackworth, the O'Connors; and Bagnal and Denny, the O'Tooles.”

Towards the end of the year Elizabeth began to see that war with the O'Tooles and other septs was not a paying game, and she resolved to try a change of front by assuming the guise of forgiveness, to cover fraud, treachery, and deceit. Thus we find her first act of apparent conciliation in sending a pardon to Lord Clanricarde and Felim O'Toole. The surety which Felim gave this time was money, as we see by Fenton's letter to Burgley, where he says :

In the following year the lord deputy received instructions from the queen to put out of the possession of Powerscourt Felim O'Toole, and to hand it over to Art. This Arthur O'Toole, whose claim to the territory of Feracualan was being advocated by Elizabeth, was the eldest son of Bryan-an-Chogiadh, whom his father left as a hostage with Henry VIII., and who must have been reared up at the English court. Like Shane O'Neill, he does not appear to have returned to Ireland to take possession of his estates, nor do the queen's orders respecting him appear to have been carried out, as we find Felim at a subsequent date still in possession of Powerscourt. This Felim is described in one of the documents of the period as “having a glym, silent look, framed to the conformity of his wicked disposition.” Only another instance of the lying perversity of the parasitical scribes, who then, as now, had willing tongues and ready pens to falsify and misrepresent everyone who had any claim to the popular voice. We wonder had Felim's action at Glenmalure anything to do with the unpleasant frown that so much displeased the æsthetic ideas of this foul chronicler. We should not wonder, anyway. The coincidence of the hanging of Felim's brother goes to prove that the O'Tooles were not in the odour of friendship within the Castle at that particular period. More trust-

worthy annalists have left their record of Felim O'Toole of Powerscourt as being known to all the country round as one of the most hospitable, genial, and kind-hearted gentlemen to be met with, and brave withal.

The reader must bear in mind that these wars of 1580, begun by the Earl of Desmond, continued by Lord Baltinglass, in connection with the O'Tooles, O'Byrnes, and other Celtic families, were carried on purely on religious grounds, namely, sooner than that they should submit to Elizabeth's supremacy in spiritual matters instead of the Pope's.

But if Elizabeth had one object in view—the bending of those haughty chieftains' necks to her yoke in spiritual as well as temporal matters—those whom she sent over to Ireland had quite another, namely, their own aggrandisement in partaking of the spoils of the confiscated lands and properties of these Catholic nobles, a powerfully stimulating incentive, that had more to recommend it than any motives of religious zeal in the furtherance of the theological views of their royal mistress. However, the religious question afforded a convenient cloak, from the shelter of which they were able too successfully to further their own base, sordid plans; but to the O'Tooles the war was a purely religious one, on account of which they lost their properties.

After the defeat of Turlough O'Toole of Powerscourt, in 1542, by the wiles and stratagems of the Lord Deputy St. Leger, and Ormonde, under Henry VIII., and that of Turlough O'Toole of Imayle, by General Talbot, in Edward VI.'s reign, the O'Tooles were never again able, single-handed, to give battle successfully, and cope with the English of the Pale. Their power as a clan was gone, never to return, and Fercualan and Imayle ceased to be a barrier to the English.

But strong as ever remained their martial spirit, indomitable courage, and never failing determination to fight against the English to the bitter end. Instead of taking the field singly, we find them in future contenting themselves with being the allies and confederates of the O'Byrnes, O'Neills, and other clans, in their efforts against their common enemy.

Hence it is that we find them ably led by Barnaby, son of young Art O'Toole of Castle Kevin, confederated with the gallant Feagh Mac Hugh O'Byrne, at Glenmalure. This Barnaby O'Toole had been in his youth sent as a hostage to be reared up at the English Court, together with O'Neill, and other young Irish noblemen, in order, as Henry and Elizabeth hoped, or would have it, to civilize them, or, in other words, to make Englishmen of them, and imbue their tender minds with ideas antagonistic to their religion and the national sentiment of their native land, a policy that in the instances of O'Toole and O'Neill, only resulted in bringing discomfiture on the heads of its promoters.

Barnaby O'Toole, being well trained up to arms, and having attained the rank of captain in the English army, obtained his discharge in this year (1581). He immediately flew to the assistance of Feagh Mac Hugh O'Byrne, in the fortress of Glenmalure, where he had the heartfelt pleasure of turning the knowledge of military tactics, acquired at the English Court, and in the English army, against the English themselves, and to the great advantage of the native cause, and we find him still in the pursuit of that same cause, nobly assisting his brother-in-law, Feagh MacHugh O'Byrne, in all his gallant efforts, until the year 1596, when he expired in the camp of that famous chieftain in Glenmalure, a short time before the renowned Feagh himself was slain.

After the battle of Glenmalure, in which the English were ignominiously defeated, and after the departure of Lord Baltinglass for Spain, the O'Tooles, with Thomas Eustace, Lord Baltinglass's brother (who was married to O'Toole of Imayle's daughter), kept the war flag flying among the hills of Wicklow, till Elizabeth thought it wiser to come on terms with them.

"The money forfeiture of sureties more profitable to her Majesty than the life of wretched pledges. The bearer, Harrington, has well acquitted himself in his government."—State Papers.

From the Book of Fiants, dated 9th May, 1581, we extract :

"Pardon to Phelin O'Toole of Powerscourt, County of Dublin, Gent.

“Isabella Byrne ny Hugh McShane O’Byrne (wife of Phelim, and the sister of Feagh MacHugh, late of Cawbrany), and Arthur Dawson of Towlagh.—Security as in 896.”

Peace with Elizabeth does not seem to have been congenial to the tastes of Phelim, or it was not the interest of the Castle party to let him or any of the Irish chiefs enjoy it long, for we find him again called upon on January 31st, 1582, asking him to give sureties to keep the peace. He, however, escaped this time, but heaven knows enough was exacted at the cost of Phelim’s kith and kin during the eventful year of 1581, his brother, Brian-an-Cogogh, and his son, Garret, having been, with several others, cruelly butchered at that time for their adherence to their country’s cause.

To show how highly the O’Tooles and O’Byrnes stood in the estimation of the authorities, we give another extract from the State Papers of the time :

June 8th, 1581.—“Wallop to Walsyngham—Recommending the countries of the O’Tooles, O’Byrnes, and the Kavanaghs, the first to be reduced in Ireland.

Sept. 1st, 1581.—“Feagh MacHugh puts in pledges. The Viscount Baltinglass wandereth in great astonishment.

Nov. 5th, 1581.—“Fenton to Walsyngham—Recommending Jaques Wingfield to be freed from his charge in the Castle on account of Edmond Sceiz’s escape from the Castle, and the charge of the prisoners given to him (Fenton).

1581.—“Thomas Maria Wingfield appointed to the command of the army, with Jenkins and Zouche. Lord Deputy Grey asks the queen for more soldiers.”—State Papers.

At this period we find unsolicited pardons showered freely on those O’Tooles who escaped butchery at the hands of the English. The following extracts are taken from the Book of Fiants. We give them not so much for any intrinsic value they possess in a historical point of view, but as a memento handing down to us the names of the most prominent

members of the Clan O'Toole who fought and survived the dreadful wars of 1580-81 :

10th March, 1852.—“Pardon of Tirlagh Oure MacFeagh O'Toole, Gent., with others.

“Pardon of Phelim O'Toole, Donogh O'Toole, Art Duff O'Byrne, James McPhelim O'Toole, Dermot McTirlagh O'Toole, Edward Mac-Walter O'Toole, Philip McShane O'Toole, Teege McDermot O'Toole, Phelim McDonogh O'Toole, Tibbot O'Toole, Patrick Bane O'Byrne, Donogh McMeleighben O'Toole, Morogh MacCayer O'Toole, Edmond MacDonogh O'Toole, Evory MacCahu O'Byrne, Donnell MacTeege Oge O'Byrne, Gerald MacEdmond O'Byrne, Tirlagh MacMurrough O'Toole, Gents., with forty others belonging to Feracolin, County Dublin.

18th March, 1582.—“Pardon of Elizabeth nyn Hugh O'Byrne, wife of said Phelim O'Toole, Johanna nyn Art Kavanagh, Rouse nyn Morishe Fitzgerald, Margaret nyn Tirlagh Oge O'Toole, Fennelle nyn Donnell, Margaret nyn Tirlagh MacGilpatrick, Margaret Parsell, Granny O'Toole, Margaret O'Toole, and Cahir O'Toole of Imale, Gent., and fifty others of Imale, kerns under Cahir O'Toole, Gent.

“Pardon to Rory O'Twoill of Dundalk, with many others.”

28th August, 1582.—“Patent of pardon to Art O'Toole, Pheagh Mac Terlagh Oure O'Toole, Dermot O'Toole, Glassne O'Toole, and Gerald Duff O'Byrne ; Morughe Duff Mac Molaghlín Keoghe O'Toole, Farrall Mac Art O'Toole, Elizabeth O'Toole, Margaret O'Toole, Doritia O'Toole, More O'Toole, in County Wicklow.

“P.S.—With this condition, that if any of these persons pardoned be of the sept of the O'Connors, who were pronounced traitors and rebels, the pardon be of no effect.”

19th July, 1582.—“Pardon of Morogh-na-doe O'Flahertie of Agnanyver, County Galway, and others of the same name.”

“Pardon of Theobald O'Toole, Edmond O'Toole, Toohall O'Toole, Feardorogh O'Toole of Omey, County Galway.

“Pardon of Roland Eustace of Gegaston, County Kildare, and Hugh

Mac Edmond O'Toole of Gilstown; and Shane Mac Edmond O'Toole of same place.—22nd August, 1583.

“Pardon of Arthur O'Toole, gent., of Cloncare, Queen's County.

“Pardon to Luke O'Toole of Castle Kevin, gent., Morrogh and Hugh, his brothers, and Walter Harrold, Geoffrey Harrold, Ferganand Harrold, their horsemen; Shane Mac Feagh O'Toole of Omalley, gent.; Hugh Mac Edmond O'Toole, Mac Cahir Mac Edmond O'Toole of Omaile, gent.

“Morrogh O'Toole, Cahir Mac Edmond, Moile; Donogh Mac Shane Mac Feagh O'Toole of Omaile, gents.

Hugh Mac Thomas Mac Hugh O'Towell, Patrick Mac Shane Verna O'Towell, gents.; Tiege O'Trassa, kern; Thomas Walsh, Farrell Mac Tirrogh, Robert Lennan, Shane ne Monestraghe, and Oge More, servants of Luke O'Toole.”—3rd of August, V. of Elizabeth, 1564.

Again they were pardoned in 1566, and again in 1570.—*See* fiants of these dates; also in 1550, 1551, and 1552.—Public Record Office.

These pardons or amnesties were treated by the O'Tooles with the most supreme contempt. Pardon! and for what? The necessity of granting a pardon must have the very nature and essence of forgiveness, and involve the commission of some crime or fault; but the O'Tooles were in no way conscious of having committed any offence against the English queen; they never owned allegiance to her or any of her predecessors; therefore, never having acknowledged her authority, they broke no faith in not obeying her behests.

Not likely, then, that these pardons of Elizabeth were sought after; they were merely issued at the instance of the Privy Council, to try and establish an assumed authority that had no actual existence. At this time, too, it suited Elizabeth to desist from warring with the O'Tooles and other septs, and she issued her pardons as a matter of form, and to make it understood, as it were, that she had power and control over them and their territory, although her laws and authority were never acknowledged therein, nor her writs allowed to run. Hence, we cannot form an estimate of what appreciative boons these parchments were to the O'Tooles of

that day. One thing they point out to us—the defining of the different branches of the family existing in 1582, namely,

PHELIM O'TOOLE of Powerscourt.

CAHIR MAC SHANE O'TOOLE, Imayle.

BARNABY O'TOOLE, Castlekevin.

THEOBALD O'TOOLE, Omev, County Galway.

ROWNEY O'TOOLE, Dundalk.

HUGH MAC EDMOND O'TOOLE, Gilton, County Kildare, whose descendants are to be found there to the present day.

The O'Tooles might now expect to have been allowed to settle down in the ways of peace, to rebuild their homesteads, razed to the ground by the English soldiers, to till and cultivate those verdant plains, and to enjoy at least an interregnum from the horrors of war. But this would not be in accordance with the policy of Elizabeth and her Irish advisers; so a system of internal dissension was to be promoted, mutual jealousies to be fostered, and that course of fraud and intrigue so successfully practised by her royal father, again put in force with the hope of weakening the strength of the clans, and thus injuring the Irish cause.

Accordingly, Art O'Toole is prompted to claim his father's property that portion of the lands of Powerscourt then in possession of Phelim O'Toole, his uncle. At first sight, one would think his claim most reasonable, until we remember that according to the old law of tanistry, the eldest son fell in for the landed property at his father's death. Phelim, being the eldest surviving son of old Turlough O'Toole, by right succeeded him; but Arthur O'Toole, reared up at the English court, and knowing nothing of the Irish law of tanistry, contended that as Henry VIII. had gone through the form of making a grant of these lands to the children of Turlough, after his death, in 1542, *i.e.*, to Phelim and Brian, he, Arthur, son of Brian, had a right to succeed to his father's estate at his death, which took place in Dublin the year before; and by the English law, which he knew only, he was quite within his right.

Thus we find in the State papers of the period, petitions from Arthur to the queen, and to the lord deputy at Dublin, demanding to be restored

to his estates at Powerscourt. We have also from Phelim counter-petitions proving his right to retain possession of these estates, and praying to be allowed to retain the possession thereof. Also, a letter from Queen Elizabeth herself to the chief governor of Ireland, commanding him to give a straight injunction to restore to Arthur O'Toole the quiet possession of Powerscourt, and disposes all who wrongfully hold the same.

The lord deputy writes back to the queen, saying that "Arthur O'Toole's title cannot be discovered, unless he be sent over to Ireland." He further forewarns the queen "of the unpolicy of driving Phelim O'Toole again into rebellion."

This is paying a high compliment to Phelim's power of giving trouble to the castle authorities, the lord deputy evidently having full faith in the virtue of the adage, to "let sleeping dogs lie;" and with past experience to guide him, he considered it wise not to again rouse the ire of Phelim. His arguments had weight with Elizabeth; she adopts her deputy's view of the situation, takes the caution, and orders that Arthur, in lieu of his claim, receive compensation from the State Treasury, sooner than cause Phelim to again "let loose the dogs of war."

Arthur O'Toole may have been, and, I believe, was, unjustly treated according to the English law; but inasmuch as Phelim was the elect of the people, and in possession of Powerscourt, it would have been wiser in him not to have pressed his claim.

Had he been reinstated as O'Neill was, he might have proved himself as wily a diplomatist as he already proved himself to be a renowned soldier, and thus prove to be as formidable an enemy to the English queen; and it is very probable that the lord deputy foresaw all this, because, notwithstanding that Elizabeth had already issued her commands for the restoration of Powerscourt to Arthur, the lord deputy prevailed on her by his representations to countermand that order, and for certain prudential reasons to allow Phelim retain the peaceable possession of his property, whilst, at the same time, she sought to pacify Arthur by a pension for the service in her army.

The reader will not forget that this Arthur O'Toole, eldest son of

Brian O'Toole of Powercourt, had been sent to the English Court, like O'Neill, O'Donnell, and Barnaby O'Toole (son of Art of Castle Kevin), as a hostage and good security for the actions of his father, and as Elizabeth hoped, to be reared up with English ideas, English customs, and to be imbued with those tastes and feelings that would, in fact, make an Englishman of him.

Arthur, it would appear, took to the profession of arms, as did his cousin, Barnaby, as more congenial to his tastes, and had even at this early period of his life won many laurels and honours, and gained for himself many distinctions, on foreign fields, for which the pension to which he alludes in his letter to her Majesty, was well earned.

Having been frustrated in his design of obtaining possession of what he considered his inheritance, he retired to the continent, where, by a continuance of those deeds of valour and bravery that had already established his fame, he now, in the services of France and the Netherlands, became renowned and extolled.

Would that it had been our task to record such deeds of valiant prowess as were given by Arthur to the stranger, in the struggle that was proceeding in his own unfortunate country. The right arm of Arthur would have had ample exercise in cutting down the freebooters of Earl Grey at Glenmalure, and the gallant Feagh Mac Hugh would have heartily welcomed his counsel and sword in the many struggles for freedom with the hated Saxon foe.

Before us hangs the portrait of Arthur O'Toole, a handsome old man, with high forehead, clear blue eye, aquiline nose, and a mouth whose curve would make you believe he must have been a sort of Apollo Belvidere in his youth. The snow white hair, and flowing beard, of which Aron might have been vain, give a visible beauty to his features, and make us regret that he did not adopt the sacred profession of his great kinsman, St. Loran. We have seen eastern patriarchs at St. Peters, but to our observation there never was a head better formed for mitre than yours, O Arthur, if you had not preferred the morion. The entire figure is cased in burnished armour, and his hand grasps a long wand ornamented



Arthur Severus O'Toole, eldest son of Bran O'Toole
of Powerscourt.

with more than a dozen coronets, indicating, no doubt, the many cantreds of land to which he was entitled, if every man had his own.

But forgetful of the injury done him—and perhaps he was not too silent regarding his lineage, and the wealth and position of his forefathers—some English scribes took occasion to make a butt of him for the exercise of their dull wits, and to turn this circumstance into ridicule, as we see by the following extract from Grainger's Illustrated Biographical work, where this picture of Arthur O'Toole is found. It says:—

“Captain O'Toole was a man of inordinant aspirations. He took every occasion of boasting his precipitate valour. He served as a volunteer in various nations, and was as notorious in other parts of Europe as he was in his own country. He was son and heir of Brian O'Toole, Lord of Powerscourt and Feracullen. The Mars and Mercury, the Agamemnon and Ulysses, for wisdom and valour. Theresites, Amadis de Gaul, Don Quixote. Westminster his residence.”

Much as we revere the memories of the old heads of our sept, we will not gainsay a word said to his disparagement, for we are very sure that if he had been true to the traditions and aspirations of his forefathers, not Westminster, but the dungeons of London Tower would have been his bidding place.

May heaven assoil him, and forgive us if we do him wrong in quoting the verses made by Taylor, commonly called the water-poet, anent this Arthur:

“Great Mogul's landlord—of both Indies king,
Whose self-admiring fame doth loudly ring,
Writes four-score years, more kingdoms he had a right to—
The stars say so—and for them he will fight, too.
And though this worthless age will not believe him.
But clatter, spatter, slander, seoff, to grieve him:
Yet he and all the world in this agree,
That such another Toodle will never be.”

Nevertheless, out upon Sassenach biographer and ballad monger ! A hundred of the Clan O'Toole have long since wiped away any blur that Arthur may have cast upon their escutcheon.

So seldom did it fall to the lot of those malignant scribes to be able to find a weak point in the armour of honour of the O'Tooles, that it is no wonder to us that they strove to insert their venomous shafts in the crevice with all the rancour of their evil nature.

Let us resume our extracts.

October 12th, 1582.—“Feagh Mac Gilpatrick, the O'Connors, with two of the brethren of the Viscount Baltinglass, are in the protection of Feagh Mac Hugh and the O'Byrnes. The likelihood of a foreign invasion, and the necessity of sending back the lord deputy, and settling a force in Ulster to follow action.”

Sir Henry Sydney writes to Sir Francis Walsyngham, 1583 : “Leaving Dublin, I journeyed through the countries of Kildare, Kilkenny, and Carlogh, and Washford, holding sessions. I came home through the seaside by base Leinster, the countries of the Cavanaghs, ruled by Thomas Masterson ; O'Murghes (O'Murphys), governed by Richard Synod ; the Kynchelaghes, where Thomas Masterson was captain ; the O'Byrnes, and the O'Tooles, governed by Francis Agard (now Ager), and so home to Dublin. All these Irish people lived as loyally as any people in shire ground. There is no waste land, but as they termed it there, it bare “corn,” or “horn.”—See Carew State Papers

Dublin, 28th May, 1582.—“Sir Nicholas Malbie, to the Earl of Leicester :

“Feagh Mac Hugh O'Byrne and Phelim O'Toole of Powerscourt keep the peace well.”

Taking the above two letters in conjunction, we can readily perceive that though the countries of the O'Tooles were well captained and watched, still the people were thriving and endeavouring to cultivate the arts of peace ; but that they should do so for long would never suit the interests of the English “landgrabbers.”

In the following year, A.D. 1583, we find from the following letter of Sir Henry Harrington, that he had a covetous eye for the lands of the exiled Lord Baltinglass, and other properties of the Celtic sept, as a reward for his efforts to bring them under subjection. He now had not even the excuse to offer to the English Privy Council, that they were giving any trouble, as the people were endeavouring to live peaceably; but on the principle that "any stick is good enough to beat a dog with," he sought the possession of their lands all the same.

Here is his letter :—

"GRANGE GORMAN,

" *November 14th, 1583.*

"Sir Henry Harrington to Burgley.

"That he may have letter survey of Baltinglass, or the fee-farm of it, or a lease of eight years.

"He has brought the sept of the O'Tooles under Shane McFeagh O'Toole (Imayle), Feagh Crosso O'Toole (Imayle), and Cahir O'Toole (Imayle), to live in peace.

"Good hope is entertained that Feagh Mac Hugh O'Byrne will be honest. There is no tyme I send for him but he will come without protection, and any man in his country that I call for he will deliver, but with the condition "not to be hanged," but to give right for anything that shall be proved.

"Has drawn to the town of Baltinglass a dozen horsemen that have no pay of her Majesty, who shall be there resident continually, to answer all events that shall happen. His land is to be employed as need shall require.

"Knows that their defence being removed all shall be spoiled the next day after.

"Makes more reckoning of twenty such as sit down to live by the soil than of a hundred who are to be removed on every occasion.

"Prays for a further interest in two other parcels, Killothery, and Kilpole, the one within the Byrnes' country, and the other the O'Tooles', in the county of Dublin."

From the same State papers we glean that this petition had the desired effect, as in the following month of March,—

“Her Majesty was moved to bestow Baltinglass on Sir Henry Harrington in respect of his ‘hurts.’”

We must not forget that this is the same Sir Henry Harrington who was appointed military governor of the O'Tooles and O'Byrnes' countries by Elizabeth; having his camps at either end, one in Baltinglass, and the other at Newtown Mount Kennedy. It was at the latter he strung up poor Tibbot O'Toole in 1580. For this offence he was subjected to imprisonment, as a double stroke of policy, to make a semblance of impartiality, and to appease the insulted honour and wounded dignity of the Earl of Kildare, the then lord deputy. But, nevertheless, Sir Henry remained the trusted friend and servant of Elizabeth, and she adopted the plan most in accordance with his own views when she bestowed upon him, in the shape of land grants, the very effectual salve for the inconvenience of his imprisonment or any other “hurts” he may have received in his too successful endeavours to prevent the O'Tooles from enjoying the fruits of their own soil.

On 21st June, 1584, we have Sir John Perrot sent over as Lord Justice, and associated with him, Sir John Norris, as governor of Munster, and Sir Richard Bingham, as the governor of Connaught. This triumvirate came across fully prepared to govern with the strong hand in subduing the native Irish, and thus, of course, feathering their own nests, pursuing the same policy as was ever adopted—both by their predecessors for over 400 years, and ably copied by their successors for 300 more.

In the following September we have Sir John Perrot paying a visit to the North in order to reconnoitre the position and observe the strength of the northern septs, the O'Donnells and the O'Neills.

“On the 17th September, 1584, O'Donnell and Sir Owen O'Toole are come to me, and again, in the month of October, O'Donnell and Sir Owen O'Toole came to the camp at Donluise, and having Tirlough O'Neill with me, I ordered (settled) the controversies between them.”

“I won them to a conditional composition to find her Majesty's

garrison in bread and drink. A like composition I made with M^r William in a short time after."

Immediately subsequent to this Sir Owen O'Toole was taken prisoner and lodged in Dublin Castle, where he remained for six years, when through the interference of some friends, he was released; but owing to his great age and the ravages that the rigours of prison life had made on his constitution, he died a short time after his release.

The following extracts from the State papers of the period throw additional light on this event:—

"When the lord deputy made a journey into Tirconnell, after the said Hovendon overthrew the Spaniards, Sir Owen O'Toole, Knt., came to his lordship upon his word, who promised not to take him further than Donnigall, being ten miles from Sir Owen's own house, where the lord deputy then was, which was not performed. For that Sir Owen is now detained a prisoner, even sithence though he hath done good service. This made O'Donnell to be most fearful."

"Sir Owen O'Toole was brought to Dublin, where he was kept a prisoner six years, and by reason of his aged years and continuance in prison, he died soon after his deliverance (25th April, 1595)."

"Before the deputy departed out of Sir Owen's town, his haggard was burned and the town spoyled. Such was the reward that the old knight received for his services to her Majesty."

August 6th, 1584.—"Feagh MacHugh O'Byrne has delivered to the lord deputy his uncle and his son as pledges."

From this extract we see that the peace kept by Feagh, as reported in Malbie's letter to the Earl of Leicester two years before, was already broken. He, no doubt, becoming exasperated at the further outrages of the English garrison, was driven into war by way of reprisal, and when again overpowered by overwhelming numbers, pledges were exacted, so as the better to enable them to carry on the pillage without fear of retaliation; for if the spirit of independence were too plainly manifested by Feagh while his kinsmen were in the hands of the English, they would receive

as short a shrift and as bloody a doom as did Brian O'Toole and other hostages a short time before.

October 20th, 1584.—“Dublin: Sir N. White to Lord Deputy.—Relates his services in Leinster circuit. The chieftains of all the Irishry remained with him. Such as were found to be rangers and masterless men I left in prosecution by common sessions after the rest, without any danger of disturbance to the quiete of the country. The number of prisoners in the circuit was 181, whereof were executed 48 by trial of their own nation, and of those there were two principal gentlemen of the Kavanaghs, by whose attainder her Majesty is entitled to a country of three miles broad, called Leveroke, and also sixteen towns standing upon the River Barrow, adjoining the house Leighlin, where the boats passing the river were continually robbed by those wicked inheritors. I ordered (settled) many complaints of the Irish lords against the extortions of sheriffs and other officers greatly to their contentment.

“I was at Ballinacor, Feagh MacHugh O'Byrne's chief house, standing at the mouth of the glynn where law never approached. He used me with many speeches and signs of great obedience, and would willingly have answered the sessions but for his captain, Sir Henry Harrington. I have observed both the man and his country, as I will inform your lordship myself. The best of the Byrnes appeared before me to inquire for her Majesty, and deliver their compliments, seeming very desirous to be governed by the indifferent administration of justice.”

We must accept the latter portion of Sir N. White's letter with the proverbial modicum of salt necessary to flavour it. Having seen the effects of White's sessional tour through the circuit, painfully exemplified by the judicial murder of 48 of their countrymen, and knowing him to have in his train all the machinery, legal and otherwise, for increasing that number, it is only natural to suppose that Feagh and the other O'Byrnes did not present as bold a front as usual. They temporized a little, and as regards their inquiries about the queen, and their compliments to her, they (to make a slight alliteration from Hamlet),

“Assumed anxiety, though they had it not.”

About this time (October 3rd, 1585) "26 of the principal Irish families of Connaught surrendered the O, and were allowed to retain their lands, and nearly as many more Macs, for the same purpose."

None of the O'Tooles or O'Byrnes followed the example of these Connaughtmen in "selling their birth-right for a mess of pottage."

In the earlier portion of this year—that is, May, 1585—we find, according to the Four Masters, that a proclamation for a parliament was issued to the men of Ireland, commanding their chiefs to attend in Dublin precisely in May, for most of the men in Ireland, say the Four Masters, were obedient to their sovereign, so that they all came to meet each other in Dublin at that command. The same authorities then proceed to give the names of heads and chiefs of the great Irish clans who obeyed the command of Perrott, to attend his great parliament, and they wind up by saying that amongst those that did not and would not attend, were the O'Tooles, O'Connors, O'Moores, and O'Byrnes, except Feagh MacHugh O'Byrne of Clan Rannalagh.

Here we may remark that O'Toole's conduct in staying away from this parliament was quite in keeping with that of his predecessors, who, on like occasions, never could be prevailed on to accept such invitations, or pay any attention to such commands; either to enter into negotiations, or partake of the treacherous hospitality of the Saxon enemy. The O'Tooles were not at all unfamiliar with Dublin Castle; but it was as prisoners of war, and not as guests, they found themselves there, and it was only with the prison cells and dungeons they were acquainted, and not the council chamber, the ball-room, or the banquet-hall.

Whether it was that they had a natural repugnance to submit themselves to negotiate with the Castle, or that they doubted the utility of such negotiations, one thing is certain, that upon all the occasions on which the Leinster chieftains were invited to meet the king or his lord deputy, whether for parley or for hospitality, The O'Toole always declined. Whether he always acted right in thus declining on former occasions, he was certainly right now, as this parliament of Perrott was convened principally to pass Acts of Attainder against the Earl of Desmond, FitzEustace,

Viscount Baltinglass, and their adherents, amongst whom were the O'Tooles, O'Byrnes, O'Moores, and O'Connors, who had joined with them in the wars against Elizabeth, and whose estates were now to be confiscated.

From this O'Toole kept aloof, and it is only right to remark that the great majority of the Irish chiefs and noblemen who did attend knew nothing of the measures which were to be introduced and passed, else they would not have attended or allowed their names to be associated with such vile and unjust proceedings. Once within the walls of the Castle they had no option but to acquiesce, or the transition from legislators to the prison cells would have been short, swift, and sudden; so that, on the whole, it would have been more creditable if they, like O'Toole, had adopted upon this occasion the strict rule of "total abstainers."

The Acts of Attainder having been duly, or rather unduly, passed against these noblemen and chieftains, and their lands confiscated, then commenced the wholesale scramble among the "land-grabbers." Every English adventurer, from Marshal Wingfield down to the pettiest drummer, lost no opportunity of goading on the native Irish to rebellion through desperation. This infernal policy succeeded, alas! too well. The lands became forfeit through the so-called rebellion of the owners; the promoters stepped into possession, where we, with painful feelings, see their descendants wrongfully in occupation at the present day. Instance the case of Powerscourt and several others.

This parliament was composed of twenty-six temporal lords, nearly all Protestants; of twenty-two Protestant bishops, who sat as spiritual peers; while the shires were represented by twenty-seven members, most of them Protestant and well affected towards the government of Elizabeth.

It was, in fact, a packed assembly, convened for the purpose of the Acts of Attainder, and for enacting statutes making estates tail forfeitable for treason.

The Four Masters thought that Feagh Mac Hugh O'Byrne represented Wicklow upon this occasion; but in this they were mistaken, for the members returned for that county were Edward Brabazon and Sir Henry Harrington; and for the special purpose of the parliament no two

better members could be had, as they had a special eye to forfeitures in that quarter themselves, and the sequel shows that their dishonest longings were gratified.

Sir Richard Bingham proceeded to Connaught, where he wasted the country by fire and sword. In one session in Galway, seventy men and women were condemned to death, and afterwards hanged. He then proceeded to West Connaught, or Connemara, and plundered the tribe of the O'Flaherty.

And the people of the tribe of Owen O'Flaherty, as they themselves considered, were under the law. These the English slew, men, women, the common inhabitants, and the helpless people. They hanged Theobald O'Toole, a supporter of the indigent, and a man who kept a house of hospitality, who was the chief of the branch of the O'Tooles residing in the island of Omev, West Connaught.

Bingham, according to Cox, defeated the Irish at the battle of Ard-na-Reagh, killed two thousand of them, and took a prey of four thousand cows, of which he divided three thousand among his men.

Not to confine his favours to either Leinster or Connaught, Perrot now dispatched Generals Stafford and Merriman to the North "to make war, and to subdue the Irish under MacDonnell, O'Neill, and O'Donnell; and not succeeding to his satisfaction, he had recourse to stratagem and intrigue, by which young O'Neill and O'Donnell were kidnapped, brought to Dublin, and imprisoned in the castle, with several other Irishmen who were there before them, amongst whom was Phelim O'Toole of Powerscourt."

From this we perceive that Phelim O'Toole had again got into trouble. The "keeping of the peace well" by him, as reported by Malbie to Leicester, a few years previously, did not harmonize with the felonious intentions of the English adventurers, who, following the old tactics, again exasperated him to make reprisals for their outrages. Arrest and imprisonment followed, and his paying the penalty of death was prevented only, by the fact of his being able to produce documentary evidence ("by his book"), that he had paid a large sum of money to the castle authori-

ties, on the occasion of a previous imprisonment, indemnifying him from death, and securing his release and liberty. The only wonder is, how it was that they deviated so much from their usual course of dishonour and faith-breaking as to pay any attention to even the most solemn compact. However, the fact is historical, as the following extract from the State Papers will show :—

“ Amongst those committed to the castle tower by the lord deputy were Cahir Mac Hugh O'Byrne and Phelim O'Toole. The latter was condemned to death, but was saved by his book.”

Before entering into the particulars of the base kidnapping of O'Neill and O'Donnell, by which act Lord Justice Perrot carried off the palm from all his predecessors, for cowardly meanness and dastardly outrage, we may interest the reader by giving him the names of the noble game which the lord deputy had bagged, by the predatory excursions of his generals through the provinces.

Perrot, on his resigning the lord deputyship and leaving the country, gives us a list of those incarcerated in the prisons of Dublin Castle, as found among the State Papers of the period, and bearing his own signature.

“ December, 1586.—A note of prisoners in the Castle of Dublin, viz. :—

“ Maurice FitzWalter, committed by the lord deputy.

“ Philip O'Reilly, committed by the lord deputy.

“ Henry O'Neill, and his brother, Art, by the lord deputy.

“ Three pledges committed by the lord deputy.

“ Edmond MacMahon, for his father.

“ Captain Terney, committed by the lord deputy.

“ Torley Boy MacDonnell, committed by the lord deputy.

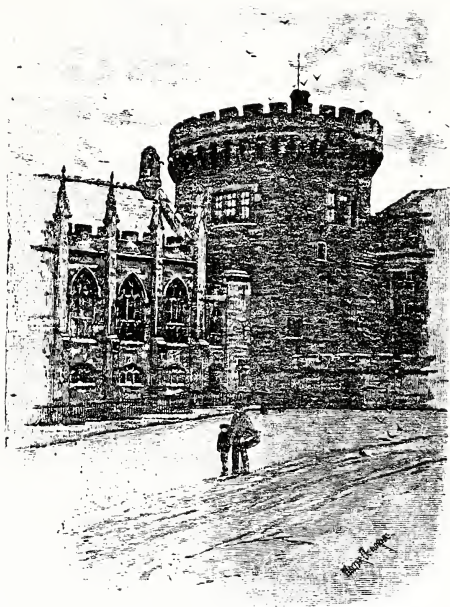
“ Cahir MacHugh O'Byrne, committed by the lord deputy.

“ Phelim O'Toole, condemned to death, but saved by his book, committed by the lord deputy.

“ Connor O'Reilly, pledge for Malmurrough O'Reilly, committed by the lord deputy.

“ Turlogh Baselagh's two pledges, committed by lord deputy.

“ — O'Cohan's pledges, committed by lord deputy.



The Birmingham Tower, Dublin Castle, in which O'Donnell, O'Neill, O'Toole,
and the State prisoners were confined.

“Murtha McBrian, Bishop of Emly, for usurpation from Rome, committed by Miles McGrath (renegade), Archbishop of Cashel.

“Sir John Walsh, priest, committed by the Lord Archbishop of Armagh.

“Sir Patrick Hoyer, priest, committed by Sir Henry Wallop and Geoffrey Fenton.

“Sir Barnaby, priest, committed by Chancellor Archbishop Loftus.”

“Endorsed—PERROT.”

This was a nice covey of game birds for the next battue. Thirty-one of the chief Celtic nobilities as pledges for the peace of the several countries. Amongst them were Hugh O'Toole, and Kedagh, of the same name.

Phelim O'Toole having, as we have seen, thus narrowly escaped with his life from the dungeons of Dublin, and being permitted to exchange the fetid atmosphere of the Castle cells, with the worst of which he was too familiar, for the free, bracing air of his native hills, resolved to be on his guard, and to be very circumspect in future under attainder.

He knew he was no longer able to cope with the English on the battlefield; he also knew the anxiety of his enemies, especially Marshal Wingfield, to have him make himself amenable to attainder, whereby they might possess themselves of his forfeited estates. Little wonder, then, that Phelim became reserved, and to the ordinary observer presented the semblance of a gloomy, taciturn disposition. As we saw earlier, he is accused of having a “glymm silent look, which by use he hath framed to the conformity of his wicked disposition.” Emanating from the source it did, we know what value to place on this description, and consider it more an encomium than anything else. Phelim, though now acquiring that caution which was essential to the preservation of his life and lands, and which was so misconstrued in his subsequent action to young O'Donnell, had failed to learn of his enemies the duplicity of wearing a smile on his face when his soul was seared by the remembrance of his many bitter wrongs, and when his right hand would rather have in its grasp the

bright sword of vengeance than be clasped in the Judas Iscariot friendship of his hated foes.

30th May, 1586.—Wallop to Burghley.—“In Leinster, also, all is quiete, and Feagh Mac Hugh O'Byrne, who, since the breaking out of his son, who was pledge, and with him the pledges of Ulster, stood very doubtful and upon his guard, came in hither twenty days past, upon my word, and the lord deputy hath now pardoned him. He promises also to be a new man. Of him I think as of the rest, that he waiteth but for the opportunity to do what mischief he shall be able. If he might be cleanly cut off it were a happy thing. There is not so bad a one to raise up in his place, so as by that means that captaincy might be extinguished.—*See* Cal. State Papers, Vol. CXXIV., R. I. A.

Another evidence this of the charitable intentions of the Castle authorities towards the Irish chieftains.

This brings us to that painful event in Irish history—the base deception and decoying of young Hugh O'Donnell and other Irish chiefs. The history is so well known that we would not introduce it here; but inasmuch as Phelim O'Toole's name and character have been maligned in connection with it, we shall endeavour to put forth the facts concerning it in their true light.

The circumstance is mentioned by Cox, also by Mac Geoghegan, as follows:

“The lord deputy sent a merchant vessel under the command of a person named John Bingham, who had on board fifty armed men, and a cargo of wine and other merchandize. Having sailed to the coast of Donegal, as above-mentioned in the text, they cast anchor in Lough Swilly, near to Rathmullen, where O'Neill and O'Donnell were performing their devotions at the shrine of our Blessed Lady of Mount Carmel during one of her great feasts. Having decoyed on board young Hugh O'Donnell and some of the other chiefs, they treacherously made prisoners of them, and carried them off to Dublin.”

After being incarcerated for more than three years, O'Donnell made his escape in the following way, according to the “Four Masters :”

“Hugh O'Donnell, having been incarcerated in Dublin Castle for three years and three months, was greatly grieved in mind at being in cruel captivity after that manner, and it was not on his own account, but on account of the dire bondage in which his country, his native land, his friends, and his relatives were placed in every quarter throughout Ireland. He was also meditating in his own mind the means of escape he could find; but that was not an easy matter for him, for he was put every night into a gloomy cell in the castle to be secured until the following morning. That castle was so situated that it was completely surrounded by a broad and very deep trench, full of water, over which was a narrow bridge, directly before the door of the fortress, and a stern party of the English inside and outside the door, strictly guarding it, so that none could go in or come out without permission.

“But, however, there is no guarding that an advantage may not be ultimately obtained of it. Hugh, with a number of companions, were, in the end of winter, precisely in the beginning of the night, together, before they had been put into the strong cells in which they were every night. They took with them a very long rope to the window which was accessible to them, by which the fugitives descended until they alighted on the bridge which was before the door of the fortress. There was a thick iron chain attached to this door for persons to pull it out to them in shutting it, and they thrust a strong piece of wood, as thick as filled the hands, through the chain, to prevent them from coming out of the fortress to pursue them suddenly. There was a young man of Hugh's faithful people in waiting for their escape, who met them when they came out, and had two well-tempered swords under his garment, which he delivered into the hands of Hugh, who gave one of these swords to a brave warrior of the Lagenians, Art Kavanagh, who was near, and he was experienced in battle and a subduer in conflict.

“As to the guards they did not at the time notice the escape; but when they did discover it, they immediately rushed, as fast as they possibly could, to the door of the castle, for they hoped to encounter them in conflict. After they had come to the door of the castle, they

found it impossible to open it, so that they began to call to the people who lived in the houses opposite the door on the other side of the street; and when those came at that call, they took out the piece of wood which was in the chain and let open the door to the people of the castle, who, along with a great party of the citizens, went in pursuit of those who had escaped from the castle. But that was of no avail to them, for they had been outside the walls of the town before they were missed, as the gates of the regal city were open to them at the time, and they had arrived at the foot of the mountain which lay before them, viz., the Slieve Roe (the red mountain), on the borders of Dublin and Wicklow. Fear did not permit them to proceed on the common road, and they did not stop in their course until they crossed the afore-mentioned Slieve Roe, after a fatiguing journey and flight.

“As they were wearied and tired, they proceeded to a thick sequestered wood which lay before them, in which they remained till morning, when they prepared to depart, for they did not think it safe to stop in the wood, as they were in dread of being pursued; but, however, Hugh was not able to proceed with his companions, for his fair and tender feet were torn by the furze of the mountain, as his shoes had fallen off after they were completely ripped by wet, which they did not receive till then. It was great grief to his companions that they could not bring him further with them, and they bade him farewell, and gave their blessing to him.

“He sent his servant to a certain gentleman of the clans of the province of Leinster, who lived in a castle in the neighbourhood, to try if he could defend or protect him; his name was Phelim O'Toole, and he was a friend of Hugh previous to that, as he thought, for he had gone to visit him one time in the prison in which he was in Dublin, and they respectively confirmed their friendship with each other.

“The messenger proceeded to Phelim's place, and related to him the cause of his coming, and he received him in a friendly way, and promised he would do every good in his power for Hugh; but his friends, however,

and his relatives did not recommend him to conceal him, being in dread of the punishment of the English.

It was discovered by those who had gone in pursuit of Hugh (from the Castle of Dublin), that he was in the woods, and those pursuers having heard that, went in pursuit of him with their troops.

“As Phelim and his friends were sure that he would be found, the resolution that he and his kinsmen came to was (to make a virtue of necessity), that they themselves should take him prisoner, and bring him back to the council in the city, which they accordingly did; and when they came to Dublin, the council were rejoiced at their coming to them; and they considered it of little avail or consequence that the other hostages and prisoners had escaped them.”

So far for the “Four Masters” account. A. M. Sullivan, in his “Story of Ireland,” describes the capture, escape, re-capture, and re-escape of Hugh O'Donnell and his companions, in glowing terms and deep pathos. After having described his wonderful escape from Dublin Castle, and his journey across the Red Mountain, he says:

“At length they cross the Three Rock Mountain, and look down on Glencree. But, alas! young Hugh sinks down exhausted. Three years in a dungeon have cramped his limbs, and he is no longer the Hugh that he was, the Hugh that bounded like a deer on the slopes of Glenveigh. His feet are torn and bleeding from sharp rock and piercing bramble; his strength is gone; he can no longer fly. He exhorts his companions to speed onwards and save themselves, while he secretes himself in the wood and awaits succour, if they can send it. Reluctantly, and only yielding to his urgent entreaties, they departed. A faithful servant, we are told, who had been in the secret of Hugh's escape, still remained with him, and repaired for succour to the house of Phelim O'Toole, the beautiful site of which is now called Powerscourt. Phelim was known to be a friend of Hugh, though he dare not openly declare it. He was too close to the seat of English power, and was obliged to keep on terms with the Pale authorities. But now the flight of the prisoners had created great excitement in Dublin, and numerous bands were despatched in pursuit of them.

It was next to impossible, certainly full of danger, for the friendly O'Toole, with the English scouring parties spread all over hill and vale, to bring exhausted and helpless Hugh in from his hiding-place, where, nevertheless, he must perish, if not quickly reached.

"Sorrowfully and reluctantly Phelim was forced to conclude that all hope for young Hugh's escape this time must be abandoned, and that the best course was to pretend to discover him in the copse, and to make a merit of giving him up to his pursuers, who brought him back to Dublin Castle, loaded him with very heavy iron fetters, and flung him into a stronger and narrower dungeon, to spend another year cursing the day that Norman foot had touched the Irish shore.

"There he lay until Christmas Day (25th December), 1592, 'when,' says the old chronicle, 'it seemed to the Son of the Virgin, time for him to escape.'

"Henry and Art O'Neill, fellow-prisoners, were on this occasion, companions of Hugh's flight. In fact, Lord Deputy Fitzwilliam, a needy and corrupt creature, had taken a bribe from Hugh O'Neill, to afford opportunity to escape. Hugh of Dungannon, had designs of his own in desiring the freedom of all three, for events, to be noted further on, had been occurring, and already he, like a skilful statesman, was preparing for future contingencies.

"He knew that the liberation of Red Hugh would give him an ally worth half Ireland, and he knew the rescuing of the two O'Neills would leave the government without a "Queen's O'Neill" to set up against him at a future day."

The "Four Masters" describe the second escape as follows :

"Red Hugh, the son of Hugh, son of Manus O'Donnell, remained in imprisonment and in chains in Dublin, after his former escape, till the winter of this year (1592). He and his fellow-prisoners, Henry and Art, the sons of O'Neill (*i.e.*, of John), having been together in the early part of the night, got an opportunity of the guards before they had been brought to the dining-room, and having taken off their fetters, they afterwards went to the privy, having with them a very long rope, by which the

fugitives descended through the privy until they reached the deep trench which surrounded the castle. They afterwards gained the opposite side and mounted the side of the trench. There was a trusty servant, who was in the habit of visiting them, to whom they disclosed their intention, and he met them at that time to direct them; they then proceeded through the streets of the city indiscriminately with others, and no one took notice of them more than any other persons, for the people of the town did not stop to make acquaintance with them, and the gates of the city were open. They afterwards passed through very difficult and intricate places until they arrived on the open plain of Slieve Roe (the Red Mountain), now called Feather-Bed Mountain, on the borders of Dublin and Wicklow, by which Hugh in his first escape had passed.

“The darkness of the night and the swiftness of their flight through the dread of being pursued, separated the oldest of them, viz., Henry O’Neill, from the others. Hugh was the youngest of them in age, although he was not so in noble deeds. They were much grieved at Henry’s separation from them, but, however, they continued their progress, led on by their own man. The night was dropping snow, so that it was not easy for them to walk, for they were without clothes or outside coats, having left their upper garments in the privy through which they had come. Art O’Neill became still more exhausted by the hasty journey than Hugh O’Donnell, for it was a long time since he had been incarcerated, and he became very corpulent from the length of his residence in prison. It was not so with Hugh; he did not exceed the age of boyhood, neither did he cease in growth or become corpulent, and his pace and progress were more quick and active.

“When he perceived that Art became exhausted, and that his pace was slow and tardy, he requested him to put one hand on his shoulder and the other hand on the shoulder of his servant, and they proceeded in that manner until they crossed the Red Mountain, after which they were fatigued and wearied, and they could not bring Art further with them; and when they could not convey him with them, they stopped there, and sought shelter under the protection of a high projecting rock which stood before

them. Having remained there, they sent the servant with word to Glenmalure (in Wicklow), where dwelt Fiacha Mac Hugh O'Bryne, who was then at war with the English. That glen was an impregnable stronghold, and a great number of the prisoners of Dublin, when they made their escape, were in the habit of proceeding to that glen, for they considered themselves secure there until they returned to their countries. When the servant arrived at the place of Fiacha, he related to him his message and the condition he left the persons in who had fled from the city, and that they would not be overtaken alive unless they came to relieve them at once.

“Fiacha immediately commanded a number of his friends whom he could rely on to go to them, one man bearing food, another ale and mead. They accordingly proceeded, and arrived at the place where the men were; but, alas! unhappy and uncomfortable did they find them on arrival, for the manner in which they were was that their bodies were covered, as it were, in beds of white hailstone, like blankets, which were frozen about them, and congealed their own light dresses and thin shirts of fine linen to their skins, and their moistened shoes and leather coverings to their legs and feet, so that they appeared to the people who came as if they were not actually human beings, being completely covered with snow, for they found no life in their members, but they were as if dead. They took them up from where they lay, and requested them to take some food and ale; but they were not able to do so, for every drink they took they cast it up immediately, so that Art at length died, and was buried in that place.

“As to Hugh, he afterwards took some of the mead, and his faculties were restored after drinking it, except the use of the feet alone, for they became dead members, without feeling, having become swelled and blistered by the frost and snow. The men then carried him to the glen which we have mentioned, and he remained in a private house in the hidden recesses of the wood, under cure, until a messenger came privately to enquire after him from his brother-in-law, the Earl O'Neill.

“After the messenger had come to him, he proposed to depart, and

it was difficult for him to go on that journey, for his feet could not be cured, so that another person should raise him on his horse and take him between his two hands again when alighting.

“Fiacha sent a large troop of horse with him by night until he should cross the River Liffey, to defend him against the guards who were looking out for him; for the English of Dublin received intelligence that Hugh was in Glennalure, so that it was therefore they placed guards and sentinels at the shallow fords of the River Liffey to prevent Hugh and the prisoners who had fled along with him from crossing thence into province of Ulster. The men who were with Hugh were obliged to cross a difficult deep ford on the River Liffey, near the city of Dublin, which they passed unnoticed by the English until they arrived on the plain of the fortress.

“He was accompanied by the persons who on a former occasion had to forsake him after his first escape, namely, Phelim O’Toole and his brother, in conjunction with the others who were escorting him to that place, and they ratified their good faith and friendship with each other. After bidding him farewell, and giving him their blessing, they then parted with him, and Hugh proceeded homewards.”

We have here entered fully into that portion of the capture and escape of Red Hugh O’Donnell with which Phelim O’Toole of Powercourt was connected, in order to show the reader the true reason for the part he played, and to contradict the assertions of one or two writers who seem inclined to write hardily and unkindly of him on account of the manner in which he acted towards Hugh on the occasion of his first escape.

The Four Masters excuse him from all blame, and so do the other Irish historians who treat of the matter, with the exception of one or two of the least authentic and insignificant, and, if further proof were necessary, we think the crowning one, and one that places the matter beyond the limits of controversy, is the fact of O’Donnell himself being so thoroughly convinced that Phelim acted for the best, as we see that Phelim and his friends were of those whose good swords were drawn to guard him on that silent midnight passage of the Liffey. There again they “ratified their good faith,” and renewed their resolution of united action against

their common foe. There they pledged themselves that, when the time offered, a blow should be struck to redress those grievances, and to avenge those bitter, degrading insults, to which they had been so painfully subjected, and to aid each other in that coming struggle for the freedom of their beloved country, and to defy the full strength of England's power, even to the bitter end—resolutions that were well adhered to in the sequel.

Nor was it probable that if Phelim had occasion to feel any conscientious twitchings for the part he acted towards Hugh, would he now come voluntarily forward to form part of the escort; nor was O'Donnell the youth to dissemble, had he any reason to believe that Phelim's action towards him smacked aught of treachery—quite the contrary; and hence, we find that Phelim's was one of the last of those sturdy right hands which grasped his in silent friendship, and their suppressed voices mingled in mutual prayers and blessings, as they parted on that wintry night on the banks of the Liffey.

The present may be deemed an opportune time for us to refer to another false insinuation that has sometimes been put forward in the shape of foul inuendoes, and treacherous aspersions, by petty scribblers and lying novelists, against Phelim, in connection with the tragic death of the gallant Feagh MacHugh O'Byrne, which are so untrue, so totally devoid of the slightest foundation, as to need no further combating than a knowledge of the history of the period affords.

Phelim and Feagh were always on the best of terms with each other, being near relatives both by consanguinity and affinity. Feagh's mother was Phelim's first cousin, and he was married to Phelim's second cousin, as his first wife, and to Phelim's own sister, Rose, as his second wife, and Phelim's wife was Feagh MacHugh's sister; so the relationship between them could hardly have been closer. Besides, we know from the State Papers, and the history of their day, that Feagh MacHugh and Phelim O'Toole always fought against the English, hand-in-hand and shoulder to shoulder. Again, if Phelim had in any way aided the English in the capture of O'Byrne, he would hardly be so continually harrassed by them himself, after that event took place; they would certainly have rewarded

him better than hunting him to such a tragic end himself, as we shall see he met with at their hands further on.

“ July 31st, 1588.—Lord Deputy Fitzwilliam to Burgley.

“ MAY IT PLEASE YOUR LORDSHIP—To understand that on the 22nd July, Feagh MacHugh O'Byrne came in, of whom I propose to take such pledges and assurance, both for his better government, the quiet of her Majesty's good subjects, and recompense of their harms as I trust, albeit, I dare promise no assurance of him, the good subjects shall live the quieter.”

“ Lord Deputy to Perrot :

“ Instead of Feagh MacHugh O'Byrne's son, whose head I hope to have ere long, I have his brother (found in Art's company), and had before a younger son of his. So that I have now two for one.”

Here we see the blood-thirsty gloating of this English nobleman (?); a nice specimen of Elizabeth's representative.

Fitzwilliam held the deputyship since his last appointment six years, during which time he amassed a large fortune by bribes and cruel extortions. Being recalled, he was succeeded by Sir Wm. Russell, youngest son of the Earl of Bedford, who was sworn in in Christ Church towards the close of August, 1594. Russell came to Ireland accompanied by a very brilliant retinue, among the most distinguished of whom was Richard Wingfield, a scion of that ancient house which had given a priest to the Catholic Church in 1480, and an ambassador to the court of Leo X. in the days of Cardinal Wolsey.

The queen's instructions to her new deputy charged him to have special care to retain those whom she called her Irish subjects in their duty to God, according to the religion established there by law, and to restrain others adhering to the Pope. Russell was commanded to confer with Fitzwilliam before the latter left Ireland, and to learn of him how the island might be reduced to “civility” and religious conformity, with the least possible charge to her Majesty's exchequer. In consequence of this, Fitzwilliam drew up for his successor a brief account of the state of the realm as it then stood in the several provinces, from which we collect

that the country of the O'Tooles and the O'Byrnes was regarded as a region far from being conquered.

“In Leinster,” says the summary, “Feagh MacHugh O'Byrne doth still give proof of his former bad intentions by standing aloof and refusing to come into the State; by adhering to Walter Reagh (*i.e.*, Walter Fitzgerald, surnamed ‘The Brown-haired’), his son-in-law, with whom he doth take part, and between whom both they do receive into this country loose and bad men from all parts of the realm; by making extraordinary provision of victuals, mustering the forces of his country, making preparations of arms and weapons, and as it hath been advertised, they both entertain intelligence with the rebels in the north (O'Donnell and O'Neill).

“Therefore we think that the said Feagh and Walter Reagh are traitorously bent, and, when opportunity shall serve, will not fail to shew themselves.”

This was a very correct forecasting of the intentions of Feagh and Walter, but the lord deputy thought he would be beforehand with them.

LORD DEPUTY'S DIARY.

Russell being a bookish man, kept a diary, in which his secretary noted down current events, with the day and date of his movements hither and thither through the country, commencing in June, 1594, and ending May 27th, 1597. This most valuable document, handed down to us amongst the State papers (Carew collection), enables us to follow him, step by step, as it were, in his various progresses through the O'Tooles and O'Byrnes' country, till he encompassed the great chief of Glenmalure and Clan-Ranelagh, Feagh Mac Hugh O'Byrne.

Under date, Dublin, November 3rd, 1594, he writes:—“Little done save some letters written to Feagh Mac Hugh for some truce upon his desire of going or sending into England.”

Feagh, however, did not go to England, for we find that, further on, 16th January, 1595, the diary states in the following quaint terms:

16th January, 1595.—“My lord took a hunting journey to Ballinacor

(in Glenmalure), and drove Feagh Mac Hugh out of his house into the glen, and placed a garrison there of Captain Street's company.

Next day, Feagh, his wife (Rosa O'Toole), Walter Reagh, and followers were declared and proclaimed traitors; and this done he (Russell) proceeded to his castle, where he rested, with Sir H. Harrington, till the 18th, when he returned to Dublin.

19th January.—“Street sent into Dublin five of the traitors' heads, and seven days afterwards Phelim O'Toole was presented by the sheriff of the county of Dublin to the constable of the castle prison, where he was joined by Feagh's partner or chief warder.”

Another version of this transaction, found also in the State papers, is as follows:

1595.—The Chief Justiciary of Ireland, Sir William Russell, marched to Baill-na-Cuire (now Ballinacor), in Glenmalure, in the Barony of South Ballinacor, and county of Wicklow, in the month of January, against Feagh Mac Hugh O'Byrne, at the instance of Feagh's neighbours and acquaintances.

“Upon their arrival in the neighbourhood of the castle, but before he had passed the gate of the rampart that surrounded it, the sound of a drum was heard accidentally, made by the soldiers who were going to the castle. Feagh, with his people, took the alarm, and he rose up suddenly and sent a party of people, men, women, and boys, out through the postern door of the castle, and he himself followed them, and conveyed them all in safety to the wilds and recesses, where he considered them secure.

“While Feagh was thus avoiding his enemies, Walter Reagh, the son of Gerald, son of Thomas, one of the Geraldines of Kildare, came to join him. This Walter Reagh was married to Feagh Mac Hugh's daughter.”

“The Lord Justice remained for ten days at Ballinacor, after it had been deserted by Feagh, and having left one or two companies of soldiers to defend it, he himself returned to Dublin.”

This, indeed, was a pretty “hunting journey” for a lord deputy, and narrow was the escape that Feagh and his family had, from the human hounds upon their track. No doubt Feagh had good reason for acting so

contrary to the natural dictates of the Irish nobleman, in not opening his hospitable door to the vice-royal hunting party. He well knew their errand, and at the sacrifice of "etiquette," he preferred saying "not at home," in a very expressive manner, choosing the shelter of his own wild wood to the attentions the lord deputy would have paid him in Dublin Castle, the nature of which attention is pretty clearly indicated by the publication of his outlawry, with that of his wife and son-in-law the day after his escape."

January 21st, 1595.—"Captain Chicester sent to Ballinacor with powder and shot."

January 22nd, 1595.—More provisions sent from Dublin by water to Arklow for the garrison at Ballinacor."

January 24th, 1595.—Captain Chicester returned and brought in Feagh's brother, who came in voluntarily and submitted himself. This night in the watch within the city, a spy was taken which came in from Feagh Mac Hugh, who was at the castle on the same day Feagh's porter was taken."

January 25th.—"The spy which was committed and examined."

January 26th.—"Phelim O'Toole's son was taken by the sheriff of Dublin county and committed to the castle."

January 27th.—"Hugh Duff came in certifying to my lord that he had taken certain traitors' heads."

January 30th, 1595.—This night, Gerald Fitzgerald, Walter Reagh's brother, with eighty of the O'Tooles and O'Byrnes all commanded by Feagh in person, swooped down on Crumlin, gave the suburbs to the flames, and carried off the leaden roof of the church there" (to run into bullets at Glenmalure).

"The light of the conflagration was visible in the city, and my lord went out into Thomas Street, and caused the gate to be opened, and sent horsemen to overtake the mountaineers, but they did not."

We may here insert a fuller though slightly different version of this event, taken from another volume of the State Papers.

"Fifteen days after the return of the lord deputy, Walter Reagh and

some of the sons of Feagh Mac Hugh O'Byrne, set out upon a nocturnal excursion (in sleeping time), to Crumhlinn (*i.e.*, the crooked glen or valley, now called Crumlin), near Dolphin's Barn, Dublin, and about two miles from the James's gate of the city. They burned and totally plundered the town, and took away as much as they were able to carry of the leaden roof of the church of the town, and though the blaze and flames of the burning town were plainly seen in the streets of Dublin, Walter escaped without wound or bloodshed."

January 31st, 1595.—"The next day there was a privy council, and my lords determined to make another excursion, with a strong force, to Ballinacor."

February 1st, 1595.—"My lords journey to Ballinacor, being accompanied by Sir George Bouchier, Sir Geoffrey Fenton, Sir Henry Harrington, lieutenants; Sir Ralph Lane, Sir William Clarke, knights, with many other gentlemen; Captain Chichester, Sergeant-Major McBewan Marshal, corporals; Field-Captain Price, Captain Kellie, Mr. North, Mr. Buston, to New Castle, Sir Henry Harrington's."

February 2nd.—"Divers of Feagh's followers received into protection."

February 3rd.—"Encamped at Kilnamanagh."

February 4th.—"Encamped near Ballinacor. A message from Feagh MacHugh and Walter Reagh, desiring to parley with Sir Henry Harrington."

February 6th.—"My lord began the fortifications at Ballinacor, and licensed Harrington to parley with Feagh Mac Hugh, after throwing up earth-works. Harrington met Feagh with horse and foot, between two hills, two miles from the camp, but nothing came of the parley, for the deputy continued fortifying Ballinacor from the 6th to the 22nd

February 6th, 1595.—"Captain Street and Willis sent forth on service, *viz.*, to rob, plunder, and slay the flocks and herds of Feagh, and bring in the heads of as many of his followers as they can catch.

February 7th, 1595.—"Street and Willis's companies returned, bringing a girl who had warned six kerne by her cry. The foragers took a

prisoner in a house where they found a bag of bullets newly molten for the enemy. He was executed.

February 8th, 1595.—“My lord marched five miles through the glinnes with Street and Willis’s companies.

February 9th, 1595.—“The camp continued near Ballinacor. Mr. Wheeler preached (not, of course, on justice and humanity, for that would offend my lord).

Same date.—“My lord was certified that Gerald Fitzgerald, Walter Reagh’s brother, was taken prisoner, and Dermot Mac Morris Kavanaugh.

February 10th, 1595.—“The Earl of Ormond came to the camp.

February 11th, 1595.—“Street and Willys’s companies brought in a follower of Walter Reagh. Victuals sent for to Dublin.”

February 13th, 1595.—“My lord went to see a pass cut near the camp, and the prisoners executed. The foragers brought in the head of a follower of Feagh Mac Hugh.

“Certain soldiers, being belated, took a house and barn to defend themselves, but the enemies fired the house, and killed three of our soldiers and two boys.

“The Serjeant-Major met some of Ormond’s company, and not knowing one another, they skirmished, but with little harm.”

We may here remark, in passing, with reference to Ormond, that, “like father, like son,” he comes in now, when he thinks Feagh Mac Hugh is at his weakest, to aid the English in striking the last blow, in order to completely annihilate him. Just so did his father act a half century before, when he sent his troops to aid the then lord deputy, St. Leger, when he was at war with that gallant chieftain Turlough O’Toole of Powerscourt, in 1542. Whilst the lord deputy came in by the east side of the mountains, Ormond, with his contingent, came in by the southwest, in order to hem them in on both sides, and thus defeat them so completely as to bring them to terms and under subjection.

February 17th, 1595.—“My lord rode up to Drumket, the pass being cut as his lordship passed, the strength of the place being reported very great, but my lord thought otherwise.

February 18th, 1595.—“My lord rode to Killecoleman to see the pass (now called Deputy’s Pass), and was met by Lord Ormond.”

February 21st, 1595.—“News from Willis and Street that they had driven Walter Reagh from his house at Ballinahorna, and that Gerald Reagh’s brother, Daniel Rearton, one of the chiefs, shot, and another was slain, their heads being brought in. Some of Ormond’s company assisted them. Ormond dined with my lord, after which they rode to Ballinacor to view the fort.”

February 23rd.—“Sunday. Mr. Wheeler preached. The camp broke up and marched towards Dublin as far as Newtown” (Mount-kennedy).

February 24th.—“The camp broke up. My lord marched to Dublin.”

Thus ended the second raid on Ballinacor, and thus did Feagh Mac-Hugh O’Byrne sturdily maintain himself against the combined forces of the truculent Russell and the obsequious Ormond, their united forces being unable to rout him and his faithful allies, the O’Tooles.

Safely lodged in the Castle, “My Lord” reopens his diary and makes notes of the following incidents:

February 28th, 1595.—“Two drunkards this night falling out within the city suburbs of Dublin, raised a cry. Presently at redness with armour and weapons.”

March 5th, 1595.—“News that Arklow was burned. Walter Reagh’s father committed on suspicion of relieving his son.”

April 5th, 1595.—“Two heads of Feagh’s followers brought in. My lord and Sir Henry Harrington laid a plot for the taking of Walter Reagh.”

April 7th.—“Montague brought word of the taking of Walter Reagh in a cave by Sir Henry Harrington.

April 9th.—“Walter Reagh is brought into the Castle.”

April 9th.—“Walter Reagh is examined before the lord deputy and council, and sentenced ‘to be hanged in chains.’”

April 10th, 1595.—“Walter Reagh hanged in chains.”

From the same source that we obtained the account of Walter's sortie on Crumlin, given earlier in these pages, we get the following description of his capture :

“Walter made an attack on a neighbouring castle belonging to a gentleman of his enemies ; but the gentleman was wary and vigilant in readiness against any attack of his enemies, and when Walter and his people attacked the castle, the gentleman came to a bold stand and fierce combat with Walter, and they struck ahead at each other furiously and inimically, and Walter was wounded in the leg. His people carried him off to the nearest mountain, and they placed him under care in a subterranean cave with the situation of which no other persons were acquainted.

“They left with him only one young physician of his own faithful people, who was wont to go every second day to the nearest wood to gather herbs.

“A conversation privately occurred between this man and a party of Walter's enemies, and he having leagued with them, betrayed Walter, and led a party to where he was, who bound him. Walter was afterwards taken to Dublin, where he was hanged (in chains) and quartered.”

For a fuller account of this transaction see O'Sullivan Beare, *His. Cath. Hibern. Comp. tom., 3 lib., 2 fol. 131, cap. 4.*

In another account it is stated that, after having been driven out of his house at Ballyhorna, his thigh was fractured by the stroke of a hammer in an encounter with some of Ormond's followers. He was then concealed in a cave in some sequestered place, and consigned to the care of two attendants, who delivered him to Sir Henry Harrington for a consideration, and on the 10th April, 1595, he was executed in the Castle courtyard, which at that time must have looked like the residence of a Turkish pasha.

11th April, 1595.—“The day after Fitzgerald's execution, my lord, accompanied by Sir Henry Harrington, Lord Howth, and a strong force, set out for Shillelagh, where he pitched his camp at Money on the 18th. Here news reached him that one of his best lieutenants was slain in rescuing cows (that is, stealing them) at Ballinacor from the Irish enemy,

and that Feagh, with his sons and followers, had made an unsuccessful attempt on the fort there."

April 16th, 1595.—"To Newston, at Mr. Pierce Butler's castle."

April 17th, 1595.—"Word brought by Captain Mince that the enemy had left the wood."

April 19th, 1595.—"Wyllis writes to my lord: That he had the day before the enemy in chase from Ballinacor through the glen, but that night falling, could not overtake them, yet forced them to leave their mantles, swords, and targets in the way behind."

April 10th, 1595.—"Easter Sunday. Mr. Wheeler preached in the camp, still at Money, and my lord knighted Sir Edward Munings."

April 21st, 1595.—"My lord rode abroad with his hunting stud. Heads of Murrough O'Byrne, Mulchonery, and Torney Roe brought in. Mr. Montgomery, Lieut. Graves, and Dennio Spannio sent abroad on service several ways. Murrough McEdmond examined and committed to the marshal."

April 22nd, 1595.—"My lord rode to Masterson's castle at Ferney, where he spent the night."

April 23rd, 1595.—"My lord returned to the camp at Moneys. Mr. Fitzgerald sent in three traitors' heads, whose names were Murtha O'Toole, Morrow Boy O'Birne, and Edmond MacGarret."

April 24th.—"Mr. St. Lawrence and Hugh Duff sent on service with Lord Howth's company. Mr. Montague and Lieut. Greemes returned to the camp."

April 25th.—"Mr. James Butler brought in the heads of Tirlogh MacCahir O'Toole, Sallis, Richard Ballagh, Shaen McCasheene Farrill, Towhill McKeogh, and Edmond Keogho. Victuals came from Dublin. My lord rode to view Walter's habitation."

But far more estimable than dead men's heads was the capture which Harrington made on the 28th, when he brought to the camp Rosa O'Toole, the wife of Feagh MacHugh, and her sister, who, being examined, were sent to prison to Dublin Castle. Next day the head of Feagh's piper was presented to the blood-collared Russell.

April 28th, 1595.—“Mr. Masterson brought in two prisoners and a woman. My lord returned to the camp from Euniscorthy. Letters from Sir H. Harrington that (Rosa O'Toole) Feagh's wife and a sister of hers were taken prisoners. Two traitors' heads brought in.”

April 29th, 1595.—“Sir Henry Harrington brought in Feagh's wife and her sister, who were examined before the council. The two men whom Masterson brought in were executed.”

April 30th, 1595.—“Sir Geoffrey Finton being unwell, took his journey toward Dublin. Captain Mince brought in the head of Feagh's piper. Captain Wyllis brought in two traitors' heads.”

May 1st.—“Captain Street brought in the head of Patrick MacShaan Bribb.”

May 2nd.—“My lord surveys the country.”

May 3rd.—“Captain Street sent out on service.” (In other words, to hunt for more human heads.)

May 4th.—“Mr. Wheeler preached. Mr. St. Lawrence and Hugh Duff returned, bringing in two prisoners.”

May 5th.—“My lord went a-hunting.”

May 6th.—“Letters from England. Fire in the camp; ten houses burned. News of Sir John Norris landing in Waterford.”

May 7th.—“Captain Street returned, bringing in three prisoners.”

May 8th.—“The prisoners examined before my lord and the council.”

May 9th.—“The camp marched from Monev. My lord went a-fishing.”

May 10th.—“Mr. Wheeler preached.”

May 11th.—“This night, after the watch was set, by the noise of a tree falling, the cry was raised throughout the camp, and everything was ready, expecting the alarm.”

May 12th.—“Letters from England by Mr. Cuffe.”

May 13th.—“The camp at Rossebaune broke up and companies appointed to the places of garrison. My lord wrote to Sir Henry Harrington at Baltinglass, where he lay at the abbey. Sir Henry Harrington took two of the O'Tooles, brothers, who were examined before the council, and

condemned by martial law to be executed. Mr. Masterson brought in Dominic Keogh a prisoner."

May 14th.—"My lord, after witnessing the execution of the brothers O'Toole, went to St. Oltan's (Mr. Allen's)."

May 15th.—"My lord returned to Dublin."

We have not got the particulars of the trial and execution of these O'Tooles, but we may presume that they were of the O'Tooles of Inayle, about whom old people in the glen have an old traditionary story, now nearly forgotten, of a dreadful massacre and bloody slaughter at Castle Sallagh, in the glen, about this time.

The story is in this way: The O'Tooles were beaten out of Castle Sallagh by the Sassenach, and driven into the mountains, and the castle taken possession of by the English. All were driven out of it except an old servant who was left. This servant came down one day to the river side, which laves the castle wall, to fetch some water. While here she sang an old song in her own tongue, lamenting the departure of the O'Tooles from the castle, and expressing the wish that they may soon return. There happened to be in the wood hard by one of the O'Tooles,* and on hearing the friendly song of the woman, he came forth to the opposite side of the river where she was. On seeing him she recognised him, at the same time communicating the fact that she was preparing a grand supper for a great number of nobles who were to be there that night.

Upon learning this, O'Toole determined to muster as many of his followers as could be found in the vicinity, and to give the revellers a warmer reception than they counted on. So they set upon them, and the tradition has it that there was a fearful number of the English slain in the glen that night.

These nobles must have been part of Russell's people on their way to Dublin, making a short route through Glen Inayle, while the lord deputy

* Caher Baccada, the "Lame Lord," who was married to O'Neill's sister, to whom he fled, but had just now returned to reconnoitre the situation of affairs.

himself pursued the easier way round by Baltinglass. These two O'Tooles who were executed in the presence of my lord were doubtless belonging to the attacking party, and, falling into the hands of the English, were made to pay the penalty by their deaths.

Such old traditionary stories are fast dying out among the peasantry of Imayle as well as elsewhere, chiefly owing to the decadence of the Celtic language, in which they were so beautifully and so poetically told. Some of them are exceedingly well worth preserving; this among them, as it goes to prove the determined resistance still made by the Clan O'Toole to the English invader. It shows that they, at least, were determined to fight to the last, and never give in while a man of the clan survived.

The wisdom of this course was doubted by many, with the result that the O'Tooles and O'Byrnes, in their struggles for life, religion, and country, were abandoned by several of those who should have supported them, and there were not wanting others, too, ready to betray them, under the pretext of putting an end to these dreadful wars, as will be exemplified in a short time painfully in the case of Feagh MacHugh, whose resistance was considered imprudent by the McTeige O'Byrnes.

Is it not lamentably true that there never yet was an Irish revolt or struggle for freedom which did not produce two or more members of the same sept or organization only too ready—too willing—to cut some kinsman's or confederate's throat for the enemy's good?

“Ever when a chieftain rallied,
Shunned him half his selfish peers;
Ever when high truth was spoken,
Prudent traitors stopped their ears.”

Lord Deputy Russell having arrived in Dublin, we find, on again recurring to his diary, that, on the 26th May, “Feagh's wife (Rose O'Toole) was arraigned in Dublin Castle and found guilty of high treason, and on the next day she was sentenced to be burned; but Russell stayed execution, after putting her to the torture without the desired effect.”

No doubt, Russell had other views regarding the unhappy wife of that gallant chieftain, Feagh MacHugh. He, judging by his own craven soul, could not for a moment believe that a weak, helpless woman, with the fear of such a shocking, disgraceful death before her, could withstand the temptation of saving her own life by revealing to them such information as would lead to the capture of her husband. But Russell little knew the woman he had to deal with. Scornfully did she reject the proffered freedom at such a price; sternly and defiantly did she dare them to do their worst. In comparison with the disgrace and obloquy such a course of conduct would entail upon her own name and that of her clan, death in its most hideous aspect had no terrors for her.

And just at this crisis Russell had to give his attention to the doings of O'Neill in the north; and, accordingly, we find that, on June 18th, he led a strong army into the north, where he thought he would be able to crush O'Neill and O'Donnell, then in arms. In this, however, the lord deputy seriously deceived himself, for, after a very fruitless march as far as Armagh, he returned to Dublin in the course of a month.

In the September following he set out on a similar expedition; but this time he got no further than Drogheda, where, he tells us, he was entertained by the mayor, and had the taking of one Pierce Cullen, a priest, whom he sent to prison.

Meanwhile Feagh and his allies, the O'Tooles, gave ample employment to the forces under Street in the fort at Ballinaeor; so much so, that Sir Henry Harrington was empowered to treat with the Wicklow chieftains for "pardon and protection." Russell, indeed, was only too anxious to entertain the matter, for at this juncture, owing to the success of O'Neill's arms, "Ireland never stood in greater danger of being lost, O'Neill being able to march to Dublin gates, and no force to resist him, either of the *living* or the *dead*. Never was the State in so great a peril."—Sir R. Lane's letter to Burgley.

The negotiation for Feagh's surrender was made by his foster-sister, and Sir Henry Harrington writes that she was authorized by Feagh to promise that he would deliver his eldest son, Tirlough, to the deputy, to be

hanged, drawn, and quartered, provided his own life was spared. However, this was not the case, for O'Sullivan Beare, in his "Historia Catholica," gives the true version of the matter thus: "Rosa being a prisoner in Dublin Castle, was artfully informed that her stepson, Tirlogh, was about to betray his father to the lord deputy. She thereon contrived to warn Feagh, who, believing what he was told, addressed Tirlogh after this fashion: 'A father's feelings forbid me to take your life; but I will deliver you to those to whom you meant to betray me. You shall thus have opportunity to contrast a parent's pity with an enemy's humanity.' Tirlogh," says O'Sullivan, "cleared himself of the calumny, died true to his faith, by abjuring which he might have saved himself, and was bitterly lamented by his deluded father."

The above account of this transaction, base and unscrupulous as is the event itself, when read in the light of subsequent history, is highly credible, especially so to the present generation, who remember the very mean and dishonourable tactics to which the Castle authorities resorted to bring home conviction in the late trials for the murder of the two secretaries in the Phoenix Park. How they went from one to another of the prisoners, telling each that the other was ready and anxious to tell all, and become queen's evidence, until they secured one to turn informer on the rest, and thereby hanged his fellow-murderers. In this case they may have deserved their fate, on account of the horrible deed committed, yet it was unworthy of men who lay claim to the attribute of honour to descend to such low, vile practices.

We mention the matter here simply to show the reader that those who receive substantial rewards for the pursuit of these base tactics have no claim to make on the score of originality, because they have the example set them, not alone in the case of poor Rosa O'Toole, worked on through the fears for her husband's life, but in hundreds of others, going back, ay, even to the day when the soil was first polluted by the foot of the Norman robber, down through the blood-stained pages of our unfortunate country's history.

As to Feagh's being received into pardon, the diary tells us that the

pardon was granted on the 9th November, 1595, and that, on the following day, Richard Wingfield (ancestor of the present Lord Powerscourt) was knighted in Christ's Church by his uncle, who commended his services against O'Neill in an action in which his elbow was shattered by a bullet.

Nine months after the events we have been relating, that is to say, on the 10th August, 1596, Lieut. Green, who was left in charge of the fort at Ballinacor, wrote to Russell that Feagh had received letters from O'Neill, and that he himself "feared to be burned every night." Indeed he had good reason to be apprehensive, for the terms which the government had made with Feagh were being shamefully violated, and the garrison in that accursed fort were night and day plundering and murdering Feagh's followers.

Foiled in all his attempts to beat O'Neill in the field, or to procure his assassination (for which he engaged one Fleming, of the Catholic house of Slane), Russell now bethought him that he might make some character for himself by "unkennelling the old fox of the mountains," as Feagh is styled in the correspondence of the period.

He, therefore, on the 9th September, sent Lieut. Buston and some squadrons of horse with ammunition for the fort at Ballinacor. On reaching the ford at Rathdrum (hard by the spot where Messrs. Comerford's now stands), the convoy was attacked by a detachment of Feagh's people, who slew divers of the English, and compelled the survivors to save themselves and the ammunition by flight.

"Captain Tucker," says the deputy, "having sent some of his men to meet the munition, Feagh, in their absence, assaulted the fort, took Tucker prisoner, and razed the fort to the ground."

On hearing this, my lord sent Sergeant-Major (Chichester) with 200 foot and 40 horse to Ballinacor; but at Newcastle, hearing that the fort was lost, they returned. Connected with the taking of the fort there is an incident which we may not omit, reflecting credit as it does on Feagh MacHugh. "The place," says Chichester, "was surrendered after an obstinate defence on promise of quarter, and Tucker being brought before

Feagh, who laid his hand upon his sword, but said he promised his life, and would keep his promise.

Poor, magnanimous chieftain! How naturally your hand must have grasped your sword-hilt at the sight of the murderer of your people and the spoiler of your flocks and herds! What bitter remembrances were in your heart to urge you to sheathe that same good sword in the black heart of your would-be destroyer! What a painful and bloody panorama of murders, imprisonments, racks, and gibbets would have passed before the mind's eye of the hunted chief—from the vile treatment of his tender wife down through the barbarous deaths inflicted on his kinsmen and on his allies—all pleading strong for revenge; all crying out, as it were, for blood for blood, even on one of their persecutors! But, no! His word was pledged; and though, had he sent Tucker to account for his misdeeds before his Creator, no one could deny that he had sufficient provocation to warrant the deed, still, it affords us more pleasure to be able to record the fact that he bravely put his natural feelings of vengeance behind him, and, like a real old Celtic, noble-blooded chieftain, placed honour in the foremost rank.

When fortune will have frowned on Feagh, and the tide of war being turned, he may one day find himself in the position that Tucker now is, will this self-denying deed of honour be remembered in his favour? We shall see.

Again to the diary:

12th September, 1595.—“This night, being between 11 and 12 o'clock, some cows of Kilmainham, breaking out of a bawn, one of the town raised a cry, whereat my lord and the household rose and armed themselves, supposing some treachery.”

On the 18th, Russell recovered partly from his scare, and began his journey to Rathdrum. The above incident goes to show how uneasy “my lord” felt, even surrounded as he was by his strong walls and numerous army in the citadel of Dublin. Even then he did not consider himself at all times perfectly secure from the avenging swords of the O'Tooles and the O'Byrnes; and if, as the poet tells us, “Conscience doth

make cowards of us all,' good, very good, reasons had the lord deputy for his uncausness. "After halting at Oldcourt,* near Bray, where he was joined by Edward Yorke, Wingfield, and others, he reached New Rath on the 19th. Next day, he was at Rathdown, where he began to fortify the church, intending to make it his head-quarters.

"In the A. N. (afternoon) my lord rode towards the woods and pulled down some houses for timber to fortify with, but the rebels lying close in the wood, gave us a volley of shot. Captain Montague and Garret parleyed with Feagh MacHugh."

We at this time find that the same Fleming who failed to assassinate O'Neill was now employed by Russell to try his hand on Feagh. Worthy associate for a worthy lord deputy of Ireland!

22nd September, 1595.—"Russell caused Tucker's sergeants to be executed near the camp for yielding the fort at Ballinacor, and on the same day two soldiers were hanged for the same in Dublin.

24th September, 1595.—"About one of the clock in the morning, my lord sent Lee with his companies to lodge as far beyond the enemy as he could. My lord rose by break of day, and, with 200 foot and 50 horse, marched towards Ballinacor.

"Drawing near the fort, the rebels raised the cry, and made show on the hill by Ballinacor, about 100 strong, besides 60 and upwards of their best shots, and drew down to the ford to meet us at the bridge. Notwithstanding they played upon us, our soldiers behaved themselves so well that we drove them from their stand and passed over the ford with small loss and some hurt. My lord now sent Lee and Street another way into the glen, and coming to a town of Feagh's named Farraneeran, they burned it, and returning thence, the rebels skirmished with them about an hour, whilst my lord, with his horse, stood upon the mountain."

We cannot withhold our admiration for the brave chivalry of the

* Old Court, it would appear, was the place where Wingfield lived, just on the borders of Powerscourt, the territory of Phelim O'Toole, on whom Wingfield kept a sharp eye, and for whose fair lands he had a secret longing, keeping ever ready for the chance to pounce on them, as the hungry tiger on his prey.

chieftain, who, at such long odds, set this cruel, peculating Russell and all his forces at defiance, especially when all the southern chieftains had abandoned him, and when even his own kinsmen, the senior branch of the O'Byrnes, held aloof from him, so that, only for the active support and encouragement he received from that remnant of the Clan O'Toole that as yet survived the sword and fagot, he would have been thrown on his own individual resources entirely.

Besides this, there were many who, instead of co-operating with Feagh against their common foe, were more inclined to throw obstacles in his way. In place of throwing in their lot with him, and making a grand united stand for the freedom of their homes and altars, they deprecated Feagh's noble struggle as being next to madness; talked of the utter folly of his holding out; and would not be overwhelmed with grief if they heard of Feagh's downfall, so that they may be allowed to enjoy their own lands in peace. Nor is it unlikely that it was by some one or other of those weak temporizers that Feagh was in the end betrayed.

Be that as it may, we know that when their own day came, these "prudent" chieftains received sorry consideration at the hands of the English. When the time came to reward these freebooters with the lands and properties of the native Irish, very little heed was given whether they held aloof from Feagh or aided him. They fared the same as the others, and had not the satisfaction to be able to say with Feagh and the O'Tooles: "Though our lands are gone, we never succumbed, nor lowered our standard while the slightest chance of maintaining our ground remained."

The lord deputy, with all his forces at command—with all the barbarity that he could exercise on his prisoners, carried out whether in camp or in Castle-yard of Dublin—the hangman had no sinecure—still, he could not bring into subjection the comparative handful of brave souls who, under Feagh MacHugh, kept the flag of freedom flying bravely in Glenmalur. We accordingly find him again summoning Lord Ormond to his aid, who, on October 3rd, came to the camp with 100 horse and 200 foot, who took up their quarters two miles distant.

"About midnight," says the journal, "my lord sent out John Chi-

chester and Captain Lee, with our foot, two separate ways into the glen, and by daybreak on the 4th, he himself, with 50 horse, rode through the part of the glen up the mountain six miles, where he met Chichester and his company, who had been discovered by the rebels, and drawing together on the mountain side, we descried about 100 of the enemy, which showed themselves at the glen side. My lord, knowing that there would be no service performed without great disadvantage, commanded Chichester to draw back; and in returning towards the camp, we saw Captain Lee on the mountain by Ballinacor with a prey of 300 cows, and stayed there till my lord drew down to the ford to assist him."

Thus we see that "my lord" did not deem it beneath his dignity to do a bit of "cattle lifting" as well as bagging the heads of the O'Toolcs and O'Byrnes whenever he could.

Unfortunately, owing to the fact of the Irish records not being preserved, we have to depend solely on such documents as come down to us from the English side, so that, in the accounts of the various events, we need have no fear of the writers being anyways prejudiced in favour of the Irish; but, no doubt, had we handed down to us the versions of the same that could be given by Feagh or his friends, they would present themselves to us in a far more favourable light. As it is, we may rest satisfied with what information Russell's secretary has handed down to us.

Having spent a fortnight between Rathdrum and Glenmalure, doing little else than seizing cattle and executing martial law, letters from Dublin informed Russell that his presence was instantly required there. He accordingly departed on the 8th of October, leaving the camp at Rathdrum under the command of Sergeant Chichester, who went on with the fortifications.

A meeting of the privy council was held on Russell's arrival, and it was then proposed that Feagh should be protected, and the deputy restrained. This done, the country might be saved; but if not, Feagh "would ruin the whole Pale, which had been burned to the Boyne."

Another and a more cogent reason for coming to terms with Feagh was a declaration lately made by O'Neill, "that he will keep no peace

unless Feagh was pardoned," and, worst of all, "that he (O'Neill) was about to send 600 men, under one of the O'Hagans, by sea to Arklow, whence they could easily enter Glenmalure."

Russell, however, and his dependants, gave deaf ear to such arguments, for he and they were opposed to any settlement by which their personal profit might be lessened, if not wholly destroyed.

Those knaves who urged on Russell to continue the mountain war were influenced by selfish motives, for their constant prayer was that the Irish might be wholly extirpated, and their lands given to themselves, the civilized Englishmen.

On the 10th October the deputy returned to the camp, where, a few days afterwards, he was joined by Sir John North and Sir John Bowles, with their foot companies, each 100 strong. This reinforcement was all the more welcome since Russell was apprehensive of the appearance of the Ulstermen, under O'Hagan.

23rd October, 1595.—"Captain Lee returning to the camp with a prey of 80 cows, was fought with by the rebels at the ford of Ballinacor, but was saved by the timely presence of my lord. In this action Lee and the deputy sustained considerable loss.

30th October, 1595.—"On this night Chichester and Lee were sent out, and on Sunday, the 31st, by break of day, my lord went with his company of horse, and met them returning with 300 cows, and had the killing of 8 rebels, the chief of whom was Cahir Glasse O'Toole."

November 2nd, 1595.—"Sir Henry Bagnal came to the camp, and same day Phelim MacFeagh's foster-brother was brought in a prisoner. Next day he was executed."

November 13th.—"The fort of Rathdrum was reinforced by other companies, and the next day the camp moved from Rathdrum to Balie Boy, the entry into the 'Main Glynnnes.'"

November 15th.—"Chichester and Lee entered the glen before day. By daylight his lordship drew to the north side of Glenmalure with his company of horse and some shot, which he thrust into the Glynnnes, and returned to the camp."

November 16th.—“In consequence of heavy rain, the camp was raised, and we marched over the bridge to Ballinacor, and through two bad passes, to ‘Rassahanna,’ near to Glenlurken, where my lord executed a base son and follower of Feagh.”

November 17th, 1595.—“My lord marched to Hacketstown, and thence to Naas, where he was joined on the 29th by the Earl of Kildare, with whom he rode to Dublin.”

Thus terminated the third invasion of the territory of the O'Tooles and the O'Byrnee, this proving, like the preceding ones, futile in carrying out its object, namely, the annihilation of these warlike septs, the confiscation of their territories, and the capture of Feagh MacHugh O'Byrne. This grand old chieftain—for he had now reached his seventieth year—was as yet unsubdued, notwithstanding open warfare in the field, and the many and nefarious attempts at assassination promoted against him by the bloodthirsty Russell.

Foremost among the confederates of the redoubted Feagh—his right hand in battle fray and at council board—was Barnaby O'Toole, son of Luke of Castle Kevin, who so nobly stood by him in all his vicissitudes, bearing out the motto of his family: “*Virtute et Fidelitate*,” viz., “By valour and fidelity.”

Twelve days after “my lord’s” arrival in the metropolis, letters from Captain Montague, whom he left in Ballinacor, announced: “Captain Lee, in coming from Wicklow with provisions for the fort at (Ballinacor) Rathdrum, was set upon at a ford a mile from the fort by Feagh MacHugh, but with his help they killed 30 of the rebels, among whom were Morris Dubh, Feagh MacHugh’s nephew and secretary, and Edmond Shane, his uncle, Next day,” says the diary, “Captain Lee sent in seventeen traitors’ heads.”

This constant procuring of Irish heads induces one to suppose that my lord must have had special tastes for the study of craniology, and if so, there were skulls enough in the castle to enlarge his knowledge in that department.

There was, however, one for which he would have been too glad to bestow knighthood, or any other mark of viceregal favour, on any in-

human scoundrel who would have been lucky enough to hack it off. But long for it as he may, this insatiable ogre was doomed in this instance to experience a bitter disappointment, which, we may suppose, was somewhat mitigated when he learned that Barnaby O'Toole of Castle Kevin had given up the ghost quietly in Feagh's camp on 17th January, 1597.

The death of this faithful ally of O'Byrne was a sore blow to Feagh, and calculated to discourage him, if his heart had not been of that stern, unyielding type which, despite injustice, malice, and all other developments of vulgar minds, is that conscious of self-sustaining power, which even in death, enables it to live down the worst efforts of tyranny. And if Barnaby O'Toole was dead, his chivalrous spirit lived on in his son Feagh.

But why, it may be asked, was Feagh MacHugh inactive when Russell paid that flying visit to Glenmalur? Simply because O'Neill had appointed a conference with Sir John Norris on the last day of May, when he was to make terms for Feagh which would have caused the English to be withdrawn from Rathdrum, and given to the chieftain ample securities for the quiet possession of his country. "Send," wrote O'Neill to Feagh upon the 17th April, "your wife, Rose (O'Toole), or any other messenger to the meeting to be held with the Lord General (Norris), to settle a peace for you."

But Russell thought, as he was about to resign the government of the country to Lord Burgh, that it would be impolitic not to cut off such a cankered traitor as Feagh, and he doubtless persuaded himself that he might, as it were, break his own fall from power by compassing the murder of one of O'Neill's ablest allies. Then, again, might he not regain the favour of Elizabeth by sending her Feagh's head before he himself appeared in London. Her Majesty, who was a strong-minded woman, rather liked such ghastly trophies.

There was, however, only one way of getting it, and Russell hit on it — by bribing one of Feagh's followers, who was thoroughly acquainted with the chieftain's "lurking places." But the name of the individual

employed by Russell in this bloody business is carefully suppressed in his account of it.

May 6th, 1597.—“My lord sat in the castle chamber, where Captain Norris' case was heard, who was adjudged (for the speaking of most heinous speeches against her Majesty's person) to be brought to the pillory with a paper on his head declaring his offence, and there to lose his two ears, to pay £500 Irish for a fine, and to endure perpetual imprisonment. At the same sitting Widow Hope was fined £200 Irish, and imprisonment, for the escape of the Nugents from Mullingar jail.”

Having given the captain this goodly lesson on the management of the tongue, and taught the widow that the name she bore is often the synonym of bitter disappointment, the diary goes on :

“My lord set out on his last journey towards the Glynnes, in prosecuting of Feagh, and rode to Rathdrum, where the foot companies met him on the night of the 7th.

8th May, 1597.—“Sunday, early in the mornin' (doubtless, before the indefatigable Mr. Wheeler preached), our foot entered the glen, and fell into that quarter where Feagh lay, and coming several ways on him, it pleased God to deliver him into our hands, being so hardly followed that he was run out of breath, and forced to take to a cave, where one Milbourne, sergeant to Captain Lee, first lighted on him, and the fury of our soldiers was so great as he could not be brought away alive. Thereupon the said Milbourne cut off Feagh's head with his own sword, and presented his head to my lord, which, with his carcase, was brought to Dublin, to the great comfort and joy of all that presence (the Pale). Many of his followers were slain, and 200 cows were taken, with great pillage, and divided amongst the soldiers. My lord returned to Rathdrum, and there, before the fort, knighted Sir Calisthenes Brooks and Sir Thomas Maria Wingfield.”

The latter's nephew, Richard, was the future inheritor of the O'Tooles' property at Powerscourt. Whenever a blow was to be struck at the O'Tooles or O'Byrnes, a Wingfield, like a voracious shark, was sure to be

in the wake, waiting for something in the shape of forfeited lands to fall into his maw.

Such is the account Russell's diary gives of the capture and slaughter of Feagh, who, there can be no doubt, was taken by surprise, and at a time when he was living in a state of armed neutrality; but as every incident associated with this atrocity must interest those who visit Glenmalur, we may here subjoin a few extracts from letters written by Russell and one of his officers immediately after the death of Feagh. The deputy rode on to Dublin, and four days after (the 13th May), penned the following despatch to the Privy Council:

"At length it pleased God, but not so soon as I wished or expected, to deliver into my hands the old traitor, Feagh. . . .

"So happily hath it succeeded, as, plotting my course here for the cutting of him off, I lately drew in person to the glens for the effecting of the same, and there, in the place of his greatest hopes, he was lighted upon and slain, to the universal rejoicing of all. My desire was great to compass him alive, but the fury of the soldiers prevented me."

We are strongly under the impression ourselves that none of those same soldiers were ever subjected to any very heavy military censure for the exercise of that over zeal in the cowardly butchery of the gallant old hero.

The day before the above despatch was written, Sir Walter Stanley, an eye-witness of the transaction, sent his version of it to Cecil:

"The deputy having secured a draught upon Feagh by one of his own followers, marched from Rathdrum, and upon Sunday morning the guide played his part so well, that some of the soldiers were presently brought upon him in the cabin where he was hidden, with three or four sworn men, who were all slain with himself.

"This was the end of an enemy more dangerous and hurtful to the Pale than all the rebels in Ireland; but whatever the cause is I know not, the people have their hearts so hardened, that none rejoiceth at any good service done.

"Therefore, in my judgment, the State is in no small danger; and

out of the 7,000 men the queen has here, 4,000 are Irish. How dangerous it is to train them up in the use of arms, when they may turn the points of their swords at our bosoms."

Feagh's head, after having been impaled at Dublin Castle, was sent to London to be exhibited to the queen, but her Majesty, instead of appearing gratified by this evidence of Russell's zeal, signified "her high displeasure at such a present, sent with so much of vain parade."

We must not infer from this that Elizabeth was not, in her secret heart, highly delighted at the receipt of this ghastly evidence of Russell's prowess as a "head hunter;" Feagh's removal was too important a fact for that; but having a "rod in pickle" for Russell on other scores, it would not be politic to let her gratification be too visible; she, therefore, assumed the *role* of a displeasure she was far from feeling.

As for Feagh's body, Russell, it is said, had it hung by the heels, and then cut into quarters and spiked. In this condition it was seen by McKeohoe, one of the bards to the O'Tooles, whose pathetic dirge is still preserved in the "Leabhar Branach," or "Book of the O'Byrnes," still to be seen in the library of Trinity College. It has been translated into English by Mr. W. H. Hennessy, M.R.I.A., preserving, as well as could be, the spirit of the original:

THE DEATH OF FEAGH MACHUGH O'BYRNE.

BY MACKEOHÖE.

"Woe is me! Ah! woe is me! and endless is my grief,
Because I've seen the sever'd head of my beloved chief;
Not mine alone the bitter dole—full well may Ireland mourn
The traitor's blow that laid thee low, brave Feagh MacHugh OByrne.

"I wish my eyes were blind before I saw that ghastly face;
I wish the limbs had withered up that bore me to the place;
I wish that I had never risen when fever struck me down,
Ere I beheld that gory head in hateful Dublin town.

- “Woe is me! Oh! woe is me! that I had ears to hear
 The bitter news that Feagh was slain, like wild beast in his lair!
 I felt the words go through my heart—I felt my blood run cold—
 And like one dead I fell to earth ere half the tale was told.
- “My curse be on him night and day, God’s curse be on him, too,
 The heartless wretch whose word betrayed the generous son of Hugh!
 Our clans will miss his sheltering arm, the Church a bounteous hand;
 And strangers now unchecked will rob and ravage through the land.
- “They’ve borne his head across the sea, a butt for jibe and sport,
 To England’s fierce and bloody queen and all her cruel court.
 Oh, God! ’tis hard that this should be, and we to do no more
 Than keen him on the echoing hills, and weep him on the shore!
- “God rest his soul! my chief! my prince! Our land is low to-day;
 We have no ships to sail the sea—no troops in proud array;
 Yet have we men in pass and glen who yet shall make return
 For that base blow that laid thee low, brave Feagh MacHugh O’Byrne!”

May 15th, 1597.—Continues the diary: “The Lord Burgh landed, and came to Dublin, where he was invited to supper at the mayor’s, after which his lordship went to his lodgings at St. Mary’s Abbey, then Sir Geo. Bourchier’s house.”

May 16th.—“Five heads of Feagh’s followers were sent in, and that night my lord removed from the castle to lie at Mr. Usher’s house, at the bridge foot, whereby the castle might be made ready for Lord Burgh.”

May 19th.—“Sir John Chichester sent in the heads of one Connor O’Kennedy and seven others of Feagh’s followers.”

May 22nd.—“The Lord Chancellor, Archbishop Loftus, preached, and after the sermon, my lord delivered the sword to Lord Burgh in St. Patrick’s Church, and dined with him at Mary’s Abbey.”

May 26th.—“My lord departed from Dublin, and the day following landed at Ormshead, in Wales.”

Thus terminated the government of one of the worst deputies this country has ever seen. He returned to England with a well-filled purse, made by bribes, pillage, and every species of extortion; for from the outset of his deputyship, he was “trent on a course of gain.” His, indeed, was an inglorious warfare; and for many an age after he had passed away the dwellers in the glen had good reason to heap bitter maledictions on his memory and name.

If this very imperfect sketch of Russell's doings should prompt the reader to visit the sublime scenery of Glenmalure (not half as well known as it deserves to be), let him bear in his memory the stirring events that have taken place in the scenes surrounding him—events that, even in the short space of seventeen years, would form matter enough for whole volumes of Irish history. He will also excuse us if, for the sake of conciseness, we here epitomize the principal. It was here that Lord Grey was defeated by Feagh MacHugh O'Byrne and his clan, ably aided by the O'Tooles, in 1580—August 25th—when the notorious Cosby, the author of the massacre at Mullaghmast, Colonel John Moore, Peter Carew, Captain Audley, and numerous soldiers, followers of Earl Grey, fell by the good swords of the united clansmen.

Here, in 1592, did the chivalrous Hugh O'Donnell, with his friend, O'Hagan, obtain shelter after his re-escape from the castle. Here, a short while ago, died the gallant warrior and staunch friend of Feagh, Barnaby O'Toole of Castle Kevin. And here, now, Russell is after performing the last act in the bloody drama, by the assassination of Feagh MacHugh by his cut-throat soldiery, and the no less creditable firing of the homesteads over the heads of those prevented by sex and age from bearing arms.

And to-day the stern physiognomy of the region is little changed from Russell's time; the gigantic rock that excited his wonderment still frowns on the passer-by; the waterfall has not ceased to pour its silvery volume a-down the deep, dark gully, into the once fishful and stony river, which

still flows on its peaceful course; the everlasting hills—nature's lords—scathed by lightning and tempest, still answer to their Celtic names, and the trunks of mighty oaks, that often turn up, show that they once flourished there in congenial soil.

But, to return to Russell. We find that, on his return to London, he was forbidden the court because he did not arrest O'Neill when that chieftain presented himself in Dublin, a few days after the former had been sworn in. This, however, was only a pretext, the real cause for Elizabeth's displeasure being Russell's incapacity, and the failure of all his attempts to break the power of the northern "rebels."

The "cutting off" of Feagh MacHugh was not only an ignoble exploit, but was now too likely to prove a futile one as well, for his two sons, Felim and Redmond, had sworn to revenge their father's murder, and had betaken themselves to O'Neill, who promised to send 1,000 of his followers into the glens of Wicklow, to assist the O'Tooles and O'Byrnes.

These, with Feagh O'Toole, the son of Barnaby (deceased), still kept the hills with a remnant of Feagh's sept, despite the efforts of Captain Lec, who was commissioned to reduce the whole country, and to totally obliterate the names of the O'Tooles and O'Byrnes from the land.

It was far easier for the Privy Council in Dublin Castle to issue such orders to their captains and subordinates than have them carried out, for now, before the summer was over, Feagh's two sons, accompanied by their Ulster allies, reappeared in the glens, and joined Cahir O'Toole, uniting their efforts to repossess themselves of those lands of which they had been wrongfully deprived.

This was a sore blow to Lord Burgh, who was then preparing for his northern campaign, and had written to the English Cabinet:

"I will, God willing, stick to Tyrone, and, if need be, will lie on the ground, and drink *water ten weeks*, unless sooner blessings fall on my labours."

This was, indeed, counting without his host; for before half the time that Burgh promised to devote himself to these aqueous libations, unmingled with usquebaugh(?), he had ceased to be numbered amongst the

enemies of Ireland. Having mustered his army in Drogheda about the middle of July, where he was joined by Henry of Kildare, and many other Irish maintainers of the queen's government, he marched rapidly into Tyrone, razed a fort that O'Neill had erected on the Blackwater, and then proceeded to meet the "arch-traitor," who had taken up a position at Drum-Flinch, in the neighbourhood of Benburb. Here the two armies met, and after a brisk combat, which O'Neill himself tells us was nothing but a skirmish, Lord Burgh was unhorsed and sorely wounded. His kinsman, Captain Vaughan, who had distinguished himself among the pillagers of Glenmalure, was killed on the field, and the Earl of Kildare, being dismounted, owed his escape to the O'Hickeys, his foster-brothers, who lost their lives in saving his.

The vaunting deputy was utterly discomfited, and died of his vexation and bruises at Newry, on the 13th August, and the Earl of Kildare gave up the ghost in Drogheda about the same time, his death being caused, we are told, by excessive grief for his faithful foster-brothers. Lord Burgh's deputyship was very brief, and his career eminently disastrous to the prestige of the English power in Ireland.

Shortly after his decease, Sir Thomas Norris, commissioner for hearing causes in Chancery, was sworn deputy on 30th August, 1597. Norris had hardly been installed when the Privy Council, sitting in Dublin Castle, began to consider how the O'Byrnes and O'Tooles might be made amenable to justice. This grave matter being referred to Captain Lee, he reported that he was willing, if encouraged, or, in other words, if he were guaranteed a share in the O'Byrnes' country, to attempt the "cutting off" of the sons of Feagh. Being an expert in matters of this sort, the executive entertained his proposal, and flattered his hopes.

But Lee had no easy task before him, as we see from a report made upon the state of Ireland a short time before, and which was laid before the Privy Council in this year. After describing the state of Munster and Connaught, it gives account of Leinster as follows:

"By the late cutting off of the ancient traitor, Feagh MacHugh, Leinster will grow to better terms of settling and conformity; but many

of his followers remain, such as the O'Moores, who infest the Queen's County, and joining with them the Connors, who vex also the Queen's County."

"There are also sundry of the O'Tooles and the O'Byrnes, and especially two sons of Feagh MacHugh, and Feagh's uncle, who being all traitors with Feagh hold the same course now, as they did in his time, though they make show as we are advertized, that they will be glad to come in to make their personal submission, and deliver pledges for their loyalties, a matter we leave to the consideration of Lord Burgh with the further advice of the Council."

"Sundry persons in the province do not openly declare themselves, but are suspicious and doubtful. They should be assured by good pledges or other securities." Again :

"The Garboils are greater than ever. It was thought that by cutting off Feagh MacHugh they would have come to an end, but the quarrels have been renewed by his two sons. They have been with Tyrone all last summer, and have wrought him to send forces with them into Leinster, under the conduct of sundry chief lords. Some remaining about himself, as Captain Tirrell, and one of the O'Neills, and others chosen out of Leinster, as Breon Keoghe O'More, the Nugents, and Feagh's two sons themselves, they number six hundred and upwards, divided and sorted into shot and pike and other short weapons."

"These have committed of late sundry burnings in Leix, Offaly, and Ranelagh, the Byrne's country, Kildare, and in some parts of Dublin where they have done several hurts upon subjects, and especially upon the English, as they could come by them whom they sought, principally to expel out of their dwellings in Leinster. as the other rebels in Ulster and Connaught have, whereby it is apparent, that this great rebellion in Ireland is a mere Irish war followed upon the English of purpose to root them out, and reduce the realm to the old Irish laws and tyrannical custom of tainistry.

"To these are adherent sundry of those families of Leinster, as the O'Moores, O'Connors, some of the Kavanaghs, some of the O'Byrnes and

O'Tooles, some of the M'Coughlans, O'Malaghlin, O'Moloies, O'Dempseys and others.—See Carew State papers, p. 279.

This grave matter as to the state of Leinster, and the further reduction and bringing under subjection these haughty Leinstermen, was referred to Captain Lee. To Lee was given the care of the O'Tooles and the O'Byrnes, and no sooner had he accepted the charge than he arrested Rosa, the widow of the murdered Feagh, and had her confined in the dungeons of Dublin Castle, from which she was so lately respited by Russell. Surely they ought to have known Rosa better than to think that any rigours imposed on her could cause her to swerve one moment from the path of honour, in giving them any information to the detriment of her friends and kinsmen. Had they any such notions in the castle, they were doomed to disappointment by Rosa's firmness.

In the glen where she once kept state as an Irish princess, the memory of her has now almost entirely faded out, and the only one who has preserved even a happy tradition of her was an aged woman, who many years ago told us, that there once lived there a powerful lady named Rossha, who had only to put on her red mantle to fill the whole district with fire and blood.

The following extracts from the State papers belong to this period:—

“Wicklow to be made a county, and divided into baronies as followeth: Innishoghlin, Ballinacor, Talbotstown, Holywood, and Castle Kevin.”

May 14th, 1597.—“The two O'Tooles were executed at Balinglass, and the following October 11th, Dermot O'Toole was made a prisoner and sent in by Captain Lee with many others.”

This appears to have got Lee into some trouble, as Dermot was under protection by Sir Henry Harrington, who felt chagrined with him for ignoring his authority thus.

“The matter between Sir Henry Harrington and Thomas Lee about the killing of O'Toole, being protected, was debated in council.”

It was all a re-habilitating of an old play, to throw dust in the eyes and to present some show of appearances. The “dramatis personæ” were

in a few particulars changed from the time when this same Harrington got a short imprisonment from the Earl of Kildare, for similarly murdering Tibbot O'Toole, then under the earl's protection. So that we see, apart from any interference to his own plans, Harrington could not have been so extremely angry with Lee.

Premitting further notice of these two miscreants, who could murder stealthily or openly, as it served their purpose, without fear of ulterior consequences, comment upon them would be superfluous, or on the lying reports which were made from day to day to the Council in Dublin or to the queen at Windsor, for their own base, selfish motives of aggrandizement. We know, alas ! too well, how ably they succeeded at the expense of the O'Tooles, O'Byrnes, and other noble families.

The Irish, now as ever, whether in Ulster or in the Wicklow glens, were simply striving to maintain their own, to preserve those lands that bore them, those properties that belonged to them by inalienable right for years immemorial.

To drive them out and possess themselves of these lands was the object of these rapacious and hungry English who volunteered their services in Ireland, and whose begging letters to their English masters, invariably wound up with a hope that the day was not far distant when the savage natives would be extirpated, and when they were totally cleared out, root and branch, from the soil, to be replaced by "honest and civilized" subjects, such as Lee and Harrington, whose virtues entitled them to the Queen's gracious favour.

Though slightly out of its chronological order, we here give an extract from Fynes Morrisson, Part II.—“ By this time, 1596, the rebels of Leinster were (as I formerly mentioned) grown strong. Feagh MacHugh, breaking his protection (whatever in the name of goodness that was), entered into acts of hostility, and he, together with the O'Mores, O'Connors, O'Birnes, O'Tooles, and Kavanaghs, the Butlers, and the chief names of Connaught, animated by the success of Ulstermen, combined together and demanded to have the barbarous titles of 'O' and 'Mac'

restored to them, together with their lands, in the meantime spoiling the country on all sides."

So we see that it was not alone of their lands that the English wished to deprive them, but those very patronymics that declared their nationality were also to be dispensed with. In this they succeeded, in a great measure, at future dates, and it is only now that the people are reviving them again, especially amongst the oldest Celtic families.

Owing to the lack of education through the penal times, and until comparatively a recent date, people were so ignorant of the history of their country and her people, that they considered it an assumption upon their parts to adopt these patronymics, because, forsooth, their immediate fathers did not do so; but these people forget the reason why! Because in the past the use of them would be apt to lead to injuries and annoyances on the part of their persecutors and oppressors. But now that day is past, never to return.

As we saw before, upon the death of Lord Burgh, Sir Thomas Norris was elected Lord Justice, but discharged from that office in the following November ('97), when the government fell to Loftus, the schismatic Archbishop of Dublin, and Sir Robert Gardner; the latter being a lawyer, and the former, by virtue of his office, being a "man of peace," who ought not to meddle with the "carnal weapon." Thomas, Earl of Ormond, was appointed their coadjutor as Lord Lieutenant-General and Captain of the army.

Meanwhile, the success of O'Neill's arms was such that the English cabinet instructed Ormond to treat with the "arch-rebel," and make such concessions as might incline him to peace. O'Neill was not averse to any fair accommodation, but the terms on which he consented to sheathe his sword must have greatly astonished Archbishop Loftus.

On the 21st December, he signified to Lord Ormond that there was no chance of agreement unless "all the inhabitants of Ireland may have free liberty of conscience, and that her Majesty withdraw the garrisons from Tyrone and all parts of the Irishry."

The day after Ormond received this communication, he proposed to

O'Neill articles of an eight weeks' truce. To this O'Neill assented, but with a proviso, "that if any of them do stay with them of Leinster, contrary to my commandment, they be used no otherwise than as they be with whom they remain; and that none now depending upon my truce be received or entertained by the Lieutenant-General or the State, during this truce, without my consent."

We need hardly remark that Ormond would not have begged the withdrawal of the Ulster allies of the O'Byrnes and O'Tooles from the glens of Wicklow, had he himself been able to expel them. Nor is it necessary to observe that O'Neill required for Phelim and Raymond O'Byrne and the O'Tooles, a full and unqualified participation in all the benefits that might accrue to himself from the suspension of arms. A single act of hostility to them would be resented as though it were committed against himself; and as those who tarried with the O'Byrnes and the O'Tooles were to be used no otherwise than themselves, it was very clear that, instead of sanctioning their retirement, he rather discountenanced it, for reasons then known to no one but himself.

This clever diplomacy of O'Neill left the Wicklow chieftains in possession of their lands, but did not make them forget all they had suffered during Russell's bloody raids.

Rathdrum was relieved of the English garrison, and as for Ballinacor and Imayle, no blue-coated* hireling of Lord Ormond's troops was to be seen there."

However, the queen was well pleased with her lieutenant's conduct, and instead of urging him to prosecute the chief tribes of Wicklow, suggested that he should see that they were not molested in their person or in their estate. Her letter to Ormond on this subject, although written in defiance of delicate sentiment and expression, shows that she was constrained to approve of his policy, and pretend a manifestation of

* "After Lord Grey's defeat, in 1580, in Glenmalor, where the 'red coats' of the soldiers made them an easy mark for the 'rebels,' blue cloth was worn by the English army serving in Ireland.—See Hamilton's Calendar of State Papers, Ireland, 1574-1585, R.I.A.

graciousness to those whom a short time previously she sought to extirpate.

Writing to Ormond, the Queen says: "Where we do find that the offals left of Feagh McHugh (O'Byrne), and other rebels (the O'Tooles) near the Pale, do daily infest good subjects, and distract these forces which should be otherwise employed, we are content and do hereby give you authority to take all such into our mercy, and to give them our pardon."—State Papers.

Again that word pardon grates on the ears of the gallant Irish chieftains. With what haughty scorn must the O'Tooles and O'Byrnes have read such a message, which Ormond, doubtless, communicated to them. What magnanimity! to pardon men for the heinous crime of endeavouring to save their father from the assassin, paid by her most gracious Majesty's viceroy to murder him; to protect their hearths and homes from fire and spoliation, and to preserve their independent rights—aye, and even their own personal existence—from extinction. And now that she found she could not "cut them off" to her satisfaction, she, in the exercise of her royal mercy, pardoned them. But the chieftains knew well what value to set upon the pardon of the queen, with the exercise of her mercy thrown in, and though the great poet of nature tells us,

"That mercy blesseth him that gives
As well as him that receives it,"

still the experience of the O'Tooles, and other Irish chiefs, showed the mercy of Elizabeth, her worthy father, and the other English sovereigns, to be such a very doubtful quantity, and of such an ambiguous nature, that they considered themselves safer and happier by not basking in its sunshine, so many examples had they that the gaining of the royal mercy was but a preliminary to their losing their own heads.

But just now they were in a position to dictate terms to her lieutenant-general. Little cared they for the queen, or her hollow offers of conciliation. Their entire dependence was now on O'Neill, and at his word they were ready to carry fire and sword across the English border.

On the expiration of the eight weeks' truce, Ormond was authorized by the queen to grant her pardon to O'Neill, provided he complied with the following conditions :—

- “ First—That he make his personal submission to you in public.
- “ Second—That he renounce all confederacy with the Irish.
- “ Third—That he renounce the name of O'Neill.
- “ Fourth—That he dispose of all his forces, and send out of the realm all Scots, and other hired strangers.
- “ Fifth—That he have nothing to do with our vassals (subordinate lords).
- “ Sixth—That he deliver to you the sons of Shane O'Neill, to be sent to the castle of Dublin, from whence he escaped.
- “ Seventh—That he contribute to the rebuilding of the fort and bridge of Blackwater; that our garrison be continued there without danger.
- “ Eighth—That he tell you truly how far he proceedeth with the Spaniards, and that he renounce all such dealings.
- “ Ninth—That he suffer a sheriff in Tyrone.
- “ Tenth—That he put in his eldest son for a pledge, and resort, as other lords of Ireland used to do, to the council of Dublin.”

To these were added some other articles of minor detail, which her Majesty was ready to waive, provided O'Neill accepted the above. But O'Neill refused to subscribe to any of them, conscious, as he was, of the weakness of the English power in Ireland, and the discredit that must ever attach to his name, if he were to betray his confederates, or break with the friendly Spaniards, who sent him arms and ammunition, and provided Irish ecclesiastics with education and board, when they were proscribed in their own lands.

In vain did Ormond urge upon him to accept the “gracious pardon,” and in vain did he promise, on her Majesty's behalf, that the Irish should have all Ulster, north of Dundalk, without sheriffs, tributes, or hostages. The document that held out this liberal concession, was dated April, 1598,

when O'Neill was preparing to blockade the English fort (Portmor) on the Blackwater.

Two months afterwards, messengers from O'Neill arrived in Glenmalur, and commanded Phelim and Redmond O'Byrne and the O'Tooles, to fall upon the Pale, and to assist the O'Mores, who were then besieging the English garrison at Maryborough. They promptly obeyed the summons, and after wasting the country to the gates of Dublin, proceeded to join the O'Mores, with whom they routed the lieutenant-general in an action which cost him the loss of a large force, and the life of his own nephew.

Bewildered by this unexpected reverse, Ormond fled to Kilkenny, and fortified himself there. In July, O'Neill failed to take Portmor, owing to his want of a siege train; but he invested the place in the hope of starving the garrison into surrender. Ormond now applied to the English Cabinet for a fresh supply of troops, as the contingent at his disposal barely sufficed to save Dublin from falling into the hands of the O'Tooles and O'Byrnes, who threatened it north and south of the Liffey. The all but hopeless English rule in Ireland is best described in Ormond's own words. He says:—

“The times are more miserable than ever before. If our wants be not speedily supplied, the whole kingdom will be overthrown; the garrisons at this moment are ready to starve; the soldiers run away daily, though I have hanged many of them in the maritime towns.”

At length the desired reinforcement arrived, and it was decided that one body of them should proceed to the Wicklow mountains, whilst the other was to act against O'Neill. The northern army was to be commanded by Bagnal, a sister of whom O'Neill had married; and while he was on his march northwards, the O'Byrnes, O'Tooles, and Kavanaghs gave employment amply sufficient for the detachments sent against them, which were speedily recalled to protect the lieutenant-general, Ormond, then shut up in Kilkenny.

Meanwhile O'Neill had utterly routed Bagnal's army at the Yellow Ford, on the 14th August, achieving the most signal victory ever won by Irish arms on Irish soil.

"Since the English," says Camden, "first set foot in Ireland, they never received a greater overthrow. Thirteen stout captains being slain, and fifteen hundred of the common soldiers, who, being scattered by a shameful flight all the fields over, were slain and vanquished by the enemy. This was a glorious victory for the rebels, and of special advantage, for hereby they got both arms and provisions, and Tíreón's name was cried up all over Ireland as the author of their liberty."

The announcement of Bagnal's defeat, which reached Dublin next day, gave to Loftus' archiepiscopal nerves a terrible shock, the like of which he had never before experienced. And as for Gardiner, his legal colleague, nothing could exceed his vexation. The former thought that, 'once more O'Neill would bring in Pope and Popery;' while it now occurred to the latter, that he would have to vacate his post of chief justice for some of O'Neill's judges—mayhap an O'Hagan, then justiciary of Tyrone, and deeply versed in the Brehon Laws. It was a terrible crisis for both, as will be seen by a few passages from their joint despatch, as follows:—

"The Leinster rebels (O'Tooles and O'Byrnes) being exceedingly increased, are daily burning and spoiling the country, having possessed themselves of all the Queen's County called Leix, the rabble of them being now, by this disaster, so encouraged that they do now, without controlment, what they list. A great part of the County Kildare they have spoiled and burnt, and daily advertisements we have of their entrance into the County Dublin, and of their purpose to make head even to this city, to which, God knoweth, they may make an easy approach.

"We have no means left us to help ourselves, and the remnant of her Majesty's poor subjects here, only this—We beseech the Almighty God to stir up the heart of our gracious sovereign, as at length she will behold our miseries with the eyes of compassion."

Such was the situation of the city of Dublin at this momentous period, when, had O'Neill been so disposed, he might have seized it, by sending word to the O'Tooles and O'Byrnes to try their pikes on the seven hundred pouchy burghers, "commissioned by the lords justices to stay the

mountaineers." And, indeed, it would have been an easy victory for the latter, since the "citizen soldiers," levied for the occasion, preserved bitter traditions of Black Monday and Cullenswood, and had less heart than Midriff. O'Neill, however, for reasons best known to himself, spared the metropolis, and thus balked the mountaineers, who were only too anxious to sack it, and, perhaps, lay violent hands on Loftus, whose burning of O'Hurley, archbishop of Cashel, was still fresh in the people's memory.

Meanwhile, the O'Tooles and O'Byrnes had to look after their harvests, and repair the damage their country sustained from the frequent raids of the English troops. This gave them ample employment during the remainder of the summer; but did not prevent them from making preparation to act in concert with O'Neill, whenever he might call on them for aid.

A strong army mustered in England was to be landed on the Irish shores, and the queen determined that the command should be given to her prime favourite, Robert, Earl of Essex, who was sworn lord deputy 15th April, 1599. The instructions given him by the queen charged him to end the "rebellion" speedily, for she burned to retrieve the disaster of the Yellow Ford, and get rid of O'Neill, with the least possible delay; either by cutting him off, or forcing him to come to terms.

"The army with which Essex was to effect this," says the document we have quoted, "was paid, furnished, and provided in other sort than any king of this land hath done before;" and with a powerful force at his disposal, there could be little doubt that his diligence, faith, and wisdom would realize 'the sovereign's hopes.' "The army and the people," continue the instructions, "are to be instructed and retained in the true exercise and service of God. The great infection of Popery is so spread over the kingdom, as it is most true that even in time of peace (and within the English Pale) multitudes of parishes have had neither incumbents nor teachers; and in the very good towns of assembly, not only is recusancy allowed, but massings and idolatry winked at and tolerated. Call the bishops and ecclesiastical ministers to account for it."—(From the queen.)

Then, again, he was charged to keep a sharp eye upon the Irish who enlisted in the English ranks, and, after a course of training, deserted to the rebels rather than slay their own blood and kindred.

“Our bands have continually filled up with Irishry, in such sort as commonly the third person in any one band hath not been English, and the Irish have run away with their arms to the traitor. The Irish have thus been enabled to withstand our forces, and even to besiege and take from us our castles and forts.”

Touching O'Neill, Essex was authorized to grant him the “royal pardon,” “upon his ample submission;” but if he refused that, “he was to be taken in on such conditions as should be found good and necessary for our honour and safety of the kingdom.”

Such was Essex's commission on coming to Ireland.

Immediately after his arrival, Essex drew up a report on the state of the country, which informs us that in the County of Dublin mountains (that part which is now called Wicklow), the rebels O'Tooles and O'Byrnes, with other septs, were in actual rebellion. Their strength five hundred, whereof two hundred were horse, and that Ulster was all in revolt, while little or no reliance could be placed on the Irish septs of Munster. The army sent to quell the four provinces consisted of 16,000 foot and 2,000 horse, all choice troops that had seen service in the Spanish Netherlands. With a division of this force, 7,000 foot and 900 horse, Essex proceeded southwards, and was set upon by Rory O'Moore, one of O'Neill's Leinster lieutenants, near Crosby Duffhell, where he lost 500 men, with Captains Roswell and Gardiner. Thenceforth, that narrow gap has been called “Barnagleety,” *i.e.*, the pass of plumes or of feathers; because the queen's horsemen were shorn of their finest plumes there.

After besieging Cahir, Essex marched to Limerick, and thence to Askeaton, till he reached the neighbourhood of Waterford on the 21st June, 1599. His journey home through Wexford and Wicklow, and his encounter with the “rebels” (as his secretary is pleased to call them), is graphically described in a journal kept by that functionary as follows, and styled.

A JOURNAL OF THE LORD LIEUTENANT'S PROCEEDINGS FROM 22ND JUNE
TO 1ST JULY, 1599.

22nd June, 1599.—“The army was brought from Stoney Bridge (Co. Waterford) to the passage, whither the Lord Lieutenant commanded all the boats of Waterford, Crosse, and Carricke to be gathered together the next morning by break of day; but the ferry being broad, the boats not being great, and the carriages of the army being far greater than ever-here-to-fore in the country, followed so few fighting men. His lordship coming from Waterford, where he had carefully reviewed her Majesty's magazines of victuals and munitions.”

“The morrow after Midsummer day found most of his horse unpassed, in regard whereof having lodged all his foot within half a mile from Ballyhack, he went with two companies of horse to Tynterne, a house of Sir Thomas Cockley's, there expecting the passage of the rest of the horsemen, and leaving behind him the marchal (Bingham) to hasten them with all speed, which next morning was performed, and in the 'ternoon, by his lordship's directions, they marched three or four miles over against Tynterne, but more towards the heart of the country.”

“His lordship, in the meantime, being desirous to view all the coast between Waterford and Wexford, held his course by the sea-side, and lodged that night at Ballingarre, a house belonging to Sir James Devereux, meeting the army next day at Bally Crenman, where (whence) the following day we marched to a ford which is betwixt it and Ferns. His lordship employed the forenoon in viewing the state and strength of Enniscorthy, and the troops there in garrison, the afternoon in seeing the skirt of the Duffrys, the chief fastnesses of Donell Spaniaghe, who now pretends of (*sic*) the Kavanaghs and the MacMurrugh, which in the Irish accounts is no less than king of Leinster.”

“His lordship also went (to) a ground lying betwixt Inniscorthy and this fastness, where the garrison not being before, had skirmishes with Donell Spaniaghe, and upon the place examined the captains upon the

circumstances, and how they had carried themselves upon that skirmish. Since our departure from that day we saw not a rebel."

"Being come to the Duffry, in the very edge of the wood, some of them showed themselves without so much as giving us one alarm, though that night we lodged within a quarter of a mile of them, and on the same side of the ford. At Inniscorthy, and at this encamping, his lordship conferred with the council at war, what course from thence he should take, and whether he should carry the garrison of Inniscorthy along with him or not! For the first it was resolved that we should go to Ferns, and thence to Arc-louche. In regard to the ways through the Duffry, we were all splashed, and the forces in a manner of all the Leinster rebels there assembled, against all which we could not have opposed above 1,200 foot, the hurt and the sick being excepted, who, if they had been above the difficulty had been farless, but they were clogged with twice as many churls, horse-boys, and other like unserviceable people, which of necessity were to be guarded by our troops. Besides in all those quarters there lay no castle or fort of importance to be taken in, nor prey to be gotten, their cattle being all in Phelim MacFeagh's country. At Areloe it was thought fitter to leave sick men and part of our carriages, and with a light-running camp to attempt somewhat upon the rebels, if we were not fought with all at our passage."

"The 29th day we marched to a place called Coalishall. In passing, his lordship reviewed the Castle of Fernes, which he conceived to be a fitter place for a garrison than Eunniscorthy, were it not for the want of a navigable river did countervail the nearness of it to the rebels' fastness. The day his lordship was advertized that the rebels the day following proposed to fight with us, the rather because they had two or three places where they might with advantage attempt either on our vanguard or rear-guard of foot, and where the horse could not serve them. Wherefore, the next morning we marched in strongest order we could, and to whet the rebels' courage and choler (we being to pass through a country called Kinsoles, which yielded maintenance to many of the rebels' hired men), his lordship all day long burned both on his way and on each side."

“The first resistance was at a village at the right hand side, seated on the skirt of a great wood, and flanked on both sides with two groves of underwood. The village was burned without loss of a man. Four miles short of Arcloe we saw our forces drawn down to the river's side, which for half a mile together ran within a musket shot of our highway, and over which there was a ford near to the sea, through which our guides directed our carriages and footmen to pass, which the Lord Lieutenant perceiving, he passed a deep ford with 100 English horse, and sent the Earl of Ormond (who with his horse was passed at the further ford near the sea-side) to second those and draw nearer the foot that were so disorderly engaged. Captain Esmonde, the captain of 100 foot, was shot. All our army was drawn over the ford towards the sea-side, which way being heavy and deep was refused by the Lord Lieutenant, and another chosen, which for one mile had some small passes in it where the rebels offered skirmish to our troops, but to little purpose, for they kept so far off that his lordship commanded our men to spare their powder.

“Near the last pass the Lord Lieutenant placed an ambush of thirty horse, commanding the army to march on, and he himself staying upon a hill, a musket shot off, with the rear-guard of the horse, on which hill he made show of as many coloured coats as they had seen before, and as many horses, for with boys upon spare led horses, and hackneys, the number was supplied. But the enemy fearing to come upon the champion, at the end whereof was a great ascent, and yet at the top of this ascent two high hills on either hand. His lordship hastened to the top of these hills, and discerned the vanguard, with the Earl of Ormond and the Marshal (Biugham), already advanced as far as Arcloe, and the rebel forces, eight hundred foot and forty horse, marching to cut off our carriages and a wing of fifty or sixty footmen. This was the fault of the guides who carried Ormond and the Marshall hard by the sea-side, where they could not see the country, nor be seen by their own wings. The Lord Lieutenant sent the sergeant-major, then leading the re-re-guard, for three hundred light foot and all the horse, and in the meantime went with the Earl of Southampton to rescue our men, who were about to be cut in pieces. The rebels stood on a bog,

behind which was a shrubby wood which joined the sand hills. The Lord Lieutenant sent all the gentlemen on horseback (excepting Sir Edward Wyngefyld), with the Earl of Southampton, to the plain on the right hand while he drew down the wings. When the rebels perceived the small number of horse and foot, they came on with louder crys and more speed than before. In this coming on, Captain Roach, an Irishman by birth, who had long served the French king, with a shot had his leg shivered, and was straitway carried off.

“But immediately the Earl of Southampton gave a charge with the horse, so resolute, and so home, that he entered the woods so far as any way the bog would suffer him, Mr. Robert Vernon, Captain Constable, and Mr. Cox being all bogged and forced to quit their horses. Mr. Cox received his death-wound; Mr. Constable had two wounds; and Mr. Vernon, who had killed a leader, lay under his horse till Mr. Bellington quitted his own horse to help him up.”

“Lord Morley’s son, heir to the Baron of Mount Eagle, Mr. George Manners, Mr. Thomas Westes, Sir Thomas Germyn, Sir Alexander Ratcliffe, Sir Thomas Egerton, Mr. Carew Reynolds, and Mr Heydon, served bravely.”

“On the other side his lordship sent down Lieutenant Bushell to lead a wing of shot, at the same instant when my lord of Southampton charged, and to succour these he sent Ensign Constable. He was then attacked by the rebels, but by that time he had gotten the foot to stand firm, to keep order, to hear voices and speeches, for a poorer company there could not have been lighted on in all the army. The rebels staying for their gross to come up, gave our horsemen from the rear guard leisure to approach. Thirty of the horse were sent to the Earl of Southampton. Captain William Norrey’s corporal was ordered to charge with fifteen horse, who were supported by fifteen others under a corporal of Sir Davers’ company. Twenty musketeers flanked the company, going on, and coming off of the horse. The rebels were put back, and being discouraged, they made head the other way along the bog and wood against the Earl Southampton, who repulsed them. Then came the Marshal (Bingham),

with some more horse, Sir H. Poore, with 300 foot from the vanguard, and Captain Chamberlain with 200 from the rear guard. The rebels then endeavoured to secure possession of the wood and bog, but on the Sergeant Major coming up with Sir H. Docenray and all the ensigns of the rear-guard, the rebels were forced to turn their backs in disorder, many throwing away their arms, and some so amazed that they stuck in the bog and were overtaken and killed by our men."

"His lordship gave directions for following in the chase, and then we marched to Arcloe. The rebels' forces consisted of the Cavanaghs, the Burns, and the O'Tooles, and the O'Moores, of Leix, and all their bonnaughts; their leaders were:—Phelim MacFeagh O'Byrne, Phelim M'Barnaby O'Toole, Donnell Spanaighe Cavanagh, and MacRoury O'Moore. Our loss was not above one or two common soldiers, besides Mr. Cox, and some wounded. The pursuit being ended (or more truthfully, we having escaped) Phelim MacFeagh called to an Irishman and desired him to tell the Lord Lieutenant that he himself craved leave to come to speak with him, with condition that he might have his lordship's word for his safe return, and prayed the messenger to get him an answer. His lordship's answer was that, if he sent to Arcloe for a passport only as a repentant rebel to tender his absolute submission to her Majesty's servant and minister, authorized by her royal commission, he should have sent such as a safe conduct, but if he sent in any other form, or for any other purpose, he would execute the messenger, for he would not suffer his commission to be dishonoured by treating with rebels."

"Our quarter that night was at Arcloe, and the day following we marched towards Wicklow and encamped three miles short of it, right against the place where Sir Henry Harrington was overthrown. Thence we held our direct course to Dublin."

From the perusal of this journal of the Lord Lieutenant's secretary, of his master's journey home through Wexford and Wicklow, in which Essex indulged in that vain pomp of spectacular display which was inherent in his nature, the reader will easily perceive that the O'Tooles, O'Byrnes, and other Leinster chieftains were no idle observers of his

march through their country, but were acting in concert with one another and in harmony with the plans of O'Neill. Their object here was to harass the enemy on his march, to skirmish on his flanks, and to give battle only when opportunity would be favourable, that their very small army, as compared with the English hosts opposed to them, might not be exposed to a certain defeat. They were vastly inferior in number and armament, having very few horse, and no artillery, and had only to trust to the superiority of their valour and courage to be able to withstand them at all.

Their object in giving battle at this point, which they considered favourable to their purpose, was, in the first place, to divide the English forces, by intercepting them while crossing the river, and cutting off their rear-guard and forage wagons from the main body, and not succeeding in this, they feigned a retreat, in order to induce the main body to follow them into the bog and wood, where they could easily defeat them.

Owing to the foresight and prudence of Lord Southampton (which "prudence" in his case proved the better part of "valour"), their tactics were defeated, with very little loss, for although we have not the Irish version of the battle, which, if we had, would be very apt to throw a different light on it, but we may easily conclude that if many of the Irish were killed or left wounded on the field, there would be a greater flourish of trumpets from Essex's scribe in recording it.

He evidently is a recorder of events that does not stagger at trifles, when he says that the English lost only "one or two common soldiers, besides Mr. Coxe." This scarcely harmonizes with the account we find later on, of the diminished and demoralized state of Essex's army on its arrival in Dublin, nor did the queen consider that there was such great results from this, or any other event of her deputy's march, and her correspondence with Essex and the Irish Privy Council on the matter requires no glossary, as she pretty plainly indicates her opinion of the whole of them.

As for that bit of bravado about Essex scorning or refusing to hold parley with Phelim MacFeagh O'Byrne, it was a bit of idle boasting,

which he repeated a short time after in the case of O'Neill, but had to swallow his pomposity and suffer a severe reprimand on the strength of it from the queen.

However, Essex was allowed to proceed on his march through Wicklow to Dublin without further molestation. We shall let him explain for himself how he felt after his journey and narrow escape from the O'Tooles and the O'Byrnes.

He writes to the Privy Council of England:—

July 11th, 1599.—“In my last I sent by Greene from Wicklow, I gave an account of the end of my journey through Munster and Leinster, till which time till I came to Dublin, the care of the troops and daily marches did take up all my time. To Dublin I brought an indisposed and distempered body, yet forced myself to spend the next morning after my coming in council, where I both gave and demanded an account of all that had passed during our separation, and conferred of our necessary provisions against my going into the North. Upon our breaking up council I delivered myself to my physician, who had charge of me for three days, though all the while I received and answered all letters from several parts of the kingdom, and did my best to give contentment to private suitors.”

In the above we see very little of the style in which a successful commander would be apt to address his soldiers after waging and winning an engagement with the enemy. It looks more like what we would term in modern parlance, framing an excuse for “lying up on sick report.” And the truth was, never was Lord Lieutenant so sick and weary of Ireland, as Essex was, and indeed with good reason, for the highly disciplined and excellently equipped army that accompanied him on his southern tour, was, on its arrival in Dublin, utterly dispirited, and, owing to the guerilla warfare it encountered, hardly fit to take the field in the North. Evidently the foretaste they got in Wexford and Wicklow was not of so palatable a nature as to cause them to long for the more elaborate preparations O'Neill was making for their advent thither.

“The poor men,” wrote Essex, “that marched with me eight weeks

together, be very weary and unfit for a new journey, and the horsemen so divided that I cannot draw 300 to our aid."

Withal O'Neill must be met and defeated, such were the peremptory commands of her Majesty, at the same time rebuking Essex for the loss of time and men in his foolish southern journey, and Essex, plucking up heart and courage, continues :

"Yet as fast as I can call the troops together—I will go—look on yonder proud rebel, and if I find him on hard ground and in an open country, though I should find him horse and foot—three for one—yet will I—by God's grace dislodge him, or put the council here to the trouble of choosing a Lord Justice."

Fine phrases these, but dashed with melancholy, for Essex knew that he had incurred the queen's displeasure. He goes on to write :

"The army looked with pity on him and itself in an action which was likely to prove comfortless ; and worst of all, that the rebels would think it time to hew upon a withering tree, whose leaves they see beaten down and the branches in part cut off. O miserable employment ! and more miserable destiny of mine ! that makes it impossible for me to please and serve her Majesty at once !"

Little, indeed, was the queen affected by this burst of sentimentality. She wrote him thus :

"That his two monthes' journey hath brought in no rebel against whom it had been worthy to have adventured a thousand men ; that Norris, President of Munster, with a comparatively small force, could have done more ; and that O'Neill had been pleased to see the royal army employed against base rogues, who were not strengthened by foreign armies, but only by his own offal. Little do you know how it hath blazed in foreign parts, the defeat of regiments, the death of captains, and the loss of men of quality in every corner."

Deny it, Essex ! Deny it point blank ! and refer her majesty to your journal, where that voracious secretary of yours records your loss as "one or two common soldiers, besides Mr. Cox."

We must now leave Essex for a little to chew the bitter cud of disappointment over this letter of his royal mistress, while we explain to our readers what the queen referred to in the latter portion of her letter, wherein she writes of the "defeat of regiments" and "the death of captains," a reference to which is also made by Essex's secretary, where he mentions their encamping within three miles of Wicklow, "right against the place where Sir Henry Harrington was overthrown."

Camden tells us that on Essex's return to Dublin, after his ostentatious parade to the south, having acted contrary to the orders he had received, "his soldiers were wearied, sickly, and diminished (by more than a man or two), whereby the queen, very ill-satisfied, and much troubled at the expedition;" but there was something more to ruffle the sweetness and equanimity of that angelic temper of Elizabeth, when she received dispatches informing her that Sir Henry Harrington had been shamefully beaten and put to flight by the united septs of the O'Tooles and O'Byrnes, in the neighbourhood of Rathdrum, and that he himself had to fly to the castle of Wicklow, whose blackened ruins still hang picturesquely over the sea, and thence continued his frightened escapade to Newcastle, the seat of his seneschalship. Essex's journal barely alludes to this defeat (as we have seen); but any diligent investigator of the State Papers can easily bring to light all the original documents relating to this most honourable episode in the history of the septs.

The account of this signal victory, with the map or plan of location of the battle, is best given by the lords of the Irish council, and in the reports of some of the officers who had to bear the humiliation of defeat. But, before submitting them to the reader, we must premise that O'Neill (soon after Essex had commenced his progress to the South) had sent instructions to Phelim and Raymond O'Byrne, the sons of Feagh Mac Hugh, and to the O'Tooles, to waste the country down to the valley of the Liffey, as far as Dublin, as he himself was about to move towards the northern frontier of the Pale. This done, they were to return to their own country, and there to await his future instructions.

THE BATTLE OF RATHDRUM, 29TH MAY, 1599.

About this time, May, 1599, Harrington was quartered in Wicklow castle, with over one thousand men, officered by Loftus, the archbishop's son, Montague, and others, who had a hand in the murder of Feagh Mac-Hugh. That had already been well avenged; but the united septs longed for an opportunity to encounter on their own hills, in open fight, those who were mainly instrumental in compassing one of the foulest enormities recorded in Irish history, written as it has been with the sword's point dipped in blood.

It was cause of sore grief to Harrington that the sons of the "old cankered traitor" and their allies, the O'Tooles, should have been left in possession of their glens; and what was more, that they were able to assist the O'Moores of Leix, nay, and harry the bawns of the "English sure subjects" from Liffey head to Dublin gates.

Then, again, might not this gallant captain consider himself entitled to so pleasant a place as Glenmalure, and the sunny uplands of Greanan (now written Greenane), if he could point to the cutting off in some encounter, the sons of those chieftains who a short time before lorded it there, as "The O'Byrne," and "The O'Toole?"

Was it not worth risk of limb, nay, life itself, to make the experiment, and win Essex's commendation, by achieving a feat which her majesty would be glad to reward with broad acres, and, perhaps, titles of honour? A volume of poems dedicated to the beauty and other equally prominent attributes of "ye virgine queene," would not be half so acceptable as the utter uprooting of these mountain "savages," whose fierce inroads had so frequently scared the loyal inhabitants of the Irish metropolis.

Harrington knew that many of O'Neill's Ulstermen were in the glen; but what were they in comparison to the well-equipped and thoroughly disciplined force placed at his disposal by Essex?

We have not been able to discover whether Harrington received direct orders from the lord lieutenant to make this attack; we are rather of opinion

Harrington in this engagement

At this round field the horse charged the Rebels all the foote hauing recovered into Menishorie and gott a horse from them

A Bogg

Menishorie

From this Mountaine cam

Heer I charged with the horse into the high waie	Heer our horse charged betweene the Battells and I felched of Captain Atherlon with some 12 horse	Heer brake our Battaile and heer fell downe all our collors and Captain Lynaley to this Bogg, which I broughte of with 12 horse being prosecuted by 100 foote and 7 horse and putt them to Menishorie
--	---	---

East

Casle
Wickloe

West

Heer laye our shott at
rest

don vpon our men alongt this high waie by the Rebels Battaile in grosse which
putt me from

Captain Loftus his men to Wickloe whoe neuer weere followed

SIR HEN: HARRINGTONS DEFEATE
NEERE VNTO WICKLOE ANNO: 1699

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A Bushy Bogg

This waie
came
On this side the Riser
came
The Riser
the Rebels Battails
to the greene close
and so turned downe to the
foorde likewise
N
o
u
T
K

A Bogg

At this round field the horse charged the Rebels at the foote hauinge recovered into Menishorie and got a horse from then

Menishorie

From this Mountaine came the Rebells shott downe all alongst this bogg side

Along this waie the Rebells loose shott plaid upon ours

Heer I charged with the horse into the high waie
Heer our horse charged betweene the Battails and I fetched of Atherton with some 12 horse
Heer brake our Battails and heer fell downe all our colliers and Captain Lynley being prosecuted by 100 foote and 7 horse and putt them to Menthorle
A greene Close
Ewer
Castle Wickloe

Wasz

Heer plaid our loose shott to answer theirs

Heer laye our shott at rest

The high waie from Ranelagh to the Foorde

The Foorde

The execution was don upon our men alongst this high waie by the Rebels Battails in greene which by strengthe they putt me from

A Plaine fields

A
high waie
towards
the
Sea

This way went Captain Loftis his men to Wickloe who neuer were followed

S
o
u
T
K

SIR HEN. HARRINGTONS DEFEATE
NEERE VANTO WICKLOE ANNO: 1699

that he did not, remembering that he was seneschal and government captain of that part of the country, and as such could easily frame as good an excuse for his predatory warfare now as ever he did before on similar occasions. When crowned with success, not likely his ardent zeal would earn for him a reprimand from those to whom his good news would be a boon indeed; and if not successful—but what use in supposing impossibilities?—succeed he must. We shall see how?

On Monday, 28th May, 1599, Harrington marched from his garrison at Wicklow to Rathdrum, with 500 foot and 60 horse, and established a camp on the evening of the same day near to the latter town. His object was to force the passes into Glenmalure; but next day, Phelim MacFeagh, his brother, the O'Tooles, and the united septs crossed his path, routed him with considerable loss, and pursued his flying column to within a few miles of Wickow town.

From the map and plan of this battle, made for the use of the Privy Council, to be found amongst the State Papers, the English soldiers are represented as running for their bare lives, and the O'Tooles and the O'Byrnes in hot pursuit of them till they came to the gates of Wicklow. This picture, so disgraceful to the English, is to be found amongst Mr. Gilbert's *fac similes*, who alone has had the courage and the manhood to bring it before the world, notwithstanding its being so distasteful and galling to the English and the Protestants of the present day. It shows the O'Byrnes coming down from Glenmalure, led by Phelim MacFeagh O'Byrne, and the O'Tooles coming down along the road from Glenmalure, Glendalough, and Castlekevin, and driving the English before them, who are represented running, helter-skelter, for bare life, to the shelter of Wicklow castle.

At this court martial, held by the lord lieutenant and privy council, it was decreed that every tenth man should be shot for the cowardice shown by the whole army in not fighting, and some of the officers, for not compelling them to fight. "And as for Sir Henry Harrington, we forbear passing sentence till we know her Majesty's will, as he is a privy councillor."—(Essex.)

This was a sore blow to the day-dreams of Harrington, and all his splendid visions were dissipated into thin air, leaving in their stead the bitter reality of dead officers and men, and the remnant left huddled together, a scared and disorganized rabble.

The news of the affair reached the lords of the council speedily, and on the 2nd June, 1599, they notified it to the English privy council, thus:

“Sir Henry Harrington being encamped near Ranelagh (the ancient name of the country in and about Glenmalure), on the 28th of last month, the rebel, Phelim MacFeagh, having drawn to a head a great force of his own and other traitors at that instant, the 29th, set upon Sir Henry with all their forces, and broke them with a lamentable slaughter of the most part of the companies of foot, as will appear by his own letter, a double of which we send to your lordship.”

But the double must tell its own tale.—

Sir Henry Harrington to the lord chancellor:

“MY GOOD LORD,—I cannot but with grief write to you of this unfortunate day. Coming from our camp, within a mile and a half of the great water (the Avonmore), returning to our garrison place, we were hotly pursued by the traitors, whose forces were far stronger than ours. Marching on our way we skirmished; but in the end they joined battle with us, within a mile and a half of Wicklow, where most of our men were lost. Many of our horsemen were sore hurt, and through the cowardliness of our armed men, that never would once couch their pikes, or offer to strike one stroke for their lives, do what our leaders could. No captain lost, but Wardman Loftus hurt in the leg. No men could serve better than his while one man was able to stand.

“My nephew (Montague) broke through the head of them (the rebels), in which himself was struck in the side with a pike, and received two blows of a sword, so that he got our main body breathing time; yet they would not stand, but dispersed (ran away); then, with his horsemen, went up to the colours, being ready to be taken by the enemy, and brought them away.

“From Newcastle, this 29th May, 1599.”

To this letter Sir Geoffrey Fenton added the following postscript :

“Captain Loftus is dead since this letter, of hurts received in the overthrow.”

Oh, Sir Henry! You had a long ride of it from Ranelagh to Newcastle; but though the fleetness of your charger saved you from the pikes of the O'Tooles and O'Byrnes, it could not shield you from the deputy's indignation.

But before touching on that matter, we would fain present the reader with another account of this defeat, written by one who took part in the action :

THE DECLARATION OF PIERS WALSH TOUCHING SIR HENRY HARRINGTON
GOING TO THE GREAT WATER.

“Upon Monday, the 28th May, 1599, Sir H. Harrington, with forces of horse and foot under his command, being 500 foot and 50 horse, did set forward towards the great water near Rathdrum, to view the sconces made by the rebels to stop the passage of that river; and after the watch was set, the rebels played upon the camp, at what time Sir Henry caused some of the forces to put the rebels' shot from their standing. That night the rebel Phelim MacFeagh sent a messenger of his own, being a rhymer, to pray Sir Henry to forbear doing of any hurt to him, and that he would submit himself to the lord lieutenant. And the next morning Sir Henry, upon intelligence received that the rebels were gathering into a head too strong for him, he dislodged, and caused his carriages to march towards Wicklow, and himself, with the forces, followed; and immediately upon his removal, another messenger came to him from the said traitor with some message which the said Walsh knoweth not, but, as he verily believed, thinketh it was to feed Sir Henry with fair words until their forces were ready to set upon him, as might be well gathered from the sequel, for, within a short time after, the rebels, with their battle and loose wings, came in and began to skirmish with the forces, whereupon Captain Adam Loftus, with his foot company, answered the skirmish in the rere of the battle, and fought very valiantly for the space of three

miles, the rest of the companies of foot yielding small help, but only marching forward. The rebels perceiving that, did draw near with their main battle, at what time Captain Adam Loftus, having then taken a horse, with Captain Montague and the horse troop, charged the head of the battle, and did pass through the same, in which charge Captain Adam Loftus was thrust in the leg with a pike, whercof, and of some other hurt afterwards received, he died; immediately whereupon the rebels' battle joined with ours, and by reason our armed men could not be drawn to turn back, or to make a stand and to fight, a great part of the forces were slain, and, as the said lieutenant doth gather, at the least the one-half did miscamp, among which company Captain Wardman is lost and many officers.

“The rebels continued the killing till they came within a half a mile of Wicklow, and such of the forces as escaped got away, disordered, by footmanship, leaving their arms behind them. All the captain's colours were brought away by the horsemen and Captain Walshe. What number of soldiers that came off and were not slain he knoweth not certain, for that they took diverse ways for their safety.”

With what different feelings the news of this great victory reached the lord lieutenant, then in sore straits himself near Arcloe, and The O'Neill, making preparation in the north to give this same Essex a warm reception whenever he could screw up his courage to go and obey the behests of his royal mistress in subduing, at all hazards, the powerful Ulster noble!

Commend us to Piers Walsh for being able to mollify the disgrace of this defeat by couching it in very temperate language. We must certainly give him every credit for his style. How much nicer it is to read “disordered by footmanship,” than if one of our modern war correspondents put it in his plainer style, “that they ran away from the O'Tooles and O'Byrnes as if the very fiends were after them; and so much was the craven fear in their hearts, that they threw away the very arms by which they might have made a stand.”

And not alone in Ireland was the fame of this victory spread, because

we have it from Elizabeth's letter to Essex (given earlier in these pages) that it created a great sensation in foreign courts, brought ridicule on the arms of England, and hence her severe rebuke to Lord Essex.

What, then, must the natural feelings of the brave sept of men be, when, reclining on their arms and gazing about them, they could see nought of that powerful array that, a few hours ago, was going to extirpate them to a man; now not a vestige left save the ghastly corpses of those that perished in the fray; the munitions of war, the camp equipage, the costly trappings, lying scattered around; and ever and anon, in the distance, the blue coat of some affrighted Britisher who, finding himself not killed outright, plucked up the courage of despair, and displayed one of those feats of "footmanship," by running like an affrighted hound to the shelter of the walls of Wicklow Castle.

The following is a description of this great battle by an Irishman :

"On the arrival of Essex as lord lieutenant of Ireland, on the 15th April, 1599, the attention of the latter was at once directed to the sons of the celebrated Feagh MacHugh O'Byrne and the O'Tooles, and Sir Henry Harrington, a veteran of thirty years' standing, was stationed at the castle of Wicklow, with a well-appointed force, detached from the splendid army which Essex brought for the final conquest of Ireland. The Avonbeg, running through a romantic valley of Glenmalure, falls into the Avonmore below Castle Howard, forming the first meeting of the waters. About four miles above this point, on the Avonmore, which flows through the Vale of Clara, lying eastward of Glenmalure, is Rathdrum, and here was a ford which formed the pass into the Ranelagh, from Wicklow direction, at about six miles distant from its stronghold. On the 28th May, 1599, Sir Henry Harrington, with about four hundred men, of whom sixty-eight were horse, under the command of Captain Montague, a brave officer, Sir Henry's nephew, marched from Wicklow, and encamped within a mile of the ford of Avonmore. Phelim and his clansmen, instead of waiting to defend the passage of the river, crossed over and reformed the camp during the night. In the morning, Sir Henry having advanced with the horse to reconnoitre, perceived the O'Byrnes and the O'Tooles advancing

to attack him. The memory of Grey and Glendalough appears to have vividly risen to his mind, and a retreat was at once ordered. The Irish were inferior, not only in appointments and discipline, but even in number, particularly in cavalry, of which they had only about a dozen. But they had no idea of admitting their foes to retire so easily, and, pressing forward, fiercely forced them to an engagement, and slew 'the greater part.' None escaped but those who had been protected by the horse, which suffered severely in this perilous duty—Captain Montague himself, as Sir Henry says in his despatch, being 'stricken in the side with a pike,' and having received 'two blowes of a sword'—and such as had taken 'an opportunity to strip themselves not only of their weapons, but clothes,' and 'got away disordered by footmanship.'" We shall let the poet describe it in his own poetic effusion :

"By Avonbeg and Avonmore there's many a happy home,
On every side through Ranelagh the bright streams flash and foam,
And snow-white flocks roam far and wide through many a verdant glade,
Sure ne'er was land so wondrous fair by nature elsewhere made.

"And from each olden belfry still by time or foe urent,
To prayer, far o'er hill and dale, the silvery summons sent ;
And maidens fair as earth e'er saw amid these valleys dwell,
And Ranelagh's brave sons well know how to guard each treasure well.

"Still proudly over Ballinaeor O'Byrne's banner waves,
And all the "Calliagh Rua's"* power as erst defiant braves ;
And though heroic Feagh is gone, well can young Phelim wield
The sword his sire triumphant waved o'er many a stricken field.

"Up, Glenmalure ! With speed who doth so reckless ride ?
Some news, perchance, of war and scathe he brings from Avon side !
For Wickinlo full long has flashed beneath each noontide sun,
With helm and lance, and corslet bright, and spear and burnished gun.

* Queen Elizabeth.

“Too true, red sign of war! Behold the beacon’s signal light
Is answered by Feagh O’Toole with flame from every neighbouring height;
And down the hills and through the glens, as fleet as mountain roes,
The united clansmen rushing come to meet their Saxon foes.

“For Harrington from Wickinlo has marched for Avon’s ford,
And sworn to sweep o’er Ranelagh with ruthless fire and sword;
And all the clansmen’s names, whate’er their sept or age,
To doom in his avenging hate to glut his soldiers’ rage.

“’Tis morn, at close of joyous May, and high has climbed the sun,
But why a mile from Avon’s ford still lingers Harrington?
Armed stand his captains tried behind his marshalled men,
But why the gloom upon his brow as he gazes up the glen?

“He sees approach the allied clans, by gallant chieftains led,
In every hand a pike or brand—Prince Phelim at their head.
And rapid as a mountain flood the fiery clansmen come—
There’s little time for trumpet’s bray or roll of Saxon drum.

“No thought of their outnumbering foes—the thought of home and Feagh,
One thrilling cheer, and fierce they dash upon the proud array!
There’s clangour dire of steel on steel, there’s clash of blade on spear;
One volley’s sped, and England’s ranks have broke like frightened deer!

“And in the wild and headlong flight away ’s cast spear and gun,
Unheeded is the bugler’s call—the battle’s lost and won.
And desperately for Wickinlo rush that disordered rout,
Nor dares one panting fugitive e’en turn his face about.

“While in revenge for gallant Feagh the victors urge the chase,
Until the castle closed its gates upon their foe’s disgrace;
And many a polished morion and steel jack glittering lay,
As trophies for the victors, all along the corpse-strewn way.

“And but for gallant Montague’s well-mounted cuirasiers,
Whose levelled lances sometimes checked the furious mountaineers;
For Essex’ martial vengeance, but few had ’scaped that day
Their vengeance who had madly wept above the bier of Feagh.

“And now throughout all Ranelagh be joy and festive cheer,
The children may in safety play, the maidens have no fear;
And long may princely Phelim bear the sword Feagh proudly bore,
And guard, as on that glorious day, the ford of Avonmore!”

Let us imagine how the victorious O’Byrnes and O’Tooles, having given thanks to their God for the signal victory granted them, and seated round the wassail-bowl that night, made the welkin ring with their jubilations, while their bards held out somewhat like the following:—

“Hark, the thunder of their meeting, hand meets hand, and rough the greeting,

Hark, the crash of shield and brand, they mix, they mingle, band with band,

Like two born commingling stags,

Wrestling on the mountain crags,

Intertwined—intertangled.

Mangled forehead meeting mangled.

See the wavering darkness through,

Rise the banner of Feagh Mac Hugh.

Close beside is thine, O’Toole; now they stoop, now they reel,

Rise once more, and onward sail, like two falcons on one gale.

Oh! ye clansmen past me dashing,

Like mountain torrents seaward rushing,

Tell the chiefs that from this height

Their chief of bards beholds the fight;

That on their efforts he pours his spirit,

Marks their deeds and chants their merit,

While the priesthood evermore, like him that ruled God’s host of yore,

With arms outstretched, that God implore.

Glory be to God on high! that shout ran up into the sky,
 The plain lies bare, the smoke drifts by. Again the cry: 'They fly!
 they fly!'
 O'er them standards, twenty-four,
 Waved at morn—they wave no more."

We now return to Essex, whom we left in Dublin temporizing and vacillating between the imperative instructions of his royal mistress and the opinions of the Irish Privy Council regarding his march northward against O'Neill. The council were against his going, and their reluctance for the task of measuring their strength with the gallant Ulster chieftain was evidently shared by the lord lieutenant. This hesitation on their part drew from the queen another epistle in which she plainly gives them a bit of her mind. We extract the following:—

QUEEN ELIZABETH'S LETTER TO THE IRISH PRIVY COUNCIL.

"Your letter doth rather deserve reproof than much answer. You dissuade what must be done. You, the lieutenant, are following the examples of the late deputies, Russell and Fitzwilliam. You of the council have been the cause of that corruption in religion, by following popery, and it was you who persuaded our lieutenant on his landing to make so long a journey into Munster. Now you frame new arguments to keep our army out of the north, and thus increase the rebels' pride. Do you forget that within these seven days you made a fresh demand of two thousand men for this action, and now send us tidings that this huge charge must leave Tyrone untouched. If we did not think you loyal, but either some of you cannot forget your old goodwill to that traitor—or else are insensible to all things save your own particulars."

This goading spur put Essex in motion at last, and a few days after its receipt, he marched from Dublin to Ardbracken, where he lodged in the Bishop of Meath's house on the 28th August, 1599. Three days afterwards, his army rendezvoused on the hill of Clyde, a short distance

from Keils, and there, after debating whether it was fit to place a garrison in Breffny—

“It was concluded that no garrison could be placed in any part of Cavan, because of the difficulty of victualling such garrison, but chiefly because O'Neill was then with his forces in Farney, and prepared to enter the Pale, and burn and spoil to the gates of Dublin, as soon as the lord lieutenant had gone up as high as Cavan.

“September 2nd found Essex encamped between Roberts and Newcastle, and on the 3rd he mounted the hill of Ardolfe, to get a view of O'Neill's army, then lodged a mile and a half off, but a river and a wood intervened between him and them. Five hundred foot and some horse being sent to escort fuel-gatherers in the valley, towards O'Neill's quarters, the latter sent some of his to impeach them, and offer skirmish, but afterwards gave orders not to pass the ford. Next day Essex marched to the hill of Louth, and encamped beyond the river towards Farney, while O'Neill marched through the woods, and lodged in the next wood, keeping his scouts in sight of the lord lieutenant.

“Here it was consulted what was to be done upon O'Neill, and how his fastness might be entered; but it was concluded that the English were not strong enough to attempt the Irish treuches, and that it was better to have a strong garrison in Louth, or some castle thereabout, to offend the bordering rebels. Essex, however, seeing that no fuel could be had in the neighbourhood, would not adopt the suggestion.

“On the 5th of September, O'Neill sent Henry O'Hagan, constable of Dungannon, and a man highly favoured and trusted by him, to invite the lord lieutenant to parley with him. This his Excellency refused, as he did in O'Byrne's case in Arcloe a few months previously; but he told O'Hagan he would next morning be on the hill between both camps, and if he choose to speak to him then he would be found at the head of his troops.

“Next morning Essex drew out 2,000 foot and 300 horse, on the first great hill that gave him sight of O'Neill, and then marched towards another hill, on which O'Neill's guard of horse stood, which they quitted as the English approached. It was now about three o'clock in the after-

noon, and a slight skirmish occurred between the light horse of the opposing forces, in which a French gentleman of the lord lieutenant's forces, and an Englishman of Lord Southampton met some hurt. After this rencontre a horseman of O'Neill's delivered this message: 'That his lord would neither fight nor draw forth, but desired to speak with his Excellency, but not between the two armies.' The latter then lodged 500 foot and 50 horse at Niselrathy, half a mile from the hill of Louth, where there was a square castle. This garrison was commanded by Sir Christopher St. Lawrence.

"Next morning (the 7th) Essex set out for Drumconrath, but before he had marched a mile, Henry O'Hagan came and told him that O'Neill desired to speak with his Excellency, which, if his lordship agreed to, he would gallop about and meet him at the ford of Ballaclithe (Anaghelort, on the Lagan), on the right of the road to Drumconrath. Essex then sent two gentlemen with O'Hagan to view the ford, and they found O'Neill there; but the waters were so far out, they, as they told him, thought it no fit place to speak in; whereupon he grew impatient, and said, 'Then shall I despair ever to speak with him;' and at last he found in the ford a place where, standing up to his horse's belly, he might be near enough to be heard by Essex, though he kept to the hard ground. His Excellency then drew a troop of horse to a hill above the ford, and seeing O'Neill there alone, his lordship went down alone, at whose coming O'Neill saluted the lord lieutenant, and they talked about half an hour together, and then returned to their respective companies at the hills. After this there was a second conference, at which six principal men from both armies were present, O'Neill and his men standing in deep water, while Essex, with his men, were on hard ground. It was then concluded that there should be a meeting of commissioners next morning at the ford near Fleming's castle. And so they parted, Essex returning to Drumconrath, and O'Neill to his own camp.

"Next morning, Essex sent Sir Warham St. Ledger, Sir William Warren, and his secretary, Sir Henry Walten, to the place of meeting. O'Neill came himself to the parley, after sending into Fleming's castle

four gentlemen as pledges for the safety of the English commissioners. It was then agreed that there should be a cessation of arms for six weeks, to be continued for six weeks till May Day, or to be broken up on fourteen days' warning. This being concluded (September 8th), on the 9th Essex dispersed his army and went to Drogheda, and O'Neill, with his army, proceeded into the heart of his own country."

On the 17th the queen wrote to Essex that she was highly displeased with his conduct, and rebuked him for having conversed with "the traitor half an hour alone; for," quoth her royal highness, "to trust such a one upon his oath is to trust the devil upon his religion." Driven to desperation by other passages in the same letter, the lord lieutenant resolved to repair to the queen without license, by whom he was cast into the tower, and then to the block.

FELIMIDH UA TUATHAIL.

We must ask the pardon of our readers for having so long omitted from these pages the name of the head of the Clan O'Toole, Phelim of Powerscourt. What has become of him? Or how is it that his name does not appear as partaking in those recent victories of the O'Tooles and O'Byrnes, and the discomfiture of Sir H. Harrington?

The truth is that Phelim is waxing old; his nigh four-score years are telling on the old warrior, and he naturally leaves the more active work to younger, though not more ardent, spirits. Eighty long and eventful years have passed over him—years, not of peace and enjoyment, but one unbroken scene of active warfare, either defending and protecting the hearths and homes of his clan, or swooping down, with the terrors of revenge, upon the English of the Pale and the Dublin burghers, making them, by his grim reprisals, curse the day they ventured to attack O'Toole in his native glens.

Many a time during this troubled period did the fortunes of war place Phelim in the hands of his enemies, securing for him the only Castle hospitality the O'Tooles were in the habit of enjoying, namely, the

deepest dungeon in its keep. On his last visit there he was condemned to death, and according to the quaint statement in the State Papers of that period, "He was saved by his book," whatever that may mean.

The closing scenes of his life of turmoil were not to be blessed by the halo of peace. Bereft of his patrimony, his estates of Powerscourt and Fercualan forfeited, and subsequently granted to him who had long looked on them with covetous eyes; himself attainted and outlawed in the land and home of his fathers, he finally met his death, when taken at a disadvantage, at the hands of this same usurper of his property, Marshal Wingfield, by whom he was slain, and his hoary and venerable head sent as a trophy to that not very mild sovereign, Queen Elizabeth, to gloat her blood-thirsty eyes upon, in revenge for all the trouble he had given her troops in Ireland.

The tradition amongst the oldest of the inhabitants of Powerscourt and Glencree of him is stated by Eugene O'Curry, in his Report of the Ordnance Survey of Ireland (1837), on which that distinguished Irish scholar was employed (and for which he was very badly remunerated). When engaged in taking a survey of Powerscourt he gives the following particulars concerning that place (See O'Curry's MS., R.I.A.):

"Near Powerscourt churchyard they show a little valley, which is popularly known as the 'Killing Hollow.' This hollow is pointed out by tradition as the place in which General Jacques Wingfield beheaded Feagh O'Toole in single but unequal combat. 'Begorra, sir,' says my informant, 'Feagh O'Toole was a brave soldier, and he used to hang every person that could not say 'cu and maddir' (*i.e.*, hound and dog) in the Irish language on the top of that moate over there.* He never went out but on horseback, and always with a steel bridle. He was often and often watched and pursued by General Wingfield, but with little success, as Feagh was too expert a horse and swordsman. At last, Feagh happened to ride out one day with only a leather reins to his bridle. This his

* A primitive, but forcible, method employed by Phelim, in order to discover whether they were English spies or not.

enemy saw, and making a desperate attack on him, he succeeded in cutting away the leather reins, by which Feagh's horse became unmanageable and threw him, and he fell a victim to his more cunning enemy, who cut off his head and carried it to Queen Elizabeth, who only rewarded him with a smile and the shawl which she then happened to be wearing round her neck. However, in the reign of James I., the family (Wingfields) got a grant of the entire property of the O'Tooles.' Thus far the tradition by old George Burton and others.

"Such was the end (A.D. 1599) of Phelim O'Toole of Powerscourt, the hero of a hundred battles, after sixty years of almost continuous warfare against the English.

"There is a rock in Glencree called by the name of Castle Toole, but why, the people don't know.

"War Hill.—A battle was fought here between the English and the O'Tooles. The killed were buried in a graveyard near the hill now so called. Of the graveyard there is not at present a vestige but the name.

"In the townland of Lackendarragh is a cromleach in ruins, in which is a horizontal stone, ten feet long, eight feet broad, ten feet high, and two feet thick, and called 'Red Donough,' or Denis, being a name long continued amongst the Clan O'Toole. They don't know why it is called by that name.

"There is a hill in the townland of Barronameal, which they call 'Knoc Riagh' (the Hill of the King). No tradition of the origin of the name exists. It is in the immediate vicinity of Powerscourt demesne. Could it be the Inauguration Stone of The O'Toole?

"There is a very large moate here, called 'Fairy Moate.' Tradition has it that it was here on this moate that Feagh O'Toole had his gallows erected for hanging the Protestants (spies), as George Burton, an old and poor Protestant of Anaertery, told me. This moate I take to be eight or nine feet high, and about a thousand yards in circumference.

"Tober Moling (or St. Molding's Well) lies some thirty perches on the north-west of this moate. The inhabitants here are chiefly descendants of the Cromwellians, or those of the Wingfields. I can find only

two families of the O'Tooles in this parish; they are located in Glencree. There is an eminence about a fourth of a mile south of Powerscourt House, called the 'Dead Man's Bank,' in which it is said that Feagh O'Toole had buried those who had fallen in battle which occurred with the English. At what time it is not known.

"About half a mile south of Powerscourt House, in the demesne, lies the church of Churchtown, in ruins. The ruins consist of a line of wall on the north side, extending from east to west, seventy-two feet, forty-eight feet of which remain, varying in height from the level of the ground to three feet and two feet thick. It is built in regular courses, of moderately large and small stones and lime and sand mortar. There is a bit of the foundation of the south-east angle of the eastern gable remaining, and the line of south wall is sufficiently distinct, the foundation stones having been all rooted up for sepulchral purposes. The breadth of this building was about eighteen feet, the eastern gable springing from the brow of the precipice, and from the western protruded a small edifice, like one mentioned at Killegar. It is twenty feet long and ten wide; the side walls only remain, reduced to a height of three feet, and they are two feet thick. The masonry and stones bespeak a remote, but not a rude, antiquity. Probably this was the private chapel of The O'Toole.

"In the townland of Lackendarragh they show a place called 'The Churchyard,' but it does not retain the least vestige of either a church or a churchyard, and some say that it was the place of sepulture of persons killed in a battle fought between the O'Tooles and the English troops some three hundred years ago. This battle was fought on and about War Hill, and between Turlough O'Toole and Lord Deputy St. Leger, in which O'Toole was conquered, and had to submit to terms from Henry VIII. The graveyard is immediately under the hill on the opposite side of the river.

"George Burton, a poor Protestant, one of those who gave me (Mr. O'Curry) this information, was living at Powerscourt in the year 1837, an old man of seventy-six years of age, but long since dead.

"The townland of Fassaroe lies north of Kileroney, in the parish of

Kilmacannoge. Behind the farmhouse of Mr. Stronge, near Justice Craupton's, stand the ruins of the Castle of Fassaroe (supposed to be built and inhabited by The O'Toole previous to Powerscourt being built). The south-west angle is built of cut stones, remaining unbroken to the height of about twenty-eight feet in length of the western walls, and nineteen feet of the southern remain, varying to twenty feet in height. The springing of the arch over the hall is visible on the south side, with the marks of the hurdles on which it was turned still in mortar, and several recesses, with a loophole of fine cut stone, in the south wall, remain to be seen all round.

“There is a yew tree of considerable age growing behind the offices to the west of these ruins. A little more than a furlong north-east is the old castle. Immediately on the right-hand side of the road stands a very old stone cross, loosely set in a rock, eleven feet in circumference at the level of the ground, into which it is firmly fixed, and one foot six inches in diameter at top. On the north-east side of the pedestal a rude representation of a face projects two inches from the surface, seven inches in depth, and in form of a cross on the forehead. All traces of features are obliterated by the action of the weather. Convenient is the holy water font, sitting on a granite block, about two feet high and a foot square; also a baptismal font, twenty inches deep, two thick, and two feet in diameter. The land in which the cross stands is known as St. Valery's, and the well is called St. Valery's Well.

“It is evident from these that there must have been a chapel, and more than probable a village, here in olden times.”

We have thus given at length these notes from O'Curry, trusting that they will tend to prove entertaining to those of our readers who have been interested in the fortunes of the O'Tooles, and the decadence of the fortunes of Phelim. One more note we give to show that the memory of Phelim O'Toole is not only handed down by tradition, but also perpetuated, if not in marble, like the ancient warriors, it is in stone.

Here O'Curry again writes:

“Feagh O'Toole's head, in stone, is shown in one of the kitchens in

the yard of the castle of Powerscourt House. It measures fourteen inches from the lower part of the chin to the top of the forehead, and eight inches across the forehead, and notwithstanding that the nose and mouth are mutilated, anyone who knows Daniel O'Connell will immediately think of him when looking at it.

"There is a quantity of armour, coats of mail, and battle-axes, taken from the O'Tooles and others, hanging in the hall of the present Powerscourt Castle; also, it is said, the shawl which Elizabeth gave to Marshal Wingfield when he presented to her the head of the warrior-chieftain, Phelim O'Toole."

We now take our leave of Phelim, leaving his disfigured trunk in an obscure, but not dishonoured, grave. His end was not singular among those chieftains of his race who went before him—death on the bloody plain, with their faces to their foes, having been for generations, nay, centuries, the normal mode of the O'Tooles leaving this world. Not that they coveted such an end; far from it. Had they a choice they would far prefer to die calmly surrounded by their clansmen, comforted by their families, and solaced and fortified by the sacraments and rites of their holy religion.

They had no alternative but to allow the hated stranger to despoil, ravish, and destroy, or, firmly grasping the battle-axe and sword, resist to the death the marauding invader; and even if they fought to the bitter end, as so many of them did, the same God was present on the battlefield as in the death-chamber, and ever ready to extend His mercy to the penitent heart.

Before we enter on that phase of this history which treats of the confiscations (plain English, robberies) of the estates of the O'Tooles, let us consider for a while what was the general state of Ireland about this period; and, in order to do this, we invite the reader to go back to the Earl of Essex, whom we left in sore straits.

Essex, who could not understand how his former influences over Elizabeth were all to fade away, returned to England, where he hoped, by the exercise of those sycophantic flatteries he had so often tried with

such signal success on "ye beautifulle queene," to re-establish himself in her favour. But the tide was turned; his royal mistress was tired of her favourite and displeased with her deputy, and as the road from her displeasure to the grave was in those days short, sudden, and all down hill, we find Essex, almost as soon as he arrived, committed to the tower, and shortly afterwards beheaded.

Lord Mountjoy was then sent over as lord deputy, with Sir G. Carew to assist him. Worthy assistant to a worthy master! The hour in which these two men were appointed to conduct the affairs of Ireland was a gloomy and fateful one for that unfortunate country; for in that same hour the cause of Ireland was, as far as it could be by the malignity of human means, lost.

Immense resources were placed at their disposal; new levies and armaments were ordered and put against Ireland; but Mountjoy and Carew were worth all their levies. They were men of indomitable energy, masters of subtlety, craft, and cunning; utterly unscrupulous as to employment of means to an end; cold-blooded, callous, cruel, and brutal, they did their work by the wile of the serpent, not by the skill of the soldier.

To split up the confederation of the Irish chieftains was an end towards which they steadily laboured by means the most subtle and crafty, and treachery as base and bloody, as could be devised by human or inhuman ingenuity; and so it was that finally they worked the overthrow of the Irish nation, and with it the Clan O'Toole and the other Leinster septs.

It would take up more time and space than it is the province of this history to devote to it, to enter into the details of how O'Neill, O'Donnell, and the other valiant septs rallied to the standard, to defend their country in its final struggle, or to trace their discomfiture from the battle of Kinsale to the flight of the earls; how the Irish were defeated and cajoled by Mountjoy, until the star of Ireland appeared to have gone down for ever. But though it ceased for that time to illumine the horizon, it rose again and again; and though many a time since it has so apparently set for ever

as would cause any other nation on the face of the earth to throw up their hands in despair, still, ever and anon, even as the powers of refraction foreshadow the rising of the sun, so have we those brilliant scintillations that prove to the trusting faithful Irish heart that the star of Erin was but hidden in the obscurity and gloom of sectarian prejudice and effete ascendancy, and that it is within the dispensation of an all-wise Providence, that that self-same star will one day, by its effulgent brilliancy, dispel these gloomy clouds, and, emerging from their midst bright and untarnished, once more take its place among the nations of the earth. To us, O Lord, who have long witnessed the gloomy night of her sufferings, vouchsafe the happiness of enjoying the morning of her rising!

No sooner did Mountjoy set foot in Ireland than he set to work to subdue and annihilate the Irish septs. Having placed the province of Munster under the blighting influence of Carew, he took Leinster into his own immediate care, where he commenced his sinister operations on the O'Tooles, O'Byrnes, O'Connors, and other septs. From his point of view, Leinster was in a bad state, as appears from

REPORT OF FOYNES MORYSON, SECRETARY TO THE LORD DEPUTY MOUNTJOY.

“About this time (A.D. 1600) the rebels of Leinster were grown strong. Feagh McPheagh breaking his protection (parole of honour), entered into acts of hostility, and he, together with the O'Moores, the O'Connors, O'Byrnes, O'Tooles, O'Kavanaghs, and Butlers, and the chief names of Connaught, animated by the success of the Ulstermen, combined together, and demanded to have the barbarous titles of O and Mac, together with lands they claimed, restored to them, in the meantime spoiling the country on all sides. O'Neill having sent word to Phelim Mac Pheagh that they might make war on Leinster; so that on his lordship's (Mountjoy's) demand to be advertised of the state of Ireland, the Privy Council drew the following statement of Leinster.”

REPORT OF THE PRIVY COUNCIL TO LORD DEPUTY MOUNTJOY.

“All the mountaineers were in actual rebellion; Phelim Mac Pheagh and his brother Edmond, with their sept of the name of O'Byrne, and

Phelim McPheagh, with his sept of the O'Tooles, and that Walter Mac Edmond, with his gallowglasses, with his sept of the Mac Donnells.

“The only two castles, Newcastle and Wicklow, were held by Sir Henry Harrington for the queen, and all the rest of the country continued loyal. The rebels there in numbers were 480 foot and 200 horse.”

Mountjoy, on receipt of this report, was determined to destroy these septs, once and for ever, and accordingly he began to make preparations to carry out his nefarious designs; but having before him some disastrous examples of the unsalutary results of attacking the O'Tooles and O'Byrnes in their native glens, he deemed it wisdom to proceed by a low, cunning strategy, alike worthy of the meanness of the man's character, and unworthy of the open, straightforward action of the soldier. It is recorded as follows, and may be styled: “Lord Mountjoy's excursion to the glens of Wicklow, Christmas Day, A.D. 1600.”

REPORT OF LORD MOUNTJOY'S SECRETARY.

“Till this time the rebels of the mountains near Dublyn, called the glyns, gave almost every night in the suburbs of Dublin annoyance.

“But the time when the insolency of some of them should be chastised was now come. The O'Birnes having Phelim McFeagh, the chief of their sept, after the death of Feagh Mac Hugh, inhabited the glyns bordering on the plains of Dublin,* extending some four or five miles that way, and these being nearer than the O'Tooles,† and other confederates, were most insolent on the city and the council there residing, when the lord deputy was far off in any service with horsemen. Now his lordship proposed to scourge them, and according to singular service did he keep his counsel from divulging, and so cunningly masked his intent as he came upon them when they were most secure.

“It was confidently given out that his lordship meant presently to undertake some service against the O'Moores of Leix and the O'Connors of Ophalia, and to that purpose meant to lye with his household at Monas-

* A slight error in the topography.

† Another mistake.

tereven, a great house kept by a constable for the queen. Yea, to make the matter more believed, he sent arras hangings and many provisions to that house.

“And now the forces having been refreshed, his lordship, the twenty-two of December, being Monday, rode to Naas, twelve miles distant from Dublyn, where the rendezvous was appointed that day for the Leinster garrisons, for it was fit those bordering on the north should be left strong. On Wednesday, his lordship sent most of his household right forward to Monastereven, thirteen miles distant, but turns himself with the rest of his servants and forces suddenly on the left hand into the glynns, and after a day and a night's tedious march, over steep mountains covered with snow, he arrived on Thursday, being Christmas Day, at Phelim Mac Pheagh his house, so suddenly that his wife and eldest son were taken, and himself hardly escaped at a back window and fled naked into the woods, where he kept a cold Christmas, while my lord lived plentifully in his house with such provisions as were made for him and his bonnaghts and kerne to keep a merry Christmas.

“To vent his anger, he daily offered slight skirmishes upon advantage, but his heart was nothing easier then, with being continually beaten. His lordship, with the Queen's forces, lay in the country till about the twelfth of January, 1601; in which his lordship spoiled and ransacked the countries of Ranelagh and Cashey, swept away the most part of their cattle and goods, burned all their corn, and almost all their houses, leaving almost nothing to relieve them; establishing military camps—the one in Wicklow, on the east side, not being able to come neare because a ship with our tools and instruments, was beaten back by ill weather and could not arrive in time; the other at Tullogh, upon the West, so as they could not long hold from submitting or flying, being thus hedged in.

“This done, his lordship came to Monastereven.”

So far for the secretary's letter; but before he left he wrote a letter to Sir G. Carew, and judging from the tone of it, he does not seem to have had very halcyon times of it during his sojourn in the glens; and reading between the lines of it, it is quite easy to perceive that during his forced visit

there, though it may not have called forth that quality for which the Irish were ever remarkable, viz., hospitality, it was unmistakable, anyway, that he received a very warm, in fact, a "hot" reception.

THE LORD DEPUTY MOUNTJOY'S LETTER TO SIR GEORGE CAREW.

"But because I resolve to leave strong garrison utterly to ruin (as I have well begun) the Birnes and such of the Tooles as shall not show themselves good subjects, and to draw myself towards Offaly for a prosecution there, I desire your lordship presently to cause one thousand men you can spare me to draw to some place or places near the borders from whence they shall speedily come when I shall send for them, which I think will be very shortly. I think it fittest that of them you send me Captain Greames, and, if possible, his company of horse, for I find him so necessary an instrument for the War of Leinster, which we have now on foot, that we may by no means spare him.

"I am absolutely denied my leave to return for England, though with some better encouragement than they were wont to give me. While I am here I will labour to dispatch the business, that I may be dispatched from the country—from whence God send us a speedy deliverance, and to meet merrilie in England.

"I protest I am as anxious of your success (in Munster) as I am of my own (in Leinster). I have played the Lord of Misrule in these parts this Christmas, and if the water had not besieged me, I had utterly "ruined them;" but I hope to leave them little better.

“(Signed) MOUNTJOY.

“From the Camp among the rocks and woods in these devils' country, this First day of January, A.D. 1601.”

This letter tells us its own tale as to the malignant intent of the lord deputy to crush for ever the clans of Leinster; and we regret to have to write that he was too successful, as they were never again able to effectively give open battle to the English troops; for we find O'Byrne, in a

couple of months after, submitting, though O'Toole refused, and though hunted from his castle of Kevin, which was blown down by Mountjoy's cannon, planted on the road opposite near Annamoe, where the ruins of it still stand, a recording monument of the cruelty and ruthless barbarity of its destroyer.

THE STATE PAPERS GIVE THE FOLLOWING EXTRACT FROM THE DEPUTY'S LETTER :

“Phelim Mac Feagh having heard that others sped no better than he, and yet are desirous to come in, their countries being spoiled, seeing no hope to recover himself, hath made his submission and put in pledges. So as he Donnell Spaynagh and Phelim O'Toole of Fartrie, and all thereabouts being now quiet, we shall the more freely apply ourselves to services of greater importance.

“(Signed) MOUNTJOY.

“Tredagh, 4th April, 1601.”

We have no doubt that Feagh Mac Feagh O'Byrne, and Feagh O'Toole gave all the assistance they could to O'Neill and O'Donnell and the other Irish chiefs in their battles in Munster, ending in the miserable fiasco of Don Juan D'Aquillas at Kinsale, and that after undergoing unheard-of toils and misery on the homeward march, they were well content to endeavour to live peaceably, and strive, to some extent, to repair the ravages that their country had suffered under the devastating influences of almost continuous warfare; and we find in a report of the lord deputy and council in two years after, the following description given :

LORD DEPUTY MOUNTJOY AND COUNCIL TO SECRETARY CECIL.

“In Leinster there is scarcely a Moore or a Connor to be heard of, which sept, before his (Mountjoy's) coming, would fight with the army, and did put them hard to it, when it was at the greatest, in Essex's time,

“The Byrnes, Toolcs, and Kavanaghs, and all the rest, continue good subjects, and scarce in all of Leinster is there a thief stirring, nor one rebel.

“Dated 25th April, 1603.”

No doubt but Mountjoy availed himself of this opportunity of "sounding his own trumpet," and standing well with the queen and privy council of England; he also knew that Elizabeth was conscious of her end approaching, that she was sick and tired of the constant wars and repeated discomfiture of her troops in Ireland, and that though for his own purposes of aggrandizement he would have preferred to continue these repressive measures to the end, he was more or less constrained to forego his repressive measures for a lull, and hence we find him entering into parley with O'Neill and O'Donnell, and granting them such favourable terms, as under the ordinary state of affairs they would never have received.

Queen Elizabeth died this year (1603) a miserable death—a raving lunatic—and was succeeded by James VI. of Scotland and I. of England, son to the martyred Mary Queen of Scots, and first of the house of Stuart on the English throne.

THE CLAN O'TOOLE

AND OTHER

LEINSTER SEPTS.

PART FOURTH.

Conquered, but still unyielding, whilst their country, with the rest of Ireland, lay bleeding like a corpse on the dissecting-table.—The division of the spoil, the estates of the O'Tooles, amongst the soldiers and followers of Elizabeth and James I. The beginning of landlordism in Ireland.—The inquisition which followed in order to create titles to the forfeited estates.—The wars of Cromwell.—New distribution of forfeited estates amongst his soldiers, undertakers, and adventurers.

THE Irish had great hopes from the accession of James, and these anticipations caused a great number of them to come forward and acknowledge him; but in any expectations they may have had, they were swiftly and sadly disappointed by the action of the king; and we may here remark, "*en passant*," that no nation has had more bitter experience of the proverbial truth of the remark: "There is no gratitude in the Stuarts," for none of the subjects of Charles or James adhered so firmly to the royal cause in after days, and history tells us how they were rewarded for their pains.

We find in the State Papers of that day:

"In the first days of James I., the great majority of the Irish chiefs made their submission, viz., Bryan O'Rourke, O'Sullivan (Beare), M'Guire,

M'Mahoune, O'Reilly, and all the men of the north countrie, in obedience. In Connaught all is quiet, except O'Rourke is with Mountjoy in Dublin."

On the following day Mountjoy writes to the Privy Council—"That proclamation of his Majestie has been received with applause in the countries of the submitted, which number all the late rebels except a few." The O'Byrnes and Kavanaghs submitted, but not the O'Tooles.

It is easy to understand this superficial joy at the accession of James I. So long had they suffered from the tyrannical persecutions of Elizabeth, they naturally argued that any change must be for the better; and they could not expect to find in the son of that poor persecuted Mary of Scotland, who ought to have appreciated the warm sympathy Ireland gave his mother, another persecutor of their faith and fatherland.

The trusting, hopeful Irish heart, too, from its very nature likes to look at the bright side, and very little concessions on James's part at this time would have established him in the grateful affection of the people. But it was not so ordained, and so, after his accession, James found the Irish in a state of gloom and incertitude on all sides.

They may be compared to a strong man who, after a desperate and exhausting struggle, is beaten down by brutal and superior force; overpowered and helpless, wounded and prostrate, he lies there powerless, though not entirely 'reft of strength. So lay the hapless Irish nation; prostrate and fallen, yet unsubmitting and unsubdued, determined not to yield, but yet too weak to rise.

The English power, on the other hand, was not without its sense of exhaustion also. It had passed through an awful crisis, and had come out of it victorious, it is true, but greatly by happy chance, and at best purchasing that victory most dearly.

But by the "flight of the earls," O'Neill and O'Donnell, Ireland received the "*coup de grace*," and from being like a wounded, weakened man struck down, she became an inanimate corpse. As the wind filled the sails of the departing earls, so fled the life-breath of this unhappy country, and she was now ready for the dissecting-table, there to be cut

up piecemeal and to be delivered to the greedy vultures, the English adventurers, who long looked forward for that reward, which in the confiscations and plantations of James, was now within their grasp.

Now commenced the wholesale robberies and divisions of the confiscated lands of the Irish chieftains amongst the needy followers of Elizabeth and James.

What made the disappointment of James's action towards the Irish more keenly felt was that, apart from their expectations from him respecting their estates and the exercise of their religion, the first acts of his reign were calculated to encourage this illusion, for pardons were granted to most of the Irish septs that had been in "rebellion" in his predecessor's time, and many of them, after submitting themselves, had grants of their estate by letters patent from the crown. Thus, on the 26th ——— 1604, Phelim O'Byrne had granted to him, pursuant to privy seal of 15th Sept., 1603 :

"The town and lands of Corballie, Ballyknockin, Greenane, a moiety of Ballymore Eustace, etc.. etc., producing a rent of £100 old English money, in lieu of divers Irish customs payable by the free tenants of said territory of Ranelagh, in manner following : a good ox at 15s., and a hog 4s., and mutton at 2s. English money, in lieu of divers Irish customs, cuttings, and casualties to the late Feagh Mac Hugh O'Byrne belonging, within said territory, all which were in the possession of the said Hugh, late of Ballinacor, slain in rebellion, and under the king's hands in right of his crown."

As for Raymond, Phelim's brother, he, too, had an ample grant of the ancient territory :

"To hold to him his heirs and assigns for ever, *in capite*," by the 20th part of a knight's fee and a rent of 20s. Sd., provided that neither he nor his heirs levied duties or customs according to the old Brehon usage, under the penalty of double the value of the thing so exacted, or £20, at the election of the crown."

It may be supposed that the brothers who were thus repossessed of the patrimony of Clan Ranelagh were well satisfied to forego all old rights

excepted in the grants, provided they were allowed to till their paternal acres, and enjoy their territories that had been so long the scenes of desolation and bloodshed. Of fighting, and what the world calls "glory," they had had enough, and we may safely presume that they longed for repose, and placing implicit confidence in the royal signature, they looked forward to the time when their children and children's children, under the safeguard of the crown, would hold their inheritance for ever.

And, indeed, it must be here acknowledged that they were not disturbed during the reign of King James ; for, although he was an unscrupulous confiscator, the spoliation of Feagh's sons did not take place until two years after James was laid in the grave.

The O'Tooles were not so fortunate in their dealings with the new order of things under James. Any legal parchments that were to engage the attention of the legal scribes at the Castle, were not with a view to making grants confirmatory of their estates ; on the contrary, they were kept busy in issuing their mandamuses for confiscation, or legalizing wholesale robbery (*i.e.*), if it can be legalized. The O'Tooles of those days seem to have been bad hands in the art of "time-serving;" and had these things occurred in our generation, we fear if they would be able to take high honours in the modern accomplishment yecept "trimming." They seem not to have learned, nor at least to have profited by the parable of the oak and the willow. They did not, like the willow, bend low before the storm and allow it to pass over ; but, following the example of the oak, stood firm and erect, heads unbowed and limbs unbending, never yielding to its fiercest blasts, until the rushing winds of adversity, no longer to be withstood, tore them up from their native soil by the roots, and laid them flat on the earth ; a complete wreck, it is true, but still an undying example of that indomitable pluck, that even though unfortunately adverse to their worldly interests, would not permit them to pander to the stronger, but compelled them, as it were, to cry "no surrender!" even to the last.

As was to be expected, therefore, the O'Tooles were some of the first to feel the effects of their stubborn resistance and lack of elasticity, and the

lands of Powerscourt were handed over to Richard Wingfield, whose uncle had so long and so persistently coveted them, and who was the chief actor in the unfair slaughter of the late owner, Phelim O'Tools, whose head he presented to Queen Elizabeth, and in reward for which, as well as other like deeds in the north, he now received from James a far more substantial acknowledgment than the shawl, albeit it graced the shoulders of royalty, that was given to his uncle by the good Queen Bess.

An inquisition taken October 27th, A. D. 1603, sets forth that to Richard Wingfield, marshal of the king's forces, were demised :

“ The manor of Powerscourt, containing a ruinous castle, and all other lands and possessions in the towns and fields of Powerscourt, Kilpeter, Kilcoolyn, Beanagh-beg, Beanagh-mor, Onagh, Ballicoolie, Cookstown, Teampulbeacan, Kiltagaran, Annaeve, Kilmolyn, Ballinbrowe, Kiltegar, and Monaster, and all other lands of the whole country of Feracualan, containing in itself five miles in length and four in breadth, for the most part mountain and stony ; all which is now, by the occasion of the war, waste, and by the natural infertility of the country, very barren, late the possession of Brian and Phelim O'Toole of Powerscourt, deceased, and come unto the crown as well by escheat as forfeited by the said Brian and Phelim O'Toole and their heirs ; to hold for twenty-one years, at a rent of £6 Irish and one knight's fee.”

Now, touching Sir Richard Wingfield, already mentioned in these pages, we may add that Elizabeth appointed him marshal of her forces in Ireland, A.D. 1600 ; that he was present at the siege of Kinsale in the next year, when he signed the articles of capitulation between Lord Mountjoy and Don Juan D'Aquila, general of the Spanish expedition. On King James's accession Wingfield was reappointed marshal. In 1608 he assisted in the repression of O'Doherty's rebellion, and in 1609, as reward of signal services, the king granted him and his heirs, for ever, the whole territory of Feracualan. In 1610 he had a further grant of the castle and lands of Benburb, in the county of Tyrone, containing 2,000 acres, at the rent of £16 per annum, from Easter, 1614 ; and in the plantation of Wexford, many lands, crected unto the manor of Wingfield, were

granted to him, with 800 acres for a demesne. In 1618 he was raised to the dignity of Viscount Powerscourt, and dying without issue (1634) the title became extinct, and the estate devolved to his cousin, Sir Edward Wingfield. In 1665 the viscounty was revived, and, on the death of its holder in 1717, the peerage expired until 1743, when Richard Wingfield of Powerscourt was elevated to that dignity by the titles of Baron Wingfield and Viscount Powerscourt. The present noble proprietor of Ferculan descends from the second Richard.

Further on in the State Papers we find, under the head of

POWERSCOURT:

“All the lands granted to him (*i.e.*, Sir Richard Wingfield) on the 27th October, as in Patent Roll 1st of James I., part 2nd, to hold for ever, as of the Castle of Dublyn, in common soccage, at the rent, and for a fine of £12, by virtue of the commission for remedy of defective titles, 29th June, 7th James I., A.D. 1610.”

And by this title it is held by the Wingfield family to the present day, but not without protest.

The next part of the O'Toole property to be confiscated was Kilmakenock, in Glengap (now Glen of the Downs), which was given to one Sir Henry Broncor, knight, as we see by the same Patent Rolls of James I.:

“Grant of lands from the king to Sir Henry Broncor, knight, Lord President of Munster (amongst others), in Dublyn (now Wicklow), all the lands of Darbie O'Toole, otherwise MacTeige O'Toole of Kilmakenock, in Glengap, attainted, with all their appurtenances, namely, one-fourth of Kilmakenock, Coalmore, Cooleknight, Ballycoaghe, and the one-eighth of Ballyhoom, Knockmeoraghran, Tomineboly, and Knockbolyeghoge, with some parcels of wood, known by the name of the old portions of said Darbie in and about Kilmakenock.”

This property was a portion of the Powerscourt estate, and, as such, belonged to Turlough O'Toole, who let it to a junior branch of the family, as we shall see when we come to the Inquisitions.

Another portion of Kilmakenock came to Sir Thomas Chichester, knight, as we read in the same State Papers :

“Kilmakenock and Glen Cormack, Coolemore and Glenmore in Glencap, formerly in the possession of Diarmid Fitzedmond O’Toole, attainted; Coolsharghmore,* late in possession of Terence, alias Turlough MacShane O’Toole, attainted, to Sir Thomas Chichester, knight.”

Again: “Of the fourteenth part of Glenmore, Glencormack, and Kilveigh, and of another one-eighth part of Ballyhyne, Toomabooly, Knockbooly, Knockboolyeghoghe, and Knocknabegh, estimated at 14 acres arable pasture and wood; said measure in said county valued about the imposition aforesaid at ten shillings. All of which lands of said Diarmid O’Toole being now uncultivated, were claimed by James Wolverton of Stillorgan, gent., by right of mortgage.”

Again: “Grant to Anthony Broughton of Dublyn, yeoman: In Kilmakenock, arable fifteen acres, lying from the parcel of the land called the Kill to the hill called Foabegg; arable four acres in said land called Denacle, in the town of Coolmore; arable eight acres in said town, called Feenencargen; arable four acres in said town called in the half of Money-Allen; arable four acres in said town, called Coolkeight; arable four acres in the old town, called of Ballygrage; arable four acres, called Farens-Credrivigh, containing arable four acres; the one-eighth part of Ballyhume, containing arable ten acres, in Kilmakenock; in Ballygoage road, two acres; two acres in Coolemore wood; four acres, called the half of Carrickaghryn, and two acres, called Coolkeight, in Kive; the fourth part of Kishinmore, containing, wood, two acres, and common of pasture to said lands. Rent, fifteen shillings.

“All which, beside arable twenty-four acres, and wood six acres, in Kilmakenock, formerly granted in fee-farm to Turlough O’Byrne, are the estate of Ferrogh MacTurlough O’Toole, and now in possession of Darbie MacTeighe O’Toole of Kilmakenock, and his mother, lying at Glengap.”

Thus was Kilmakenock sliced up into three parts.

* In Image.

It will be as well to place here as elsewhere the proclamation of amnesty usually granted on the accession of the new monarch. James I., on his ascending the throne, granted pardons,* among others, to the following members of the Clan O'Toole, who had been at war with Elizabeth, and who were fortunate enough to survive, not only the chances of the battlefield, but the many treacherous and deeply-laid plots for their extinction, devised and carried out by that blood-thirsty queen and her interested lords deputy and advisers.

“Peace being proclaimed, they escaped from the slaughter.”

LIST OF PARDONS FROM PATENT ROLL, JAMES I.

“General pardon to Turlough O'Toole of Powerscourt, gent.; Cahir O'Toole of Ballyhubbock, gent.; Dermot MacPhelim O'Toole of Imalley; Phelim MacButler O'Toole of same place, yeoman; Edmon MacMelaghlin O'Toole of Kilmakenock.

“General pardon to Phelim MacFeagh O'Byrne of Ballinacorre, gent.; Dermot MacCahir O'Toole of Ballinacorre, Shane MacGerrot Mac Teige O'Toole of same place, Donagh MacTibbot O'Toole of same place, Phelim MacArt O'Toole of same place, gent.”

These latter were immediately associated with Feagh MacHugh O'Byrne, and their descendants are to be found in the neighbourhood still.

“General pardon to Phelim O'Toole of Castle Kevin, in county Dublin (now Wicklow), gent.; Donogh (Denis) O'Toole of same place, gent.; Dermott MacCahir O'Toole of Leitrim, gent.

“General pardon to Edward Duffe MacGillpatrick O'Toole of Kildare.

“General pardon to James Wolverton of Stillorgan, gent., and Edward Roe O'Toole of Ballynorvane; Pat O'Toole of same place, Sinha MacDalton O'Toole of Behavegh, Edmond O'Toole of Cornone, Tibbot O'Toole of Ballymane.

“General pardon to Gerald Fitzpatrick O'Toole of Sanante, Alexander O'Toole of Carrigroe, and Gerald O'Toole of Kilmarrie; Shane MacTerloe

* These pardons only spared their lives, but did not restore to them their estates.

O'Toole of Coylvadrie, in Omaile; Edmond MacLaghlan O'Toole of Kilmakenock, Art O'Toole of Keskenmore, Bellinacorre (mor); Art O'Toole of Tyrone county, Patrick Madder O'Toole of Armagh, Tibbot O'Toole of Ballymane, Darbie O'Toole, otherwise MacTeige O'Toole, of Kilmakenock, in Clangap; Herbert MacTeige O'Toole, Edward Beg O'Toole of Meath, Donat MacArt O'Toole of Anaherry, Patrick MacBane MacTurlough O'Toole of Carrickmacmagh."

Our principal object in thus submitting to our readers the names of those pardoned is simply to hand down to posterity, and in an especial manner to their descendants, who still inhabit these valleys of Wicklow, and others who have gone forth from thence to fight out the battle of life amid busier scenes and less peaceful surroundings, to show them, from this and similar "Rolls of Honour," what manner of men their forefathers were—what noble struggles, under such overwhelming odds, they made from reign to reign, and from one generation to another, to preserve the homesteads that gave them birth, and their holy religion, that gave them succour. The names on this roll are those of the descendants of other O'Tooles who figured in former similar documents in earlier reigns; but we miss from among them many a familiar name that figured in the previous history of the clan; but the Inquisition taken about this time will account for many of them, as showing how they met their deaths, as many of their ancestors did before them, with good sword in hand and their faces to the Saxon foe, in defence of faith and fatherland.

THE INQUISITIONS

Were of two kinds: "*post mortem*" and "attainder." The inquisitions *post mortem* are the more numerous in the reigns of Elizabeth, James I., Charles I., and Charles II. There were a few in the time of Henry VIII. They ceased to be made soon after the restoration of Charles II., when the feudal tenures were abolished by Act of Parliament.

The inquisitions of attainder extend to the time of William III.

The inquisitions *post mortem* were taken under commission directed

to the escheators of each province, and others, joined with them by oath of jury. What lands any persons died seized of, by what rents and services the same were held, and who was the next heir; his age; by the right of the crown to escheat, or wardship, was ascertained.

Inquisitions of attainder were generally taken under commission to commissioners in the several counties, to show whether any person was attainted, in which case his lands and property were seized into the king's hands.

This may be looked upon as the technical definition of inquisitions; but, stripped of the legal garbage, and standing forth in their own down-right dishonest prominence, they were purely and simply machines, invented and worked by the Castle gang, for the purpose of finding out if, by any possibility, or previous lack of vigilance on the part of the hungry adventurers of the English court, the estates of any of the Irish chieftains (forfeited by rebellion) remained in their possession. They were to be then and there deprived thereof.

Now, although there was very little chance of a chieftain who had made a stand for his rights (*i.e.*, in their phraseology, "forfeited by rebellion") having hitherto escaped these vultures, yet, to provide for such emergency, here was a concise and simple method, not obscured by any of those mystifying clauses that render a modern Act of Parliament so difficult to be understood; but here "he who runs may read," or, just as simple, "he who discovered such estates may keep them for himself," and thus establish for such discoverers, as well as for those who were already in the possession of robbed properties, a solid legal title upon which they could in future hold them by giving a small sum to the government.

Even at this distance of time we can easily look back and imagine for ourselves the "*modus operandi*"—the jurors summoned in the first instance; the impression that would naturally be made upon the minds of those sons of nature, primitive in their ideas, fearless and brave in the field, but no match for their enemies in the finesse and chicaneries of the quasi-legal chamber, would be that their bereft estates were about to be restored to them. How the witnesses would, with that pride of clanship,

expatiate on the pedigree of their chieftain, give all the particulars of his former glory, his immense possessions, his prowess in the field, when and where his arms were victorious! And they could not set an Irish witness on a theme in which he was or could be more eloquent than in giving them a full and poetical description of all those particulars which, unfortunately for himself, in place of doing him any service, were literally cutting the very ground from beneath his feet.

Then, when the witnesses were squeezed dry, and all the information they could procure from them duly recorded, the rest was plain sailing; nor did the escheators (robbers is more easily written, and of better application) delay long in making out their "proces-verbal," transferring the properties of the Irish chiefs and nobles to themselves. Beautiful simplicity of the land laws of those days! Confounding complexity surrounds those same land laws when the most trivial amelioration towards the harassed tenant is attempted in modern times! But they did things more rough and ready, though not less surely in those days.

Thus did the confiscations by the process of inquisition proceed among the clans of Ireland, of which those of the O'Tooles may serve as indicative examples of the rest, and of these the first we will give is that of Powercourt and Castle Kevin, as it goes back to the time of the eighth Henry for its English title.

"WICKLOW, 21st April, 1636.

"King Henry VIII. was seized in his demesne, in right of his crown, of the whole territory of the Feartry (Vartry) el Ferter, in county of Wicklow, and of the castles, towns, and lands of Castle Kevin, Tomrelan, Tomedaragh, Leytrem, Ballynamine, Mollenornigg, Bolltavay, Glassenmollen, Coolcroonock, Tullaghgoney, Bolekavane, Bolen-in-abege, Bolencorbeg, Rahoney, Ashtown, Downmor, Carrickeor, Knockrahenbeg, Luggelagh, Corhoite, Boylenrath, and Ballygeogegh, lying and being within the said territory and county called Feartry el Fertir. The said king being so seized, Turlough O'Toole, and his brother, Art O'Toole, preferred a petition to the said King Henry VIII., the tenor whereof followeth, viz.:

“First. The said Turlough humbly desireth of his Majesty to have a certain territory of land, called Feracnalan, which his ancestors had till they were expelled by the Earls of Kildare.

“That the said territory containeth in length from Barneucullen by the east and south, and Glass-syn-muckee to Pallecolien, by west, the Wind-gates, viz., five miles, and four in breadth, being the most part mountain, wood, and rocks, and the other part good and fertile lands.

“Within the said territory were certain villages and crags of old tyme, being now desolate, except only Powerscourt, Kilcollen, Beanaghbeg, Beanaghmor, The Ouenagh, Ballycortie, Templeragan, Killygornane, Cokestown, Anacrenyn, Kilmoclinky, Ballybroome, Killegar, and The Manister. The said Turlough to have the premises divided between him and his sequele, as shall be thought meet by such as shall be appointed by the king, and after, by division made, every partie to have letters patents of their portion. The said Turlough to hold the whole by knight's service.

“The said Art O'Toole's petition is to have, after the like form, the manor of Castlekevin, with the lands in the Fertyr of the king's gift, reserving yearly five marks to the Archbishop of Dublin and his successor, and all the said gifts to be ratified by an Act of Parliament.

“The said Turlough to hold his lands by one whole knight's fee and five marks rent.

“His brother, in like manner. Item—That he put one of his best sons for pledge.

“After which the said King Henry directed his letter unto the then deputy, the tenor whereof followeth in the original :

“The said Art, by virtue of the said letters patent, was seized in his demesne of fee-tail to him and the male heirs of his body, the reversion in the crown, of all and singular the premises above-mentioned. The said Art being so seized, died. Luke was his son and heir, and after the death of his father, entered into all and singular the premises, and thereof seized and died seized. Barnaby O'Toole was son and heir of his body, and after the death of his father entered into the premises.

“The said Barnaby being so seized, did falsely and traitorously support divers of the enemies and rebels of the late Queen Elizabeth, in the year 1596, together with Feagh Mac Hugh O’Byrne (who married the said Barnaby’s sister) and other notorious rebels, at Fananerin, in the county aforesaid, and entered into actual rebellion in aid of the said Feagh Mac Hugh O’Byrne. He died the 17th day of January, 1596.”

This is a sample of the manufacture of titles to which the English had recourse to give their nefarious projects a semblance of legality. When the Irish disputed the rights and titles of these newly-constituted owners (the first step in the establishment of the curse of Ireland to the present day, viz., *landlordism*), they were told that their lands were claimed by virtue of their rebellion and the attainder of their chieftains. The people argued “per contra,” that they were guilty of no rebellion; that what was so designated by interested adventurers, was the taking up arms to defend their homesteads against the predatory incursions of robbers and cattle-lifters, and that their title based on this head was worthless and not to be recognized.

We trust that we may not be deemed too prolix in this digression upon the first implanting of landlordism among us, and we shall now proceed with the inquisitions, commencing with that taken at Newtownmountkennedy, on the 16th March, 1610. by Mr. Commissioner Reade and a jury of twelve simple countrymen, amongst whom was Cahir O’Toole, of Kilmackenock, who, no doubt, thought that when his own right and title to these lands would be examined, his interests would be respected. Need we say, in this he was doomed to grievous disappointment. He had been paying the Castle authorities £30 a year since the attainder was passed on him, and Dermot £5, as is laid down in the State Papers for the period.

ORIGINAL.

TRANSLATION.

Nov. Castr. Magenagan,
16 Mar., 1610.

Newtownmountkennedy,
16th March, 1610.

“Fef dnicaif’ maner de Powers-
court extendit se in vil de Powers-

“The lands of the lordship of the
manor of Powercourt, include the

court pd. Kilmullen, Killpeeter, Killcolm, Benaghbeg, Benaghmore, Owneagh, Ballycortell, Templebegan, Killgarran, Cookestown, Auacrempe, Ballynebrowe, Killegar, le Manistee, Lackendarragh, Barnemeare, le Cronye, Ballyneghueghe, Ballynecahill, et le Parke, qu' pmiss sunt pcell' ter' dnical manor de Powerscourt, pd Oēa meš teř et teř' de Killcolm.

“Lackendarragh, Barnemeara, le Crompe, et Ballynegonoghe sunt in possessionē divers p'sonas, p convention fact inter eos et Phelim O'Toole nup domine dict maneř de Powerscourt.

“Viř et teř Benaghmore, Killgarran, et le Partre sunt in possession, Patric McMurrough, Cahir McHugh, Donogh McWalter, Philip McShane, Dermot McMurrrough, Terence Boye, et Mahonie Boye, p. convencioñ fact inter eos et pd Phelim O'Toole, nup, dominū dict maneř de Powerscourt.

“Orā, meš, et teř et heredit in Templebegan et le Manister, pd sunt pcell teř dnical pd et sunt in possessionē Donald Ballagh, Maus Boye, Edm. McShane, Gerrald McShane, Terence Baine, Mauce Duffe, et Terence McGilpadric, Cahir McGerrald et Donald McGilpa-

village of Powerscourt aforesaid, Kilmullen, Killperter, Kilcollm, Benaghbeg, Benaghmore, Owneagh, Ballycortell, Templebegan, Killgarran, Cookestown, Anycrempe, Ballynebrowe, Killegar, le Manister, Lackendarragh, Barnemeare, le Cronye, Ballynegewghe, Ballynecahill, and le Parke, which premises are portions of the manorial lands of the manor of Powerscourt aforesaid.

“All those messuages, lands, and tenements of Killcolm, Lackendarragh, Barnemeara, le Crompe, and Ballynegewghe, are in possession of divers persons, by agreement made between them and Phelim O'Toole, late said lord of the manor of Powerscourt.

“The villages and lands of Benaghmore, Kilgarran, and le Parke, are in the possession of Patrick M'Murrough; Cahir M'Hugh, Donogh M'Walter, Philip M'Shane, Dermot M'Murrough, Terence Boye, and Mahowney Boye, by agreement made between them and Phelim O'Toole aforesaid, late lord of said manor of Powerscourt.

“All those, the messuages, and lands, tenements, and hereditaments in Templebegan, and le Manister, aforesaid, are in the possession of Donald Ballagh, Maur Boye, Edm.

dric, virtute conveñcion fact inter eos et pd Phelim O'Toole, Donald Ballagh, Mauf Boye, ten vigore antedict conveñcioñ p solicoñ annuatem dict Phelomy £6 argent current monet Anglie, cñ at consuetudinibus quoad, juñ se-referunt ad quasda Iras Hen. VIII. nup. Regis deputat et quib-sda al' privati hujus regni Hibnietunc temporis concilii mis gerendat 27 Jan. añ regni sui 22 et in cancellar Hibnie inatulat et record' remaneñ'.

M'Shane, Gerrald M'Shane, Terence Baine, Maurice Duffe, and Terence M'Gilpadric, Cahir M'Gerrald, and Donald M'Gilpadric, by virtue of agreement made between them and Phelim O'Toole aforesaid, the aforesaid Donald Ballagh, Maur Boye, et cetera, hold by virtue of agreement aforesaid, and by the accustomed annuity called Phelomy, of £6 (six pounds) silver currency, stamped, ecined, or in use in England, as much of the terms, limits, and boundaries of the territory of Fercolin, defined by law according to certain letters of the late King Henry VIII., to his Deputy, and by certain others of his Privy Council of the Kingdom of Ireland of that time, sent by despatch 27th January, in the 22nd year of his reign, and which remain enrolled and recorded in the Chancery of Ireland.

NOTE.—Consequent upon the oldness of the style and the contractions used in the legal documents of that time, the above and similar documents would not be understood by the ordinary reader; we, therefore, in such cases, give literal translations of same in the context.

The above inquisition was procured for the satisfaction of Sir Richard Wingfield, to enable him to prove his title to each and every part of the territory of Feracualan, late the property of Phelim O'Toole of Powerscourt, slain by an unfair advantage by Sir Richard's uncle, General Jacques Wingfield.

Next in order comes another inquisition, taken at the same place, and further bearing on the Powerscourt branch :

ORIGINAL.

Nov Cast^r Magenagan,
21 August (Ann. 9), 1613.
Cahir O'Toole, Edm. O'Toole,
MacArchbold Hugh O'Toole, Huber
O'Toole, Riç O'Toole, Jac McPhelim
O'Toole, et Tereñ O'Toole, posses-
sion et sunt ut de jure heredi^t de
Oibz meš, teř, teñ, et heredi^t in vil,
villat, campus et hamlet de Kill-
makenock, Cowlengey, Glencorna,
Ballygawage, al Ballidare, Bawle-
keaght, Kilwogh, Ballyhome, Ballin-
bane, et Glencormick, in Glencap,
in Co. Wicklow, qū valen^t pañ ultra
repris 10s. et ea teneu^r de Riç
Wingfield, miř et de mene^r sus de
Powerscourt p fid^e elitat^r et sect^r cur
quedā pcell in possessionē pd Cahir
O'Toole, virtute frar nunc regis
paten^t? Except qui tenent^r de dict^r.
Re p sire in dict^r £riš patent express^r
ad quasquide £rs patent jur^r se re-
ferunt—pd Jac' McPhelim O'Toole
et Hubert O'Toole, possessionat sunt
ut de jure hereditar^r de oibz meš,
teř, et teñ in vil de Kileronsey,
Ballenclostie, et Correkeven, in
Glengap, necnon de' cast^r ruinoř,

TRANSLATION.

New Castle Magenagan
(now Newtownmountkennedy),
21st August, 1613 (9th of James I.)
Cahir O'Toole, Edmond O'Toole,
MacArchbold Hugh O'Toole, Huber
O'Toole, Ric O'Toole, Jac McPhelim
O'Toole, and Terence O'Toole are
in the possession, by hereditary
right, of all those messuages, lands,
tenements, and hereditaments, in the
towns, villages, fields, and hamlets
of Kilmakenock, Cowlengey, Glencorna,
Ballygawage (otherwise Balli-
dore), Cowlekeaght, Kilwogh, Bally-
home, Ballinbane, and Glencormick,
in Glencap, in County Wicklow,
which is in force, moreover, by an
annual charge of 10s. and by tenure
of Richard Wingfield, knight, and
of his manor of Powerscourt, duly
marked out and divided with care
in such portions in possession of
Cahir O'Toole aforesaid, by virtue
of letters patent of the now king,
except those which are held of the
said king by service in said letters
patent expressed, to whatsoever
rights letters patent refer. Afore-

et' molen-din-aquatīc cū ptiū in viū de Carrickevan p̄d qū valent p̄ añ ultra repris, 10s., et ea tenuer̄ de dict' Rič' Wingfield m̄it p̄d Jac' McPhelim O'Toole, Joñ Colman, et Brian O'Toole, possessionat sunt ut de jure hereditat' de oībz teř, teñ, et heredit' in viū de Ballynurnan, in Glengapp qū valent p̄ añ ultra repris 10s. et ea tenuer̄ de dict' Rič' Wingfield m̄it ut de maner̄ suo de Powerscourt p̄d ut supra. Will Goodman, Hen Walsh, Duff O'Toole, Arthur O'Toole, William McDavie O'Toole, Dermod McPhelim O'Toole, Cahir Duffe O'Toole, Bernard O'Toole, Gerrald McEdm. O'Toole, et Dermit McTurlough O'Toole, possessionat sunt ut de jure hereditat' de ombz miš, teř, teñ, et heredit', in viū de Kilmurray et Temple Glengapp in Glencapp, qū valent p̄ añ ultra repris, 5s. et tenuer̄ de dict' Rec Wingfield m̄it ut supra. Patric Archbold, Joñ Glasse al O'Toole, Brian O'Toole, Wil' O'Toole, Oge O'Toole, Edm̄ O'Toole et Lauř O'Toole, possessionat sunt ut de jure hereditat' de oībz meš, teř, teñ, et repris, 5s. et tenuer̄ de dict' Rič' Wingfield ut supra' Oes' p̄d p̄ sous patres et antecessor̄ s̄ seis' iucr' ut de feod de oībz castř, meš, teř, teñ, molendiñ, et al

said James McPhelim O'Toole and Hubert O'Toole are in possession, as of hereditary right, of all those messuages, lands, and tenements in the village of Kileroney, Ballenclostie, and Carrickevan, in Glencap; also of one ruined castle and one water mill of such partition in village of Carrickevan aforesaid, which is, moreover, by an annual charge of 10s., and these (lands, &c.) are held of Richard Wingfield, knight, aforesaid. James McPhelim O'Toole, John Colman, and Brian O'Toole are in possession, as of hereditary right, of all those lands and hereditaments in the village of Ballynornan, in Glengap, which are held, moreover, by an annual charge of 10s., and by tenure from said Richard Wingfield, knight, and of the manor of Powerscourt aforesaid as above. Will Goodman, Hen. Walsh, Duffe O'Toole, Arthur O'Toole, Wil Mc Davie O'Toole, Dermot MacPhelim O'Toole, Cahir Duffe O'Toole, Bernard O'Toole, Gerrold McEdm. O'Toole, and Dermit McMurrough O'Toole are in possession, as of hereditary right, of all those messuages, lands, tenements, and hereditaments in the townlands of Kilmurray and Templeglangap, in

heredit̄ quilry ēuque cū corū pteñ
 in vit̄ et tēf de Kilmokēnok, Cow-
 lengey, Glancorman, Ballygouge,
 at Ballenduige, Coulekeaght, Kil-
 wooge, Ballyhome, Ballenbane, et
 Glancormack, Kilroney, Ballin-
 clost, Carrickevan, Ballynorman,
 Killmurray, et Glassekeelie, pd et
 sic seiš de pmiss p except obieř p'
 miss de antique tenebā ut de
 manere de Powerscourt pd.

Glencap, which are held, moreover,
 by an annual charge of 5s., and
 held of said Richard Wingfield,
 knight, as above. Patrick Arch-
 bold, John Glasse O'Toole, Brian
 O'Toole, William O'Toole, Oge
 O'Toole, Edward O'Toole, and
 Laurence O'Toole are possessed, by
 hereditary right, of all these mes-
 suages, lands, tenements, at £5 a
 year rent, to Richard Wingfield, as
 above. All the aforesaid persons'
 fathers and their predecessors were
 possessed of these lands as in free-
 hold, and of these castles, mes-
 suages, lands, tenements, mills, and
 all other hereditaments whatsoever
 in the aforementioned villages of
 Kilmakenock, Cowlengy, Glencor-
 mack, Ballygouge (otherwise Ballen-
 duffe), Coulekeaght, Kilwooge,
 Ballybone, Glancormick, Kilroney,
 Ballenclost, Carrickevin, Ballynor-
 man, Killmurray, and Glassekeelie
 aforesaid, and thus possessed of
 these premises, died. These pre-
 mises anciently belonged to the
 manor of Powerscourt aforesaid.

It is evident from this inquisition that Sir Richard Wingfield enjoyed the lauds and tenements of Kilmakenock by virtue of the old title of Turlough O'Toole that he held of said lands. This fact was disputed in the time of Phelim O'Toole of Powerscourt, but the difficulties immediately

vanished, and the title was endowed with its full force when it was found that it was an essential for furthering the interests of Sir Richard Wingfield.

Tirlagh O'Toole.--After the death of Phelim O'Toole, his grandson, Tirlagh O'Toole, son of Garret, succeeded to the chieftaincy of the clan, but under very gloomy circumstances: himself an outlaw, his estates escheated and forfeited to the English crown; such of his clansmen as escaped death on the field of battle, the executioner's axe, or the dungeons of Dublin Castle, were scattered and disheartened—strangers in their own land, with their lives in their hands, not knowing when the god of day gilded their mountain-tops with the rays of morn, but that, ere he enveloped himself in the sable mantle of the west, they might be stretched on a bloody bier.

No other nation but the Irish would, or could, have preserved the slightest semblance of hope under such adverse circumstances; and if more favoured countries can exult in the exemplification of their having "Excelsior" for their motto, there is not one of them who can lay as strong a claim as poor, persecuted Erin to that of "Nil Desperandum."

Tirlagh O'Toole hoped, and hoped on, that a bright day was yet to dawn upon his clan and country. Surely, when Elizabeth was called to her account, and the throne occupied by James, the son of the unfortunate Mary, Queen of Scots, it was not too much for Tirlagh, in common with other Irish Catholics, to expect from that monarch—the son of such a Catholic mother—that her and their religion would be respected, and their estates (confiscated on account of it) restored once more to their legitimate owners. And, indeed, the first acts of James's reign went far to encourage this illusion, as pardons were granted to most of those Irish septs who had been "in rebellion" in his predecessor's time, and many of them, after submitting (which Tirlagh never did), had grants of their estates by "letters patent" from the crown, as in the case of the O'Byrnes. But the O'Tooles were not so fortunate as their old allies when James ascended the throne, for an inquisition taken 27th October, 1603, sets forth:

"That to Richard Wingfield, marshal of the king's forces, were demised the manor of Powersecourt, containing a ruinous castle, with all the

other lands and possessions in the towns and fields of Powerscourt, &c., &c., late the possession of Brian and Phelim O'Toole of Powerscourt, deceased, and come unto the crown, as well by escheat as forfeited by the said Brian and Phelim and their heirs. To hold for 21 years at a rent of £6 Irish."

Thus leaving the heirs of Brian and Phelim, namely, Arthur O'Toole, son of Brian, and Tirlagh O'Toole, landless. Whether it was that young Tirlagh was not compliant enough to fulfil the conditions as laid down in the O'Byrnes' grant, of giving up old customs and usages, or that, his estates being already in the hands of Sir Richard Wingfield, the nephew of old General Jacques Wingfield, the slayer of his grandfather, an arrangement that James did not wish to disturb; certain it is, anyway, that Tirlagh was not reinstated, and that Marshal Wingfield got, not only Powerscourt, but also Glengap, which was the territory of The O'Toole also, as is evident from these inquisitions, which were made immediately after, to ensure a title of them to Wingfield, and to prevent Tirlagh from enjoying the income arising from them (which would be considerable) in the shape of rents from the tenants of them, his own clansmen, who were also attainted and their own lands confiscated. Here follows the inquisition and names of the jurymen:

"Inquisitio Indentata capta apud villa de nova castro Magenagan in comita Wicklow. Martii dessimo sexto die anni millesimo sexentesimo desimo anno illius illus-tresimis principis et dñi nos Jacobi Dei Gratia Anglice Scotiae, Francie et Hibernie, Regis fidæ defensor, &c., &c., vig^t Anglie quodragesimo quarto core Thoma Reade armiger et Roberto Caddle de Mooretoun gener-commissonař duř dñi Regis regni sui Hibernie eidem Thome et Roberto et alijis direcť vař aliquibus dnobus evz uni parti hujus inquisitiones annum et apud p̄ sacrament probōř et legalis homine comitat p̄ dicti quorum nominum subsequenter qui jurat dicant sup sacrament sũm quod. Terř domineř de Powerscourt extendit de in villis campis et hamleř de Powerscourt pndřj Killmullen, Kilpeter, Kilcoleam, Bannaghbeg, Bannaghmor, Onencigh, Ballycortell, Templebegan, Kilgaren, Cockestoune, Onyerange, Ballynebrowe, Killegar le Manister, Lackendarragh, Barroneare, Leeronge, Ballinagewhge, Ballynical ilt et le

parke. Et quod omnia et singula preventiſſ̄ promiſſ̄ sunt in p̄cell in Domini Maneri de Powerscourt pridz decunt etiam.

“Jurat pridz sup̄ sacramentes sund̄ quod omnia et hereditament̄ in villa villaf̄ campis et hamletes de Kilecolin, Lackendarragh, Baynecare le Cronye, Ballyngewhe, sunt in possession diversiones personas p̄ conventionem inter eos et quondem̄ phelem O’Toole nup̄ domino maneri de Powerscourt pridz facti et p̄ petraſ̄ dieunt̄ insup̄ jurat pridz quod Banaghmore Kilgarrau et le parke sunt in possession patricii McMurrough, Terencii Boye et Mahonie Boye O’Toole p̄ pridz quondam Phelim O’Toole domino maneri Powerscourt predicti facti et p̄ petraſ̄ dieunt̄ ultenus puratores pridz sup̄ sacramente sunt quod omnia et singula messuaḡ tenement et hereditament in Templebegan et le manister pridz sunt percelli ter̄ dominical manori de Powerscourt prereciat. Et quod sunt in possession cujusdam Donald Ballagh Maunty Boye, Edmond McShane, Gerald McShane, Terrencio MacGilpatrick virtute cujusdem conventionem enter eos et Phelim O’Toole, nup̄ domino de Powerscourt pridz fact at p̄ petrat. Et quod pridz Donaldi Ballagh, Mauntii Boye, Edmondus McShane, Geraldus McShane, Terentius McGilpatrick, Cahir McGerrald, Terentius Baine, Mauritius Duffe, et Donaldus McGilpatrick, tenebantur vigore aſſ̄: convencione penolo annatem diet Phelim O’Toole sex libra arḡent current̄ moneſe act̄ nonnullis aſſ̄ consuet̄ udennibus.

“Et quod metes fines limites et bondas deteritor Fereolin jurater pridz se referunt ad quosdam tras Henrici quandam Anglice Regis ejus nominis octavi Dño.

“Deportato et quebusdam alij̄s prevati hujus Regni Hibernie, tuo burgess conah̄y messat gerunt dat undessimo septimo die januarii anno regni sui trecessimo secundo in cancellana hujus Regni Hibernie Rotalat̄.

“De recordo remanent in cujus Rei Testament tam predict Thoma Reade et Robertō Cadell commissaris pridz Dño Regis tanti jurator p̄ diet sigilla sua alternatum. Apposuerunt die armis et hontes supradict̄, &c.

“THOS. READE.

“ROBERT CADDELL.

“Vera Copia.

“Chancery Rolls.”

"JURATORES.

"Collogh Birne, de Court poole; Patritio Archbold, de Brea; Cahir O'Toole, de Kilmakenock; Connor O'Cullen, de Ballygarney; Cahir Mc Murrough, de Ballenakille; Collogh Birne, de Newragh; Edmond Oge McCahir, de Dromen; Michael Archbold, de Clonmangan; Alexander Quinn, de Barnecoile; Shane McEngor, de Tomcmore; Donogh Mc Melaghlin, de Killoghur; Rosse McEnirr, de Balloomfnor; Dermot Mc Ouen, de Carrigrohll."

Another inquisition, taken at New Castle, Magenegan, 21st August, 9th year of James I., A.D. 1611:

"Cahir O'Toole, Edmond O'Toole, Michael Archbold Hugh O'Toole, James McPhelim O'Toole, and Terence O'Toole, were possessed as of their hereditary right, of all the messuages, lands, tenements, and hereditaments of Kilmakenock, Coolengy, Glancoura, Ballygowge, alias Ballydie, Coolekeight, Kilwogh, Ballyhome, and Glancormick, in Glengap, in the county of Wicklow, which are worth by the year 10 shillings, and they hold the same of Richard Wingfield, knight, of his manor of Powerscourt, by fealty and suit of court, except certain parcels in the possession of the aforesaid Cahir O'Toole, by virtue of certain letters patent of the king by the service of the said letters patent, to which letters patent the jurors refer."

Thus were the clansmen of Phelim and Bryan, of Powerscourt, dispossessed of Glengap, and it, too, handed over to Wingfield. This transfer made them tenants of Wingfield, and must have been very repugnant to the feelings of the Clan; they were, however, biding their time, though Tirlagh now had no reason to hope for anything from the change in the monarchy; another pleasing anticipation was now present to his mind.

When O'Neill and O'Donnell fled to the continent, O'Toole had not totally despaired of recovering his lost estates. Now that those hopes were totally frustrated, Tirlagh naturally turned his thoughts to over the seas, where the exiled princes were straining every effort to influence some of the foreign courts to send aid to their unhappy country. Hence, it was concluded, that his best policy was to remain quiescent for the

present, and to live a retired life amongst his clansmen and friends on the other side of the mountain. His wife being of the Clan Kavanagh,* he expected aid also from that quarter when the time would come to strike the blow.

We cannot pass over here without putting on record another nefarious attempt of the Saxon garrison to sully the fair fame of Tirlagh's children. This was not the first time in the history of the Clan that this base manœuvre was attempted; as, in the time of his great-grandfather and namesake, they wanted to show the invalidity of his marriage, and consequently the illegality of his issue, because, forsooth, the marriage was not performed by a clergyman of their newly set-up Church.—(See Tirlagh O'Toole's History, 1542.)

And, now, to prove the rottenness of this attempt, the following deposition was made:

August 16th, 1585.—“Depositions of Katherine Kavanagh, Teige Leigh McRosse, Piers O'Neill, of Reillamore, and Thomas McMorroghe, as to the circumstances which occurred at the wedding of Sawe Kavanaghe, eny (daughter) Moriortaghe to Terrelaghe O'Toole, in the great hall of Cloumollin, by Sir Morishe O'Curren, Priest.”—(See Cal. State Papers.)

Were it not for the attempted stigma, it mattered very little to Tirlagh or his children, whether they were disinherited by fraud or force, as it amounted to much the same thing in the end.

Much was Mountjoy deceived in his estimate of Tirlagh's character, when he wrote to the English court of the peace and tranquillity of the Irish of Wicklow.

“The Kavanaghs, the O'Byrnes, and the O'Tooles of Wicklow, continue good subjects, and scarce in all Leinster is there a thief stirring, nor one rebel.”

* Sawe, Sabina, Sarah.—A name which has been perpetuated in this family down to the present day; and the two families share the same graves in the churchyard of old Kilranelagh.

It was all very well for Mountjoy to "lay the flattering unction to his soul," that his measures to subdue the country were attended with so much success, but little did he know of the seething cauldrons of discontent that were beneath the surface; and Mountjoy leaving shortly afterwards, his successor, Sir Arthur Chichester, before he was long in office, had reason to believe, that either Mountjoy was very much deceived as to the state of the country, or that the people had changed very much for the worse, inasmuch as that imaginary quiescence with things in general soon proved to be an illusory hallucination.

By the advent of Sir Arthur Chichester to the governorship of Ireland, the nation acquired no gain nor improvement in their sad condition. His predecessor (Mountjoy), though a tyrant, was a soldier; and although to him, more than any other of his time, may be attributed the subjection of Ireland, it cannot be said of him that it was for greed or self-aggrandisement; while it must be admitted that Chichester cultivated these base qualities to their utmost extent, coming into the country a needy pauper, a fanatical bigot, he left it with a huge fortune, amassed by every species of fraud and legal chicanery that the misguided genius of his attorney-general, Sir John Davies, and himself, could adopt or suggest.

The heartless miscreant adopted the role of a zealot in the cause of religion, to further enable him to treat the Catholics to a double dose of persecution and confiscation; he rifled their poor altars, laid whole districts in the north, with fire and sword, a perfect waste, and in reward therefor, was created Lord Donegal, and had a grant from the crown of the peninsula of Innishowen, and thousands of acres more in Imayle and elsewhere.

What he lacked as a soldier, he more than made up for by intrigue and fraud, as evidenced in the "flight of the earls," by which event alone he had the division among his friends and minions of six whole counties in the north; and on his return from there to the Castle, we find him throwing covetous eyes on the O'Tooles, by declaring that Tirlagh, with the aid of the neighbouring chieftains, was preparing for a rebellion, as we see from the following extracts from the State Papers of the period.

LETTER FROM THE LORD CHANCELLOR OF IRELAND TO LORD SALISBURY.

August 7th, A. D. 1608. "Assures himself and his lordship has received advertisement of likelihood of some 'stirs' to be raised in Leinster during the absence of the lord deputy, by some of the O'Tooles, Kavanaghs, and others. Has been careful to discover their purposes, And first for the O'Tooles. Has heard the base uncle plotted with the nephew, named Tirlagh O'Toole, to surprise the Castle of Powerscourt, within eight miles of Dublin, possessed by Mr. Marchal Wingfield, to kill his ward there; to gather forces and to enter into active rebellion."

"The said Tirlagh has also used his credit to gather lately some companies of the O'Moores out of the Queen's County (which sept will prove a dangerous one, ready to be entertained for mischief upon all occasions), and to allow some confederates of the Kavanaghs, and other loose persons of the mountains, near Dublin, to take his part, who have all given him promise of assistance. As yet, however, he sees no fear of danger. Tirlagh lurks secretly among the mountains with his friends. The want of arms, munitions, and powder, is some stay to him and the rest, but the principal thing that stayed them is, their expectations of foreign forces, the return of Tyrone, and the entertainty of severe chastisement on the return of lord deputy. At Saint Sepulchris, near Dublin."

Thus we see that Tirlagh O'Toole was not a willing party in the spoliation of the lands of his fathers. True, his resistance was not of much avail, but that was not the fault of Tirlagh; he was only too willing and heartily anxious for a chance to prove to the English garrison, in a manner more practical than agreeable, that the spirit of O'Toole, though clouded by adversity, still burned as brightly as ever. But Tirlagh, though eager for the fray, was prudent enough not to idly risk life, nor court a sure defeat by an untimely rising. He had strong faith in the return of either O'Neill or O'Donnell with foreign aid, to strike a blow for their common country. This was not an Utopian idea; it was nurtured in every chieftain's heart, and cultivated by warm encouragement from time to time in the shape of hopeful despatches from more than one of the continental courts of Europe.

How these ardent hopes and heart longings were to be bitterly disappointed were not yet visible to the mental ken of Tirlagh, who now had only two courses open, either still to wait on a little longer, hoping against hope, besieging heaven with outstretched hands, and eyes strained across the ocean for that help that was not yet to come; or, driven at last beyond the powers of human endurance, call on his clansmen and friends for one strong rally, and throwing themselves on the Saxon horde of robbers, either drive them from their desecrated hearths, that they feloniously enjoyed, or failing, end their present miserable condition with their lives, and add their names to the long "roll of honour" of their countrymen, who died for faith and fatherland.

The State papers here go to relate that upon the return of Chichester from his very agreeable duties in the partitioning of the Ulster counties amongst his fellow-adventurers, he began to direct his attention to the O'Tooles. Accordingly we find him addressing himself to the Privy Council as follows:—

"On returning here (Dublin Castle) I found that some had entertained a greater conceit of doubt and fear of one Tirlagh O'Toole, and some others of his party, that there is just cause to say the truth of him.

"He is a fellow that has both will and means to do hurt if there were fit opportunity to declare himself for such as he is. But on the other hand he (Chichester) has laid such narrow watch over him, that he shall not be able to stir himself, nor yet long escape his (Chichester's) hands as they may hereafter understand."—State Papers.

"O'Toole, if any craven fear
 Could reach your heart, 'twas now the time
 To plead into the Saxon ear,
 And call your patriot strife a crime;
 For now is Ulster swept to bring
 Together all the murd'rous band,
 Who almost blot the green of spring
 In blood and ashes from the land.

To crowd in one resistless mass,
The victor troops of many a field,
And trample down, like sun-dried grass,
The clans that yet refuse to yield.
Brave Tirlagh! what shall save you when
An army wraps your forces round?
All Ireland knows your valiant men
Would face their foemen, one to ten,
And sweep the battle-ground.
But for each arm that wields to-day
A blade for Erin and for you,
A hundred in the tyrant's pay
Are stretched to conquer and subdue.
And not alone the sword is bared,
And cannon crammed to reach your heart,
No plot is spurned, no bribe is spared,
No dark device of traitor art.
But you have matched their might ere now,
And foiled their wiles; this new demand
On brain and heart but lights your brow,
And adds new vigour to your hand.
Not even a shudder shakes your frame,
Tho' budding thoughts at times must show
Your country swept with sword and flame,
Your clan o'erborne, your castles low;
Though o'er your heart must heavy be
Dark gloom of care for kith and kin,
Yet those who meet that calm blue eye
See only fixed resolve within.
So may the brave man meet the strife,
So calm the hero's soul may be,
When Home and Freedom! Lands and Life!
Are staked for God! and Liberty!"

Notwithstanding the fact that Tirlagh possessed the friendship of the neighbouring chiefs, the outlook before him was gloomy in the extreme, and sadly tending to damp the most hopeful spirit.

The other clansmen and his own kinsmen saw but too plainly that the fate of Tirlagh awaited themselves if he were finally crushed, and this formed another link in the bonds of unity that cemented their prospects together in the one common cause.

We can easily imagine these chieftains in solemn conclave in a ravine on the southern brow of Keageen mountain, just over that temporary habitation, where the landless chief was constrained to sojourn with his faithful wife, Sawe Kavanagh, and their children. Here, also, was brave O'Moore of Leix, the leader of his clan; O'Kavanagh of Clonmollin, the brother of Tirlagh's wife; Phelim McPheagh O'Byrne, who was married to Tirlagh's sister; and here, too, was young Luke O'Toole of Castlekevin.

Let them weigh the matter as they would, the prospect presented no bright side; true, of brave hands and willing hearts there was no lack among their several clansmen; but these were of very little avail, without arms and the munitions of war necessary to encounter the English armies that would be opposed to them, trained, as they were, by several campaigns, fully equipped and accoutred with all the possible requirements of the day.

Worse still was the intelligence that was now presented to their conference. Any chance of aid through the instrumentality of O'Neill and O'Donnell from foreign courts, which hitherto had been the sheet-anchor of their hopes, was now ruthlessly frustrated by the accounts that reached them. It was not the fault of the exiled earls that all their painful labour in their country's cause went for nothing. Long and wearily did they strive to move the foreign powers, but it was practically of no avail. Of sympathy they had plenty, and of promises more than enough; but of the material aid that was needed, namely, munitions of war, they had none. Is there anything so sad in the dark and mournful pages of our unhappy country's history than for the Irish student, with any spark of love of fatherland in his heart, to contemplate on the sufferings of The

O'Neill in his unfortunate and weary wanderings from one court to another.

Picture him, the prince, in his own right, of the lordly domain of Ulster, now broken down with years of sorrow, a wanderer in strange lands, ever, ever looking across the seas to that persecuted isle he was never more to revisit but in dreams. Daily learning, by despatch from Ireland, of deeper, and still deeper depths of degradation to which she was being reduced; his soul wrung with anguish on reading the unparalleled miseries of his people, and despair settling down upon him at the scourging and oppression to which she was subjected; and, as if to fill his cup of bitterness to overflowing, he heard, too, of the craven surrender of many a chieftain from whom he would have expected nobler deeds.

For eight years he led this life of a wanderer, "eating his heart" for holy Ireland, until at last, on the 20th July, 1616, that aged, and heart-broken prince passed away from this world, the last survivor of all those who accompanied him in his flight, as nearly all the others succumbed within two years of leaving their native land.

To maintain one's spirits in the face of such gloomy surroundings as these, was, indeed, a more than human task. Tirlagh, however, was for making another final effort, and endeavoured to rally his brother-chieftains, who, as the poet hath it,

“ Upon the rough hill side they sate
And talk'd their country's rise and fall,
Till summing up their calm debate,
O'Toole thus spoke the minds of all :
' We must win back our lands from those
Who mean to yield them to our foes,
By force or will, by night surprise,
Or storm beneath the noon-day skies,
Our mountain passes to defend,
And fight it out to bitter end.' ”

Thus argued Tirlagh, almost with the logic of desperation, the

others, seeing that their efforts would only end in defeat at present; hampered as they were by such supreme difficulties, were for still waiting; but Tirlagh would brook no further delay. For him, now that they had taken his lands, there was nothing to lose but his life, and determining to sell that as dearly as possible, he broke forth in the following strain :

“ ‘ Aye, be the issue what it may,
On this hill-side again, to-day,
I pledge my sacred word anew :
By all on earth my heart holds dear,
And all my hopes of heaven, I swear,
To fight this struggle through.

“ ‘ To fight it through ; though well I see
Few are the hopes that now remain
To you, my native land, or me :
Our forts are fallen, our chiefs are slain,
And men of Irish blood and birth
Are stooping down to vile disgrace ;
Showing that scandal to the earth,
The rotting of a noble race.

“ ‘ Crushed into slaves are royal tribes,
High chieftains fight for Saxon pay,
And sons of kings take foreign bribes,
Brothers their brothers' blood betray ;
And clan on clan works ruin, while
The common foe wins all the isle.
Yet while in all the laud I see
One shred of our good flag floating free,
With a hundred men beneath it,
I'll still be first in the holy toil,
Our foes to slay, their plans to foil ;
My bones shall bleach on my native soil,
Or mine be the last sword sheathed.’



The last battle of Turlagh O'Toole of Powerscourt, in the Glen of Imayle, in which he met his death as a gallant warrior at the hands of the English.

“So spoke the chief, and well he kept
His oft-repeated promise true,
Though Imayle’s hills and vales were swept
By Chichester and his bloody crew.”

Then mustering together his scattered and expatriated clansmen, and aided to a certain extent by his neighbouring chieftains, Tirlagh threw down the gage, and boldly defied the might of the Saxon. He made many a descent upon their outposts, and brought fire and sword often upon their fancied security. This he did with effective success while his little band remained, but the paucity of numbers of his own clan, the falling off by degrees of the associated chieftains, who, seeing the futility of their efforts, deemed prudence the better part of valour, and the vast strength and resources of the enemy he had to contend with, had the inevitable effect of reducing the power of Tirlagh to do any material hurt.

True it was, that he could say of his own clan that their efforts were all that could be desired; but the odds were too heavy, and the final result inevitable. Tirlagh held out for many a day, but at length, borne down by overwhelming numbers, he died, as his forefathers were wont to do, with brand in hand and his face to the foe, on the battlefield, as became the last chief of Powerscourt and the head of the Clan O’Toole, thus keeping his vow. Tirlagh, by his death, entered the most solemn protest in his power against the spoliation and persecution of his clan and country.

He was laid by the loving hands of his wife and children, surrounded by his decimated clansmen and neighbouring chieftains, in the old graveyard of Kilranelagh, buried in the centre of the old church, where his ashes mingle with those of his forefathers for many generations.

Peace be to your soul, Tirlagh! Yours, indeed, was a chequered career! Born, we may say, on the battlefield; schooled and brought up amid the turmoil and carnage of war; your father, grandfather, and nearest relations slaughtered before your eyes—pouring out their hearts’ blood for clan and country—little wonder that when your own time came to be overpowered by brute strength, they found no craven spirit, afraid

to die, but one who gloried in dying the normal death of his name, a sacrifice upon the altar of his country's cause.

From the very meagre sources of information at our command we are unable to give our readers those incidents and vicissitudes of not only Tirlagh O'Toole's eventful career, but likewise those of many generations of his descendants, down to the present day. All this is as a closed book to us, from the absence of any authenticated records or archives kept by the clan.

Henceforth the old imaginary line between the O'Tooles' country and the Pale vanished, and the power of the O'Tooles and the O'Byrnes ceased to scare the frightened burghers of Dublin in their dreams. It is almost superfluous to add that Chichester was mainly instrumental in bringing about that most dismal state of adversity in the fortunes of those clans.

And now, for two hundred years from this, the O'Tooles, in common with all others who were entitled to the name of Irishmen, in the true acceptance of that term, were proscribed—dead to law, forbidden to trade, prohibited from possessing any property or lands, rendered felons if found guilty, or suspected, of educating their children; subject to the torture and death for practising the rites of their holy religion; made criminals for even using the patronymic, "O," before their names; forbidden, we may say, even to exist amongst the bogs and mountains to which they were driven. The wonder is, not that they became fallen from their estate, but that they were able to survive at all; and when we know that they not only did so, but maintained intact the holy faith implanted by Saint Patrick, and fostered by their own Saint Lorean, and kept still green as ever in their hearts the ardent love of their fatherland, it is proof to us—strong as "Holy Writ"—that they have done so by the aid of God Himself, a boon granted to the Irish and denied to other nations, through the earnest solicitations around the throne from the hosts of martyrs, doctors, and confessors to which holy Ireland gave birth.

“The stranger came, strong, proud, and riant,
Far o'er the land he spread his rule;
But long he found, erect--defiant—
Your gallant clan.—Well done, Q'Toole!”

One of the last, but by no means the least, on the long roll of the martyred sons and daughters of the Clan O'Toole, is Rose O'Toole, wife of gallant Feagh MacHugh O'Byrne. In treating of her in chronological order in the earlier portions of this history, we almost took it for granted that she had succumbed at length to the many hardships and indignities to which she was subjected in one of her many imprisonments in the dungeons of Dublin Castle. We introduce her name again on finding that, as late as 1610, she is still mentioned in the State Papers, as the following extract goes to show:

June 3rd, A.D. 1610.—“Rose O'Toole, wife of Feagh MacHugh O'Byrne, harboured in the castle of Catherlough by Walpole, who was accused of treachery to the king.”—*Vide* State Papers of the period.

We may talk of the old Countess of Desmond, or the Duchess of Derwentwater, but what had either of them suffered in comparison with the sufferings of Rosa O'Toole?

Born in luxury, in the early part of the sixteenth century—the daughter of a noble chieftain—she saw in her youth that father, the victor of many a hard-fought field; she saw him again when the tide of battle turned against him, compelled to accept terms from Henry VIII.; she had painful evidence that her clansmen would own no fealty to that enemy of their race and faith, when, for entering into any terms, they forgot in their exasperation their loyalty to their chief, and her father and eldest brother fell victims to their wrath—killed by their own clan.

Nor did maturer years, nor the duties of the married state, bring with them those joys and peaceful comforts to which woman naturally looks forward. With Rosa, every fresh year added new troubles to her life. Her nearest and dearest were hunted down, hanged, and beheaded, if caught; the cause of her faith and fatherland was darkened by the

murky clouds of adversity still thickening round them, illumined, it is true, from time to time, by some brilliant victories of her kinsmen, which rays of hope were always, alas! only too transient, and caused the darkness to which they had to return more gloomy and hard to bear than before.

She it was who nursed the young O'Donnell in the deep recesses of Glenmalor, while the English bloodhounds were thirsting for his life; it was her tender care that saved him, and enabled him to regain his native Tyreconnell, and to strike many a hard blow in after days against their common enemy.

How her heart must have bounded at the victories of O'Byrne and O'Toole at Glenmalure; and what a sad contrast to her feelings when her noble and valiant husband was hunted down and beheaded "like wild beast in his lair!" Surely, surely, this was enough to fill the bitter cup of misery for any mortal! Was Rosa now to be left, for the few remaining years of her sorrowful life, to commune in spirit with her butchered dead? Was it too much to expect that the sacredness of her sorrow would be respected, and that she would be permitted to offer her prayers before the Throne of Mercy for the repose of their souls undisturbed? But, no! The butchers of her husband, clansmen, and kinsmen were not as yet fully satiated! The oft-repeated humiliations that the good sword of Feagh had inflicted on them was to be atoned for by casting his broken-hearted widow into one of their dungeons in Dublin Castle.

And this was the chivalry (?) of the English! Nor was it once or twice that Rosa O'Byrne was thus treated. They wanted, forsooth, to extract from her some information anent the movements of her friends, and to make her the more communicative they subjected her to the torture. Well done, Saxon knights! Honour to your golden spurs! They knew little the stern stuff that Rosa was made of, and less of the never-yielding blood that stirred her. The heart of an O'Toole and the nerves of an O'Byrne sustained her, and made her laugh at their worst, and, unable to kill her by torture, we suppose they discharged her from prison at last as being intractable; and, after being condemned to be hanged,

drawn, quartered, and burned, we find her now, when she must be near ninety years of age, harboured and protected in the fortress of Carlow, and even in her helplessness, her very name and existence was still a sore point with the English of the Pale.

We wish we had the ability, or that the many vicissitudes of Rosa's life were accessible to us. What stores of interesting matter, now hidden from our ken, could be placed before our readers that would throw into the shade anything we have either seen in history or read of in romance!

An interesting episode in connection with the marriage of Rosa is still preserved among the State papers in possession of the Ulster King-at-Arms, Dublin Castle.

It appears by this document, which formerly belonged to the late Chevalier Colonel de Montmorency, containing the account of the marriage between Feagh MacHugh O'Byrne and Rose-Iny-Toole, that the lands belonging to the sept were held in common by those of the name. The O'Byrne, or chief, presiding alone over the castles and fortresses, claimed no distinct title separately from the tribe over portion of their tribe lands.

Hence all the members of the sept were obliged to subscribe their assent to the jointure of Feagh's wife, and to have the same secured upon the whole of their lands and possessions. The trustees to this article were Henry Walsh of Shanganagh, and Pierce Walsh of Kilgobbin, Esquires; Redmond MacPheagh and Phelim MacPheagh, sons of the chieftain, being parties to the same.

THE KILKENNY CONFEDERATION (1642).

CLAN O'TOOLE'S PART THEREIN.

Of the Kilkenny Confederation it is not the aim of the writer, nor within the scope of our historical sketch of the Clan O'Toole, to give any elaborate or detailed account. We merely intend to touch upon the salient points, and to bring before our readers some of the events in that great national movement, in which the O'Tooles were important factors.

To those who would wish to further pursue the interesting events of that leading epoch in the history of our country we would recommend the study of the "Confederation of Kilkenny," by the Rev. C. P. Meehan, in which the reverend and learned author has so graphically portrayed it.

The Kilkenny Confederation consisted of the Catholic nobility of Ireland, the prelates and clergy of the Catholic Church, the chosen representatives of the people, all united together in defence of their religion, their country, and their king, against the Puritan Government of England, headed by Oliver Cromwell.

The first sitting was held on the 10th May, 1643, in the old church of St. Canice, in the City of Kilkenny. They issued a manifesto explaining their motives, containing rules to guide the Confederation, and an admirable plan of provisional government. It did not end till the end of May. Agents were sent over to France, Spain, and Italy, to solicit aid and assistance in men, money, and arms.

The general assembly was again convoked on the 23rd October, at which eleven bishops and fourteen lay lords represented the Irish peerage, and two hundred and twenty-six commoners represented the large majority of the people. The celebrated lawyer, Patrick Darcy, was chosen chancellor, and everything was conducted with the gravity and deliberation befitting so venerable an assembly, and so great and so momentous an occasion.

A supreme council of six members for each province was selected. The archbishops of Armagh, Dublin, and Tuam; the bishops of Down and Connor, and of Clonfert; Lord Gormanstown, Lord Mountgarrett, Lord Roache, and Lord Mayo; with fifteen of the most eminent commoners, composed this council, and, while it held together, unrent by treason or division, the Irish nation was able to hold its crowding foes at bay. They commissioned Owen Roe O'Neill, who had just arrived in Ireland from Spain, as their commander-in-chief in Ulster.

King Charles entered into negotiations with the confederate council, desirous of coming to terms with them, with the hope of deriving assistance from them in his own difficulties. The mere idea of the king wish-

ing to treat direct with the council unsettled the Anglo-Irish party in it. They would have peace with England's king at any price, on almost any terms, while the native Irish, or National party, wished also to secure peace, but peace with honour—peace that would cast no reflection on themselves. On this fatal issue the supreme council and confederation both were divided from the very first hours. On the 15th September, 1643, a cessation of arms was signed in Ormond's tent at Gigginstown, near Naas. In this the Confederates were completely outwitted by Ormond, who was either unable or unwilling to carry out its provisions.

The new Pope, Innocent X., had sent over as Nuncio to the Confederate Catholics of Ireland, John Baptist Rinucini, Archbishop of Fermo, and as the Popes, from the first hour when the Irish were driven into a war in defence of their religion, never sent an envoy empty-handed, Rinucini brought with him, purchased by moneys contributed by the Holy Father, besides 36,000 dollars forwarded by Father Luke Wadding, 2,000 muskets, 2,000 cartouches, 4,000 swords, 2,000 pike-heads, 400 brace of pistols, 20,000 lbs. of powder, with match, shot, and other stores. He landed from his frigate, the "San Pietro," in Kenmare Bay, and proceeded to Kilkenny in regal state.

He saw at once the state of affairs in Ireland. The old English of the Pale were for peace at any cost, and being in the majority, they entered into a treaty of peace with Ormond, and concluded and signed it on the 28th March, 1646. The Irish called it a "base peace;" but such as it was, the king was not in a position to ratify it, having to fly for protection to the Scotch Covenanters, away from the fury of the English Puritans. The Covenanters shortly after proved how much mistaken Charles was in his trusting them, as they betrayed him, and, after a while, sold him into the hands of his enemies, who beheaded him.

Rinucini, seeing that the Irish had nothing to expect but what their good swords could gain them, appointed Owen Roe O'Neill commander-in-chief, and sent him the greater part of the money which the Pope gave him for the Irish cause. He blessed his arms, and exhorted him to fight for God and holy Ireland, telling him that upon him, and him alone, it

now depended to open the eyes of the Puritan rebels, English royalists, and half-hearted Irish confederates. O'Neill was not slow to respond to the summons, and to prove to the Legate that his choice was not amiss, as well as to show Cromwell's psalm-singers what stuff the confederate soldiers were made of. For three long years, like a chained eagle, he had pined in weary idleness, ignoble "truces" fettering him; but now he was free and untrammelled, ready and willing—ay, willing to show weak friends and arrogant foes, how he, who had defended Arras, could strike for God and liberty at home.

"Owen Roe, our own Roe O'Neill,
He treads once more our land;
The sword in his hand is Spanish steel,
But the hand is an Irish hand."

—*Aubrey de Vere.*

The battle of Benburb, renowned in song and story, immediately followed, in which Owen Roe was completely victorious. The description of this battle is beautifully told by the late A. M. Sullivan in his excellent work, "The Story of Ireland."

In this battle Lord Montgomery was taken prisoner, with twenty-one officers and about one hundred and fifty soldiers, and over three thousand of the Scots were left dead on the field, besides those killed in pursuit, which was resumed next morning. All the Scotch artillery, tents, and provisions, with a vast quantity of arms and ammunition, and thirty-two stands of colours, fell into the hands of the Irish, who, on their side, had only seventy men killed and two hundred wounded.

Rinucini and the Irish were very naturally jubilant over this victory, while the Pale English were correspondingly jealous of O'Neill's remarkable prowess. About the same time things in Munster were wearing a very different aspect. Murrough O'Brien (a disgrace to a noble name), Lord Inchiquin, was drenching that province with blood. He besieged and stormed Cashel, the women and children taking refuge in the Cathedral. Inchiquin poured in volleys of musket balls through doors and windows,

and sent in his troopers, with pike and sabre, to finish the bloody massacre that their bullets may have left incomplete. The floor was encumbered with mangled bodies, and twenty priests, who had sought shelter under the altar, were dragged forth and slaughtered with a fury which the mere extinction of life could not half appease.

It was with this man the majority of the supreme council entered into an alliance. The Nuncio and the native Irish refused to have anything to do with such a blood-thirsty demon, and he and his abettors were excommunicated, and Preston, the favourite general of the Ormondists, joined him and started off to crush O'Neill. A truce being signed between Ormond and the confederates, the Nuncio repaired to O'Neill's camp, and the Leinster Irish, especially the O'Tooles, O'Byrnes, and Cavanaghs, abandoned Preston, under whom they had formerly served, and ranged themselves under the banners of Owen Roe, with whom they fought during the remainder of the war. Little fear of the O'Tooles joining hands with the renegade slayer of their fellow-countrymen, the base and bloody Inehiquin!

Ormond, returning, negotiated a peace on the basis of the first treaty. It was signed by the Confederate council on the part of the Irish, but before it could be ratified by the king, he was betrayed by his own guards, and brought to the block of the executioner, by orders of Cromwell and the Puritan party.

The Nuncio, disgusted and sick at heart, departed from Ireland for home, sailing in his ship, "San Pietro," from Galway Bay on the 23rd February, 1649.

Cromwell, having succeeded, at the head of the Puritans, in beheading Charles I. and conquering the Royalist party in England, crossed over to Ireland, and landed at Dublin, 14th August, 1649. Never, perhaps, in the same space of time, did one man leave such a record of horror and desolation in his path. It is not for any of the ordinary severities of war that the name of Cromwell is so infamously hated in Ireland, even down to our own day. Were he merely a thorough and vigorous soldier we would not complain; but it is for different reasons Cromwell's memory is so

execrated in Ireland. It is for such butcheries of non-combatants—the ruthless slaughter of the inoffensive women and children—as in Drogheda and Wexford, that he is justly regarded as a bloody and brutal tyrant.

Yet it is but meet to put on record the fact that, not even before the butcheries, burnings, and terrors of this bloody tyrant, did the Irish show a craven or cowardly spirit. True it is, had they exhibited less of the high, unfeeling, and unyielding spirit which was handed down to them from their ancestors through long years of suffering, it would, no doubt, have been better for their worldly fortunes; and where pusillanimity may have been considered another name for prudence, they failed to practise it. In our opinion, they made one grand mistake in allying themselves with the English Catholics of the Pale, who, in many cases, held their hands from striking a blow when and where it would have been useful and successful, and they appeared not sorry to see the old Irish annihilated and cut off, as in the case of Ormond in his transactions with Cromwell. And now, as it were, to cap the climax of their misfortunes, the only real general capable of leading the Irish on to victory, the beloved alike of soldier and people, the renowned and gallant Owen Roe O'Neill, was struck down by death in the early days of the struggle with Cromwell. On his march to the southward he sickened and died at Clough Oughter Castle, assisted in his last moments by his faithful friends and comrades, Colonel O'Byrne and General Felim McToole O'Neill. This faithful son of Erin died 6th November, 1649.

Nevertheless, with that courage which unflinchingly looks ruin in the face, and chooses death before dishonour, the Irish fought the issue out. Major-General Hugh Duff O'Neill was acknowledged the next best man to fill the place of Owen Roe, but, unfortunately, Heber MacMahon, Bishop of Clogher, was appointed commander-in-chief of the Irish, a man full of courage, but wanting that qualification, so essential in the general of an army, viz., military training and experience in the field, and without which, says a general in the opposite camp, "he was as unfit for the position as any of Rome's Cardinals."

The war went on for some time, until a great and decisive battle took

place within a mile of Letterkenny. It is related by an English officer, present on the occasion, as follows:—

“This morning the army marched to a place called in Irish being a ford where an old castle is on the river (Swilly), a mile above Letterkenny, and encamped on a plain field amongst the rocks on the north side of the river, close to it, from which place a colonel, one Myles Sweeney, was sent out with his regiment to bring in beeves from the country, with whom went some of every regiment without orders, to the number of about thirteen or fourteen hundred men, when Coote appeared with his own army of the Lagan, and the supply sent him by Col. Venables, with one Colonel Phenwick, and all the gentlemen of the country, on horseback, which the bishop-general valued not, nor considered (it sufficient) to remain where he was safe enough till those abroad would return; but, Cæsar-like, forthwith he must fight, and drew his army (not three thousand foot) over the river towards Coote, and took his ground where no horse could fight, being boggy soil; on which, Coote, knowing well enough what men were abroad from the bishop’s army, was glad of the opportunity to fight him before they returned, and drew from the hill where he was drawn up at a great distance, and commanded down with a brigade Colonel Phenwick to charge the bishop’s army in the first place, on which Phenwick sent out a captain, with one hundred and fifty men, as a forlorn, and from the bishop’s army the like was sent, and both fired close, till the captain who led the Irish forlorn dropt, and his men were beaten back, on which a colonel was sent down (always known as a brave fellow in fight) with a brigade, and made that forlorn fly back (as it was no wonder).

“Then Col. Phenwick advances with his brigade, who at the first fire was dropt. When both the brigades were near to ‘push of pike,’ down comes another (English) brigade, after Phenwick was dropt, which the leader of the Irish brigade, seeing those before him seconded, and he himself not, gave word of command (in bad time) to retire back over the ditch behind them, over which they had come, thinking to make some advantage of it, till he was seconded; on which his men faced about, and made

to the ditch, which the English brigade seeing, falls close in their rear, and takes the colonel at the ditch, and never suffered his men to face about to relieve him till they put them into confusion, and fell foul of another brigade of their own, and confused them also, when, at the same instant, a brigade of Coote's charges in the flank, and Phenwick's brigade charged in the rear of the other brigade; thus the two brigades were put to the retreat to the ford, thinking to maintain the same, but, instead of that, they all ran from it, but one Major Hagan happily got into the old castle with some men, and made his quarters, to get them Bally Castle restored. In the fight none of the cavalry fought, there being no ground for it. Of the Irish were killed about one thousand five hundred, and many of their other chief officers; and those who got quarters and yielded their arms were brought before Coote and shot or hacked down by his orders, for his officers and private soldiers of horse and foot had more mercy than he had; for instance, when Colonel Henry O'Neill, Owen MacArt's son, was carried before him by some of Colonel Phenwick's men—Englishmen out of England, that saved his life till then—Coote bade them take him away; on which the gentlemen pleaded that when his father relieved him when he was besieged in Londonderry, he would save his life, to which Coote only answered that he paid his father his wages for that, and bade them take him away the second time, and so he was knocked down with muskets, and so was Colonel Phelim MacToole and Colonel Hugh MacArt Roe MacMahon, and some others inferior to them. As for O'Cahan, he was killed, and was not brought before him.

“The bishop was wounded, and got quarters for life from Major King (later on Lord Kingston), that lay in ambush before him, and took him one Sunday, after he had left the defeat of his army, near twenty miles from the place, and was kept a prisoner for half-a-year in Inniskillen, till he was well of his hurts, and then was hanged by orders of Coote, which Major King could not prevent, though he used his best endeavours.

“This defeat was on Friday, the 22nd day of June, A.D. 1650, where neither conduct or noble act appears. But what more can I say. When God

has a mind to scourge and make slaves of men, he will take away their hearts and courage, as this day I observed."

The following is a description of the death of Colonel Phelim MacToole O'Neill, grandson of Phelim O'Toole of Powerscourt (his mother being Phelim's daughter), as related by his grandson, Henry MacPhelim MacToole O'Neill :

"The particulars relative to the manner of death of my grandfather, Colonel Phelim MacToole, who was commissioned lieutenant-council to General O'Neill's own regiment, from the supreme council of the Confederates of Ireland, dated 16th March, 1645, and colonel to the same regiment, 12th November, 1649.

"I have now by me the following narrative from Osborne, as well as others, who were eye-witnesses. Osborne was an attorney of the Court of Exchequer in 1700, to whom the same was related by his father, one Captain Osborne, of Sir Charles Coote's regiment of horse. When quarters were given to several of the Irish officers, and, in particular, my grandfather, he and Sir Charles Coote came to terms about his ransom, and it was agreed between them that my grandfather, on procuring one hundred beeves from his friends to be delivered to Sir Charles Coote, he should have his life spared and be set at liberty; and for that purpose he was drawing out articles, to be executed between Sir Charles and him, when a sergeant came into Sir Charles' tent the next day after the action with an account of having brought Colonel Henry Roe O'Neill, General O'Neill's son, in a prisoner.

"Without more ado, Sir Charles reprimanded the sergeant for not having brought his head, and commanded him to go and despatch him immediately; whereupon the pen dropped from my grandfather's hand, and he accosted Sir Charles in favour of his relation, pleaded in his behalf his being a Spaniard born, and that he came here as a soldier of fortune, and he hoped, for these considerations, he would not suffer his orders to be carried out. But all was of no avail; his orders were executed; and Sir Charles told my grandfather that if he began to prate he would be served the same way.

“My grandfather, touched with the usage his kinsman received, replied that he would be served even so rather than to owe his life to such a villain as he was. Whereupon Sir Charles ordered him to be carried out and knocked on the head with tent-poles by Sir Charles’ men, which being observed by one of his officers, who was coming towards the tent, he asked the soldiers what they meant by treating the gentleman so, and they replied it was by the general’s orders. The officer then, in compassion to Colonel MacToole, and to put him out of pain, drew his sword and ran him through the heart, and both his and Henry Roe O’Neill’s heads were cut off and put up in Derry.”—*Vide* Mr. Gilbert’s Confederate Papers.

The records of this period afford ample proof that in those stirring times the O’Tooles and the O’Byrnes were not idle spectators of the bloody drama that was being enacted through the length and breadth of the land. They ably carried out the policy of O’Neill in their home warfare by taking and holding the principal castles in Wicklow, and by constantly hanging on the necks of the Castle of Dublin, they compelled them to maintain a large garrison there, which otherwise would have gone to augment the forces operating against O’Neill.

And when the hesitancy and vacillation of the weak-kneed Preston led them to turn their backs on that general, and give their swords to a commander more after their own hearts, the gallant Owen Roe, their deeds and prowess under his banner were in accordance with the traditional bravery and high courage of their clans.

As we mentioned in the earlier portions of our history, their principal colonel, Luke O’Toole, received afresh his commission from the Nuncio and the National party, through the bishops assembled in the town of Cavan.

We find it reported in the State papers that the Castle authorities have got information from spies and others that :

“The northern men say that the O’Tooles and O’Byrnes are in a considerable body anxious to join them.”—State Papers, A. D. 1646.

And in a letter written by Daniel O'Neill to the Earl of Roscommon it is stated :

The Birns, the O'Tooles, and the Kavanaghs have, by their letters, invited Owen Roe O'Neill to Dublin.—*Dublin, 12th September, 1646.*"

The above short extracts, simple in themselves, are significantly indicative of the spirit pervading the O'Tooles and the O'Byrnes, and show that at this period, as well as former ones, of their history, their actions, sympathies, and movements were matters of the closest attention, and the most scrupulously inquisitive care of the Dublin Castle authorities.

About this time we find Ormond, the lord deputy, writing to Coole O'Toole, who, it would appear from the correspondence, was a sort of governor of the town of Wicklow, concerning one Picket, who landed there, having about him some suspicious letters from the Parliamentarians. He was detained for the present. Coole answers the lord lieutenant to that effect.—(See Confederate Papers.)

After Owen Roe O'Neill's death the O'Tooles retired to their strongholds in and about Rathdrum, Glenmalure, and Glendalough, and the wicked Cromwell passed through their country on his way to Wexford. Owing to the paucity of their numbers—weakened by their constant resistance to the enemy—the O'Tooles were unable to carry out the wish of their hearts, by pouring down upon him and giving him battle. Still, it would never do to have it placed on record that the arch-enemy had passed through their territories totally unmolested, and we have it on the undoubted authority of Cromwell's own secretary that they did give him some occasion to remember that he was passing through the land of the O'Tooles :

"Cromwell, after his victory in Drogheda, marched as private as might be from Dublin towards Arclowe, in the counties of Wickloc, not heard off until there; upon sight got the forte there, and thus marching alonge, lost many of his horse in them straight passages by Bryan Me Phelim's partie. His oune proper horse and furniture was carried from the campe by Christopher Twohill, whereon did his father, Luke Twohill, ride after, whoe was sent unto by my lord Cromwell that he

would give him £100 for him, but for gold or silver he could not have him back, but the said gentleman kept him as a monument."

And we make no doubt that there was no equine representative in the stables of Luke O'Toole that was more tenderly cared, or so proudly exhibited, as the favourite charger of the Lord Protector.

Cromwell found a namesake of his own in Arklow, a fisherman. He asked him what he desired of him, and the only request he made was "that his honour would grant him the cottage in which he lived by the seaside." Cromwell, disgusted at his namesake's lack of ambition in not asking more—since, if he had asked half the County Wicklow at the time, he would have got it—ordered the old fisherman to have his cottage (the parchment title of which is still extant), and took his leave of him, and addressed his humble namesake thus: "A beggar I found you, and a beggar I'll leave you."

He then proceeded on his wicked way, spreading sorrow and desolation, with sword and fire, wherever he went, and after him his generals followed too faithfully in his tracks, carrying on the war in the same bloody and unrelenting manner, till at last the Irish, exhausted and defeated, were compelled to sue for terms, and lay down their arms.

As before, the Anglo-Irish in the council were for peace on any terms, while the old Irish, rather than accept any ignoble terms were for fighting on while a shred of their banner fluttered, or a single sword was left to guard it; but the former party, predominating in the council, prevailed, and an ignoble peace was signed on the 12th day of May, 1652.

These terms, adopted at Kilkenny, were reluctantly agreed to by the Ulster army in the September following. The clergy and the native Irish did all that mortal men could do to check the adverse tide of dire misfortunes that set in so heavily upon them. They held out to the last; and among the very last who stood by their priests and the National leaders were the O'Tooles, O'Byrnes, and Kavanaghs; and so very persistently did they continue their firm resistance, that the Cromwellians determined to starve them out of their mountain fastnesses, as we see by the following extracts:

"1652.—The ancient Irish of Lower Leinster did not accept of that peace, namely, the Kavanaghs, Byrnes, and Tuhills, but rather adhered to the clergy. In Lower Leinster was no man in arms, other than what depended on Bryan McPhelim Byrne, his brother Hugh, and other few that belonged to Luke Towhill, chief of that name. Many bickerings they had with the enemies, and still thrived; wherefore the Cromwellians, gathering the bodie of an army from both Leinster and Munster, 7,000 stronge, with a numerous heape of sheathes and other instruments to cutt and mowe corne, being of opinion to be mightie difficulte, either to vanquishe or route these men as long as they enjoye any competencie or corne or beefes. Pursuant to this resulte the enemye intends to prevente their harveste, and cutt all their corne before its seasons, and cutt and burne all the fildes, by this strategem to unite the peasentes, and other such as had not bene soldiers, to call for conditions, all which was punctually acted by the enemye.

"All the corne in the whole countie of Wicklowe was demolished, whereupon a proclamation was published in diverse campe that such of the natives, of whatsoever condition, as were willing to come to champion ground from the mountains with their keraghts and goods, to be forthwith protected in both lives and goods; whereupon stole away many with their keraghts, naye, all the clergie of that countie, except one Francis Gaffney, a fryer of the order of minors, having run the same race, and the very vicar-general of Dublin, by name Edmond Reyllye, a man censer and upright heretofore reputed, and also Father Laurence Byrne, guardian of the fryers of Ballinharney, and brother of Bryan McPhelim O'Byrne aforesaid.

"The seculars, observing the clergie to finche from the common cause, in virtue of the above-mentioned proclamation, was motive enough to followe that example, nowe in heapes did render observance unto the same edicte, in soe much that few of the militia did continue with Bryan McPhelim and Hugh—naye, were dayly in danger to be betrayed by their proper followers, bad members of the commonwealth, and speciaillie by Donogh McShane McMurtha, of decente of Gowlanakirkic, who pre-

tends to issue from the noble family of Towhill, but is truly and really a baser extraction of name. Fowly, Edmond Byrne of Ballinanerunny; Richard McCormick O'Quinn, Morrignasreull; Teige McDaniel of Ballinarahan, in Sillela; all of which are in the countie of Wicklowe, the scum and froathe of all honeste and sincere dealings, and the encendaries of them parts, spies for the enemie against these poore men, selling their proper souls for paultrie little gain, and the lives of their best benefactors for nothinge.

“Another comrade of these Anti-Christians, one Tibbot Walsh, of Cullan, in countie of Kildare, a seducer of all impietic, the chief Mercurie of Belsebub, a prime promoter against religious and devout men, a spie for the enemie in the counties of Kildare, Wexford, and Katerlogh. By these specialle were the former gentlemen in mightie danger of their lives every day, but that they kept in good watche, sleeping still in places remote from others, and not frequented by any.

“The huntings of these hell-hounds in persuite of these innocents' souls did totally break their necks, for it inclined to call for conditions, and none would the enemie graunte, rather use them with extremitie of the lawe. Soe tossed for a longe time, and still expectinge foraygne relife, but when all fayled, and they mightie impoverished, Lieutenant-General Hugh Byrne, in the nature of a poore common souldier, went to shoare, gott shippinge, transported himself for some Catholicke countrie. As for Bryan, he ventured through all danger to take his course for the north of Ireland, to live and die there with the poor Ulstermen, where he arrived with safetie, and within a shorte time. His carde stayed him in Innisbofing.

“These resolutions, once thought upon, were extempore putt into execution, whom we leave for awhile, and speak of Munster forces.’—*Vide* Confederate Papers.

It is evident from the above that it would be worse than useles, and therefore, not only imprudent, but a wilful sacrifice of human life, to hold out any longer. The clergy, with their clearer foresight, saw and knew all this, but they also knew how hateful to their flocks was the very name of

surrender, so that nothing less than the personal example of the clergy themselves could induce them to submit to the inevitable.

But now the leaders were placed in a very unenviable position. Lieutenant-General Hugh O'Byrne, Colonel Bryan McPhelim O'Byrne, and Colonel Luke O'Toole were exempt from all pardon from Cromwell and the Privy Council of Dublin Castle. They were outlawed for high treason, a reward of £400 put on each of their heads, and pardon for all offences granted to anyone who would bring in, or would cause to be brought in, dead or alive, any or all of the above-named chiefs.

As we have seen by the extract, Hugh and Bryan O'Byrne were able to make good their escape, while Colonel Luke O'Toole was left to bear the full brunt of Cromwell's creatures at the Castle. True, Luke was a very old man, and could hardly expect to escape; but anyway he avoided failure by making no attempt to do so, and with the full cognizance of the terrible doom that was before him, Luke bravely faced the worst, and awaited that doom with that imperturbable disregard to his own personal sufferings as became a brave soldier, a true Irishman, and a worthy and faithful representative of the warrior clan.

Nor had Luke very long to wait. He very soon surrendered himself to the Castle, and we may be sure that there was not much time lost in needless formalities of the law until he received that sentence of death, delivered upon him with such grateful pleasure by his judges.

The following is Cromwell's own account of Luke O'Toole's last effort for life, but even in this there is a suppression on Cromwell's part of the horse being his own :

“ Luke took the head of a sept in Co. Wicklow. Being conscious of his guilt, had formerly desired to come and treat with me about conditions for laying down the arms of himself and party, and to induce me to give him favorable terms, he offered me a horse and saddle, worth a hundred pounds, which he desired I would accept it. I refused his present; he, therefore, submitted not at that time. But now, supposing he could not some day avoid falling into our hands, by reason of the numbers of our garrisons placed in all parts amongst them, who, by their being very well

acquainted with their mountain fastnesses as themselves, and, it may be, thinking there would not appear sufficient evidence to prove him guilty, he submitted upon the same condition that was formerly offered to him, which was, 'that he should be liable to be tried for murder.' Accordingly, he surrendered himself for trial, with the hope of being honourably acquitted of every foul charge that could be brought against him; whereof being accused before the court at Dublin, he was convicted, sentenced, and executed."--(From "Memoirs of Ludlow," p. 188, London, 1771.)

After his execution his head was spiked on the old gate which then stood between Nicholas Street and Patrick Street, where it remained for some days as a warning to his countrymen to be of good behaviour to the Government—the Commonwealth of England.

We are not favoured with the details of Luke O'Toole's trial and execution, but this much we may fairly assume, that through all the stages—both the farce of the judicial investigation, when the result was too plainly evidenced beforehand in the glib satisfaction apparent in the faces of his accusers and his judges, as well as at the more trying moment when he was called upon to bare his neck on the block—through all these indignities we know that he comported himself in a manner worthy of an O'Toole, worthy of his noble clan, though now reduced to a remnant, worthy of the glorious old faith he cherished, and worthy of his persecuted and ardently-beloved fatherland.

Thus passed away the last acknowledged chieftain of the Clan O'Toole; but he died in good company, for in the same year, and about the same time, many of the old Irish leaders were executed, too. Amongst them, and one of the most remarkable, was Sir Phelim O'Neill.

The following account of his capture and execution is taken from an account given of it by an officer in the army of General Clotworthy:

"Sir Phelim O'Neill was captured in the island in Loch Ruchan, and taken before Colonel Venables, whose salutation to him was that he was glad to see him well there, to which Sir Phelim replied that he hoped to find it so by his welcome. With such civil, courtly expressions between them they spoke, till at last Sir Phelim begged no more of him

but to be civil and kind to his lady and to his children, and next to cause his guard to be civil to himself. To both requests the other replied that he would, and that his guard should be civil to him, on which he called for a glass of wine and drank to Sir Phelimy, and made him drink the glass twice, and sent him to a chamber with a guard; and within two days sent him to Dublin on a paced nag, where he was sentenced to be quartered. After his sentence he was demanded if King Charles the First gave them commission to raise the warr, which, if he would avouch, he should have his life; to which he made manly answer, that the king was so farr from giving them commission to raise the warr that he did not know of their rising. On which he was forthwith executed, half alive, and quartered, one of which (quarters) was sent to be put up in Lisnagarry, as a memorial of his burning that town at the beginning of the warr, in November, 1641; another quarter in Drogheda, for besieging the same with forces the same winter; and the other quarter and his head in Dublin, as being the chief man that contrived and plotted to take it on Friday night, 2^d October, 1641, though he was not there the same night, but at Charlemont.

“He was a well-bred gentleman, three years at court, free and generous as could be desired, and very complaisant, stout in build; but not being bred anything of a soldier, wanted the main art, that is, policy and good conduct in warr.”

Such was the fate of many of the gentlemen and army leaders of the old Irish at the end of this long and bloody contest, in which not fewer than thirty-six thousand of the Irish were killed, as well as an equal number of the English, if not more; and the subsequent events, arising out of this dreadful war, are deplorable in the extreme and harrowing to the feelings, as well as sickening to relate. “A scene,” says Mr. Prendergast, “not witnessed in Europe since the conquest of Spain by the Vandals.”

The captains and men of war of the Irish, amounting to forty thousand and upwards, were banished into Spain, where they took service under its king; others of them, with a crowd of orphan girls, to the

number of eighty thousand, were transported to serve the English planters in the West Indies; and the remnant of the nation, not banished nor transported, were to be transplanted into Connaught; while the conquering army divided the ancient inheritances of the Irish amongst them by lot.

A proclamation was issued, by which any Catholic priest found in Ireland after twenty-one days was guilty of high treason, and liable to be hanged, drawn, and quartered; any person harbouring such clergyman was liable to the penalty of death and loss of goods and chattels; and any person knowing the place of concealment of a priest, and not disclosing it, might be publicly whipped and have his ears cut off. Hence the origin of the word "croppy," and the phrase "croppy, lie down!" Any person absent from the Protestant church on Sunday was liable to a fine of thirty pence. Magistrates might take away the children of Catholics, and send them to England to be educated in the Protestant religion; and might tender the oath of abjuration to any person of the age of twenty-one years, who, on refusal to take it, was liable to imprisonment during the magistrate's pleasure, and the forfeiture of two-thirds of his real and personal estate. The same price of five pounds was set on the head of a priest as on that of a wolf, and the production of either head was sufficient claim for the reward.

The military were scattered in small parties throughout the country, and their vigilance kept alive by sectarian rancour and stimulated by the promise of reward. It must have been difficult, indeed, for a priest to escape; but, nevertheless, many of them braved all dangers for their poor scattered flocks, and residing in mountain caves or hidden away in lonely hovels, in bogs, from whence they issued at night to carry the consolations of Holy Church to the huts of their oppressed and suffering countrymen.

One, at least, of these noble and heroic priests belonged to the Clan O'Toole—Father Laurence O'Toole, of Rathdangan, in county Wicklow, whose name is mentioned amongst those who were indicted and outlawed for high treason in 1642, and of whom we have made mention in our earlier pages.

We have not the space, nor would it be within the province of our simple history, to record the many sufferings which our forefathers had to undergo for their faith and country, and the heroic sacrifices which the Irish priesthood made for their faithful flocks, nor is it necessary to do so, for the painful facts have been truthfully depicted by many an eminent writer.

At the beginning of this dreadful war, twenty-four gentlemen of the Clan O'Toole are among the outlawries of 1641-2, whilst only six of the name are mentioned among the forfeiting landowners of the County Wicklow in Cromwell's list of confiscations, although many others may have survived the war; and in the forfeitures of 1691 only six again appear in County Wicklow, one in Carlow, and one in Kildare, thus showing how successful were the forfeitures and evictions of preceding years effected.

When we consider how the people of Ireland were exterminated and slaughtered, our wonder is excited as to how even a remnant of them were left alive, and how it was possible that a man of the Clan O'Toole escaped. Wolves appear to have taken their places in the homes of their fathers, not only "wolves in sheep's clothing" (of which there was no lack neither), but veritable wolves, so much so that Richard O'Toole sought a licence to have arms for the purpose of shooting them, as the following extract will show:—

"Ordered that Richard O'Toole, with Morris McWilliams, his servant, with their two fowling-pieces, and half a pound of powder and bullet proportionable, be permitted to pass quietly from Dublin into the counties of Kildare, Wicklow, and Dublin, for the killing of wolves, to continue for the space of two months from the date of the order.

"Dublin, 1st November, 1652. Crom. Set.

"THOMAS HERBERT, Clerk of Council."

The above is a very telling and practical proof of how the country was becoming depopulated, between the slaughtered thousands in the wars, the wholesale transportations to Barbadoes, the exodus of the best blood in

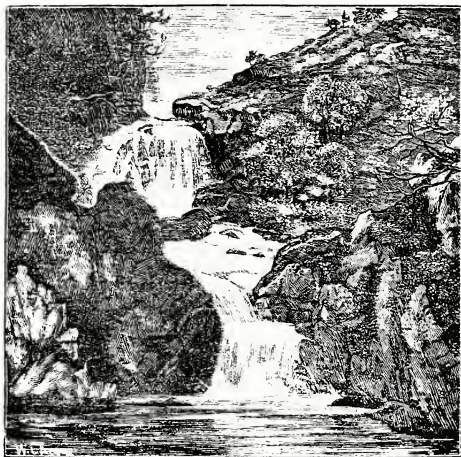
the country, to waste their energies and shed their blood for the benefit of other nations abroad; and now the remnant left of their kinsmen, women and children, were driven into Connaught, as into prison, while the lands of the native Irish were divided among the soldiers of Cromwell by lottery established by the Government in London.

Little wonder, then, with all these causes combined, that Richard O'Toole would find food for powder and shot among the wolves that prowled over the cold hearths and deserted homes of his clansmen and kindred in the glens and valleys of Wicklow.

While things had reached this pass in Ireland, the work of the Lottery Bureau in London went merrily on; the mansions, estates, houses, and farms from which the owners had been driven, were being "drawn" by, or on behalf of, the officers and soldiers of the Cromwellian army. Another class, also, whose claims had to be satisfied, were those petty London shopkeepers and others who had advanced money to the government for the support of the war with the Irish. These were called "adventurers," and they looked to poor Ireland as the "El Dorado" that was to satisfy all their sordid claims, and to transmute them, at a bound, from Cheapside costermongers and "ole clo'" dealers from Houndsditch, into county magnates and landed proprietors—gentry, forsooth!—in Ireland.

Not unfrequently did a vulgar, illiterate trooper, or some petty London huckster "draw" the mansion and estates of an Irish nobleman, who was glad to accept permission to inhabit for a few weeks, with his lady and children, some out-office or stable, to shelter them from the weather, pending their setting out for Connaught.

But soon the lottery ceased, for as numerous as the confiscated estates and properties of the Irish were, they were soon exhausted and disposed of, without satisfying even a tithe of the host of hungry, needy freebooters of the army. Now came over to Ireland, under the name of adventurers and undertakers, another host of robbers, whose "little game" was to go through the country, seeking for what they were pleased to style "defective titles," which, when they discovered, they reported to



The Dargle.

the needy government, who made over to them, for comparatively small sums, a grant of the estates thus discovered.

And a more exhilarating stimulus could not be administered. We must pause in admiration of the rugged simplicity of the "modus operandi." With a high and independent ignoring of any of those legal technicalities that may have temporarily embarrassed less righteous men than those "chosen ones," as they blasphemously styled them, they conveniently resolved the matter into one plain issue, thus: The government want money; we want an estate. Let us say the title to this estate is defective; pay government a trifle for it, and there you are. But, we might say, what about the owner's claim? Simply, that, at the time we write of, and the characters we deal with, an Irish Papist had no claims, no legal status, no rights; the road to Connaught was open for him, and thrice lucky was he were he permitted to pursue his way in peace, without personal injury to himself, or outrage on his wife or daughters.

On they came, those same discoverers, like the harvest gleaners after the binders, and in many cases they succeeded in pouring down on some poor gentleman who had been shielded till then by trusting to the honour and friendship of some kind Protestant neighbour, who nominally held his lands for him until the storm blew over. As in the case of Cahir O'Toole of Ballyhubbock, in Imayle, and Sir Thomas Eustace, or by some other oversight, whose estate was passed over unnoticed, until the lynx eye of the discoverer found him out.

For the lands of Cahir O'Toole, Kilmacannoc, discovered by Sir William Flowers, see discoverer's certificate, Gaul's Collections, Public Record Office, Roll 24, M. 41, Audit, as an example.

Thus was the last remnant of the property of the Powercourt branch of the O'Tooles, as well as those of Kilmakenmocke, fraudulently wrested from them, under the semblance of legal deed. But, although they dispossessed them of their lands, they were not able to deprive them of their faith; nor were they successful in totally extirpating from the soil of their fathers all the representatives of the old clan, as we find them well represented, even in the present day, by several of the name in and about

Kilmakennocke, as in the cases of Mr. Charles O'Toole, Trudder, and Mr. Stephen O'Toole, Glen of the Downs (formerly Glengap).

Hard by is Saint Machonoc's cell, and the burial-ground in which so many generations of the Clan O'Toole await the trumpet blast of the great Accounting Day. Through it flows that beautiful stream arising from that spring where the saint drew his daily beverage. This spring is surrounded by beautiful and majestic yew trees. Magnificent objects they are, and of great antiquity, as their girth shows; and we bless the lucky chance that has preserved them against the woodman's axe.

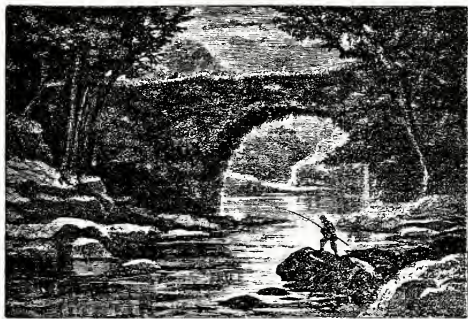
What dendriologist will tell us their age without hewing or hacking them? But curious as we are on this subject, we would not have the feeling gratified by the lopping of a single bough, or permitting a saw to touch one of their ancient and noble trunks.

How could we, when we reflect on how many of the clan have in childhood gambolled about their base; through life been familiar with their grand and majestic appearance; and in death sleep quietly beneath their shade?

Long may you stand, O venerable trees of Cell-Machonoc! And may you continue to flourish till your circumference excels that of the hoariest of Lebanon's ceders! Let the O'Tooles keep a protecting eye over you, and let them, should any danger approach you, cry out in the words of the poet:

“Woodman! Spare those trees! Touch not a single bough!
In youth they sheltered us, and we'll protect them now!”

The visitor to this place cannot fail to admire the graceful form of those yews, whose knotted arms seem stretching out to intercluster with each other. The surroundings of the whole locality, too, must ensure the encomiums of the tourist, when he has before him the whole panorama to be seen up Glengap, so well and so pleasantly remembered by thousands of excursionists as the “Glen of the Downs.” It must have been a place of importance in its day, having still its patent for a fair, which is held annually.



The Dargle Bridge.

With little peace to the kingdom, the Protectorate of Cromwell lasted for ten years, and before its close the love of monarchy was fast reviving in the hearts of men; for small hopes seemed to be vested in the security or possession of property, save under kingly government.

The bickerings of factions, the disputes between *soi-disant* Parliaments and their leaders, cabals in the army, and contentious dissensions among all classes of society, began to disgust the nation; but in Ireland, where the name of Cromwell was so bitterly and so deservedly execrated—notwithstanding their bloody ordeal in the conflict they had passed through, suffering as they were from the unhealed wounds inflicted on them at the hands of that remorseless tyrant—yet they were not cowed; still were they ready and ripe for revolt; and through the length and breadth of the land parties were organized to concert the best measures for the restoration of the exiled son of Charles I., and for the rallying round his flag when he did return.

The death of Cromwell obviated any violent measures in the restoration of Charles II. to the throne. The Irish were now naturally sanguine that their grievances would be redressed, and, with this expectation, they presented a petition, to which they only received compassionate words and promises never to be fulfilled, owing to his moral weakness, dread of the dominant Puritans, and the innate fear of being treated by them in like manner to his father, did he dare to have courage of what must have been his inward convictions, or attempt to frustrate the nefarious persecutions carried on in his name.

During Charles's reign the state of the Irish Catholics was most deplorable, and the Church itself was in the narrowest straits. Such of the old Irish nobles as had escaped death by the Cromwellian butchers—for we will not call it war—or refused to be transported to Connaught. were reduced to the direst hardship, depending for shelter and support on their friends and former dependants.

With Holy Church, too, affairs were no better. The episcopacy reduced to two or three bishops, living in woods or caves, and occasionally visiting their flocks in disguise; the few priests (principally friars) who

remained were hunted down like wolves, hiding in caves, in holes, in bogs, and other secluded places, or going about amongst their people, disguised sometimes as itinerant artisans—often as pedlars, with the sacred vestments at the bottom of their packs; known to none except the members of their faithful and persecuted flocks, to whom they administered the consolations of their holy religion, shedding a peaceful halo over the last few hours of many a poor soul, who knew but little peace in his troubled lifetime; and whenever opportunity offered they broke the Bread of Life amongst their flocks, at the immediate and imminent risk of ruthless butchery if discovered.

Son as he was of a Catholic mother, the profligate Charles II. had no respect (or, if he had, he succeeded in carefully disguising it) for the professors of the Roman Catholic faith, although they constituted the majority of the population; on the contrary, he treated their prelates and subordinate clergy with neglect and contempt.

Five years after the Restoration, Edmond O'Reilly, Archbishop of Armagh, was sent prisoner to London. In 1678, Peter Talbot de Malahide, Archbishop of Dublin, was imprisoned in the Castle, and in the October of that year a proclamation was issued, commanding all archbishops, bishops, and clergy exercising ecclesiastical jurisdiction under the Pope, to depart the kingdom by the 20th day of November. Another proclamation, which was published on the same day, forbade Papists to come into the Castle of Dublin, the markets of Drogheda, Cork, Waterford, Limerick, Wexford, Youghal, and Galway.

But the culmination of this sensual monarch's infamy was the execution of the sainted Oliver Plunkett, Archbishop of Armagh, who was hanged at Tyburn on July 1st, 1681, on the evidence of perjured witnesses, and by a jury who thought it a meritorious act to slay a dignitary of his position.

This last sacrilegious and bloody deed capped the climax of the religious persecutions then rampant. Charles regretted the deed when it was too late, and reerminated his minister for inveigling him into it; and at his death, which occurred soon after the enacting of this bloody and dis-

graceful drama, he repented of his misdeeds, and turned to the sheltering arms of that Church he did so much to injure in his lifetime. He died a Catholic, in which faith he must have believed all his life.

Of an indolent nature, he even preferred the committal of base wrongs in his name, than to shake off the trammels of the licentious voluptuary, but when he found that the sands in his glass were running low, he exhibited, by his fear of death, another illustration of the Shakesperian aphorism: "Conscience doth make cowards of us all." However, he sought for pardon at that Fount of Mercy, the waters of which are not to be measured by the limited standard of our weak minds.

THE BATTLE OF THE BOYNE.

THE PART THE CLAN O'TOOLE AND THE OTHER LEINSTER SEPTS TOOK IN IT.

James II. succeeded his brother Charles, and, upon his accession, all those things were changed. The new king openly declared himself a Catholic, and went in from the start for perfect liberty of conscience throughout the land.

Now the bishops and clergy emerged from their hiding-places, and celebrated the holy mysteries of religion, as before, in the public churches. The people, too, awakened, as if from a long trance of sorrow, heaved with new life, and with faces all beaming and radiant, went about in crowds, chanting songs of joy and gratitude. One after another the barriers of exclusion were laid low, and the bulk of the people admitted to equal rights with the colonist Protestants.

Ireland and England, accordingly, seethed with Protestant Puritan disaffection; but for a time they remained sullen and dogged, hoping that, as James had no male heir, at his death things would return to their former state; but when an heir was born to James, they resolved to rise in their full strength, and treat James as they had treated his father. For this purpose they invited William, Prince of Orange (James's son-in-law), to come over, and William, losing no time in complying with their

request, landed at Torbay on the 5th November, 1688, with a Dutch fleet of twenty-two men-of-war, twenty-five frigates, twenty-five ships, and about four hundred transports, conveying in all about fifteen thousand men.

The royal army of England deserted their king, and went over in a body to the usurper—the king flying to France. At this peculiar crisis Ireland remained true and faithful to James, as being the only monarch who, for many generations, had taken her part, and was disposed to alleviate her sorrows and grant her relief. James appointed Tyreconnell to organize the Irish forces, who found them undisciplined, and without arms or ammunition, except a few of the older ones, such as Cahir, Bryan, and Tyrclagh O'Toole, who had fought in the previous wars of Cromwell. Many of the old soldiers returned from the Continent to strike yet another blow for poor Ireland, and this enabled Tyreconnell to show fight.

Thus it was that James returned, and he and William met face to face on the banks of the Boyne; William with fifty thousand veteran troops, whilst James had but twenty-three thousand—many of them raw recruits—with the few that joined him from England and France. Thenceforth James rested all his hopes on the Irish Catholics, and especially on Tyreconnell.

Among those whom James brought over from France with him were the Duke of Berwick, the Earls of Dover, Abercorn, Melfort, and some French officers. James landed at Kinsale (from France), 1689, and immediately proceeded to Dublin. His entry into the city was very magnificent. From James's Gate to the Castle the streets were lined with soldiers, portion of the eight thousand horse and thirty thousand foot raised by Tyreconnell; the balconies of the houses exhibited their finest tapestry and cloth of Arras; and when the monarch himself appeared, mounted on a fine charger, and accompanied by Lords Granard, Powis, Berwick, Melfort, and other devoted loyalists, the enthusiasm of the people knew no bounds, and they lustily pealed forth a song, composed for the occasion, having for its refrain, "James, our true king!"

“ Play, pyper ! Play ! Come, lasses ! Dance and sing !
And old harpers, strike up ! To harp for the king !
He is come ! He is come ! Let us make Ireland ring
With a loud shout of welcome ! May God save the king !

“ Bring ye flowers ! Bring ye flowers !
To strew in the pathway of James, our true king !
And, better still than flowers, may our good wishes bring
A long life of glory to James, our true king !

“ Huzza, then ! Huzza, then ! The news is on the wing !
Triumphant he comes, amid shouts for the king !
All blessings attend him ! May every good thing
Be showered on the brave head of James, our true king !”

Oh ! you foolish and simple people of Ireland ! How truly do you exemplify the words of Moore :

“ Oh, Erin ! the tear and the smile in thine eye
Blends like the rainbow that hangs in the sky !”

But yesterday, ground down to the dust by the bigotry and racial hatred of your persecutors ! To-day, jubilant and rejoicing in the highest degree at the coming of a supposed deliverer ! And though soon to be awakened from this short dream of bliss, the never-dying spirit of nationality remained strong as ever.

Having established himself in Dublin Castle, James caused an altar to be erected in Christ Church, where he assisted at the holy ceremony of the Mass, celebrated by the Reverend Alexis Strafford, and heard sermons preached by Fathers Hall and the celebrated Michael Moore.

He next issued a decree which consisted of several points highly important to the Irish nation.

Firstly, he commanded all his Irish subjects who had quitted the kingdom to return by a specified time on pain of outlawry.

Secondly, he offered his thanks to all his true subjects for their loyalty.

Thirdly, he invited the people to supply his army, but forbade the troops to take anything without payment.

Fourthly, he raised the value of the currency.

Fifthly, he summoned a Parliament to meet him in the ensuing May.

Accordingly, on the 27th of that month, the last really "National Parliament" assembled in the King's Inns, and was attended by forty-six peers and two hundred and twenty-eight commoners. Among the former were five Protestant bishops, two others acting by proxy, but no Catholic prelates were summoned. Among the commoners, who represented the best blood in Ireland, we find the name of Captain Charles O'Toole, and we need hardly say that he recorded his vote for freedom of conscience, the rights of religion, the Catholic clergy to receive the tithes from members of their own faith, the independence of the Irish Parliament, and the repeal of the Act of Settlement, which would have reinstated the rightful heirs in those lands of which they had been dispossessed by James I. and the plundering followers and adventurers of Cromwell.

The Acts of this Parliament have been grossly vituperated by English writers, who have never ceased to heap obloquy on King James; but, blinded by party bias, they never reflect that it was his bounden duty to make restitution to the lineal representatives of those whom his grandfather (James I.) had arbitrarily ousted, and in whose faces his brother (Charles II.) slammed the doors of the Court of Claims, rather than be pestered by the importunity of those papists who had lost everything but life and honour in the maintenance of the rights of his father, and the aiding of his own restoration.

While that Parliament sat, the sons and grandsons of the O'Neills, O'Donnells, O'Tooles, O'Byrnes, and Maguires, and other high names, came from abroad to serve their king in the field. Little wonder that the O'Tooles threw themselves, heart and soul, into the cause of King James, as it afforded them a favourable opportunity to regain their lost properties; not, indeed, through any overwhelming sense of loyalty to James as king,

whose rights as the sovereign of Ireland they never did acknowledge, but they were actuated by feelings of gratitude for the efforts he made to alleviate the sufferings of the Irish people; by admiration of his courage in proclaiming himself a staunch Catholic from the very beginning; and by the very natural feeling they entertained, that, in fostering the cause of James, they were also furthering their own.

Those who give an unbridled tongue in the abuse of James—and we don't profess to be panegyrist of his—must admit that, had he chosen to be a base temporizer and hypocrite; had he taken a leaf out of his brother Charles's book, made his religious sentiments attune to the cant and bigotry of English Puritans, and shut his eyes to the intolerance and persecution that was being carried out in the royal name, he might have kept his seat on the throne, blocked the vaulting ambition of William, Prince of Orange, and changed the whole tenor of England's subsequent history.

But James, by advocating the rights of freedom, of religion, and the liberty of conscience, the amelioration of the hard lot of his Irish subjects, and the restoring to them their robbed estates—by trying this issue, in which the ascendancy party had so much to lose, he failed; but let us remember that he choose the nobler part.

The hopes the Irish had in the success of King James were, like too many others, doomed to disappointment. On the 12th July, William's army, 36,000 strong (some say 50,000), mostly Germans, Danes, and other foreign mercenaries, with an immense park of well-served artillery, forced the fords of the Boyne, in spite of the half-disciplined and badly-armed Irish levies, with their six miserable field-pieces, that were opposed to them.

But the Irish Catholics in the army of James, though overpowered by the overwhelming superiority of their opponents, in men, munitions, and organization, can show many a proud Irish name, both in James's army list, holding high command, and forming the rank and file of regiments serving under their natural leaders, the chiefs of their clans. Among these we find the members of Clan O'Toole, as ever, well to the

front, and comporting themselves with their accustomed valour and courage. Colonel Francis O'Toole, son of Barnaby, high sheriff and justice of the county of Wicklow, had a regiment of his own, recruits from amongst the Wicklow mountains, and chiefly composed of those of his own clan, amongst whom, Charles O'Toole, Captains John and Garrett Byrne, and Lieutenant John O'Toole; Dermot (or Daniel) McTirlagh O'Toole, of Penvote, son of Tirlagh (Chichester's victim), was lieutenant in Lord Slane's regiment, and his son, Tirlagh (or Terry, as he was then called), also Tirlagh and Bryan O'Toole, sons of the late Luke of Castlekevin; in fact, every member of the clan able to bear arms was bearing them, either in the capacity of epauletted officer, or the no less honourable position of the common soldier.

The O'Tooles, as the anniversary of the Boyne comes round, have far more reason to rejoice than the lustiest Orangeman that ever sported sash, burned a house, or shot down his inoffensive Catholic neighbour; for on that day a deed was performed at the Boyne, the remembrance of which should gladden the heart of every O'Toole, whether he is still resident among the hills and vales of Wicklow, or a sojourner in strange lands; the 12th of July should always bring a thrill to his heart and a prayer to his lip for that brave soldier of his clan who on that morning left William of Orange minus one of his best lieutenants, viz., the Duke of Schomberg.

On the morning of that day the Dutch Guards, the Enniskilleners, and the French Huguenots, led by Guillemotte and the Duke of Schomberg, dashed into the ford hard by the Grove Island, and were met by the Irish, who caused them to waver and fall back. In the conflict, Guillemotte, Walter of Derry, and old Schomberg were slain, the latter receiving his death blow—if we may credit King James's own account of the affair—from Sir Charles O'Toole, an exempt of the Guards, who was, doubtless, Wingfield's ward, the son of Dermot O'Toole of Ballyhubbock, who sat in the Irish Parliament.

In a manuscript account of this battle by Lord Fingal, lately published by Mr. Gilbert, this gallant deed is ascribed to Brian O'Toole, as follows:

“As the king began to retreat towards the bourg of Duleek, the left

wing, with the centre, went off first, which left wing was posted over against the ford of Ouldbridge; not being supported by horse, were almost forced to retreat, but were indangered to be intercepted by such of the enemye as had traversed the river first before they joined their main army, which the Duke of Tyrconnell perceiving, flew from the right with his regiment of horse and two troops of guards, as did Colonel Parker, with his regiment of horse, and Colonel Gutherland, with his. It was Tyrconnell's fortune to charge first the blue regiment of foot guards to the Prince of Orange, and he pierced through. He presently after engaged the Enniskilleners horse—bould troopers. At the same tyme the two troops of guards and the other two regiments bravely opposed their enemyes. This gave opportunity to the king's infantry to get off in safety.

“It was during these encounters that one Master Bryan O'Toole, of the guards, discovering his former ould enemye, Marshal Schomberg, near the village of Ouldbridge, resolved to sacrifice his life to making him away. Upon which, O'Toole, with a few of the guards and a few of Tyrconnell's horse, made up to him, and O'Toole, with his pistol, shott the marshal dead, but soon after, fyghting lyke a lyon, he was slayn. By the tyme Schomberg was killed, the Prince of Orange traversed the river with the rest of the army, who, near the village of Dunmore, had some small engagement, for the Irish horse—especially the right wing—fought, retreating along, in covering the main body, till they came to Duleek, two miles from the Boyne, where, being pressed by pursuit of the enemye, the Irish army halted, and faced about, with preparation for a bloody combat, if sett upon. But the Prince of Orange, observing the king's army to make such a countenance, thought it more prudent to halt, and suffer them to march away. The Irish lost 500, and the English 1,000 men in this combat, which can be only called a skirmish, as the king had resolved the night before not to give battle there, but to return to Dublin, and fortify himself there against the enemye.”

A difference of opinion exists here between the two authorities, King James and Lord Fingal; but as the latter was an eye-witness, his account

is more likely to be the authentic one. In support of this view, the fact that "Bryan O'Toole, fyghting lyke a lyon, was himself slayn," goes to corroborate Lord Fingal's version, as it is natural to suppose that Schomberg's staff and bodyguard made desperate efforts to avenge their commander's death, and we find Sir Charles O'Toole subsequently in King James's service at St. Germain's.

But it is a matter of secondary importance to the O'Tooles of to-day which of the two performed the valiant and daring deed that bestowed a lustre on the name of the performer, the reflection of which must have tended to animate the brave spirit of his namesakes on many a Continental field, and fires the spirit and cheers the soul of the members of the old clan to-day, whenever the memories of the "Battle of the Boyne" are referred to.

Mr. Gilbert continues:—"The Irish got orders from Tyrconnell to march to the city of Limerick. They crossed the River Liffey at Leixlip and (part of them) at Chapel Izod. The next day they marched to Rathcoole, to Nance (Naas), on to Castle Dermot, to Carlow and Kilkenny, till they reached Limerick in their march of the following days.

"The king arrived in Dublin on the evening of the battle (Boyne), and lodged in the Castle that night. The next morning he started for France, passing through Bray (where he left two companies of horse to keep the bridge), through Wicklow and Wexford, to the fort of Duncannon, where he took shipping for France. In a few days he arrived in Brest, and from thence he reached St. Germain's in safety, being the messenger of what happened at the Boyne."

For the after-history of this campaign we refer our readers to the "History of Ireland," by D'Arcy Magee, or to A. M. Sullivan's "Story of Ireland," where it is treated at length. It is sufficient for us to know that, through all the stages of that struggle, from Athlone to Aughrim, and from the Boyne to the Shannon, the O'Tooles played well their part. They were present (any of them that survived) when the last glorious stand was made at Limerick, and surrendered, after signing an honourable capitula-

tion, every article of which was shamefully violated by the Williamite government.

Thenceforth we must seek the chiefs of this ancient sept in the muster-rolls of continental armies, where they invariably distinguished themselves as became men of their high and heroic lineage, in the Irish Brigade, from Dunkirk to Belgrade, in Spain, in Austria, and other parts of Europe.

Sir Charles O'Toole followed the fortunes of the exiled king, and was attached to his bodyguard at St. Germain, near Paris, where James died as became "a true Catholic sovereign," 16th September, 1701, in the sixty-eighth year of his age.

Right well, indeed, have the O'Tooles maintained the motto emblazoned on their armorial bearings: "Virtute et Fidelitate"—"Courageous in battle, and in adversity true to the faith of our fathers."

Regard them as we may, either as soldiers or ecclesiastics, the two most strongly-contrasted professions, none have won higher honour in both than the men of the Clan O'Toole. Those who followed the fortunes of King James into France, and volunteered for military service, well maintained the honour and prestige of the clan, both in the Irish Brigade and the armies of Spain and Austria.

After the Treaty of Limerick the garrison of that city landed in France, and then the second Irish Brigade was formed. It is not our purpose to mention here, much less describe, all the battles in which the brigade distinguished themselves. The peace of Utrecht put an end to the war of Flanders, but still many of the Irish continued to serve in Italy and Germany, and thus fought at Parma, Gausteld, and Philipsburgh, and at the battle of Fontenoy, which was almost lost to the French, when Marshal Saxe, who commanded on the occasion, ordered up his last reserves, the Irish Brigade,—

"And Fontenoy, famed Fontenoy, had been a Waterloo,
Were not these exiles ready then, fresh, vehement, and true!"

On that day the brigade consisted of the regiments of O'Brien (Lord Clare), Lally, Dillon, Berwick, Roth, and Buckley, with FitzJames's

horse, aided by the French regiments of Normandy and Vaisseany. The brigade was ordered to charge with fixed bayonets upon the flank of the English, without firing. They were led by Lord Clare to immediate action, and the stimulating cry of "Cuimhnighdh ar Luimneach agus ar Fheile ne Sacanagh,"—"Remember Limerick!"—and "Saxon Faith," was re-echoed from rank to rank, and from man to man, and that fierce charge was so irresistible that what was considered as almost certain victory for the English forces was suddenly changed into an absolute defeat for them—success crowning the French arms. It is recorded that Louis, King of France, who was present on the occasion, rode down to the Irish bivouac, and personally thanked the brigade for their brilliant services; while, on the other hand, King George of England, on hearing of his defeat, and the immediate cause of it, uttered the memorable imprecation on the Penal Code in Ireland: "Cursed be the laws that deprived me of such subjects!"

But Fontenoy was not won without loss to the Irish Brigade. The English volley, and the sharp, short struggle on the crest of the hill, cost the Irish dearly. One-fourth of their officers, including Colonel Dillon, and one-third of their men, were killed.

The history of the brigade after Fontenoy may be easily summarised. In 1747 they carried the village of Lanfeldt, where another Colonel Dillon, with 130 officers and 1,600 men, were left dead upon the field. In 1751 they were at Maestricht. Lally's regiment served in India, and the other regiments in Germany, during the war, from 1756 to 1762.

During the American Revolution, the Irish fought in the French West Indian Islands; but by that time they were greatly reduced, notwithstanding the almost continuous reinforcements from Ireland who came over, and who were known by the name of "Wild Geese."

Taught a lesson by Fontenoy, the English, formerly so anxious to get rid of the best of Ireland's sons, now discountenanced, and did their best to prohibit, the emigration. They found, to their cost and discomfiture on many a battle-ground, that these same Irish were not finally disposed of when perfidy and fraud had exiled them. In 1726 they caught one

Captain Moses Nolan, who hailed from Carlow, enlisting for the brigade, and had him hanged at St. Stephen's Green, for having shipped 260 men to go off on the very night he was arrested.

The periodical emigration of these recruits was fancifully styled the "Flights of the Wild Geese." Referring to their return to fight for old Ireland, we quote the following (translated) verse of a Gaelic ballad:—

"The Wild Geese shall return, we'll welcome them home,
So active, so armed, and flighty

A flock was never known to this island to come,
Since the days of Prince Fionn the Mighty!"

The following are some of the names of the O'Tooles, O'Byrnes, and Kavanaghs, who fought and signalized themselves in the wars of the Irish Brigade in the service of France:—

O'BYRNE.

Lieut. Byrne, killed at Fontenoy, regiment de Lally.

Lieut. Byrne, ,, ,, regiment de Lally.

Cornet Byrne, ,, ,, FitzJames's horse.

Captain Byrne, wounded at Fontenoy, regiment de Roth.

O'Birn, Gerard, officer en service de France en 1702.

O'Byrne, Capitaine, en 1698, de Dublin.

O'Byrne, Capitaine, en 1716-1727, de Galway.

O'Byrne, Liet. de Roi, a St. Jean pied deport en 1736 (cavalier).

O'Byrne, Gregoire, Chevalier de St. Louis, capitaine en 1770.

O'Byrne, James, Sous-Lieut. en 1777, regiment de Berwick.

O'Byrne, John, Sous-Lieut. en 1780, regiment de Berwick.

O'Byrne, Richard, Sous-Lieut. en 1788-90, regiment de Berwick.

O'Byrne, Daniel, Sous-Lieut. en 1778-80, regiment de Walsh.

O'Byrne, Jacques, Chevalier de St. Louis, Capitaine en 1769, regiment de Berwick.

O'Byrne, Georges, Sous-Lieut. en 1788, Capitaine en 1792-94, regiment de Walsh.

O'Byrne, Chef de Bataillon.

O'CAVANAGH.

Cavanac (O'Cavanagh), Luis Amie, Stanislaus (Bannac), Chef de Bataillon en 1809-1819.

O'Cavanagh, Capitaine en 1698, Dragons du Roi Jacques.

O'Cavenagh, Capitaine en 1706, second batt. regiment de Berwick.

O'Cavenagh, Jean Baptist Justin, Mousquetaire en 1727, Lieut. du Roi au Port Louis en 1760-66.

O'Cavenagh, Marechal de Logis en 1739-41; Marechal des Camps et Armées, 1780; gendarmes Ecossais.

O'Cavenagh, Morgan, }
O'Cavenagh, Thomas, } Sous-Lieuts. en 1785-6, regiment de Walsh.

O'Cavenagh, Major en 1790, des gardes du Roi de Pologne, regiment de Berwick.

O'Cavenagh, Cadet Gentilhomme en 1789-90.

O'TOOLE.

O'Toole, Chirurgier-Major, en 1724, Regiment de Dillon.

O'Toole, Capitaine, en 1728-1784, Regiment de Dillon.

O'Toole, Nicholas, Capitaine, en 1728-1784, Regiment de Dillon.

O'Toole, Louis, Capitaine, en 1771, d'une Compagnie d'Invalides d'etache a Montpellier.

O'Toole, Luc, Sous Aide-Major, en 1768-74.

O'Toole, Patrice, Sous-Lieutenant, en 1768-1774-79, Regiment de Berwick.

O'Toole, William, Chevalier de St. Louis; Lieutenant, en 1774, Regiment de Berwick; Lieutenant-Colonel, 1790-2, Regiment de Dillon.

O'Toole, William, Sous-Lieutenant, en 1779; Lieutenant-Colonel en 1793, Regiment de Berwick.

O'Toole, Bryan, Sous-Lieutenant en 1785, Sous Aide-Major en 1791, Regiment de Berwick.

O'Toole, John, Cadet Gentilhomme, en 1789, Sous-Lieutenant en 1790-1, Regiment de Berwick.

O'Toole, Francis, Membre de la Legion d'Honneur, Capitaine, en 1838-73, de Ligne

O'Toole, Chef de Bataillon.

With many others in the rank and file of the Brigade.

In the Spanish Army we find the following :—

O'Toole, Don Franscesco, Regiment de Waterford, 1724.

O'Toole, Don Danielo, Sub-Lieutenant, same regiment, 1788.

O'Toole, Don Jacobo, Sub-Lieutenant, same regiment, 1788.

They were also to be found in the armies of Austria and the Netherlands, and throughout the whole continent of Europe; but no matter in what land they fought, or under which flag they mustered, they were always waiting, anxiously waiting, and yearning for the day when, upon their native soil, they would be able to strike yet another blow for the land they loved so well. And in the event of their falling on the battlefield, as so many thousands of them did, the only worldly thought that entered their minds, the only regret at the shedding of their heart's blood, was the same as Sarsfield's: "Oh, God! that this was for Ireland!"

Not only were the O'Tooles chivalrous in battle, but they were also gallant, and might have fairly added to their device:

"Honneur et les Dames,"

as the following historic fact will prove:—

In 1718, James Francis Edward Stuart, son of James II., wishing to marry, the choice of his future consort devolved on the brave and accomplished Charles Wogan (subsequently Sir Charles), of Rathcoffey, Co. Kildare, then in the suite of the prince. After visiting all the continental courts, Wogan persuaded himself that there was none so suited to mate with his royal master as the beautiful Princess Clementina Sobieski, daughter of the prince, James Sobieski, whose father defeated the Turks before Vienna in 1633.

Prince James accepted Wogan's choice, and was duly affianced to the princess, the matter, meanwhile, having been taken out of Wogan's hands by a Scotch intrigue in the court of King James. The Elector of

Hanover, George I. of England, becoming aware of the affiance spared no pains to prevent a union which was likely to advance the interests of the exile's competition for the English crown, and prevailed on the Emperor Charles VI. of Germany—who depended on British aid for the preservation of his southern dominions in Italy against the Spaniards—to seize the princess and her mother, and shut them both up in the castle of Innspruck, in the Tyrol.

There was an awkward fix, and how was the prince to get possession of his betrothed? Wogan was the most suitable man to undertake this delicate mission, and the prince left it entirely in his hands, giving him *carte-blanche* as to the arrangements and details. Wogan's first step was to call to his aid in this adventurous enterprise his three most intimate companions in arms, whose courage, bravery, and prowess were thoroughly well established in many a well-sustained struggle both in open field and contested siege. These were Major Gaydon, Captain Luke O'Toole, and Captain John Misset, all of the Irish Brigade.

O'Toole was a worthy representative of the old clan, of splendid physique, standing over six feet high in his vamps, and judging by the skill and address exhibited in the carrying out of the part of the programme assigned to him, proved beyond doubt that, in addition to his being "au fait" in "affaires de guerre," he was no novice neither in "affaires de cœur."

Having provided a carriage and six fleet steeds, the adventurers, accompanied by Madame Misset, set out for Strasbourg, and from that city started for Innspruck, where, by stratagem, one of the party succeeded in obtaining an interview with the princess, who was then sick in bed. On learning the object of their mission, and hearing the arrangements made for her liberation, Clementina, without the slightest hesitation, took in the situation at once and entered joyfully into their plans. She immediately shook off her indisposition, arose from her sick couch, and attired in the clothes of her tire-woman, succeeded in baffling the vigilance of the sentinels, and making good her escape to where the carriage awaited her. Here she was received by Madame Misset and her brave deliverers, but

no time was to be spared in congratulations yet, for their work was not complete.

When the carriage started with its precious freight, the first consideration to occupy the mind of Wogan was to guard them against the inevitable pursuit, and for this onerous post of danger, O'Toole was most happily selected. How he did this, and how he disposed of the pursuing party, is not detailed, but the arrangement, whatever it was, must have been more satisfactory to Luke O'Toole, than to the unfortunate wight who had the temerity to cross his path, for we find that he shortly came up with his companions, and aided them in lifting "such a prey" as his remotest ancestors never dreamed of, in the person of the fair Clementina.

On they bravely sped, day and night, seldom halting, until they reached Montefiascone, in the Papal States, where the marriage of the prince and princess was solemnized with great magnificence, in 1719, and the issue of the marriage of this august couple were Prince Charles, of 1745-6 celebrity, and the Cardinal Duke of York.

The Sovereign Pontiff, Clement XI., the true friend of the expatriated Irish, was so struck by this romantic adventure, and feeling deeply gratified at its success, Clementina being his own God-daughter, that he caused Luke O'Toole to be brought into his presence, and there and then created him a knight of the "Golden Spur," congratulating him in the warmest terms for his courage and bravery; and well he deserved the encomiums passed on him.

Never since the days of St. Lorcan was an O'Toole so honoured in the metropolis of Christendom. The Conservators, or Municipality, of Rome conferred upon him and his comrades the freedom of their city, as we may see by the following diploma, the text of which we give in the original:—

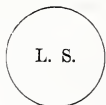
Diploma to the Irish officers who liberated the Princess Clementina Sobieski, conferred on the 19th June, 1719, upon Sir Charles Wogan, Rathcoffey, Co. Kildare; Major Richard Gaydon, Captain Luke O'Toole, and Captain John Misset, of Kildare, of Dillon's Regiment of the Irish Brigade in France.

The grant is stated to have been made in recognition of the services of these officers in liberating from detention, at Innspruck, and conveying safely to Italy, the Princess Clementina, grand-daughter of John Sobieski, King of Poland, and affianced wife of James Francis Stuart, who in the document is styled James III., King of Great Britain.

I.

Quamquam ea semper fuerit Urbis Romæ faelicitas ut Cives undequaque admirabiles omni eao genuerit et ceteros parè virtute praestantis proprio quodam iure suos fecerit sivè quod nulibi faelicus nascantur virtutes quamubi tot exemplis premüsque excitantur sivè quod alibi gentium natae ad hanc veluti propriam sedem sua sponte confluant sivè orbis Terrarum in singulis ferme provinciis auctus Coloniae Romanae virtute deductis vices rependat Almæ pareriti dum viros lectissimos ad hanc diriget et excepiendos, eos tamen peculiari effectu complexa est, quos de Republica optimi méritos praeclari alicujus gesti gloria commendat et supra mortales caeteros evehit cum itaque illustrissimi VIR CAROLUS WOGAN, de Racoffy, Ablegatus Serenissimi Regis Jacobi III., ad Serenissimum principem Poloniae JOCOBUM RICARDIUS GAYDON, de Irishtown, Major Cohortis Hibernicae de Dublin, eques Ordinis Regis Sancti Ludovici in Francia Lucas O'TOOLE, de Victoria Capitaneus ejusdem Cohortis; JOANNES MISSET, Kildaria, Capitaneus eiusdem Cohortis non solum clarissimae Patriae splendore ac familiae laude morum gravitate et innocentia rerum Gerendarum vsuatque peritia fide, constantia optimis Regibus probata potissimum in re militari ita excelluerint ut alicue eorum per vicena ac tricena st.pendia promoti sint ea amplissima in legionibus munera merita vero superiora cumula-verint recenti testimonio virtutis, ac fidei erga Serenissimam Angliae Regi-nam Clementinam Serenissimi poloniae principis Joacobi filiam neptem vero Serenissimi Regis poloniae Joannis Tertii immortalis memoriae principis Cujus beneficio Cbristiana Reipublicae Salus et Imperij Romano Ger-manici dignitas libertas afferta fuit pluribus, Victoiiis contra Carbaros re-portatis dum eandem principem Augustis affinitatibus innetam singulis propemodam Europe Regibus feliciter perduxerunt tum ad Regias Nuptias

Serenissimi Jacobi III., Britannici Regis Fidei Defensoris tum ad Urbem Romam suo aduentu ordnandam avitaeque pietatis ac religionis exemplis augendam quae nuper suspexerat in Serenissima Poloniae Regina Maria Casimira eius. Avia eaque preclare gesta non sine maximis difficultatibus providentia subscriptorum communiri atque ab ejusdem S.P.Q.R. Scriba Subscribi mandavimus Ex Capitalio Anno ab Vrbe condita. C.X.C. C.X.C. CCCCLXXI. ab orbe autem redempto MDCCXIX. Sanctissimi autem in Christo patris ac Domini nostri Clementis Papae XI. Anno XIX., Idibus Junif.



IPPOLITUS ALBANUS, Conservator.
 SFORZIA TAURISIUS, Conservator.
 RAINERUIS BUSSIUS, Conservator.

Sanctes Kandaninus,
 Sac S.P.Q.R., Scriba,
 Reg. 163.

Besides having conferred on him the "Freedom of the City," O'Toole was honoured with a fete on the Capitoline Hill, where a vast assemblage gathered to hear a laudatory oration pronounced on Princess Clementina, himself, and his chivalrous companions. It would be hard to say what post of dignity he might not have attained to, or what patrician's daughter he might have wooed and won, had he remained in Rome, but quiet life was stagnation to a mind like his, and as there was plenty of employment for him in the fighting line, he left the City of the Cæsars, rejoined his regiment, and in action against the Germans, he, like a true son of the old warrior clan, "foremost, fighting, fell."

Peace to his brave soul! And we have no doubt that he was remembered in the orisons of the fair Princess, and the defeated of Culloden, and that the Prince Cardinal of York prayed for his eternal welfare, in that beautiful villa of Frascati, where there is a tomb to the memory of his Eminence and the young Pretender.

Of the other O'Tooles who won laurels abroad, we may mention Nicholas, born 1667, who received ten wounds at the battle of Dettingen,

in 1743, and William, born in 1745, who was Lieutenant-Colonel in 1791, and Knight of the illustrious Order of St. Louis.

Laurence O'Toole, Fairfield, Co. Wexford, born 1722; died 1794; served in the Irish Brigade. He had five sons. Colonel Count John O'Toole was considered the handsomest man in France before the Revolution. He married Lady Annesley, and died about 1823. His two brothers, Mathew and Bryan, left the French for the English service, and distinguished themselves in the Peninsular War.

In 1792-3, William O'Toole was Lieutenant-Colonel of the 92nd Regiment de Ligne, then quartered in St. Domingo. In 1838, François O'Toole was a Captain of the 73rd Regiment of the Line in France. And even in this day the name is well represented by an O'Toole, who holds a distinguished place under the French Government in the Ile de Bourbon.

We may mention here that Count John O'Toole had a son named Lorenzo, who married a Miss Hall, of Hollybush, Derbyshire, an heiress, whose son, Lorenzo, succeeded to his mother's fortune of twenty thousand pounds a-year, and adopted the name of Hall. The clan can, however, well afford this abandonment of an ancient and consecrated name, for, thank heaven, it still abounds, and we venture to say that handsome as Lorenzo O'Toole must have been, we can still produce as handsome lads and lasses of the name in Cill-Mochonoe, Ballyreagh, Fertire, and throughout Imayle and Feracualan at this present writing.

THE MEMBERS OF CLAN O'TOOLE AND THE OTHER LEINSTER SEPTS WHO
REMAINED AT HOME AFTER THE BATTLE OF LIMERICK.

We now turn to another page in the history of the clan; and their prowess, and the prestige of their name in the Irish Brigade, and the other foreign services in whose cause they wielded their swords, need well to be as brilliant as it was in order to bestow some of its reflected lustre on the night of gloom that spread over the lands and fortunes of the O'Tooles after the treaty of Limerick, broken by the English, before the ink with which it was written was dry.

But though the O'Tooles, O'Byrnes, and Cavanaghs, who remained

in the land, and who had to withstand the increased and the ever-increasing rigors of the persecutions to which they were subjected, cannot point to any of those brilliant feats of arms, or those deeds of chivalry in which their brothers and clansmen on the Continent excelled, they are not without a bright record, too. To them the honour, to them the glory of upholding in holy Ireland, not the banner of any earthly monarch, but the glorious standard of Christianity, the pure and unsullied ensign of the Catholic Faith, handed down to them unstained from their suffering fathers, and by them transmitted to their posterity as bright.

Yes, indeed, and this is a soothing and joyous reminiscence to the scattered children of the old clans, that through all the persecutions, all the vicissitudes of their chequered careers, we have no swerving among them from the Catholic faith. Other noble names have had their Queen's O'Briens, Queen's O'Neills, Queen's Maguires; but who has ever heard of the Queen's O'Tooles? And are not we prouder to-day to see the ancient castles and manorial homes of our fathers crumbling in the dust, sad and silent remembrances of a former greatness, than to see them (as other clans are) occupied by renegades who, in maintaining the old name of their fathers, only submit it to a constantly recurring obloquy that they heap on it every day of their lives by falsehood?

No; we have no "reformed" O'Tooles, thank heaven, in the territories of their fathers. What are there are the never-flinching upholders of the faith, whose fathers ever kept the lamp brightly burning, though sometimes, through dire necessity, hidden, and whose first use of the shortest breathing spell afforded them was, out of their impoverished means, to raise up in the richness of their holy charity, by their pounds and their pence, churches, convents, and religious establishments in honour of their God.

In the amnesty which William proclaimed he excepted the land-owners, so that his followers, too, might have a share in the confiscations; but as far as the O'Tooles were concerned, they had been so well and so thoroughly confiscated in the reign of James I. and the Protectorate of Cromwell, that they were now in the enjoyment of a sort of negative inde-

pendence, inasmuch as they had nothing left to be confiscated, there being left for the outlawries of William and Mary, only seven of them landed proprietors in Wicklow, one in Carlow, and one in Wexford.

This was the unhappy condition of the O'Tooles' temporal fortunes when young Tyrlagh arrived home after the siege of Limerick, with all but honour lost. He found himself no longer even in possession of Penvote, the last remnant of the estates of his fathers, but had to seek shelter and seek hospitality from his kinsman and friend, O'Byrne of Drimguin, in County Carlow, on the borders of Wicklow, whose daughter he married, receiving part of Drimguin as a wedding fortune; and here he lived a retired life until the end thereof.

We can well understand Tyrlagh O'Toole, upon his return from Limerick, on seeing the shattered condition of his clan, and failing to discover through the thick veil of sorrow and misfortune that enveloped them one single ray that would ignite the spark of hope in his breast. We may well imagine his addressing the small remnant of his clan that survived, while pointing to their tattered but undisgraced banner, in terms such as in future days were so beautifully, so eloquently, and so pathetically poured forth in song in that gem of a poem by Dr. Ryan, entitled—

“THE CONQUERED BANNER.

“ FURL that banner, for 'tis weary,
Round its staff, 'tis drooping dreary,
Furl it, fold it, it is best;
For there's not a man to wave it,
And there's not a sword to save it,
And there's not one left to lave it,
In the blood which heroes gave it,
And its foes now scorn and leave it;
Furl it—hide it—let it rest.

“Take that banner down—’tis tatter’d,
Broken is its staff, and shatter’d,
And the valiant hosts are scatter’d,
Over whom it floated high.
Oh! ’tis hard for us to fold it,
Hard to think there’s none to hold it,
Hard that those who once unroll’d it
Now must furl it with a sigh.

“Furl that banner!—furl it sadly,
Once ten thousand hailed it gladly,
And ten thousand—wildly—gladly
Swore it should for ever wave.
Swore that foeman’s sword should never,
Hearts like theirs entwined, dissever,
Till that flag should float for ever,
O’er their freedom, o’er their grave.

“Furl it; for the hands that grasp’d it,
And the hearts that fondly clasp’d it,
Cold and dead are lying now.
And that banner it is trailing
While around it sounds the wailing
Of its people in their woe.

“For though conquered they adore it,
Love the cold, dead hands that bore it,
Weep for those who fell before it,
Pardon those who trail’d and tore it;
But, oh! wildly they deplore it,
Now who—furl and fold it.

"Furl that banner! true 'tis gory,
 Yet 'tis wreathed around with glory,
 And 'twill live in song and story,
 Though its folds are in the dust.
 For its fame on brightest pages
 Penned by poets and by sages,
 Shall go sounding down the ages,
 Furl its folds though now we must.

"Furl that banner softly, slowly,
 Treat it gently—It is holy,
 For it droops above the dead.
 Touch it not, unfold it—never!
 Let it droop there—furled for ever—
 For its people's hopes are dead."

Possessed of the sentiments that are here so beautifully expressed by the reverend poet, we can picture to ourselves how Tyrclagh O'Toole held forth to the few remaining members of his clan, and with what reverence the tattered flag that he brought home from Limerick was treated, and how it occupied the most honoured place in the household until he was called to his fathers.

This event took place about the year 1725. Tyrclagh had the comfort of dying a peaceful death, consoled by shrift and unction, a boon very few of his progenitors had the happiness of enjoying. He was buried in the old graveyard of the Abbey of Kilranelagh, leaving behind him memories that never can be forgotten by his clan and country.

"Who rose in the dark and evil days
 To right their native land,
 And kindled here a living blaze
 That nothing can withstand.
 Alas! that might can vanquish right—
 They fell—and passed away,
 But true men—like those men,
 Are plenty still to-day."

The fortunes of Clan O'Toole were, indeed, at a low ebb at the death of Tyrleigh. Now and then, to be sure, their hearts were fired at hearing of the brilliant deeds of "daring do" that were performed by the exiled heroes of their clan in the Continental armies. And with the ardent, sanguine temperament of their Celtic nature they consoled themselves with hoping for the return of the "Wild Geese" and the restoration of the son of King James to the throne, neither of which events came to be consummated.

Tyrleigh's children were young at the time of his death, and they, soon after it, scattered. Donagh, the youngest, went out as one of the "Wild Geese" to join the Irish Brigade in France, where we find him mentioned as "Capitaine O'Toole," 1728-34, en Regiment de Dillon. Tyrleigh, or Terence, married down in the County Kildare, near Narraghmore, where descendants of his still live.

Another son of Tyrleigh's, Felim—or, as Anglicized, and as it is on his tombstone, Felix—married down near Baltinglass, and lived there at a place called New Inn, where his descendants are to be found at the present day, a people remarkable for gentle and unassuming manners, combined with a gentle and honourable bearing. Some few years ago, in the pursuit of some inquiries relative to the old burial-ground of Kilaranelagh, we called there, and as it so happened that the male members of the family were all absent, we were received by the ladies of the house, their courtesy and modest demeanour, from the great grandame of eighty to the younger members in their teens—fit mates for the highest in the land—proclaiming them descendants of no common stock; and these remarks are equally applicable to another son of Tyrleigh, named Brian, or Barnaby, who settled down near Hacketstown.

134. Patrick, the eldest son of Tyrleigh, called after Ireland's National patron, on whose feast-day he was born, succeeded to the property of his father at Dringuin, but he was not long left in the undisturbed enjoyment thereof, having either to succumb to the storm of religious persecution then again rampant, or by fighting against it accept his inevitable fate.

The agent under whom he held paid him a visit, and promised him a lease for ever of Drimguin at merely a nominal rent, saddling with the offer the condition (a trivial one to the agent, we dare say), that he should conform to the Protestant religion. This Patrick O'Toole very firmly declined, whereupon the agent encouragingly, and, probably, from his standpoint, with the best possible wishes for O'Toole's temporal benefit, told him that the conforming was to be mere matter of form. He could not ask him to swallow the Thirty-nine Articles, only just to permit his name to be handed in as having conformed, and attend twice a year, at Christmas and Easter, at the Protestant church, for which small concession he and his might possess Drimguin for ever.

O'Toole must have had to put a strong constraint upon himself while this worldly agent was pointing out to him all the advantages to himself and family that would arise by his becoming a Protestant; but the going to the Protestant church clinched the matter. This caused his pent-up wrath to flow over, and giving his dog, which lay at his feet, a kick that sent it several yards off, he exclaimed: "I would not allow that dog to enter your church."

He was then and there told that the sooner he left Drimguin the better; and hence it was that Patrick O'Toole, shaking the dust from off his feet, with his family and household effects, his horses, sheep, and oxen, took his departure and settled down in Ballytoole, a ravine between Kilranalagh hill and Keageen mountain, just under the shadow of Castle Toole, then in ruins, now almost obliterated and level with the ground.

Contrast his action with that of Owdy Byrne, of Glendalough, who, being similarly tempted, and about the same time, had the misfortune of temporizing; and dangerous, nay, fatal, was his dallying, for death came upon him before he had time to retrace his steps and repent, and worse still, those in whose worldly interests he conformed, followed in his perverted footsteps; and their descendants are none the better for it to-day, having lately sold out that portion of Glendalough to the Wicklow Mining Company. And it not being pleasing to Providence to restore them to the

faith, even to the present generation, they are now doubly bereft, "landless as well as faithless."

Religious persecution raged to a fearful degree in those days, after the Puritan followers of William refused to keep the treaty solemnly entered into at Limerick, and made a new departure in International law, that one of the contracting parties may with impunity forswear their obligations, as it was not necessary for a specially favoured race to keep any faith with Catholics. Convenient code of morals this, and well acted up to by the ascendancy party, who by a bloody and disgraceful Penal code, sought now, that they had succeeded in rendering the Irish landless, to go yet further, and endeavour to brutify the mind, and destroy the intellect, to deform the moral, the intellectual, and even the physical features of the people.

The late gifted orator and writer, A. M. Sullivan, writes of this period of Irish history as follows:—

"It was now there fell on Ireland that night of deepest horror, that agony, the most awful, the most prolonged, of any recorded on the blotted page of human suffering.

"It would be little creditable to an Irish Catholic to own himself capable of narrating this chapter of Irish history with calmness, and without an all-conquering emotion. For my part, I content myself with citing the description of it supplied by a Protestant and English writer.

"'The eighteenth century,' says one of those writing on the Penal Laws in Ireland, 'was the era of persecution in which the law did the work of the sword more effectually and more safely.'

"'Then was established a code framed with almost diabolical ingenuity to extinguish natural affection, to foster perfidy and hypocrisy, to petrify conscience, to perpetuate brutal ignorance, to facilitate the work of tyranny, by rendering the vices of slavery inherent and natural in the Irish, and to make Protestantism almost irredeemably odious, as the monstrous incarnation of all moral perversions.'

"'Too well,' he continues, 'did it accomplish its deadly work of debasement on the intellects, morals, and physical condition of a people

suffering in degeneracy from age to age, till all manly spirit, all virtuous sense of personal independence and responsibility was nearly extinct, and the very features—vacant, timid, cunning, and unreflective—betrayed the crouching slave within.'

"In the presence of the terrible facts he is called upon to chronicle the generous nature of the Protestant historian whom I (A. M. S.) am quoting, warms into indignation. Unable to endure the reflection that they who thus laboured to deform and brutify the Irish people, are for ever reproaching them before the world for bearing traces of their infamous efforts, he bursts forth into the following noble vindication of the calumniated victims of oppression:—

"'Having no rights or franchises; no legal protection of life or property, disqualified to handle a gun, even as a common soldier, or a game-keeper; forbidden to acquire the elements of knowledge, either at home or abroad; forbidden to render to God what his conscience dictated as His due—what could the Irish be but abject serfs? What nation in their circumstances could have been otherwise? Is it not amazing that the social virtue could have survived such an ordeal? That any seeds of good, any root of national greatness, could have out-lived such a long tempestuous winter?'

"'These laws,' he adds, 'were aimed not only at the religion of the Catholic, but still more at his liberty and his property. He could enjoy no freehold property, nor was he allowed to have a lease for a longer term than thirty-one (31) years; but even as this term was long enough to encourage an industrious man to reclaim waste lands and improve his worldly circumstances, it was enacted that if a papist should have a farm producing a profit greater than one-third of the rent, his right to such should immediately cease, and pass over to the first Protestant who should discover the rate of profit.'"

This was the age that gave the Irish topography the "Carrig-an-Affricu," found so thickly marked on every barony map in Ireland. The Mass Rock! What memories cling round each hallowed moss-clad stone, or rocky ledge on the mountain side, or in the deep recess of the desolate

glen, where, for years and years, the Holy Sacrifice was offered in stealth and secrecy!—the death penalty hanging over priest and worshipper. Not unfrequently Mass was interrupted by the approach of the ban-dogs of the law, for, quickened by the reward to be earned, there sprung up in those days the infamous trade of priest-hunting; “Five pounds” being the government price for the head of a “Priest,” as for the head of a “wolf.”

The utmost care was necessary in divulging the intelligence of the place and the morning on which Mass would next be celebrated, and when the congregation had furtively stolen to the spot, sentries were posted around before the Mass began. Yet, in instances not a few, the worshippers were taken by surprise, and the blood of the murdered priest wetted the altar-stone.

Well might our national poet, Davis, Protestant as he was, exclaim in contemplating this deep night-time of suffering and sorrow :

“Oh! weep those days—those penal days,
When Ireland hopelessly complained;
Oh! weep those days—the penal days,
When Godless persecution reigned!
They bribed the flock, they bribed the son,
To sell the priest and rob the sire;
Their dogs were taught alike to run
Upon the scent of wolf and friar;
Among the poor
Or on the moor,
Were hid the pious and the true,
While traitor knave,
And recreant slave
Had riches, rank, and retinue;
And exiled in those penal days,
Our banners over Europe blaze.”

A hundred years of such a code in active operation, ought, according to all human calculation, have succeeded in accomplishing its malific purpose. But again all human calculations and natural consequences, and probabilities were set aside, and God, as if by a miracle, preserved the faith, the virtue, the vitality, and the power of the Irish race. None were more prominent, or contributed more to this, than the members of the Clan O'Toole, as not only did they in each succeeding generation contribute some of its members to the altar, to walk in the footsteps of St. Lorcán, but they proved themselves the generous benefactors of their persecuted Church, and the protectors of the outlawed and hunted-down clergy, keeping an open door for them and affording them shelter and sustenance at the expense of pains and penalties, and at the risk of losing their own lives.

How often did young Tirlagh, Shane, and Donogh, sons of Patrick O'Toole, keep watch and ward, as their fathers did before them, on the brows of Keageen and Kilranalagh hills, while the Holy Sacrifice was being offered up on the "Carrig-an-Affrion," on Kilranalagh, in the old grave-yard, or in the deep recesses of the "prisons" of Lugnacuillagh, in order to alarm the worshippers and the priest in case that the soldiers, the yeomen, or priest-hunters were espied!

The simple wood-cut will give the reader a more vivid idea than pen can do of what the difficulties were in the way of our immediate forefathers attending to the divine mysteries of their religion; but it was decreed that they should win a victory more glorious than the transient successes of the battlefield, more happily momentous in the glorious results to be obtained by future generations, who would enjoy to the full that liberty of conscience and freedom of religion that Providence, in the wisdom of His dispensations, thought fit to deprive them of.

About the middle of the eighteenth century the storm of persecution appears to have lulled, and both parties stood exhausted after their long and sanguinary struggle of two centuries—of persecution on one side, and resistance on the other. This cessation was not owing to any improved feelings on the part of the Protestant ascendancy. Their virulent rancour

was not abated one jot; but they were actually weary of the murders and persecutions of their fellow-countrymen who happened to be Catholics, and now that there were no more broad acres to be put in the lottery-bag, they began to feel that the toil and worry of their burnings and butcherings were hardly worth the trouble. The Catholics lay prostrate and exhausted, but firmly and sternly as unyielding as ever, in their blood-clotted chains.

Thus, in 1766, we find the Irish House of Lords anxious to see how matters stood as to the relative number of Protestants and Papists in each parish in Ireland, and for this purpose they issued an order that each parish minister would send in a return of the number of each in his parish, from which returns we are able to give the names of the Clan O'Toole at that period through Wicklow. In the return, as given, they are minus their patronymic, "O," of which they were clipped by the beneficent (?) legislative enactments of James and Cromwell, an example which we do not intend to follow in our edition.

"The following are the names of the heads of the families of the O'Tooles in the Glen Imayle:—

PARISH OF DONAGHMORE.

Christopher Metcalf, Hugh O'Toole, Christopher O'Toole, Alexander O'Toole, Patrick O'Toole of Ballytoole, Owen O'Toole, Lawrence O'Toole, George O'Toole, Patrick O'Toole, Henry O'Toole, Charles O'Toole, Michael O'Toole, William O'Toole, Elizabeth O'Toole, and John O'Toole.

Protestant families, 54; Papist families, 274. The reputed Popish priests are Denis Doyle, James Nugent.

This return is given by order of the House of Lords (Irish).

(Signed), THOMAS FETHERSTON, Vicar.
April 1st, 1766."

PARISH OF WICKLOW.

"John O'Toole, Widow O'Toole, Garret O'Toole, Patrick O'Toole, Hugh O'Toole, John O'Toole, Mrs. O'Toole, Laurence O'Toole, Widow O'Toole, James O'Toole, Widow O'Toole. Ballyknoocken, Rathdrum—

John O'Toole, Ballycreen, Rathdrum; Charles O'Toole, Timothy O'Toole, Macreddin, Aughrim; Andrew O'Toole, Manynacoole; John O'Toole, Patrick O'Toole. Narraghmore, Kildare—James O'Toole (sons of Tirlagh O'Toole), Maurice O'Toole, Patrick O'Toole.

PARISH OF DERALOSSERY.

Luke O'Toole, Castle Kevin, Michael O'Toole, Luke O'Toole, Matthew O'Toole, Phelim O'Toole, Edward O'Toole, Patrick O'Toole, Michael O'Toole.

Protestant families, 93; Papist families, 351; 444.

(Signed), JAMES FITZWILLIAM, Vicar."

PARISH OF CASTLE MACADAM.

Garret O'Toole, Thady O'Toole, Luke O'Toole.

PARISH OF BALLYMORE EUSTACE.

James O'Toole, wife and seven children. (Those of the parishes of Rathvilly, Baltinglass, Hacketstown, Auchrim, and Arclow not being given.)

These, with two families of the name in Glencree, and four or five in Glengap, make the sum total of the Wicklow O'Tooles who escaped the dreadful storm of persecution just passed, over sixty families—representing about 300 persons; and not a bad number at all, when we take into consideration the 600 years of almost continual warfare with the English, the last 200 of which was of the direst religious persecution.

Nor did Protestantism, with all its aids, all its lures, make much progress in these 200 years amongst the Clan O'Toole, since the parish of Donaghmore, in which the Glen of Imayle is situated, could only boast of 54, and the parish of Deralossery of its 93, and these were principally the Cromwellian and Williamite landholders, their followers and servants.

Leaving the Clan O'Toole to dress their ranks and to continue by passive resistance the struggle for their religion and independence, we return to Patrick O'Toole of Ballytoole, the lineal descendant of Turlough O'Toole of Powerscourt, and the head of the Clan O'Toole—(in chains).

He was married to Mary O'Donohoe, the eldest of O'Donohoe's* seven beautiful daughters, of Ballyreiske in Glen Imayle, another of whom was married to Tyrrell of Ballymoney, and another to Reddy of Ballinacro.

It is true, that about the last two decades of the eighteenth century, the tide of bitter persecution was ebbing slowly, but it was far from having entirely subsided, as we find by some of the events of that day.

We find by the Chancery records, that a Miss O'Toole, daughter of a wealthy merchant of that name, in the city of Dublin, finding herself a ward in chancery by the death of her father, in the year 1759, was requested by the court to conform to Protestantism, and marry one of that faith. Requests coming from such a source may more properly be termed commands, as any hesitation on the part of a Chancery ward to comply with the intimated wishes of the court will not be likely to tend to that ward's comfort in the future.

Nothing deterred by this, Miss O'Toole indignantly refused both propositions, and, by the advice of a young man, Edward O'Byrne, an apprentice to her father, she fled from her home and took refuge in Mr. Laurence Saul's house, in Fishamble-street. Mr. Saul was a wealthy and most respected distiller, a Roman Catholic, and at the time one of the leaders of the Catholic party in Dublin.

The Lord Chancellor took action against O'Byrne and Mr. Saul, for tampering with and harbouring his ward, against the will of the court. It was upon this trial that the Chancellor made that famous declaration:

"That the law did not presume that an Irish Papist existed in the kingdom."

This dictum solemnly pronounced from the justice(?) seat of the highest legal tribunal in the land, was confirmatory proof to Mr. Saul (did he need any) that it was hopeless to look for religious toleration in his unhappy country. He soon after left Ireland for France, where he died, in October, 1768.

Shortly before he left Ireland, on being invited by Charles O'Connor

* NOTE.—For O'Donohoe's Pedigree and that of the O'Byrnes see Appendix.

to summon a meeting of the Catholic party for the purpose of tendering their services and allegiance to the king, he wrote a letter in reply which, taken as an index of the then state of affairs in Ireland, puts it in a clearer light than if whole chapters of discursive matter were devoted to it by writers at this distance. The letter is worth preserving, and runs thus :

“MY VERY DEAR FRIEND—Since there is not the least prospect of such a relaxation of the Penal Laws as would induce one Roman Catholic to tarry in this house of bondage, who can purchase a settlement in some other land, where freedom and security can be obtained, will you condemn me for saying that if I cannot be one of the first, I will not be one of the last to take flight from a country where I have not the least expectation of encouragement, to enable me to carry on my manufactures to any considerable extent? ‘*Heu fuge crudeles terras, fuge littis avarum.*’

“But how will I be able to bear at this time of life, when nature is far advanced in its decline, and my constitution, by constant exercise of mind, much impaired, the fatal necessity of quitting for ever, friends, relatives, and ancient patrimony, my ‘*Natale Solum,*’ to retire, perhaps, to some dreary inauspicious clime, there to play the schoolboy again, and learn the language, laws, and institutions of the country, to make new friends and acquaintances; in fact, to commence the world anew. How this separation would affect me I cannot say, but with an agitated and throbbing heart. But when religion dictates, and prudence points out the only way to protect posterity from temptation and perdition, I feel this consideration predominating over all others.

“I am resolved, as soon as possible, to sell out, and to expatriate; and I must content myself with the melancholy satisfaction of treasuring up in my memory the kindness and affection of my friends.”

Edward O’Byrne escaped punishment for the advice he gave Miss O’Toole, and started in business as a manufacturer of tobacco and snuff, on his own account, in Mullinahack, New Row. So extensive did his business become before the end of the century, that he was accustomed to pay annually to the government £100,000 duty. He became a leading member of the Catholic Association, and was one of those who drew up a

petition to the king, by which was obtained a relaxation of the Penal Laws, in 1793.

He died in 1807, and though we have not been able to find out for certain what became of Miss O'Toole, we presume (not having heard anything to the contrary) that when she attained her majority, she united her fortunes with those of Edward O'Byrne.

We now return to Patrick O'Toole, of Bally Toole, who was now grown old and feeble, and his short lease of his holding being expired, and his bigoted landlord refusing to renew it, he had now, in the evening of his life, "to seek fresh fields and pastures new;" and collecting together his sheep and cattle from mountain and glen, and driving them across to Drumreigh, at the other side of Glen Imayle, till such time as he could get a more permanent holding, which he did in the following year, 1775, alongside his brother-in-law, Tyrrell of Ballymoney, over Donard, by advancing a few hundred pounds to the Cromwellian landlord, who, like most of his sort, at the time was much in need of money.

He got possession of the whole of Church Mountain, known in the Old Irish Annals by the name of Slieve Gadoc, having derived its new name of Church Mountain from the old church on its summit, said to have been built by St. Kevin in the one night, ere he fled from Cathleen to Glendalough, and which is to this day a place of very considerable pilgrimage for pious and devout Catholics anxious to have cures made through the intercession of the saint.

Years having rolled over, and now that most of the family were all settled down in homes of their own, the old chief Patrick and his venerable wife spent the few remaining years of their patriarchal old age together in Ballymoney, until they were called to their rest. First the good, kind "van-a-thee" died, and the old chief himself weathered the storm a little longer, and then found peace about the year 1780, being, according to one tradition, 112 years, at the time of his death, and after receiving shrift and Holy Unction, he passed gently away, and was laid with his fathers in the family vault in Old Kilranalagh, thus closing a long and honourable life, through which he bore himself nobly and well, in defence of Faith and

Fatherland, suffering a descent from comparative affluence, yet having the consolation of spurning the wiles of the tempter, and thus preserving to himself, his children, and posterity, the true faith unsullied.

135. Turlough, or Terence (or, as he was generally called, Terry), succeeded him (Denis, his brother, holding for some time one-half of Ballymoney under him). He married Mary, daughter of Mr. Headen of Knockendaragh, by whom he had a large family, which he successfully endeavoured to educate well—not an easy matter in those days of persecution, when the Catholic schoolmaster was banned, a price being, till a short time since, set upon his head; when Catholic schools were prohibited by law; when education had to be acquired by stealth, in some lonely spot or under the shades of a hedge. Hence the origin of the term “Hedge Schoolmaster,” and the old rhyme—

“Billy Byrne was a man of very great big knowledge—Sir,
“Inside a quick-set hedge, in a bog, he kept his college—Sir.”

But these old hedge-schools were better than nothing, and even viewed in an educational point of view, they are not to be made little of—because in many of them, a classical education was imparted, that would stand favourable comparison with that acquired under the most favourable surroundings, and the teachings of your college dons; but apart from all this, the teachers of these schools (very often priests) ran the risk of their lives in teaching the children their religious duties, and thus assisted in preserving the faith amongst them, as also the knowledge of the Celtic tongue, which was quite in common use up to the middle of the last century, but now, alas! scarcely known or ever heard, among the mountains and glens of Wicklow, as well as in many other parts of Ireland.

We here give a “Lament,” as the composition of one of these Irish hedge-school masters, whom the writer had the honour and happiness of preparing for, and smoothing the path to, a better world, some few years since, in one of our city of Dublin workhouses:

THE CELTIC TONGUE.

“Our language dear! That brave old tongue,
Whose accents oft triumphant rung
Above the fierce marauding Dane,
And scared him from the smiling plain;
Whose tones had sailed for centuries
So softly on each peaceful breeze;
Whose balmy sound the deepest smart
Could heal within the Irish heart;
Whose notes in prayer were never heard
But faith, and hope, and love were stirred
Within the breast of young and old,
Of holy priest and patriot bold.
Oft, 'mid the battle's thunder, rang
Its accents with a martial clang;
And, oh! when winter's howling gale
Swept, shrieking, thro' the leafless vale,
And dark o'er hut and castle hall
The shades of night were seen to fall,
Then, by the brightly-beaming hearth,
How flowed its tones in social mirth;
Or in some strong embattled keep,
Told tales of warlike interest deep.
But now, alas! 'tis almost dead,
Its lingering days are almost fled;
Scarcely ever now its tones we hear,
So softly strong, melodious, clear,
Save when his prayer of deepest want
Pours forth some aged mendicant,
Whose snowy locks and furrowed brow
Have been by it sustained till now.

Alas! alas! And must it go
 Into the silent tomb below!
 And must we lose the shield that saved
 Our faith from foreign tyrants glaived?
 And must we still those accents miss
 That were so often wont to bless?
 To live without it lonely now—
 How can we, brothers, sisters, how?"

“*Britan Maol.*”

But Tyrlagh O'Toole had less reason to complain of want of educational opportunities than a great many more of his Catholic fellow-countrymen; for about this time, *i.e.*, late in the last century, one Mr. Burr, a Protestant graduate of Trinity College, not meeting with better success in other fields, opened a school in Imayle, and as the old gentleman was free from bigotry, and not tainted with the spirit of proselytism, Tyrlagh could with safety send his children to his academy, and thus enable them to receive a classical education. The academy was broken up in the troubled period of 1798-1803, but was afterwards resumed in the town of Donard, and continued there until Mr. Burr's death, which occurred about 1820, at a very advanced age. There are those still living who remember old Mr. Burr and his academy.

Tyrlagh O'Toole lived on at Ballymoney, and witnessed the successes of Grattan and the Volunteer movement. He, with the Irish nation, rejoiced over the prosperity of the country during the too short life of an independent Irish Parliament. He was a witness of the cherished hopes of his fellow-Catholics at the noble efforts of Earl Fitzwilliam to remove the penal yoke off their necks, and, with his co-religionists, he suffered from the evil effects of the recall of that truly liberal nobleman.

He saw, too, the infernal machinations of the English Government carried out by Lord Castlereagh, and fructifying to a disastrous issue, when, goaded to desperation by hangings, burnings, floggings, pitch-capping, and the free quartering on a virtuous peasantry of a licentious

soldiery, the people at length had recourse to arms. Undisciplined and comparatively unarmed as they were, they made, in the few counties that rose, such a valiant and determined struggle for liberty, that it took the full strength of England's power to cope with and subdue that ever memorable insurrection of 1798.

Tyrlagh O'Toole did not become an active participant in the rebellion. He saw with regret that the Clan O'Toole was no longer able to take the field as a clan, and he was unable, from their former prowess and brilliant associations with bygone struggles, to subordinate himself under leaders of less note, such as Captain Michael Dwyer, and others. Or, more probable still, Tyrlagh was far-seeing enough to penetrate through the thin veil of the government policy; to perceive that the rebellion was a premeditated result from the tyrannical persecutions to which the people were subjected, in order to afford a pretext for their further subjection, and thus deprive the nation of that legislative independence won for them by Grattan and the Volunteers of '82.

No doubt, Tyrlagh attended at the first meetings of the rebels, held on the hill over Donard, for which his house was forcibly entered by the military, and all the arms and ammunition found there seized. He was also subjected to a few attacks, and some other petty annoyances, at the hands of the yeomen; but, beyond this, he escaped further molestation, although he was as anxious and eager for the success of the cause as any, and all through kept an open door, and the best of entertainment, for the rebels whenever they passed the way.

Individual members of the clan did take an active part, and when they did, they threw themselves heart and soul into the struggle, and in many instances suffered the extreme penalty. One member of the clan, who was imprisoned in Wicklow Jail, awaiting his death, succeeded in making his escape through a sewer that led from the jail to the sea. When he had proceeded half way, imagine his horror when he met with the dead body of a brother rebel, who had got thus far in a similar attempt when nature gave way. It required a strong arm and iron nerves to be able to bear up against this shock, and remove the obstacle from his path; but

O'Toole proved himself equal to the occasion, and made his way to the sea in safety. The grandchildren of this bold, hearty rebel are still living near Carnew, in the County Wicklow.

John O'Toole, of Ballinglen, Co. Wicklow, was an officer in the United Irishmen, and commanded at Vinegar Hill in 1798. After the battles which took place in Wexford and Wicklow, he returned home, and remained hiding for some time, and had many hairbreadth escapes from the yeos, once being actually walked over by their horses whilst hiding in the lane leading to his house. He left home and escaped to Dublin, till the storm blew over. He died in 1859, a happy and peaceful death.

Another brother, Mathew O'Toole, then a very young man, saw the Orangemen and yeomen watching round the place and insulting the Catholics wherever they met them. On one Sunday morning he saw them place an Orange flag over the bridge leading to Crossbridge Chapel from Tinahely, to compel the priest and the Catholics to go under it on their way to Mass. The priest refused to do so, and, instead of going over the bridge, under the Orange flag, he rode his horse across the river, although it was a very wet Sunday morning, and a great flood in the river. Mat O'Toole, seeing what had taken place, went in and told the priest that he would take care that his reverence would be at liberty to cross the bridge on his return; and, accordingly, when the priest was about to return, Mat caused a diversion amongst the Orangemen and yeomen, and away went the flag, and the priest passed over unmolested; but Mat had to make his escape as best he could, which he did, to France, and joined the Irish Brigade there, and some years after he became a monk in the famous monastery of La Trappe. When that famous monastery was broken up, and the monks disbanded and sent home, Brother Mat remained till Mount Mellery was established for them in 1832. Brother Mat O'Toole was one of the first to enter that holy place, where he lived and died happily. His other brother, Miley, went to sea, and became a captain. He amassed a very large fortune, and, at his death, left it to his nephew, the Very Rev. Laurence O'Toole, the respected parish priest of Rathdangan,

Co. Wexford, who, in turn, left it, at his death, which occurred a few years ago, for charitable purposes. The descendants of this family are still to the fore, and well to do, in and about Ballinglen, and are represented by Mr. John O'Toole of Ballinglen.

But many others who rose along with them did not escape so well; but, in dying as they did for Ireland and Ireland's cause they had the cheering consolation of bearing in their last memories the gratifying thought that they were adding to the long roll of O'Tooles who, on the battlefield or scaffold high, had freely yielded up their lives for faith and fatherland.

“They rose in dark and evil days,
To right their native land;
They kindled here a living blaze,
That nothing can withstand.
Alas! that might can vanquish right!
They died and passed away;
But true men, like those men,
Are plenty still to-day!”

The English Government, aided by their garrison in Ireland, at length succeeded in quelling the rebellion, and, as a corollary, after an open and unblushing course of bribery and fraud, they passed the “Union,” depriving Ireland of her native Parliament; and once more they flattered themselves they had extinguished the spirit of Irish nationality. They boasted that the country was quiet; and so it was, but it was quietness of an unnatural kind. It was the peace of the slumbering volcano, the covered cauldron of the seething wrongs and miseries of a persecuted nation, hidden away for a time, but ever boiling, ever ready to flow over and overwhelm the wrong-doers, when even the ghost of an opportunity offered itself.

But O'Toole's happiness and the comparative prosperity of his worldly affairs was not destined to be of longer duration. About the year 1816, his short lease of Ballymoney expired, and in order to have

it renewed, the landlord, Captain Heighenten, a needy man, demanded a fresh fine, which Terence considered unfair, having already paid a heavy one on obtaining possession; but sooner than sever his association with his holding he resolved, though feeling the injustice, to comply with the landlord's demand, and a time was fixed upon which they were to meet and complete the matter. On the appointed day Terence started from home to meet the captain, and on his way he fell into conversation with a neighbour, and being full of the wrong that he was being subjected to, and anxious to have some one with whom he could dilate upon it, he, no doubt, with the guileless simplicity of an honest man, entered fully into all the details mentioned, the amount of the fine, and laid bare his mind to his supposed friend.

They delayed so long in conversation that the time flew by until Terence considered it too late to meet the captain that day, and postponed his journey and returned home. Not so with the neighbour, he hurried off as fast as he could to meet the captain, whom he found in a high state of dudgeon, at being kept so long waiting by Terence. The result of their interview was that the neighbour offered and the Captain accepted from him a higher fine than even Terence was asked to pay. Thus was he thrown out of Ballymoney, and by this we see, that in those days "land grabbing" was in vogue, as well as in our own, before the agitation of the Land League clipped its wings.

Though O'Toole felt sorely at his having to leave Ballymoney, and doubly so on account of the base treachery of which he was made a victim, still he was not reduced to such straits as others, inasmuch as he held two other farms near the town of Donard, into which he could drive his stock, besides owning considerable house property in the town itself, into one of which he retired with his own family to live. Terry was now grown old, beyond the three-score and ten, although his family were still young. His wife, Mary Hayden, was not old, but very delicate in health, and upon removing to the new house she was stricken down by the fell disease of consumption, a legacy unfortunately transmitted to all her

children. After suffering for some time, she was called away, leaving Terry to manage the family as best he could.

The many trials, upsets, and family troubles, to which Tyrlagh had been subjected, together with the weight of years, being now near fourscore, were too many for him; his health gave way, and he was called to his fathers after receiving the holy consolations of religion. And in due course he was consigned to earth among the bones of generations of his forefathers, in the old Abbey of Kilranalagh, about the year 1817. Thus passed away, full of years, a man, different in some respects from those who went before him. Terence, or Terry O'Toole, as he was generally called, was a man of peace and piety, frugal and scrupulously honest. He died in affluence, leaving his children well off as to worldly means, but with very very little worldly experience.

All Tyrlagh's children followed him to an early grave, except Denis, who now alone remained to represent and perpetuate the family, as Tyrlagh, the eldest, died a short time after his father, at their new house in Donard.

136. Denis fell in for all the portions of all his brothers and sisters, which rendered him a young man of very affluent means.

His choice of a companion fell on, and was reciprocated by, Miss Anne O'Byrne, daughter of the patriot, Anthony O'Byrne, and Anne Metcalf, daughter of John Metcalf, of Old Hill, and Anne Germaine.

Denis O'Toole was a fine man, of noble build, about 5 feet 10 inches in height and 17 stone weight, with broad shoulders and well chiselled features. The extraordinary brilliancy of his eyes, the exquisite proportions of his figure, and the general contour of the man, would cause anyone seeing him for the first time to make inquiries of their nearest neighbour as to who he was, feeling within themselves that they had seen no everyday, commonplace man, and rendering to him that involuntary homage that we give unconsciously to manly beauty and polished demeanour.

He was exact, too, as to his personal appearance, and while steering clear of foppery, or any approach to it, he always dressed with the greatest taste. He always wore a tall silk hat, black frock-coat, yellow tabinet vest, a bunch of seals, knee-breeches, with gaiters, or top boots when

mounted and thus, with silver-mounted hunting-whip in hand, and his large Newfoundland dog, "Lion," at his heels, he would drive the petty Orangemen of Donard before him like goats. Lion was a noble and sagacious animal, as quiet as a lamb as long as himself or his master were not interfered with; but if he were thwarted in any way, or considered that any undue liberties were taken with his master, then he was a lion in deed as well as in name.

"Rough fellow, stout fellow, brave-hearted and true."

His appearance resembled the "lion passant" on the shield of his master, and he was a living and sometimes disagreeable exemplification of the motto—"Gentle when stroked; Fierce when provoked." Up to the time of Denis O'Toole's attaining manhood's years, the Orange flag was wont to be hoisted in Donard, as the 12th of July came round, and their Roman Catholic neighbours subjected to all the insulting annoyances at which they were such adepts; but with the advent of Denis, the flag went down to flutter no more; the bonfires were extinguished, never again to be rekindled; the big drum was silenced, and there was not an amateur performer on the Orange fife who could screw up either his courage or his wind, to play the "Boyne Water" or "Croppie lie down" within half a day's journey of O'Toole and his dog "Lion." In his successful efforts in the abolition of these insulting Orange display, so obnoxious to himself and his fellow-Catholics, Denis was ably assisted by Father Germaine, a cousin of his wife, who was an excellent horseman, and always splendidly mounted. He never minded the round-about of the roads, but always took the "cross country" route to his destination, the intervention of hedges and ditches affording him more of an amusement than obstacles. The reverend gentleman, coming into Donard on one 12th July, was brought face to face with the huge bonfire lit on its street, around which the Orangemen of Donard were wont to dance like drunken dervishes. The priest gave his horse the spur and jumped him over it, then turning him round, he re-jumped him back again. He continued this forward and backward saltatory process for some time, and as at each leap the hind feet of his horse struck the burning brands of the fire, and scattered

them in the faces of the brethren, their displeasure at his equine agility can be easily understood, and that it was confined to silent, sullen, and suppressed wrath, and not manifested in the stronger evidences of their anger, was no doubt owing to the fact that among the amused spectators stood O'Toole, which had a wonderfully soothing effect in keeping the bubbling anger of the "Sons of William" below the boiling point. This was the last occasion upon which the Donard Orangemen ever attempted to gratify their bigoted spleen at the expense of the feelings of their Catholic fellow-townspople, by lighting bonfires on the 12th July.

The wonderful sagacity of O'Toole's constant canine companion, "Lion," deserves a place in any record that would be made of the fortunes of the family. Whenever O'Toole went from Rathen to Dublin, Lion never ceased crying till his return, especially at night. Though there were two different routes by which he might return, either by way of Morganstown or Dunlavin, whichever road he came by, the first that would meet him on his arrival—on alighting from the coach—would be Lion, greeting him with vociferous welcome.

On one occasion that his master was in Dublin, Lion thought of going to meet him, and halted near the house of a small farmer, the master of which had but recently died, leaving a widow and several young children. Lion set up his piteous lament in the yard, and this lonesome, melancholy howl, in the middle of the night, acting upon weakened nerves, and the natural proneness to the idea that the recent death entailed, frightened the poor widow and children nearly to death before the morning.

Lion misconducted himself very seriously upon one occasion. Finding the dairy door open, he entered, and regaled himself with the cream and fresh butter, destroying several tubs of cream, and mauling and disfiguring the rolls and cools of butter. His master, upon learning this, was so angry with his favourite, that he banished him from his presence, and sent a servant with him to a friend near Athy, arriving there late in the evening. The servant rested for the night, and Lion was tied up in an outhouse for the night, but breaking loose, he got out, and was attacked by the dogs of the household, two of whom he killed, and, starting off,

arrived at his own home before the man who brought him away had returned.

But the owner of the dogs he had killed did not forget it to him, for, in a few days after his return, poor Lion sickened, and it was then remembered that a strange man was seen prowling about the place shortly after his return, and after his death it was discovered that he was killed by broken glass cutting away his intestines, which had been given him, mixed up in meat, by the stranger, in revenge for the death of the two dogs he had killed; and a very cowardly revenge it was.

The poor animal suffered extremely, and would recognise no one but his master, and even to the last, when he would pat him, and say, "Poor Lion! Poor dog!" he would strive to raise up his faithful head, and moan piteously. He died in great agony, and was buried, amidst the general regret of the whole family, and all who knew him and admired him for his gentle and noble bearing. O'Toole looked upon the loss of his favourite dog as one of the greatest he had sustained up to this, for Lion was his protector at all times, and his guide on many a dark night, when he would take a walk into Donard from Ratheen, to learn the news as to how the "great Daniel O'Connell and the National cause" was prospering, for to this period has our sketch now arrived.

He was an ardent Repealer, and a strong supporter of O'Connell, and attended all his principal meetings with that intention, but he only looked on Repeal of the Union as means to an end, or as a step in advance to the final goal, viz., entire separation from Great Britain, and full independence of Ireland; and when O'Connell failed in his efforts to obtain Repeal, and the Young Ireland party declared themselves weary of useless agitation, and that they would go in for physical force, and win by the sword what they could not get by the logic of words, Denis O'Toole threw himself heart and soul into the movement, and would have been able to bring a goodly number of Wicklow men into the field of battle, were it not that the rising was nipped in the bud by the untimely and imprudent action of a few of the most prominent members of that party at Ballingarry, Co. Tipperary, which is generally known as the "Cabbage Garden Fiasco," after

which many of the leaders were arrested, tried, and transported. A warrant, signed by the lord lieutenant of the day, was sent to the head constable of Donard for the arrest of O'Toole, but the head constable, who was friendly to him, seeing the turn matters had taken, stayed his arrest for the present, and contented himself by searching his house, in which he found only a few old firearms and some powder and shot, at the same time warning O'Toole that he had a warrant for his arrest, which he could put into force at any moment, and cautioning him to be on his guard, and to keep quiet. O'Toole, seeing the turn matters had taken, resolved to sell out his land and stock, and accept the invitation of his wife's uncle in America, who proposed to obtain for him a large tract of land beside his own, in the State of Iowa, for a comparatively small sum of money. Bidding good-bye to his friends and wife, whom he left at home with his children, he started on the 8th March, 1849, for Iowa, with the intention that, should he like the place, he would purchase it, build a house on it, and return for his wife and family. At that time there were no railways across America, and emigrants to the far West had to go round by New Orleans and up the River Mississippi, and thence to their destination. Arriving in New Orleans on the 4th of May, by the good ship, "Erin's Queen," and finding that cholera had broken out in that city, they started the next day up the Mississippi on board the steamboat, "Marshal Ney," for Iowa, but, unfortunately, on the second day the fatal malady broke out, which carried away many of the passengers, O'Toole being one of the last to fall a victim to it, on the 9th of May, 1849, after shrift and unction, and was buried on the bank of that river, near Cairo (probably Hickman). Thus passed away the last of Tyrclagh O'Toole's sons, meeting with an untimely death and a lonely grave, far, far away from family, kindred, and friends, in a foreign clime. In him the poet's words are verified:—

"Some on the shores of distant lands
Their weary hearts have laid,
And by the strangers' careless hands
Their lonely graves were made.

Although their clay is far away
Beyond the Atlantic foam,
In true men, like you, men,
Their spirit 's still at home !”

“ Ah ! would to God his grave had been
On mountain side, in glen or plain,
Beneath the turf kept soft and green,
By wind and sunshine, dew and rain,
That men and maids, in after years,
Might come where slept the true and brave,
And plant and wet with flooding tears
The Irish shamrock on his grave.

“ That warriors, poets, patriots, there
Might often come to muse and pray
Within the genius-haunted air,
Above that mound of honoured clay—
Above the pulseless heart once warm
With many a high and grand desire—
That mouldering brain, in calm or storm,
Once radiant with celestial fire.

“ It may not be ! It may not be !
No sign shall rise those relics o'er !
The river wild, the restless sea,
May hide and hold them evermore !
We can but pray, in faith's fond way,
God rest his soul, the true and brave,
Whose noblest part passed off that day
O'er Mississippi's turbid wave !”

—Adapted.

May you rest in peace, Donough! You were as brave as the bravest of your forefathers, and generous to a fault!

137. Tyrlough, or Terence, O'Toole, his eldest son, not yet out of his teens, who, likewise, was compromised by the Young Ireland movement, would follow his father as a protection to his sister Mary, whom his father had taken with him, who was now alone since his death. He settled down in St. Louis in mercantile pursuits. Soon after the American war broke out, and he was compelled to join the southern army, which did not at all agree with his taste, as he would rather expend his energies and his life under the standard of Erin, against the Sassenach, on the green hills of Wicklow, in fighting for country and clan, than in favour of slavery. But he had not long to do soldiering, as St. Louis was soon conquered, and he taken prisoner, and, after a short time, released on parole during the remainder of the war. He then married a Miss Barry, a native of Buttevant, Co. Cork, and all went on well till one day, when assisting at the laying of the foundation stone of the new church of St. Laurence O'Toole in that city. Being under a broiling sun, with uncovered head, he received a sunstroke. He lingered on for some years, but it finally caused his death. He left after him a young family of five children, three daughters and two sons, Denis and Anthony.

138. Denis represents the senior branch of Powerscourt.

Terence O'Toole, of St. Louis, from the time he was stricken down by sunstroke to his death, was anxious to return home to breathe the balmy and bracing air among the mountains and vales of his native Wicklow, and he sighed, like many others, for the health-giving breezes of the Wicklow hills, as is evident from his favourite ballad, which was composed by his fellow-exile and brother-countryman, Father Butler of St. Louis, formerly Catholic curate, officiating in the little church in Glen Imayle. It is sung to the air of "Limerick is Beautiful," and is known by the name of

THE WICKLOW VALES.

“ Oh ! brightly beams the summer sun
On fair lands far away ;
A garb of green the valleys wear,
Where silvery streamlets stray ;
But boyhood's home I'll ne'er forget,
Though dark my fate may be ;
Where'er I roam, my Irish home,
The Wicklow vales, for me !

“ There's music in the leafy woods,
And 'mid the rocky hills ;
The rolling tones that follow fast
The leaping, rippling rills ;
And sunshine dances round the door
At midday, wild with glee,
And proudly stand the mountains grand—
The Wicklow vales for me !

“ Amidst these hills the steel was heard,
And music's martial strain,
When patriots sought to make our isle
A nation once again ;
The outlaw bold, like eagle wild,
On mountain's brow was free—
Oh ! Freedom's home, where'er I roam,
The Wicklow vales for me !

“ Oh ! sorrows fall like mountain shades
O'er brightest scenes of earth,
Yet hope remains amid these plains
To hail the morrow's birth ;

And gladly glides the winter's night
 'Mid scenes of mirth and glee—
 Where'er I roam, my mountain home,
 The Wicklow vales for me!

“ Let others boast of happy homes
 In fair lands far away,
 My love for thee shall never fade,
 Where'er my footsteps stray.
 Dear Wicklow! Home of loving hearts!
 My mountain nurse! Machree!
 No vales can e'er with thine compare—
 The Wicklow vales for me!”

His wife built an expensive monument over her husband's grave, and still dresses it with the choicest flowers the year round. She has an annual Mass for the repose of his soul celebrated. He died 3rd July, 1872.

Of the other members of Denis O'Toole's family who remained at home, namely, Patrick Laurence, who entered a religious order and became a priest; Sarah, who married Mr. James Meythen; Denis, the noble and patriotic, who died soon after his mother, the 28th January, 1879; Laurence, who also died young; and

138. Anthony, who represents the junior branch of the family in Ireland.

Pausing here, we cannot but be struck at the strangeness of the incident, marvellous in itself, that the O'Tooles, like the wandering tribes of the Israelites of old, from whom they claim descent, after being subjected to the various extirpations, and after going through all the vicissitudes of a chequered career, since the days when Tyrlagh O'Toole was driven from Powerscourt, when Phelim was cruelly killed by Marshal Jacques Wingfield, find themselves, in the person of Anthony O'Toole (son of Denis), back again under the shadows of Beanackbeg and Beanachmore, on the very borders of their ancient patrimony, near to that same Powerscourt wrested

from his forefathers by treachery and fraud. Mr. Anthony O'Toole, one of the managers of the Dublin, Wicklow, and Wexford Railway, resides here at Bray, and has a young and promising family, namely, Kevin, Alice, Lawrence, Annie, Cathleen, and Arthur, to uphold and perpetuate the Powerscourt branch of the Clan O'Toole in Ireland.

Another family of this branch, descended from Patrick of Ballytoole and Ballymoney, by his younger son, Denis, brother of Tirlough of Ballymoney, who died 1817, live at Slieverue, near Blessington.

Also a junior branch of the Powerscourt family appears to have been suffered to remain in Glencree and Enniskerry, as tenants to the new proprietors. They may have descended from a younger brother of Turlough O'Toole not mentioned in the pedigree, for we find by the old parish books some records relative to them as follows :—

“In the assessment made to the parish of Powerscourt in 1695, Morgan O'Toole, etc., etc., for Ballyreagh; Turlough O'Toole for Barne-
moice.” Again, in 1732, Patrick O'Toole, etc., was churchwarden.
* Again, in 1743, † Patrick O'Toole is churchwarden; his autograph is in the old book. This Patrick died in 1768. We find his will in the Probate Court under that date, and Peter's will there is dated 1741.

This Peter was probably the father of Peter O'Toole of Ballyreagh. There are still two families of the name in Ballyreagh, and here in this retired place they were allowed to remain, and live in obscurity to the present day.

Another family of them is to be found in Enniskerry, for we find in the Probate Court the will of Hubert O'Toole of Enniskerry, dated A.D. 1718, and of his son, Garret, dated 1783; also his father's, Daniel O'Toole of Shankhill, dated 1687, and that of his great granddaughter, Eleanor O'Toole of Old Connaught, dated 1855.

* We cannot say how that can be, considering that they never changed their faith.

† A descendant of this Patrick O'Toole has waited on us, (1888), and in the strongest manner possible repudiates the assertion that any of his ancestors ever conformed. The name crept into the books in error, and was only allowed to stand there one day until protested against.



Emiskerry Village, at the entrance to Powerscourt.



Luggalagh, Co. Wicklow.

At present they are represented by Edward O'Toole of Kiltegar, whilst the Ballyreagh families are represented by George and John O'Toole of Ballyreagh, Glencree, county Wicklow.

“The clay of some is Irish earth—
Among their own they rest—
And the same fair land that gave them birth
Has caught them to her breast;
And we will pray that from their clay
Full many a race may start,
Of true men, like those men,
To act as brave a part.”

Has not the prayer and prophesy of the poet been verified in the great change for the better in religious toleration, and the general improvement which has come over the whole O'Toole country within the present century? Breezy Bray, as it was called in olden times, which, at the beginning of the present century, was but a barren waste, is now a thriving and prosperous town—a fashionable watering-place and summer resort—the “Brighton of Ireland.” Enniskerry, a beautiful village, not known to exist when O'Toole lorded it over Powerscourt, with its magnificent Catholic Church, lately built by the O'Tooles and other parishioners, on a site long refused by the bigoted Wingfields, but granted by the present noble Lord of Powerscourt, who appears to be an exception to his predecessors in his liberality and sympathy for his tenants (derived, no doubt, from his Catholic mother), and appreciated and reciprocated by them. And as it is in Powerscourt, so is it in Fertyre and Imayle. Religion has prospered, and Catholic churches have been built by the hands and purses of the O'Tooles and O'Byrnes, as of yore. May it continue so is the heartfelt wish of the Author. “*Esto Perpetua.*”

THE CASTLEKEVIN BRANCH

OF THE

CLAN O'TOOLE.

WE now take up the history of the Castle Kevin Branch of the Clan O'Toole, and to do so, we take up the early settlement of portion of the Clan there. The reader will remember that the descendants of Diarmid went eastward from the Glen Imail, and settled in that portion of their country called Fertyre (now Vartry), and Feracualan, which belonged to them for centuries, almost since the time of Cahir Mor, but was inhabited by petty chieftains under the control of The O'Toole.

125. Theobald, the son of Diamrid of Imail, was probably the first who settled there, resolved to retain his possessions by the strong hand. His co-relatives, the O'Byrnes, who were driven, after 1202, from Ui Faelan in North Kildare, by Meyler FitzHenry, put forward some claims to this territory, which led to the violent death of Edmond, son of Theobald.

126. Edmond O'Toole, who was slain in 1488 by the sons of Taidy Mor O'Byrne of Rathnue, near Wicklow, was elected Tanist of his clan in 1446.

127. Art Mor, descended from Edmond O'Toole of Castlekevin. He

left two sons, namely, Turlough and Art Oge. He appears to have fallen into the same mistake as his great ancestor, Muiredeach Mor, who lived in the eighth century, and who on his death divided the kingdom amongst his three sons, thereby, by dividing, weakening the power of his clan.

However, paternal affection was sometimes stronger than clan interest and human prudence, and so Art Mor O'Toole of Castlekevin divided his territory between his two sons. Turlough being the older, and the better able to contend with the English enemy of the Pale, was given Fera-Cualan and Glengap, whilst Art Oge was left in possession of Castlekevin and the territory of Fertyr, where he would be sheltered from the attacks of the fierce and unscrupulous English garrison. His brother Turlough acted as a buffer to the attacks and sallies made from time to time, and his power should be broken before the impulse of the shock could be felt by Art Oge. And a very unaccommodating style of "buffer" Turlough upon many an occasion proved himself to be, for, not only did he weaken the momentum of the trains of war that the Castle sent into his territories, but very often he was so rudely repulsive as to shatter them all to pieces.

We find that when the fortune of war compelled Turlough O'Toole to come to terms with Henry VIII., the same terms as were secured for himself by the king's fiat were similarly established for his brother, Art Oge.

Unfortunately, in one of those disastrous battles so frequent in those days, the eldest son of Art, Turlough O'Toole, was slain by his kinsman, Shane O'Toole of Imaile, the melancholy consequences of which act have given reason for sorrowful regret to the whole clan in subsequent days.

Of Turlough, the warrior chieftain of Powersecourt, we have treated in an earlier portion of this history.

128. Art Oge O'Toole continued as chief of Fertyr and lord of Castlekevin, until his death, which occurred about 1550.

129. Feagh, or Luke, his son, succeeded him, and held on till his death, 1565. Mention is made of this Feagh in the fiats of Edward VI., as follows—

“Pardon of Phelim M'Feagh O'Toole, of the Fartry, in County Dublin, of Rice Bassett, his mother, and Margery Byrne, his wife, and others.”

130. Barnaby was the eldest son of Luke, upon whose death he became a ward in Chancery, under the care of Sir Henry Harrington, and was reared up at the English court, and trained to the profession of arms. Some strange fatality attended the efforts of those appointed guardians with their Chancery wards, for, notwithstanding their every possible plan for alienating them from their country and their faith, we find them, whenever the opportunity offered, turning the talents they had acquired in the camp and the tournament, against the English, and in the support of their own countrymen. Barnaby O'Toole, was not one to prove an exception to this state of things, so we find him, upon his return to Ireland, giving his former English military associates a lively time of it at Glenmalure, where he leagued against the English with Feagh MacHugh O'Byrne, in whose camp he died, 17th January, A.D. 1597.

A contemporary writer speaks of him thus:—“Among the most trusted of Feagh MacHugh O'Byrne's confederates was Barnaby O'Toole, son of Luke of Castlekevin, who stood by him in all his vicissitudes, and by his staunch fidelity and bravery, won golden encomiums from his enemies as well as his friends.”

“There was one, however, for whose head he (*i.e.* the English Lord Deputy) would have bestowed more than a knighthood on any inhuman scoundrel who was lucky enough to hack it off. But, long for it as he might, this insatiable ogre was doomed to experience a disappointment, which we may suppose was somewhat mitigated when he learned that Barnaby O'Toole of Castlekevin had given up the ghost quietly in Feagh's camp on 17th January, 1597. The death of this faithful ally was a sore blow to Feagh, and calculated to discourage him, if his heart had not been of that stern, unyielding type which, despite injustice, envy, malice, and all other developments of the human mind, is conscious of a self-sustaining power that even in death enables it to live down the worst efforts of tyranny.”

Barnaby was cousin and brother-in-law to Feagh MacHugh, and uncle to all his children. We see by the Fiats of Edward's time that even Feagh's mother had succeeded in incurring the displeasure of the Lord Deputy, for we read there that "Sawbina, daughter of Arthur ny Thoole, wife of said Hugh O'Byrne, was pardoned."

So that Feagh MacHugh O'Byrne was half an O'Toole, which was not the least important factor in accounting for his wonderful valour, his more than surprising prowess, and indomitable courage.

We can glean from the following character of Barnaby by the English, in what relation he stood to them, where they say:—

"The said Barnaby did falsely and treacherously supporte divers enemies and rebels of the late queen Elizabeth, in the year 1596, together with Feagh MacHugh O'Byrne, who married the sister of Barnaby, and other notorious rebels, at Fananerin, in the county aforesaid, and entered into actual rebellion, in aid of the said Feagh MacHugh."

131. Feagh, or Luke, Barnaby's son, was not much more than a child of eight at his father's death, and he was also made a ward of Chancery, under the care of Sir Henry Harrington, as well as his brothers, Arthur Cahir, and his sister, Margery; the mother of Luke was Honor O'Moore, whose father perished in the dreadful massacre of Mullaghmast, in which 180 of her clan were slaughtered in cold blood, by the monster, Cosby, who was afterwards himself slain at the battle of Glenmalure, by the O'Tooles and O'Byrnes.

Honor, the widow of Barnaby O'Toole, got married to Roger Master-son, and claimed one-third of all the premises as her dowry, and was assigned by her son, Luke, the half of the townlands and fields of Wiganstown and Ballenstown, as her portion. "The aforesaid owner is now living (26th March, 1619) and in full vigour."—Inquisition.

Barnaby was faithfully followed in his hostility to the Sassenach by his son Luke, when he grew to the age rendering him capable of taking part in the fray.

Just now the Castle determined upon turning their country into shireland, as the following extract shows:—

THE O'TOOLE AND O'BYRNE COUNTRY MADE A COUNTY OF, AND CALLED
COUNTY WICKLOW.

Lord Deputy and Council recommending—

“That in the matter of the division of counties, they renew their former motion, that the country of the Byrnes and Tooles, and other mountain parts adjoining, being spacious and yet barborous, wanting means of justice; and wherefore, in a perpetual sink of rebellion hitherto, may be reduced into a county for the better government thereof.

“Signed, ARTHUR CHICHESTER, Knt.,
 THOMAS MEDENSIS,
 EDWARD PELHAM,
 JAMES LEY,
 G. MOORE.”

“September 30th,
1603.”

This recommendation was apparently acted upon, for we read in the Carew State Papers that—

“The Birnes and the Tooles' country, with the glens that lie by the south and by the east of the county Dublin, was, by commission, bounded out into a shire, to be named and called the county of Wicklow, and was divided into baronies, as follows:—

“Newcastle-Maghenegan, Enisboyhin, Ballinacor, Talbotstown, Holywood, and Castlekeven.

“This country or county hath, by west of it, the county of Catherlagh, north-west Kildare, flat north Dublin, east the main sea, and south the county of Wexford, A.D. 1604.”

Thus was obliterated, as far as could be done by Orders in Council, &c., &c., the old names of the O'Tooles and O'Byrnes' country, and changed into the modern county Wicklow.

The State papers of a more modern period mention—

“O'Thole's country was formerly called the barony of Castle Kevin, and comprised that part of Wicklow, which lies between Talbotstown, Newcastle, and Ballinacor; and the chief captain of Leinster was O'Thole de Imayle.”

“Of the O’Tooles of Fertyr,” says a contemporary writer, “who were involved in the confiscations of James I., and shared the fate of those of Imayle and Powerscourt, I can only speak incidentally, for their vicissitudes would occupy more space than the limits of this history can afford. Their names, however, and those of their posterity, will be found numerous in the Inquisitions, taken in the reigns of Charles I. and Charles II., as tenants, under the new proprietary, that got possession of their estates.”

As before mentioned, we find, by the State papers, that Luke O’Toole of Castle Kevin, did not fare as badly as other members of his clan. His estates, after being confiscated, were given to one John Wakeman, who either lacked that essential quality in your well-defined “land-grabber,” viz., an elasticity of conscience, or that he was afraid, or both, to force possession of it, which latter is the more probable—anyway, we find him by a deed, dated 5th December, 1609, enfeoffing Luke of same, as the following extract shows :—

“The said Castlekevin is, and for the last [] years last past hath been waste and in utter decay.”

“The said John Wakeman, together with Sir James Carroll, of the city of Dublin, knight ; and James, now Viscount Clandeboy, by the name of Sir James Hamilton, of the city of London, knight, on the 5th December, 1609, did make a deed of feoffment, unto Luke al Feogh O’Toole, and his heir, of said territory of Fartry al Ferter.

“Said Luke hath enjoyed the profits of these premises above mentioned for eleven years previous to this inquisition, yearly value £10.”

The rental of which at the present writing is not less than £20,000.

We here give original and translation of an inquisition taken in King James’s reign, when young Luke was about thirty years of age :—

ORIGINAL.

JAC 1st.

BRAY, 26 MAR, 1619.

“Bernard O’Toole nup’ de Castle-
kevin, ar’ seis fuit in dñicō ’suo ut

TRANSLATION.

JAMES 1st.

BRAY, 26th MARCH, 1619.

“Bernard O’Toole, late of Castle-
kevin, was seized of his lordship as

de feod' talliat' sibi et hered' mascul de corpore sui legitime procreat, de castr. et vil: de Castlekevin et patria vocat le Fartri 'eu ptin in Co pd ac de vil campis et hamlet de Tomrylen, Gammastowne, Lytrym, Wigmanstowne, Glasmullen et Tullaghgowry, cū pten qu' valent p an ultra repris '30' legal monef Hibrnū pmiss 'tempore mortes dict' Bernard O'Toole tenebat' de nup' Regiñ Elizabeth in capite, p sire mil' viz p sire' un' feod' mīl et nunc tēnet sunt de Re p ēude sirē—pd Bernard O'Toole sic seis existen' de tali statre, obūt unde seis 17 Jan. 1596. "Luc O'Toole nunc de Castlekevin, pd est ejus fil et hef mascul' de corpore sū legitime 'p creat, et pd Luc fuit etat sannir' 'tempore mortis dict', Bernard et non maritat. Onor nunc ux' Roger Masterson, fuit legitim 'ux' dict Bernard O'Toole et tempore mortis dict' Bernard 'peī p dat sua $\frac{1}{3}$ Oiā pmiss' supuis' specificat—pd Luc post mortī pd. Bernard assignairt pd. Onor p dot. $\frac{1}{2}$ vil et compos de Wigmanstown et Ballenstown, cū suis ptin' p^d Onor in pleñ jam exestit.'

in fee to himself, and by strict entail to his heirs masculine, of his body lawfully begotten, of the castle and village of Castlekevin, and the country called the Fartri, part of which is in said county, and of the townland, fields, and hamlets of Tomrayln, Gammastown, Lytrym, Wigmanstown, Glassmullen, and Tullaghgowry, portions thereof, thus remaining seized from such ordinance, he died thence seized 17 January, 1596. Luke O'Toole, now of Castlekevin, aforesaid, is his son and heir masculine of his body lawfully begotten, and aforesaid Luke was at the time of the death of the said Bernard, eight years of age, and not married. Onor, now wife of Roger Masterson, was the lawful wife of said Bernard O'Toole, and at the time of the death of the said Bernard, demanded as her dowry $\frac{1}{3}$ of all the premises specified above. Aforesaid Luke, after the death of Bernard aforesaid, assigned to aforesaid Onor as her dowry $\frac{1}{3}$ the townlands and fields of Wigmanstown, and Ballenstown, as her portion of them. Aforesaid Onor is now living and in full vigour.

We, subsequently to the enfeoffment of the Fartry territory by John Wake-man and Sir James Carroll, find another grant made of it by the king in 1636.

And later again it was disposed of to one Bronker; but excepting the honour of being made royal grantees, we do not find that either of them were any the more benefited than Wakeman was, because Luke O'Toole kept a "firm grip," and retained the full possession and enjoyment of his lands, until they shared the general wholesale confiscations in the time of Cromwell, and the estates of Luke were divided among his soldiers, and go to maintain their descendants at the present day, in the shape of a score or more of "squireen" landlords, who manage to ape the position of gentlemen, by squeezing the very life-blood out of an oppressed tenantry, and calling it "rent."

HERE COMES MR. COKE'S GRANT.

An Information concerning Mr. Coke's land in Ireland:—

"The land of Fairtree in Ireland, was the inheritance of Luke O'Toole, from whom it was seized by the king, and granted to Secretary Coke, 1636, or rather by Lord Deputy Wentworth, Earl of Strafford, as we see by the following extract from the Coke Manuscripts:—

THE VARTRY IN 1636.

"A second part of the Report of the Historical Manuscripts Commission on the manuscripts of the Coke family, of Melbourne, Derbyshire, belonging to Earl Cowper, and preserved at Melbourne Hall, has just been issued. Sir John Coke was Secretary of State in the reign of Charles I., and the manuscripts now calendered consist of letters and despatches received by him in his official capacity, as well as some of a character personal to him. There are many documents interesting to the student of Irish history, as illustrating the state of the country in the middle of the seventeenth century. But the most attractive portion of the correspondence, to Dublin people especially, is a description of the Vartry, and its acquisition by Sir John Coke, who appears to have become enamoured of the beauties of that celebrated district of the country of the O'Tooles.

"King Charles, having signified to Viscount Wentworth, Lord Deputy in Ireland, that he desired to confer on Sir John Coke a grant of land in

Ireland, Wentworth wrote to Sir John on the 25th March, 1636, saying—'It is now a good space since his Majesty, by his own letters, required me to find out some suite whereby he might reward the care and pains you take in the service of the Crown, further acquainting me with the value of the suite he intended you. Since I was not idle, but have to begin, I have found out a pretty portion of land called Fartrees (Vartry), bordering upon the territory of the Birnes, whereunto before my coming over I will entitle the king; and after it shall be passed unto you under the rent of a hundred pounds fee farm. If you like, keep it, and make your best benefit of it. You shall be presently put into possession; if otherwise you shall judge it more convenient for your estate to part withal, I will be answerable to procure you one thousand pounds for your interest, payable at Michaelmas next, and good security for your money the whilst.' Accordingly, an 'inquisition' was taken for the king of the 'territories of the Farrtree,' and is dated 21st April, 1636. It shows that:—

“‘King Henry VIII., by his letters patent upon the petition of Terlogh O'Toole and Arte Oge O'Toole, his brother, grants unto Terlogh O'Toole of Powercourt, and to Arte O'Toole and his heirs the manor of Castle Kevan, and the Farrtree, with conditions to use the English habit, language, education, hostings, aidings, and the like, and particularly to Arte Oge O'Toole, that he should keep Castle Kevan in repair, as a bulwark against the rebels, with particular instructions to Sir Anthony St. Leger, the then Lord Deputy, that these conditions shall be inserted in the body of his grant, and that in case he failed to perform the same he should resume the same into the king's hands again, and also more special matters in the letter of King Henry VIII., and in the patent itself, both which are recited in the body of the inquisition. And further, they found that Arte Oge O'Toole so seized of the lands of the Farrtree, died, having Barnary O'Toole, his son and heir, of full age, who, presently after, viz., 17th January, 1596, together with Feogh M'Hugh, his brother-in-law, did enter into actual rebellion, and in that rebellion died; and that Luke al Feogh O'Toole was son and heir male of the body of the said Barnaby;

and that Castle Kevan is and hath been uncovered for 30 years last past ; and further, they found that King James, in the first year of his reign, did grant unto John Wakeman, by his letters patent (together with other things), the lands and territories of the Farrtree, and that the said John Wakeman, Sir James Carroll, and the Lord Clan de Boy, did by their deed of feoffment, dated 5th December, 1609, sell and make over unto Luke al Feogh O'Toole the lands and territories of the Farrtree, and that the said Luke hath enjoyed the said lands for eleven years last past.' Sir John notes—'(1) that though the inquisition was taken after the decease of Barnaby O'Toole, yet stands he attainted hereby, for so by *legem terrae* they attaint traitors after death in Ireland ; (2) the ruin of Castle Kevan, here found in the inquisition, is an absolute forfeiture by the common law of the land, being granted on those conditions to keep it in repair, that the letters patent granted of those lands by King James to John Wakeman are clearly void, for that there was never any inquisition taken upon them, whereby it could legally appear that the king had right to those lands, and the king could not grant that which he had not.' "

Following upon this is a copy of an ordinance issued by the king at Oatlands, July 5th, 1636, to the Lord Deputy of Ireland:—"We are given to understand that the castle, manor, town, and lands of Castle Kevyn, and the whole territory or precinct called the Feartry, *alias* Ferter (Vartry), in the county of Wicklow, in our kingdom of Ireland, with all the lands, tenements, and hereditaments thereunto belonging, or enjoyed as part or parcel thereof, by whatsoever names they be known or distinguished, are in our gift and disposal in the right of our crown. Our will and pleasure is, and we do hereby authorise and require you, upon receipt hereof, to cause one or more effectual grant or grants to be made by advice of our learned council, and passed under our Great Seal thereunto, our right trusty and well-beloved counsellor, Sir John Coke, Knight, one of our principal Secretaries of State, and his heirs, in consideration of his good and faithful service to us and our crown, of the said castle, manor, town, and lands of Castle Kevyn, and the whole territory or precinct, called the Feartry, *alias* the Ferter, in all lands, tenements, and heredi-

taments, thereunto belonging or enjoyed as part or parcel thereof by whatsoever known or distinguished in our said county of Wicklow, the the same to be held by the former tenure, and reverting unto us for the premises the yearly rent of fifty pounds sterling, together with such other clauses as are usual in grants of the like nature, and for so doing these our letters shall be unto you, our Deputy, now being, as unto any other our Deputy, Chief Governor or Governors, Chancellor or Keeper of our Great Seal there, that thereafter, for the time being, shall be, and to all other our officers and ministers whom it may concern, sufficient warrant and discharge. Given under signet at our court at Oatland."

On August 8, 1636, Dr. Alane Cooke, writing from Dublin, gives to Sir John Coke the following description of the Vartry :

"I went to view the lands of the Vartry, where I stayed all the last week, and did observe every parcel thereof, for which I was beholden unto Sir Edward Waikfield, who is your new neighbour. The names of all the towns are as follows:—Castlekevin, the town where the castle doth stand; this hath a goodly wood, but no great timber, and very fine young oaks; Tomolan, a pretty wood, but no timber; Tomdarragh and Balincor, a very goodly wood, but no timber; Rahin, a very small village, no wood; Baltomane, Carriekro, and Boledin, the largest town in the Vartries, a very good wood, by which runneth the great river; Leitrim, joining to the river of the Vartries, a very pretty wood, but no timber; Molenabige and Bolincas, a town, hath no wood; Bahinte, where Mr. Masterson doth dwell; he is a friend to Mr. Toole's mother; he hath this and the above town; this town hath no wood; Glasmolin, joining to the Manor of Powerscourt, no wood. All the whole lands very dry, and a very wholesome air. (It is all coachway.) It is all in length six miles and in breadth a mile, of good lands. It is all entire within itself. Castle Kevin is the fittest place to build the manor, because of the strength. The bawn is very good, very near 20 feet high. All the castle is down, and the bounds are very near fifty yards square, a fine small river running at the foot of the castle, and at the back of the castle, half a mile from the same, runneth a great river, which did afford a . . . of salmon, which

did come out of the sea to spawn, but the Lord of Esmonde hath set a weir upon the river. I have caused a presentment to be made unto myself as being judge of the Vice-Admiralty of Leinster, and whatsoever power the law hath shall be put in execution to make this weir to be pulled down. Between Tomolan and Tomdarragh is the best place to set the town (facilities for timber and lime from Dublin enumerated). There is a very fair civate(?) within the bawn of the castle, which will serve to dwell in until the town be built and very secure. Let me give you this encouragement for the plant, because I shall be able to plant it had you twice as much land, and with able tenants of good worth and quality. Castlekevin will be a fit place for a man of good fashion to live in, which must defeat the tenants until they be fully settled, which being built, I will take, giving as much as anyone for the same. I presume there will be 10,000 acres of land, which will be fit for corn or grazing, both summer and winter, which cannot yield less than £500 per annum, although Luke Toole never made £200 per annum. I would wish that your grants were passed, and the lands surveyed. The farthest part of your grants were 14 miles from Dublin, and the next but 8 miles."

Several other letters are printed relating to the negotiations for the transfer of the territory to Sir John, and under date March 7, 1636-7, is the following:—

"Copy grant by letters patent under the Great Seal of Ireland to Sir John Coke and his heirs of the territory, or precinct of land, called Fearty, *alias* Ferter, in County Wicklow; also the castle of the manor of Castlekevin, and the town and lands of Castlekevin, Tomellan, Tomedarough, Leytrim, Baltynameyne, Molenemigg, Bolenstavoy, Glassemolen, Coole-tiromoke, Tullaghgorey, Bolekerarre, Bolenenalge, Luggelah, Corboylt, Boylanrush, and Bollyballygoogeh, subject to the service of one knight's fee, and the annual rent of £40 of Irish money."

"The land consists of 15,441 acres of all sorts, English measure, is 12 miles from Dublin, has a castle, called Kevin, and a fine river, full of salmon and trout."

The misstatements in the above are evident.

We append the following notes from the notes given in the survey of Ireland by O'Curry in 1836:—

“River Fartry, or, as it is now called, Vartry, has its source in two little streams in the neighbourhood of Upper Newcastle, the one rising in Calry, and the other in the Dowse Mountains, outside Powerscourt deer park, and both uniting near the new church of Calry, where the united waters take the name of Feartry, and flow on till they enter the sea at Wicklow.

“On the east bank of the stream, near the church of Calry, is an ancient rath, 44 yards in diameter, and on the opposite bank a remarkable round and pretty hillock, which they call a moate, but which, however, has no sign or vestige of a moate on or about it. They say (here) that the O'Byrnes and the O'Tooles fought a bloody battle here at one time; that the O'Tooles were worsted and driven forward as far as Bray, where they turned on their pursuers, when the battle raged anew, and ended in the total defeat of the O'Tooles. From that battle on the commons of Bray (Bloody Bank) two brothers of the O'Byrnes escaped from the slaughter, and rode off towards Wicklow until they came to this river, where they stopped to wash off the gore and dust of the battlefield. It happened that the younger of the two went into the river above the other, so that the water was bloody and foul when it reached the latter, whereupon a quarrel ensued between them, in which the younger brother fell in the middle of the river, but how, my informant knows not.”

“Castle Kevin.—At a distance up the valley from Annamoe, at the head of which is situated the site of Castle Kevin, supposed to have been built by the O'Tooles, a spacious quadrangular area, encompassed by a deep ditch and rampart, which, with some of the foundations, is all that remains of this ancient fortress.”—O'Curry, 1836.

Of late years the Vartry has been turned into another direction, and by becoming the water supply of the city of Dublin, has been the means of conferring inestimable blessings upon its citizens, and, in connection therewith, the memory of its principal promoter, the late Sir John Gray, of the *Freeman's Journal*, is deservedly held in grateful remembrance by them.

But Luke O'Toole held a firm hold of his lands till Cromwell came. Not only was he a noble and valiant warrior, but also a true Catholic and an able defender of Holy Church on all occasions when his protecting hand and good sword were needed.

So hotly was the Church persecuted at this time that, being afraid to hold the meetings of the clergy in Dublin or any other large town, a Synod of the Leinster clergy was held in the woods of Glendalough (in Luke's territory), and when it was reported to O'Toole that a Government spy, one Walsh, was hovering about, in order to get information for the Government, he sought him out with horsemen and kern, and finding him in the woods, he brought him before the Vicar-General, O'Reilly, who presided over the assembly of the clergy, who dismissed him with a caution and kind rebuke.

But it was not until the rebellion of 1642, when Owen Roe O'Neill landed at Castle Doe in the North, that Luke fully displayed his love for Holy Church, and his prowess as a warrior chieftain. O'Neill brought with him considerable supplies of arms and ammunition, and what was still more needed, Irish officers, who had seen service in the Spanish Netherlands, in field and fort, from the walls of Louvain to the citadel of Arras. Each of these was able "to set a squadron on the field," for they all had learned the military art as a profession, whereby to live or die as became soldiers.

A rare manuscript history of the time states that, amongst the Confederate officers, none were more distinguished than Hugh McPhelim O'Byrne and Colonel Luke O'Toole, the former the son of Esmond's victim, and the latter the son of the attainted lord of Castlekevin. O'Byrne's conduct during the protracted war was beyond all praise. His bravery in the field, and his fidelity to religion and country, had merited and received the commendation of Owen Roe, who had personal experience of his soldierly bearing both abroad and at home.

When Preston, General of the Leinster forces, temporized, and by his defection to Lord Ormond, (the enemy of his race and creed), frustrated

the Confederate attempt on Dublin, Hugh McPhelim and Luke O'Toole resigned the commissions they held under that scion of the House of Gormanstown, and took service with Owen Roe's Ulstermen.

This is not the place to enumerate the many actions in which they figured, and it must suffice to say that they distinguished themselves in each of them, clung to their chief with unwavering fidelity, assisted at his death-bed at Clough-Oughter, and when the fortunes of the Confederates seemed desperate, led their regiment to Rathdrum, and kept the national flag flying, even after Cromwell had massacred the people at Wexford. No whining, crouching slaves were Hugh McPhelim O'Byrne and Luke O'Toole, but, every inch, men who were proud of the blood that coursed through their veins, proud of the memories their native hills awakened, and ready, had Heaven so willed it, to sacrifice themselves in a generous effort to sweep out for ever the rabble settlers of Elizabeth and James from the pleasant glens and smiling valleys of their native Wicklow.

Of Luke O'Toole, of whom we are more concerned here. He had his share of all the "hard blows" during that momentous epoch, when the Catholics of Ireland occupied a 'vantage ground they never had before or since, and from which they were obliged to descend into the depths of social grovelling, not indeed by extraneous constraint, but rather by pressure of their own unfortunate feuds and factions. Colonel Luke O'Toole served some time under Preston, recruited his regiment among the hills of Imayle and Feracualan, and with O'Byrne, says the MS. above cited:—"Made a fort of earth in the meare of the two counties, Dublin and Wicklow, where he annoyed the city, being only ten miles distant, waited his opportunity, when any army did issue thence, would show himself now and then upon St. Stephen's Green, using some acts of hostility, and at other times did burn some of the suburbs, so that several times he caused to be recalled home those armies to defend their proper doors."

The following Commission attests the high respect in which Luke O'Toole was held by the Catholic Prelates assembled in Cavan:—

“ To Colonel Luke O’Toole,

“ Greeting,

“ In Our Lord Everlasting.

“ SIR,

“ The pressing calamity of this kingdom, where with the Holy Catholic and Apostolic and Roman Religion, his sacred Majesty’s rights and the just liberties of us—his loyal subjects—are like to be trodder under foot, by a company of profane rebels, instruments of God’s wrath to punish our sins, together with the confidence we have in your real worth and wisdom to redeem those so dear pledges, invites us to call on your assistance. Giving you hereby full power and authority to levy, lead, and command a regiment of foot, and a troop of horse, praying you to contain the said regiment and troop as much as may be from incurring God’s just anger, especially from oppressing the poor, swearing and stealing. Giving you to understand we are hereunto authorized by his Excellency (Ormond), as appeareth by his letter dated at Loughrea, April 1st.

“ We also pray you, with the consent of the gentry there, to choose among yourselves in these parts a Commander-in-Chief, and that each Colonel may choose his own officers.

“ We will not cease to pray his Divine Majesty to encourage you to fight in his quarrel, and bless your designs.

“ Given at Cavan, 2nd May, 1650.

“ Farewell,

(Signed),

✠ “ HUGH O’REILLY, Archbishop of Armagh.

✠ “ THOMAS FLEMING, Archbishop of Dublin.

✠ “ EUGENE, Bishop of Kilmore.”

At the close of 1650, Luke was encamped at Glenmalure, with his four sons serving under him—Barnaby and Donogh, Lieut.-Colonels; Christopher, a Major; and Tirlagh. If the rebellious movement of 1641-2 had more of the sterling stuff of Luke O’Toole amongst the Leinster leaders, the result would have been different for the Irish Catholics; but the cool, calculating treachery of Ormond, and the weak vacillation of the Catholic nobles of the Pale, were sufficient to wreck any cause, and was

far more disastrous than any force that the English could put in the field against them.

Not your fault, Luke, that the Confederate Catholics did not succeed, for you fought bravely, and stood by the cause to the last. Even when Cromwell paid him a passing visit on his way to Wexford, the old warrior could not refrain from having a blow at him; and swooping down on his rear, he did much damage, and brought away Cromwell's favourite charger.

This chagrined Old Noll very much, and he sent a message to Luke, complaining that his son Christopher had taken away his favourite horse, and that he would willingly pay £100 for his recovery. To this offer Luke returned as answer an emphatic "No!" but that he would keep the charger as a "souvenir of Oliver's visit to Wicklow." Cromwell, before proceeding on his way to Wexford, ordered his artillery to level the old fortress of Castlekevin. They then planted their cannon on the road opposite, and with a few broadsides almost levelled the old castle, in which state it remains to the present day.

"The halls where mirth and minstrelsy,
Than Fertire's winds rose louder,
Were flung in masses lonely,
And black with English powder."

Cromwell then continued his disastrous march, and on his reaching Wexford, committed the most dreadful and diabolical slaughter of its inhabitants, and continuing his devastating march, we might almost say with the connivance of Ormond, he burned and laid waste the whole country. It must have been peculiarly gratifying to the blood-thirsty nature of Cromwell, when an adverse fate threw the brave old warrior, Luke O'Toole, into his hands. How revengefully he must have gloated over his capture, and with what glee (Luke was now in the evening of his days, in his 75th year) he consigned him to the dungeons of Dublin Castle!

We may be sure that the process of the law was not needlessly delayed in his case, and that short time was given between whatever

mockery of a trial they gave him and the execution of that sentence which was too familiar to the O'Tooles, viz:—"To be hanged, drawn and quartered." This barbarity was carried out in the year A.D. 1652, and the hoary and venerable head of the gallant chieftain was spiked on the gate that then stood at the foot of Nicholas-street, dividing the parishes of St. Nicholas Within, and St. Nicholas Without. Here it remained for a considerable time, the object of derision to those craven burghers of Dublin, who, when that eye (now dimmed by death) was thrown upon them as he rode at the head of his troops, in one of his incursions among them, were wont to skulk behind the nearest shelter, lest the avenging arm of an O'Toole would repay them for some inflicted wrong. Thus ended the last chieftain of Castlekevin, along with Sir Phelim O'Neill, Hugh McPhelim O'Byrne, and other leading Catholics.

Again were the O'Tooles of Fertire and Castlekevin attainted and outlawed; again were their lands confiscated and handed over to the Cromwellian soldiery.

We have these recorded in the book of Cromwell's confiscations, which is still to be seen in the Record Office, Four Courts, Dublin, and from which the following extracts are taken *verbatim*:—

County of Wicklow—Kildaragh Parish, Ballinacor, 14.

				A.	R.	P.		
}	Luke O'Toole	Glassmullen,	409	0	0	}	granted to Lieut. Conway.
		Ballinstown,	579	0	0		
		Mullagh-na-vooga,	320	0	0		
		Ballinamona,	1,535	0	0		
		Leytrim,	626	0	0		
		Tomroilan,	790	0	0		
		Ballincurley,	137	2	0		
		Castlekevin,	685	3	0		
Knockrodungo and Layragh,	1,658	0	0				

All the rest are Church lands.

These are the townlands and the number of acres in each, forming

the territory of ancient Fertire. The valley of Glendalough was Church land, and not included in the grant.

By this last act of confiscation the Clan O'Toole was left landless in Fertire and Imayle, and reduced to the position of humble farmers in the land they once owned.

Such of them as considered the military life more congenial to their tastes emigrated to the Continent, and took service in the armies of France and Spain, where they were not only heard of, but felt, in every battle from Dunkirk to Belgrade, and finally cast in their lot with the Irish Brigade. On many a hard-fought field, and through many a weary night, they were buoyed up by the hope that one day it would be vouchsafed them to land on Irish soil, and strike one blow at their common foe, one more struggle for holy Church and the land that bore them.

Luke O'Toole's sons were disinherited by the outlawry of their father and themselves, and their lands, as a consequence, confiscated. Christopher, the third eldest, was killed in the wars; Donogh (Denis) and Tyrlagh (Terence) lived on, and their descendants are still numerous in and about Glendalough and Fertire, and along the eastern seaboard of Wicklow and Wexford. We find Denis O'Toole of Castlekevin, with Hugh O'Byrne of Glendalough, going security for the priest of that district, in 1704. Denis O'Toole died, 1720. His will, bearing that date, is to be seen in the archives of the Public Record Office, Dublin.

132. Brian O'Toole, the eldest son of Luke, took service in France after the defeat of the Irish by Cromwell, but returned after the accession of James II., in hopes of regaining his estates. He fought valiantly at the Boyne; and he it was, and not Cahir* (as stated by King James), who shot Marshal Schomberg on that day.

In this same battle (the Boyne) also fought the three sons of Brian—Luke, Francis, M.P. for Wicklow, and Laurence of Farnessa, who stuck to the Irish army. They fought at Athlone, Aughrim, and at the siege

* The full particulars of this, and Lord Fingal's account, as published by Mr. Gilbert, are given at length on page 447.

of Limerick, after which the two latter returned to Wicklow, to find themselves, by the violation of Limerick's treaty, dispossessed of their property, and they and their descendants, to this day, compelled, as humble farmers, to eke out an existence upon the lands of their fathers.

Francis O'Toole, of Farnesa, settled down about Gorey; his son, Phelim O'Toole, who was born about 1700, had two sons—Hugh O'Toole, born, 1730, and Art. Hugh died in 1773, leaving five children—John O'Toole, born, 1761; Rose, Ellen, Mary, and Laurence. Laurence left Ireland about 1798, and was never heard of by his friends.

The eldest son, John O'Toole, finding it impossible to live at home, in 1798 emigrated to England, where he died in 1843, leaving four children, namely, Laurence, born, 1807, and still living, a very learned and respected priest, pastor of St. Wilfrid's, Manchester; Catherine, born in 1809; died, 1876; Hugh, born, 1811; died, 1889, *sine prole*; and Elizabeth, born, 1819; died, 1886.

From this branch of the family, namely, from Art, great-grandson of Francis, of Farnesa, is descended, we are told, John L. Toole, the great comedian of world-wide reputation. He was born in London, where his father held a lucrative office in the Corporation. He evinced a wonderful adaptability for the histrionic art, almost in his infancy, and making his mark among the members of the amateur dramatic clubs, he was warmly encouraged to give up the mercantile profession and devote himself to the stage. This course he adopted about the year 1854, and for over thirty years he has held one of the first places in the particular *role* of the profession he selected. In pieces requiring a judicious blending of pathos, with side-splitting mirth, J. L. Toole has no equal on the English stage.

Never stooping to vulgarity, and ever adding to his "repertoire," he is always sure of an ovation in any city he visits, either at home, the United States, or any of the English-speaking colonies.

Francis O'Toole (second son of Brian, killed at the battle of the Boyne), was justice of quorum, and M.P. for Wicklow. We have his descendants in and about Rathdrum and Aughrim. The late Very Reverend Canon

Laurence* O'Toole, of Rathangan, County Wexford, was a descendant of this family.

Luke, the eldest son of Brian, on his return home from Limerick, found himself in no better plight than his two brothers. He married in the County Wexford, settling down there at a place called Fairfield, and died in 1750.

He had two sons, Laurence and William. The latter was founder of the house at Eddermine, which was lately sold to Sir James Power, in whose family it still is. The descendants of William settled in Curraclloe, County Wexford, where they still are, much respected. The present family are Protestants, through means of a mixed maraiage.

The eldest son of Luke O'Toole, of Fairfield and Buckstown, County Wexford, who was born in 1722, and died in 1750, was an officer in the Irish Brigade in the service of France. He married—first, Eliza Masterson, and after her death, Eliza Talbot, of Castle Talbot, County Wexford, sister of Margaret Talbot, wife of the Count de Clonard. Laurence had by the second wife a large family of eight sons and six daughters, viz., Count John O'Toole, colonel in the French army and Chevalier de St. Louis. He was considered the handsomest man in France, before the Revolution. He married Lady Catherine Annesley, and died about 1823, leaving a son, called after himself, who married Miss Hall, of Hollybush, Derbyshire, England, an heiress, by whom he had a son, Lorenzo, who succeeded to his mother's fortune of £20,500 a-year, but lost the faith and name, and is now known as Lorenzo Hall, Esq., J.P., Hollybush, Derbyshire.

The second son of Laurence was Luke O'Toole; he was captain in the Irish Brigade, and Chevalier de St. Louis. He was guillotined in 1793, and his young daughter, totally bereft of all protection, perished miserably in the dungeons of Paris.

The third son of Laurence was also captain of a troop of French, in the East Indian Presidency. He established himself at the "Ile de Reunion," where his descendants live, forming the French branch of the name, and second in seniority.

* And the late Rev. Dr. O'Toole, who died a few years ago in Abingdon, England.

Edward O'Toole, fourth son of Laurence, was an officer in the English navy, and fought at the battle of Antilles, in the fleet of Admiral Rodney, in 1782.

William O'Toole, fifth son of Laurence, was a general in the French army, and Knight of St. Louis. After serving in the Irish Brigade, he continued in the service of the French Republic, and was Lieutenant-Colonel in the 92nd Regiment (formerly Walsh's), in the expedition to St. Domingo, in 1792-3. Later on, he became Brigadier-General, and commanded a body of 400 determined men, who set out in February, 1797, in the frigate "Resistance," to make a descent upon the coast of Wales, in conjunction with, and as part of the plan, of General Hoche's invasion of Ireland, which took place in the previous year (1796), and failed.

O'Toole landed at Fishguards, but, after a single battle, was forced to capitulate. This expedition, at first sight, seemed to have been senseless; but it must be remembered that this was about the time when the sailors of the English fleet at Spithead and Sheerness rebelled against their officers; and besides this, an O'Toole never required too positive an assurance of success, provided it afforded him an opportunity of striking a blow against the enemy of his country and creed. General Humbert landed at Killala about the same time (or rather a little after), also with a handful of men, and penetrated almost to the centre of Ireland.

Matthew O'Toole, the sixth son of Laurence, was also an officer in the Irish Brigade, and Chevalier de St. Louis. He went into the service of England at the time of the French Revolution, and served in India as an officer in the Hompech Hussars, in the pay of England. His son, Matthew O'Toole, was captain in the 82nd Regiment.

Bryan O'Toole, the seventh son of Laurence, was likewise an officer in the Irish Brigade; he went into the service of England during the French Revolution, where he attained to the grade of lieutenant-colonel. He afterwards entered the service of Portugal, in which he was colonel of a regiment. He returned to Ireland in 1814, decorated with many military honours, and died in 1825.

Andrew, the eighth son of Laurence, was, like his brothers, an officer in the Irish Brigade. He joined the army of the prince, and died of the effects of fatigue, consequent upon the severe toil and privation during the service.

Of Laurence's daughters, three of them, at least, lived and died at Fairfield, beloved and respected by all who knew them. One, named Maria, married Mr. Talbot of Castle Talbot, county Wexford, by whom she had Maria Theresa Talbot, who became the last Catholic Countess of Shrewsbury by marriage with the Earl, and who, to show her love for St. Laurence O'Toole, presented in the year 1856, a beautiful gold chalice, studded with diamonds, and a set of cruets, also gold, to the Cathedral Church, Marlborough Street, Dublin, on the Feast of St. Laurence. She had two daughters, Maria Talbot, and Gwendolen Talbot; the former married Prince de Roma, and the other married another Roman noble, namely, Prince Borghese, by which she became Princess Borghese de Roma.

136. Laurence O'Toole, the second of the name in this branch of the family, was also a captain in the Irish Brigade, and governed the Ile de Bourbon. He married François Similier de Kerdier, by whom he had Eugene O'Toole, an officer in the Irish Brigade, who was killed at the battle of Mayence, 1793.

137. Edward O'Toole, the second son, died young, in 1782; he was an Irish captain of the militia of the Ile de Bourbon; also

Mary O'Toole, Madame Du Manoir, grandmother of Madame Bergese, who was the mother of Comtesse de Berthier and Madame Marguerite Berges.

137. Laurent O'Toole de Leinster was second son of Laurence, and succeeded him, and established the family in the Ile de Bourbon. He married Henrietta Bedier, and had by her two sons and three daughters; Edward O'Toole de Leinster, who was Commissaire de Marine; he married Amelia Longlard, and had by her Edward O'Toole, an officer in the marine, who perished in a storm, while lieutenant of the "Messenger Nossby," a ship belonging to his uncle, Joseph O'Toole. This vessel, while going

from the Ile de Maurice to Reunion, was assailed by a dreadful tempest, on the 20th February, 1863. The young O'Toole, full of energy and chivalrous courage, flew to the helm, which was very hard to steer, saying that if anyone should perish, it was right that he should, rather than another. Presently a violent rush of the waves, sweeping the deck, tore him from his post, together with two of the crew. The three victims disappeared without any possibility of aid or rescue. Eight days before he had saved the crew of the ship "Rosaile," who were in danger of being the prey of the monster fish which frequent those seas.

He left after him an only brother, Camillus O'Toole, who with his mother and sister reside in Bordeaux, and still represent this branch of the Clan O'Toole.

The three daughters of Laurent O'Toole de Leinster, were Rosange O'Toole (Madame Bidier), Laure O'Toole (Madame Laurate), and Leone O'Toole (Madame du Manoir), being married to gentlemen of these names.

137. Laurent O'Toole de Leinster, his second son, succeeded his father, and was President of the Chamber de Commerce in the Ile de Bourbon. He married Julia Bedier, and had by her two sons and three daughters, namely—Thomas, the eldest, who married Maria Buhen, whose family now represent the Bourbon branch.

First daughter, Henrietta O'Toole, or Madame Duville; second daughter, Nelly O'Toole, or Comtesse Kelly-Farrell, whose husband has written a history of this branch of the Clan, from which we have copied largely; third daughter, Josephine O'Toole.

The second son was William O'Toole, and the Abbe O'Toole, who was chaplain to a convent of French nuns in 1814, was also of this branch.

Having now given an account of the French branch of the Clan who sought and won renown on many a well-fought field on the Continent of Europe, it only remains for us to sketch lightly the fortunes of those who remained at home, and who bore the brunt of the religious and other persecutions, inflicted on them by the heartless and relentless horde, who overran their homes and country, and not content with robbing them

of their estates, endeavoured by the basest cruelty to deprive them of their faith also.

But notwithstanding all, we still find the members of the Castlekevin branch of the clan well to the front in the portions of the country they settled on; poor they are, it is true, in the goods of this world, as compared with the splendid opulence of former days, but rich in the preservation of the faith of their fathers, rich in the associations of the spirit and bravery of their ancestors, and rich in the hopes of the enjoyment of an eternal reward, promised to faithful and devoted servants.

In an earlier portion of this work, we find the numerical results of an Inquisition taken in 1766 by orders of the Irish House of Lords to the Protestant Parish Rectors, who were anxious to learn if Popery were yet stamped out; or were it likely to ever be.

The will of Francis O'Toole of Ballinacor, dated 1786, and that of Edmond O'Toole, Ballymanus, dated 1701, with several others are to be had in the P.R.O.

The present Hugh or Feagh O'Toole of Tomdarragh, Castlekevin, Anamoe, Cahir (Charles) O'Toole of Main-street, Bray, and Phelim O'Toole, Ardyne, belong to this branch; whilst Nicholas of Athgraney, Nicholas of Hacketstown, Thomas of Carnew, John of Rathangan, Nicholas and Laurence of Danesfort, also Charles, John, and Charles O'Toole of Aughavannagh, belong to the Imayle branch; but Andrew of Knockadreet, Charles of Trudder, Patriek of Coolflake, Rathdrum, Thomas of Ballinamona, John of Ballyvalentine, Rathdrum, also John of Ballycumber, John of Ballynas, Garret of Aghowl, and Edward of Ballynern, Richard O'Toole of Dublin, and Luke O'Toole, seedsman, Dublin, Captains Laurence and Nicholas O'Toole, of Cork, besides many others in America and far-off Australia, belong to this branch.*

* We find on a tombstone in Glendalough graveyard, anent one Luke O'Toole of this branch: "Here lieth the body of Luke O'Toole, of Anamoe. He departed this life the 3rd August, 1793, aged 63 years. This stone was erected by his wife Mary. He was a friend to the unprotected, a father to the orphan. His door was ever open to the poor. His widow, Mary, died, June 3rd, 1811. R.I.P."

We shall wind up our history of this branch with Mrs. Hall's account of them in her beautiful and interesting work on the "Scenery and Description of Ireland," published in 1842. In describing Glendalough, the Seven Churches, the country of the O'Tooles, she writes:—

"The Church of Rhefert, or, as it is usually called, 'The Sepulchre of the Kings,' in which lie interred generations of the O'Tooles, to whose history we have referred elsewhere, is perhaps the most striking and interesting of the ancient remains, although time has left barely enough of it to indicate the extent of its consecrated ground. It stands south of the glen that separates the two lakes, and bears token of very remote antiquity; the interior is thronged with briars and underwood, that in many instances conceal completely the graves of which it is full." She proceeds—"The sept of the O'Tooles, notwithstanding the attempts to extirpate them, are not even now extinct.

"In our early youth it was our lot to be acquainted with one of them, one of the immediate representatives of the 'brave but intractable sept.' We used to anticipate his visits as one of the greatest treats we could enjoy. His presence was princely, but not austere; his tall, slight figure, silver-mounted hunting-horn and fowling-piece, his noble horse and perfect dogs, bespoke the gentleman; but when his head was uncovered, and his long silvery hair flowing over his shirt collar, and you observed the extraordinary brilliancy of his eyes, and the exquisite proportion of his features, you could not fail to inquire who he was, and to pay involuntary homage to manly beauty and polished demeanour.

"His very dog was courtly. 'Bran' had the credit of being a genuine Irish wolf-dog, and was certainly the only animal we ever saw that answered the description of the noble breed; and most sagacious. He was, indeed, a noble animal and a courtly brute, for he would never precede a lady when entering a room. His master would not, under any circumstances, endure to be styled Mr. O'Toole, holding 'Mr.' as an unworthy designation, but would be called 'O'Toole,' simply.

"Meeting Lord Arne (with whom he was intimate), he said to him, after bowing, 'O'Toole salutes Arne.' But, though proud in points of

etiquette, he was the humblest of the humble to the poor. He would watch at the bedside of a sick dependant, and enter with exquisite feelings into the sorrows which he loved to alleviate. As long as a coin remained in his pocket, no one ever solicited his aid in vain, and his family would often have to restrain his liberality by lessening the contents of his purse, whilst he remained unconscious of the friendly robbery. His peculiarities were many, but none of them evil.

“It is impossible to imagine a love more chivalrous or devoted than he cherished for his native land. His acquaintance with foreign lands had increased his affection for his own, and it was no uncommon thing to hint at something disparaging to Ireland for the purpose of raising O'Toole's energies. Then, indeed, his eyes would flash, his fine musical voice acquire new tones from the intensity of his feelings; even Bran would rouse him from his lair, and place his head upon the table, looking with inquiring eyes into his face. With him Ireland was the Alpha and Omega of the world. Her history, real or imaginary, formed his political creed. He would assure you that no Chinese tea was equal to that which could be made from an infusion of the sloe and a few leaves of bog myrtle. His shirt buttons were of Irish diamonds, set in pure Wicklow gold. Fond, like all gentlemen of the old *regime*, of jewels, he wore none that were not Irish. His snuff-box, of Wicklow pebbles, was set with Irish pearls; his fingers glittered with Irish amethysts; the chimney-pieces in his house were of Irish marble; everything about him was of Irish manufacture, and his hunting-coat of Lincoln green was grown, shorn, dyed, and made upon his own estate.

“When we doubted the truth of any statement—hinting, for instance, that he had been misinformed—he would promise ocular demonstration, start at break of day with his faithful servant, who always carried the results of his master's geological explorations (no light weight either), and return to the breakfast-table, eager to prove that what you believed to be yellow clay was gold dust. Upon this one point the mind of our friend was astray, and upon that it was dangerous to contradict him. He would brew the most noxious decoctions, and swallow them with a *gout*,

because they were made from Irish herbs. He had his gooseberry and currant vintage, and always declared that the word 'nectar' signified 'poteen.' Regardless of the state of the weather, he might have been often seen, preceded by his dogs, followed by his trusty squire, wading through bogs, in hopes of securing some new Irish specimen of root or flower, to bear out his theory that everything necessary for life, wealth, and the happiness and adornment of man, was to be found in Ireland. The very corn-birds he asserted to be the same as the ortolans of Italy.

"One of our childish delights was to climb to his knee (and a good, long climb it was), and in the grey, dim twilight, coax him to repeat Ossian, or some real old Irish ballads. His memory was wonderful, and he would go to as much trouble to please a wayward child as if an audience waited on his words. Nothing could exceed the beauty and style of his reading. It was only on one subject that his intellect wandered; on every other it was lively and clear and overflowing. It seems to us, after the lapse of so many years, a privilege to have known such a man, the chief of such a race.

"Long, long ago, the grass was green upon his grave, and people say, when they look upon it, 'There are no such men now.' He was, like Bayard, 'sans peur, sans reproche.' Little did the kindly, excellent, and venerable gentleman imagine, when talking to us of old Ireland, as we sat on his knee, that he was planting the seeds for a future harvest. Still less did he fancy that it would be, in after times, our pleasant duty to revive, for respect and affection, the memory of another of the race of O'Toole. 'Ex uno disce omnes.'"

THE IMAYLE BRANCH

OF THE

CLAN O'TOOLE.

WE now proceed to the Imayle branch, so known from its famous glen. This was the ancient inheritance of Tirlough McShane O'Toole, who was slain in a fierce war in the time of Edward VI. (1547) by Pierce Talbot. These estates fell to the unscrupulous Sir Thomas Chichester.

We here append an incident of the marauding propensities of the English garrison, as it bears particularly on this portion of the Imayle territory to which the O'Tooles had to retreat when the clouds of fortune lowered gloomily on their house and nation.

A contemporary writer tells us that, in 1572—

“On the 17th May, Captains Hungerford, Geo. Wingfield, and Lieut. Parker, with Mr. Agarde, after burning sixteen towns, hamlets, &c., in Shillelagh, with spoils of cattle and prisoners, not counting the slain, made an incursion into the Glen of Imayle. They killed a foster-brother of James Eustace, Patrick Tallon, and his brother David, whose heads were sent to the lord keeper. Another young fellow was run into and dispatched after a chase of three miles, and much spoil was taken, and after a few hours' repose, the soldiers went round Lugnacuillagh to Aughavannagh, to spoil the MacHughs. Feagh MacHugh was absent. The inhabitants of



The ruins of Ballymoon Castle.

This Castle stands in a hollow surrounded by all the adjacent hills, on the most western part of the O'Toole territory, where a great battle was fought between the Leinstermen and the Munstermen, A. D. 938; the latter, led by King Connaught Casbel, were defeated and their king killed, and his body buried in the Abbey of Castlebarrow, where he had been educated. The exterior walls of the castle, and part of the square tower in the centre of the fourth side remain. The east and north sides are strengthened by a thick square abutment. The only entrance is at the west.

This view was drawn by Francis Grosz, anno 1780.

five cabins were slain—four or five kerns, and two foster-brothers of Feagh MacHugh. A woman was taken away, and Captain George met a party of the Tallons, one of whom was killed, and the others stripped naked and put into a bog. On the morning of the 22nd they slew many churls, women and children, and brought away thirty kine and sheep and other spoil, and killed five hundred cattle.”—See State Papers, also quoted in Froude’s “History of England.”

What has been recorded of the Clan O’Toole’s property here is, with their own particular facts and local surroundings, equally true of the other parts of Ireland, where the people refused to own the right of Queen Elizabeth to be their guide in the management of their spiritual affairs, or that of her minions, the grantees, to have anything to do with their mundane interests. Hence the whole land was in the hands of the conquerors. The gentlest and noblest of her sons were reduced to the position of tillers of the land that a short time since owned them as lords, as expressed by the poet:—

“Soon shall thy sons—the time is just at hand—
 Be all made captives in their native land;
 When for the use of no Hibernian born
 Shall rise one blade of grass, nor ear of corn;
 When shells and leather shall for money pass;
 When thy oppressive laws afford the brass;
 But all turn leasers to the mongrel breed
 Who from thee sprung, yet on thy vitals feed.”

In the reign of James I. the lord of Imayle furnished to a military muster twenty-four horsemen and eighty kerns.

Patent Rolls, James I.—Grant to Sir Thomas Chichester, knight, of the lands of Tirlogh McShane O’Toole, Imael, attainted.

Patent Rolls, 5th year of James I.—Grant from the King to Sir Thomas Chichester, knight, Dublin, now Wicklow.

“One carew in Cooleshamore, rent £12; in Kilouriffe, otherwise Kilashe, 30 acres arable, rent £1 10s.; in Garrickvorle, otherwise Garrick

ille Ullight, 20 acres arable and 12 acres pasture and wood, rent £1; in Castle Sallagh, 40 acres arable, pasture and underwood, rent £1 10s.; in a town, sometime pasture and underwood, Ballymacleddy, and now called Talbotstown, two carewes with all other lands, tenements and hereditaments, in Talbotstown aforesaid, rent £3 6s. 8d., all in the crown, as well by the attainder of Terence, otherwise Tirlogh McShane O'Toole.'

"Also in Talbotstown in Omally (Imayle), 300 acres arable, 200 acres pasture, and 400 acres wood and underwood; in Borghill, 200 acres arable, 400 acres pasture, and 200 acres in wood, rent £1 6s. 8d.; in Kittageen, in Omally (Imayle), 80 acres arable, 120 acres pasture, rent 13s. 4d.; in Butlerswood, 100 acres arable, 200 acres pasture, and 400 acres wood, rent 15s. 8d.; in Little Coullshaugh (now Kelshabeg), in Omallie (Imayle), 20 acres arable, 40 acres pasture, 60 acres wood, rent 6s. 8d.; in Carrickrorke in Omalley (Imayle), 80 acres arable, 200 acres pasture and 100 acres wood, rent 13s. 4d.; in Newtown in Omalley (Imayle), 80 acres arable, and 200 acres pasture, and 30 acres wood, rent 13s. 4d.; in Culirstown, in Omalley (Imayle), 40 acres arable, 60 acres pasture and wood, rent 10s. 6d.; in Downings in Omalley (Imayle), 200 acres arable, 100 acres pasture, and 100 acres wood, rent £1 7s. 6d.; in Spinans, in Omalley (Imayle), 40 acres arable, 400 pasture, and 100 wood, rent 15s.; in Kilmartin in Omalley (Imayle), 100 acres arable, rent 15s.; in Wolfsden in Omalley (Imayle), 40 acres arable, 120 acres pasture, and 30 acres wood, rent 10s.; in Donaghmore in Omalley, 40 acres arable, 40 acres pasture, rent 10s.; in Knight's Castle, Castleruddery, in Omalley (Imayle), 100 acres arable, 300 acres pasture, and 30 acres wood, rent 15s. in Holbockstown, in Omalley (Imayle), 100 acres arable, 300 acres pasture, and 30 acres wood, rent 15s.; in Ediston in Omalley (Imalye), 20 acres arable, 40 acres pasture, and 100 acres wood, rent 6s. 8d.; in Kilraught, 800 acres arable, 200 acres pasture and wood, rent 13s. 4d.; in Brittas and Omalley, 100 acres arable, 200 acres pasture and wood, rent 15s.; in Knockadern in Omalley (Imayle), 40 acres arable, 100 acres pasture and wood, rent 10s. 6d.; in Knocknarigan in Omalley (Imayle), 80 acres arable

and 80 acres pasture, rent 15s. ; in Ballidill, in Omalley (Imayle), 30 acres arable, 200 acres pasture, and 100 acres wood, rent 8s. ; in Kilkedan in Omalley (Imayle), 20 acres arable and 80 acres pasture, rent 13s. 4d., and all these townlands and tenements, villages and hamlets, of Twoer-beg, Ballybiriselay, and Bally O'Toole, rent £18.

“All titles, allowages, stipends of curates, knights' fees, wards, trees, mines and minerals, etc., excepted, formerly the possessions of Tirlogh M'Shane O'Toole. Total rent, £26 18s. 0d. Irish, to hold for 21 years, in consideration of his good services, and for his discovery of the king's title and right to the premises, and for a fine of five marks.

20th day of March, V. of James I, 1609.”

Patent Roll, } “Wicklow.—Half of the town and lands of Borehill,
James I. } containing 100 acres arable, 200 acres pasture, 100 acres
wood, and 100 acres underwood, parcel of the estate of Shane M'Feagh
O'Toole, attainted, to Sir John Singe, knight, assignee to Captain George
Blundell.”

Doubtless, the zeal of Sir Thomas Chichester, in making this and other discoveries connected with the estates of the O'Tooles, was naturally and effectively stimulated by the knowledge, that upon the consequences of his research depended his own aggrandizement. “The more I discover,” he may well have said, “the more I shall possess.” Where could be found a stronger incentive than this ; and we make no doubt that Sir Thomas faithfully worked to preserve the interests of his royal master, more particularly when these interests were so fortunately dove-tailed with his own.

We must bear in mind, that in this latter case the cause of the attainer brought against the O'Tooles was purely on account of a religious question, namely, because they joined Lord Baltinglass, driven into rebellion with the Earl of Desmond, rather than that they would acknowledge Elizabeth as head of the Church, and deny the Pope's supremacy : hence they and their children suffered, because they were “Papists” in the true and real sense of that word.

But in the case of Tirlogh McShane O'Toole, whose property

Chichester had got, it was somewhat different. He had been attainted and outlawed during an earlier period on account of a battle he had with the English, under General Talbot, in which he was slain, about 1547; so that his grandchildren should not have been punished for his act. No doubt, they were not quiescent in the great Catholic war of 1580, and had a hand in the discomfiture of Lord Grey and the English at the battle of Glenmalure; but, on the one principle, whether they fought for their faith or their fatherland, either was ground good enough for the Inquisitionists to deprive them of all their earthly possessions.

Sir Thomas Chichester does not appear to have retained these lands very long. The cause of his giving them up is not recorded in the State papers of the time, but we think it is quite safe to draw the inference that he did not find it very easy to cause the O'Tooles to look upon him in the light of their landlord; more likely were they to view him in the more truthful aspect, as a robbing intruder, and treated him accordingly. Anyway, we find that, in the twentieth year of James's reign, one John Wickombe got a re-grant of these same lands, with some more added to them.

Patent Rolls, 20th of James I.—“Grant of the manor of Talbotstown, and all the castles and messuages in the towns and fields, lands and tenements, rents and services of Little Birchall, Great Birchall, Kitagen, Ballyhubbock, Fedencoile, Newtown, Carrickbrock, Butlerswood, Little Celcaghe, Buolybeg, The Downings, The Spinans, Ballenlounerie, Donaghmore, Daviestown, Coolemadder, Bryanmalstown, Knoockanaragan, Little Brittas, Great Brittas, Kilranalagh, Edestown, Wolfden, Kilmine, Clounaseskin, Culverstown, Ballydille, Monneduffe, Drumdillen, and Cranerin, in Imaile, formerly Tirlagh McShane O'Tcole's country, attainted, to hold to the said John Wickombe, his heirs and assigns, for ever.”

Ah! “for ever,” even in its temporal sense, is a long time! Three hundred years have not since passed over, and yet there is not a Wickombe to be found within the confines of Imaile, and we would venture to say that the oldest resident of the glen never heard of a Wickombe owning property or living there.

Here we may mention another of Queen Elizabeth's heroes, Sir Henry Ffolliott, who got large grants of land from the king for the action he took against "the nefarious traitor, the Earl of Tyrone, as against the Spanish enemies of the kingdom, and reducing the rebels in the O'Byrnes' and O'Tooles' country, for which he received the title of Lord Ffolliott."

Thus we see that the lands of the valley of Imayle, between granting and re-granting, were well estranged from their legitimate owners. We owe to these inquisitions, confiscations, and royal grants, the first establishment in Ireland of what has been, from that day to this, the curse of the nation—landlordism.

Only that the subject is too solemn, and that it involves issues of such vital and paramount importance to the occupying class, it would amuse one to hear of all those high-flown maxims of the "rights of property," "lineal descent," "vested interests," and "Encumbered Estates Court Title," put forward on behalf of the landlord class in Ireland. But when we come to bring the matter down to the fine point of plain, unvarnished truth, we find the strength of their claims solely lies in the fact that, a few centuries ago, the ancestors of those present occupiers were deprived of their lands and properties for the enrichment of the sycophantic, hungry adventurers who hung about the courts of Elizabeth and James, or their Irish deputies, or who, later on, followed in the train of the marauding and bloodthirsty Cromwell.

We here give another Inquisition relative to the Imayle branch of the Clan.

ORIGINAL.

"BREA,

"15th *February*, 1610.

"Ferdorogh McCahir, nuş de Brittas in Cartreford, seiş fuit in dñco suş ut de feod de $\frac{1}{8}$ part, et teñ, in viñ et campus de Brittas pd —sic seiş idē, Ferdorogh 20th March, 1582, unacū Jac Eustace

TRANSLATION.

"BREA, 16th *February*, 1610.

"Ferdorogh McCahir (O'Toole), late of Brittas, in the Glen Imayle, Co. Wicklow, held in fee the domain comprised in $\frac{1}{8}$ part of the tenements and lands of the town of Brittas aforesaid.

"The same Ferdonogh thus pos-

nuþ Vice Coñ, de Baltinglass, et divers ať nequissimis pđitoř apud Brittas, pd intravit in rebellion et guerra publica lev avit verš nuþ Regin-Eliz. in eade rebellion interfect, fuit 10 Oct., añ regni dicť Regin 23 post transit dicť Vice-Coñ de Baltinglass ex Regne Hibnie.

“Murough McMelaghlin de Brittas, pđ seis fuit et de feod, de $\frac{3}{4}$ vii, et ter de Brittas Fedancsile, little Newtown, Downinge, Kilranelaghe, and little Brittas, qu sibi descendebat, a prē sui Melaghlin McShane, sic inde seis obuť, post egus mortē pñiss descendebat nepoť et herediť suo Melaghlin McGerrald, fil et heř dict Morogh Melaghlin, sic quidguide, Melaghlin McGerrald, Mc Morogh in pñiss, intravit et fuit inde seis ut de feod et sic inde seis existeñ ide Melaghlin McGerrald attineť fuit de alta pđicoñ . . Shane McPhelim de Coulowney in Co. pd seis fuit ut de feod, de $\frac{1}{2}$ oin ter et teñ in Coulewoney et Knockaderrig in Co. pd et sic seis obuť et post morte ejus, Donogh McShane, fil et heř dicť Shane McPhelim intravit in pñiss et de eise seis existeñ ide Donogh McShane unacu Feagh Mc Hugh et diversť ať nequissimis pđitoř apued Cowlewony pd l Mati en regni

essed, on the 20th March, 1580, joined James Eustace, late Viscount Baltinglass, and divers others, most wicked rebels at Brittas aforesaid, entered into rebellion and levied public war against the late Queen Elizabeth, and in the same rebellion, was slain 10th October, in the twenty-third year of the reign of the aforesaid queen. Subsequently, the said Viscount Baltin-glass left the kingdom of Ireland.

“Murough McMelaghlin (O'Toole), of Brittas aforesaid, was possessed in feof of $\frac{3}{4}$ of the village and lands of Brittas, Fedancoile, Little Newtown, Downing, Kilranelagh, and Little Brittas, which descended to him from his predecessor, Melaghlin McShane, who died in possession, and after whose death these possessions descended to his nephew, Melaghlin McGerrald (O'Toole), son and heir of Gerald McMorrogh, son and heir of said McMorrogh Mc Melaghlin (O'Toole). This same Melaghlin McGerrald McMurrogh O'Toole, entered upon and was in possession of these premises, and the said Melaghlin McGerrald lived in possession of same until he was attainted of high treason.

Shane McPhelim (O'Toole), of

nup Regin 35 intravit in rebellion et guerra levavit verſ, dict̄ nup Regin̄ et interfect, fuit 20 Jun, añ pd apud Cowlewoney pd.

Cowlowney in aforesaid county, was seized in fee of $\frac{1}{8}$ of all the lands and tenements in Cowlowney and Knockaderry, in aforesaid county, and died in possession, and after his death Donogh McShane, son and heir of said Shane McPhelim, entered into and retained possession of same. The said Donogh McShane, joined Feagh MacHugh (O'Byrne), and divers others most wicked rebels at Cowlowney, aforesaid, on the 1st May, in the 35th year of the reign of the late queen, and entered into rebellion and levied war against the said late queen, and was slain on the 20th June, in the year aforesaid at Cowlowney aforesaid."

This Brittas in Imayle, mentioned in the foregoing inquisition, is the place said by some to have been the birth-place of (Lorcan) St. Laurence O'Toole; other traditions point to it as the place to which the wicked Dermot MacMurrough exiled him, when he took him from his father as a hostage. There is a large park, surrounded by very large old trees, into which his nurse is said to have often climbed, wistfully turning her eyes towards Kildare and Glendalough, crying out in piteous tones to bring her back her "daltha" (foster-child). This park is called to this day St. Laurence O'Toole's park, so that there is something in the old tradition.

In treating of the Imayle branch of the O'Toole family, we may here record for the benefit of our readers an incident that took place relative to one of the members of this branch, when as far back as A.D. 1333 Murragh FitzNicholas O'Toole was killed when leaving the parliament

which assembled in the great hall of the Carmelite Monastery, (Whitefriar Street), Dublin.

It is recorded as follows in the Carew State Papers:—

“Also the Earl Wormon and divers of the nobility assembled at Dublinge, at the house of the Carmelites (Whitefriar Street,) on the 11th day of June, A.D. 1333. The said parliament in their going from the said Friars, suddenly was killed by chance. Morish FitzNicholas O'Toole, for which suddenly changed all the nobility, seeing the strangenes thereof, fearing treason, was stricken with fear and trouble, did also straightly command that great search should be made—how and by whom the said fact was committed whose name they did not know.”

This O'Toole could hardly have been a member of this parliament, for on all those occasions when any of them were summoned to parliament, they for occult reasons declined, rather trusting to the virtue of their persuasive powers, with good swords in hand, amid their native glens, than to endanger their lives and liberties within the walls of Dublin, and their visits to that city were generally more in the light of occupants of its dungeon keep, than joining in the council chamber or wassail board, except on those occasions when they were able to swoop down on the Saxon burghers, and make reprisals for some outrage committed on themselves.

He was either a spectator in the parliament house, or came there for the purpose of ascertaining if anything was astir, that might be detrimental to the interests of his clan, and when found out was ruthlessly assassinated by some Englishmen, who could not abide his name or nationality. From this it would appear that it was as dangerous for an O'Toole to enter the city of Dublin in those days, as it would be for a Catholic Missionary to be found in China or Thibet in our own days.

The name Nicholas is continued in that branch of the clan down to the present day. From inter-marriages with the Geraldines the name Gerald or Garret was introduced; hence the frequency of the name in the inquisitions, and its continuance among the O'Tooles of this branch down to our own times.

We resume the Inquisitions with one taken at

“BREA, 15 *February*, 1610.

TRANSLATION.

“Shane McFeagh O’Toole, de Castlerudry, in Co. Wicklow, seis fuit ut de feod de vit et teñ de Castlerudry et medietai vit de Birdkilmore, in Co. pd et infra territor’ de Imaile sic seis entravit in rebellion ut supra et obiit 31 Aug. an regni dict’ Regni 23 in eade rebellion, existen [] Duffe de Donoghmore, in Co. pd seis fuit ut defend de $\frac{1}{8}$ part vit et teñ de Donoghmore pd et sic seis obiit [] Mac Teege ejus fil et her’ intravit in p’mis et de eisde seis’ fuit ut de feod obiit et pmiss’ descendebat Thad at Teige Mac Turlough qui intravit in rebellion et interfecit fuit ul’ die Jul’ an regni dict’ Regni, 41 oca p’mis teñ et teñ pd jacent infra territor’ de Imaile in Co. pd et tenent’ de Re nunc sed p qui s’vic’ jur’ penitus ignor. Raconattincher’ et interfec’õn’ in rebellion pd p senar’ dict’ pmiss’ Regi’ forisfact’ sunt.

“BREA, 15th *February*, 1610.

“(Bindon, near Castledermot and Athy.)

“Shane McFeagh O’Toole, of Castleruddery, in Co. Wicklow, was seized in fee of the town and land of Castleruddery, and half of the village of Bord-Kilmore, in Co. aforesaid, and within the territory of Imayle. Being thus in possession, he entered into rebellion, as above, and died 31 August, in the 23rd year of the reign of the said queen, during the same rebellion. [] Duffe, of Donoghmore, in county aforesaid, was seized in fee of $\frac{1}{8}$ part of the village and land of Donoghmore aforesaid, and died thus possessed. [] MacTeige, his son and heir, entered upon, and died in possession of same, and the premises descended to Thad, or Teige, Me Turlough, who went into rebellion, and was slain on the last day of July

in the 41st year of the reign of the said queen. All the premises, lands, and tenements aforesaid lie within the territory of Imayle, in the aforesaid county, and are now held from the king, but by what right of service is entirely unknown. By the attainder and death in rebellion of said person, said premises are made forfeit to the king.

We have a record of the obit of Shane O'Toole, who resided at Castleruddery, and of that of his son, Edmond, whose son, Shane O'Toole, was slain in an attack made upon his clan by Gerald, ninth Earl of Kildare (1516). As was usual in those cases, he decapitated Shane, and sent his head as a present to John Rochford, Mayor of Dublin, who gave but one crusadoe to the messenger, for at that time coin was scarce in the country. The son of Shane was Feagh, who was father of Shane O'Toole of Castleruddery. In 1526 he married the niece of the aforesaid Earl of Kildare, and daughter of Sir James Fitzgerald of Leixlip, who was executed 2nd February, 1535.

This Shane O'Toole died peaceably in his bed, A.D. 1571, a luxury that few of his predecessors, or, indeed, his successors, were permitted to enjoy.

The family of the Clan O'Toole no longer live in Castleruddery, but they have held on in its outskirts, in a place called Oldmill, or Newtown, where two or three families of the name, descendants of Shane O'Toole of Castleruddery, are to be found, cultivating the lands their forefathers owned, and having no share in their rightful patrimony but the proud memories of the former grandeur and prowess of their ancestors.

This Castleruddery was one of the oldest castles of the clan, being nearest to "Uí Murredagh," the seat of the chief up to the time of the English invasion. It was generally occupied by knights, who guarded the entrance into the Glen Imayle, hence the name, Castle-ruddery (Knight's Castle). Of the old castle itself there is little left but the foundations, and few of the inhabitants know anything of its former history, thanks to a paternal(?) government, from whose mis-called system of National Education all such items of Irish history are excluded, and the imparting of any such particulars to the youth of the country strictly prohibited and tabooed. In the words of one of the purest of Erin's gifted sons:—

“Peaceful it stands, the mighty pile,
 By many a heart's blood once defended!
 And silent now the cloister'd aisle,
 Where rang the sounds of banquet splendid!

Age holds its undivided state
 Where youth and beauty once were cherished ;
 And leverets pass the wardless gate,
 Where heroes once essayed and perished !"—

Gerald Griffin.

It was to this castle, after a battle fought between the O'Tooles and the English in 1396, in which the former were victorious, that six score of English heads were brought to The O'Toole, and spiked on its gates, as a warning to the Saxon, and in retaliation for a like act of theirs, when, after the battle of Tallaght, in 1317, where the English gained the day, four hundred of the O'Tooles' heads were brought to Dublin Castle, and spiked on *its* gates. Reprisals were then the spirit of the age, and the memories of the O'Tooles were as long as their swords were sharp, whenever the tide of war turned in their favour.

This will be the last of the Inquisitions with which we shall trouble our readers relative to the Imayle branch :—

“Car. I., Regis.

“10th April, 1629.

“Cahir O'Toole seiš fuit in dnico suš et de feod de viš de Ballehuboch, in Co. Wicklow, contiñ p estimaçoñ 10 meš et 200 acr' ter' hamlet seve' pcell teř vocat Ballintrowre, contin' 100 acr' medietat' vil' et teř de Boherel-Kilmore in Co. pd continen' 4 mes' et 60 acr' mediet' vil' de Donoghmore contin' 2 miš et 40 acr' de viš et ter' de Moneskeboll contiñ 10 acr' ter' et 1 vetus molendin' aquatic, viš et ter' de Knockinaregan, contiñ 3 mes' et 40 acr' et vil et teř de Rosse-

TRANSLATION.

“First of King Charles.

“April 10th, 1629.

“Cahir O'Toole was seized in fee of his lordship of the village of Ballehubock, in Co. Wicklow, containing by estimate 10 messuages and 200 acres, land and hamlet; separate parcels of the land, called Ballintrowre, containing 100 acres; a moiety of the village and land of Bohera-Kilmore, in aforesaid county, containing 4 messuages and 60 acres; a moiety of the village of Donoghmore, containing 2 messuages and

dyduffe, Booleanbarny, et Rahyn al' Ballerahin, contiñ 6 mcs' et 6 acr' qū oīa jacent in territor' de Imaile, in Co. pd et nuḡ fuēr in Co. Dub. sic inde seiš existen' ide' Cahir p fact' gireñ, dat' 20 August, 1591, concessit oīa pmiss' pd Edm. Eustace nup de Elverdstown, in Co. Dublin, defunct' Rič Eustace, fit et her' dict' Edm. et Wil Eustace, nuḡ de Dowdinstown, in dict' Co. Dublin et hered' suis, ad us' in intenčōñ dict' fact' specificat, cujusquidē intenčōñ teneŕ sequit' in orig' virtute cujus pd Edm' Rič et Wil' fueŕ de pmiss' seiš' in đnico' suo ut de feod' ad pd uš.

"Sic seiš existen' pd Edm' et Wil' obier' et pd Rič eos supvixit virtute cujus idē Rič fuit de pmiss' seiš in đnico' suo sic inde ad cosde us' seiš' existen' pd Cahir obiit, intestat 10 March, 1622, Dermott O'Toole, ejus fil' et her' fuit etat tempore mortis pris sui 40 annu' et maritat' 3 June, 1626, ide' Dermott obiit Cahir O'Toole est ejus fil' et her' et pd Cahir fuit etat 13 annor' tempore mortis dict' Dermott, et non maritat [] fuit rex' dixt' Dermott et mode vivit. pmiss' p^a tempore dict. alienaçōn tenebant' de nup' Regin' Eliz et tempore mortis dict' Cahir

40 acres; of the village and lands of Morieskeboll, containing 10 acres of land and one old water mill; of the village and lands of Knockaneringan, containing 3 messuages and 40 acres; and of the village and lands of Rosseyduffe, Booleanbarny, and Rahyn, otherwise Ballerahin, containing 6 messuages and 6 acres; all of which lie in the territory of Imayle, in county aforesaid, and were lately in the County Dublin. Then, being thus seized, the same Cahir, by deed bearing date 20 August, 1591, made over all these premises aforesaid to Edm. Eustace, late of Elverdstown, in County Dublin, deceased; Ric. Eustace, son and heir of said Edm.; and Wil. Eustace, late of Elverdstown, in said County of Dublin, and their heirs, to the interests specified and intended in said deed, in whatsoever intention and tenor set forth in original; by virtue of which aforesaid, Edm., Ric., and Wil. were seized in fee of his lordship of the premises to their use aforesaid. Thus remaining possessed, aforesaid Edm. and Wil. died, and the aforesaid Ric. survived them, by virtue of which the aforesaid Ric. was seized of his lordship of the premises. Thus, from that time he continued pos-

tenebant' de nup' Re Jac' et tempore mortis dict' Dermott tenebant' de Re nunc sed p qu' seic ju' ignof.'"

essed after them of the interests aforesaid. Cahir died intestate the 10 March, 1622. Dermott O'Toole, his son and heir, was, at the time of his father's death, 40 years old, and married. Dermott died the 3rd June, 1626. Cahir O'Toole is his son and heir, and the aforesaid Cahir was 13 years of age at the time of the death of said Dermott, and not married. [] was wife of said Dermott, and is now living. The premises aforesaid, at the time of said alienation, were held of the late Queen Elizabeth, and at the time of his death the said Cahir held of the late King James, and from the time of his death the said Dermott held, and now holds, of the present king, but by what right of service is unknown."

[NOTE.—Ballyhubbock, Donoughmore, and the whole of Glen Imayle have been, since the time of Cromwell, colonised by Fentons, Jacksons, Wilsons, and Plants, &c. So well planted and transplanted has it been with foundlings and followers of the Cromwellians and Williamites, that very few of the old blood have been allowed to remain there.]

We will not weary the patience of our readers by recording any more of the iniquitous inquisitions of this "Commission to Inquire into Defective Titles," as King James was pleased to designate them. They soon found out, in Leinster alone, 385,000 acres as "discovered," inasmuch as the titles were not such as ought (in their judgment) to stand for a moment in the way of his most gracious majesty's benevolent(?) designs.

We could hardly trust ourselves to write our thoughts as to the working of this commission, but we give the opinion of Leland, the historian, as of infinitely more weight. He writes of them:—

"There were not wanting proofs of the most iniquitous practices, of hardened cruelties, of vile perjuries, and scandalous subornations, employed to despoil the unfortunate proprietor of his inheritance."

Old and obsolete claims, some of them dating as far back as the time of Henry the Second, were renewed; advantage was taken of the most

trivial flaws and the most minute informalities, in order to discover some excuse that might be, even in ever so slight a degree, formed into a pretext for the issue of their quasi-legal deed of Inquisition.

Nor is it to be wondered at that, to bolster up proceedings of such more than very questionable character, the tenets of morality were not strictly adhered to by the commissioners, the inquisitors, and escheators. From the very nature of their instructions, and from their knowledge of the ultimate objects of their king in appointing them, it would be expecting too much from interested servile creatures of the crown, did they act otherwise. Hence, we find them equally adepts at the "suggestio falsi," as at the "suppressio veri;" this latter mode was the one carried out in the above inquisition, where they say that Cahir O'Toole died intestate, whilst *de facto* there was his will, proved and sealed, deposited, and registered in the archives of their Court of Probate; but not suiting their purposes, they thought better to ignore it altogether.

We will produce it here as an evidence of their palpable dishonesty, and also as a matter of literary curiosity, as from its age and quaintness of style it may interest the reader. It is the oldest at present in the Archives of the Record Office, from which we have obtained a certified copy. The alterations, interlineations, spelling, &c., are observed in copying, just as they are in the original: —

"PUBLIC RECORD OFFICE OF IRELAND.

CERTIFIED COPY OF

A RECORD IN THE PUBLIC RECORD OFFICE OF IRELAND, ENTITLED—

WILL OF KAHERE O'TOOLE, 1622.

"Diocese of Dublin.

"In dei nomen. Amen. That I Kahere O'Toole of Ballyhoboke, in the Countie of Wicklowe gent., beinge sicke of body God be praised; sounde and pfecte of witte and meṃorie doe make this me last wille and testament in maṃere and forme followinge vidzī first I bequete me

soule to God Allmightie and me body to be buried in the pishé churche of Donnoghmore this 13 of March 1622.

“Item—I bequete that my sonne Hughe O Toole shall have the halfe of Bordchill More, in the county of Wicklowe painge me sonne Dermott O’toole v^s stgz yerly in equall portions corante mony of and in englande, and if so be that the aforesaide Hugh die without ishue lawfully begotene of his oune body, that the above land named shalbe delivered quety to the eldeste sonn borne of his trie brudtherene and frome him to the seconde, and from him to the thirde, and if them foure will die withoute heires lawefully begottenn of there body that me sonn Dermott shall inioie the above named land quety to himself, and heires executors or asing.

“Item—me will is that me toe doughtors shall have trie shore † st^r for ther preferment, and that to be devided equally betwixte them bothe. and if they will not be payed accordinge me will that they shall have the land called Ferann a Coullen and the mill and the halfe of Donnoghmore, and that me sonn Dermott o’toole shall sett this land to tenants and turn it to the best profite he cane to there use untill suche time as they shalbe paiede of the triskore pounds mentioned before, and the rents of thouse lands and mill to be in there possession untill the rent make upe the some of mony before named.

“Item.—I bequetly that me sonn Dermott o toole is to have his choyese place to dwell eithere in Ballyhoboke or Rostiduffe and that me mariede wiffe shall dwell in the othere house.

“Item.—me weiffe is to have the theird parte of all the profite of me lande duringe her oune liffe and at her deathe time that here trie yongest sonnes or eithere of them shall be her heirs, and she is to have me plowe and the crappe with the coues sheepe and shuyene and housell stuffe, exeptid only harpe and tables.

“Item.—me will is that me sonn Hughe shall dwell in the Bordchell more, and delivere the possession of Doñoghe more to me sonn Dermott o toole when he calls for it.

“Item.—me will is that the xx¹ st^r that is duely ordered unto me

upone Dermott o toole m^c Phelime reaghe o toole that this some of mony shalbe delivered to me sonn Dermott or to his heirs executors or assingnēs. (Signed) Cahiere OToole.

“*Probatu' fuit testū supscriptu' xxx^o Aug 1622, coram veñlⁱ viro w^{mo} Bulkly in artib^s ĩno surragato &c comisag' fuit et est Admīstraçō bonor' de def^{ti} secund tabulas testamentar' Margerie Birne aīs Toole relicte dē def^{ti} Necnon Joh' O Toole, Coole O Toole et Brian O Toole filijis ĩmalib^s et ĩimīs Dēi def^{ti} hēnt p ĩnrio tres menses et p computo quandocuḡ psona dē Coole O Toole jurat.*”

“I certify that the foregoing is a true and authentic copy, made pursuant to the Statute 30 & 31 Vic. c. 70.

“(Signed),

“W. M. HENNESSY,
Certifying Officer under the Act,
39 & 40 Vic. Cap. 58.”

“10th August, 1883.”

Dermott O'Toole, no doubt, died intestate in 1626, and his son Cahir, we are told, was made a Chancery ward in 1629, under the guardianship of Sir Edward Wingfield, who appears to have assumed a hereditary right, not only over the lands, but also over the bodies of the O'Tooles. This protecting care in the case of Chancery wards, also extended to the welfare of their souls, as all wards were to be brought up in the tenets of the Protestant religion. Cahir himself very naturally considered that he should have a voice in such an important arrangement, and from what we learn of him afterwards, we find that his views were strongly and very positively dissentient.

We find him again mentioned among those Catholics whose lands were confiscated, and given away among the needy roundheads of Cromwell's army, and subsequently, when James II. came to the throne, he sent in his claim to be reinstated in the patrimony of his fathers. When the clouds of adversity gathered over the head of that unfortunate king, Cahir O'Toole espoused his cause, and joined the royal army, and he it was who, while serving as an “exempt” of the royal guards, at the memorable battle of the Boyne, shot Marshal Schomberg while in the

act of crossing the river. These were, indeed, malpractices on the part of a well-regulated ward of Chancery, and were more likely to earn for Cahir the bitter hatred of the English party, than to merit for his quondam guardian, Sir Edward Wingfield, any encomiums for the principles with which his ward was supposed to have been indoctrinated.

Amongst the persons indicted for high treason in the King's Bench in the Easter Term in the reign of Charles I., A.D. 1642, are mentioned the following members of the Clan O'Toole:—

“O'Toole, of Rathdangan, Gent.; O'Toole, Coole,* of Ballycullen, Gent.; O'Toole, Charles,† Co. Wicklow, Esq.; O'Toole, Cahir,* of Rostyduffe, Gent.; O'Toole, John, of Donoghmore, Gent.; O'Toole, Brian,* of Ballycullen, Gent.; O'Toole, Murtha McHugh, Carrogh Brittas, and of Fedencoile, Gent.”—State Papers.

After the defeat of the Irish in the wars of the Confederation, and when the whole of the land was overridden and laid waste by the merciless troopers of Cromwell, we may rest assured that the services of members of the Clan O'Toole, who served in conjunction with Owen Roe O'Neill at Benburb and other fields of fame, would be remembered by Oliver, when he proceeded to divide their lands among his soldiers, and the Glen Inayle territories, as well as the rest, shared in the general partition.

Now went finally whatever lands were remaining to the O'Tooles. The mystery is, how there was anything at all in their possession, after all the royal grants, re-grants, confiscations, forfeitures, inquisitions, and outlawries, that were issued against them from the days of Henry the Second to those of Cromwell.

On next page we give a copy from the Book of Forfeitures, Confiscations, and Grants, kept by Cromwell's secretaries, and the following items relative to the O'Tooles of Imayle. We observe the same style in the original, to be found in the Public Record Office, Dublin.

* Were the three sons of Cahir O'Toole, of Ballyhubbock, who died in 1622, and whose names appear in his will.

† This Charles O'Toole, Esq., was the son of Dermott O'Toole, son of Cahir O'Toole, of Ballyhubbock. His name appears frequently on the next page.

	A.	R.	F.
No. 2. Charles O'Toole* . Hubbockstown .	412	0	0
	{ conveyed to Lt. Walter Plunkett, Esq., 303 3 0 conveyed to Thos. Hocton,† or Hamilton 108 1 0		
4. Charles O'Toole . Donoghmore .	133	2	0
	{ conveyed to Lt. Arthur Forbes, Esq., 95 2 26 conveyed to Lt. Hans Hamilton, Esq., 37 3 14		
5. Charles O'Toole . Davilstown .	33	2	0
9. Charles O'Toole . Rosiduffe .	438	2	0
Sir Robert Talbot . Ballytoole .	175	0	0
Do. . Balleavaghrann .	{ conveyed to Thos. Hocton (or Hamilton) 416 0 0		
Charles O'Toole . Ballyrogan .	240	0	0
Charles O'Toole . Lackinstown .	1355	0	0
Charles O'Toole . Knockanureogan .	220	0	0
Charles O'Toole . Ballinacree .	1155	0	0
Charles O'Toole . Newtown .	52	2	0
Cahir O'Toole . Gilestown .	173	0	0
Cahir O'Toole . Rahenstown .	120	0	0
Cahir O'Toole . Rahenstown .	130	0	0
Thomas Lamb and Cahir O'Toole . Bordkilmore .	562	0	0
Mrs. Kimbro Pipo . Donard .	1250	0	0
Lanke Reading . Cryhelp .	508	0	0
Mrs. Kimbro Pipo . Whitesdown .	430	0	0
	{ Protestant lands (not confiscated).		

* Sir John Walter Plunkett, Knight, Major Arthur Graham, Lt.-Col. Gerrard Erwin, were granted Ballyhubbock, or Hubbockstown, 30/3a. 3r., for £6 0s. 3d.; Castleslagh, 29/4a., for £5 19s. 8½d.; Coolvadersy, Knockaderry, Ballyrogan, Fraynestown, Co. Wicklow, total acres, 1,380, for £27 10s. 7½d. rent in trust. For ye 49 officers enrolled 7th October, 1638.—Patent Rolls.

† This is most probably Heington, or Hamilton, of whom there are some families residing there; but of the name Hocton, there were none ever known or heard of in Imayle.

The Charles O'Toole whose name so often appears in the above forfeitures, is no other than young Cahir O'Toole, grandson of Cahir O'Toole of Ballyhubbock, whose will we have given to our readers. No doubt, when in maturer years he found himself face to face with the foreign foe at the Boyne, the memories of those robberies of Cromwell that made him homeless and landless in the territories of his forefathers, in the Glen of Imayle, nerved his arm, and lent accuracy to his aim, when he shot down General Schomberg in that battle.* Laudable as the act may be, viewed from Cahir O'Toole's standpoint, it was not likely to further the interests of himself and clan with William Prince of Orange, and went to confirm the spoliation of his clan and kinsmen, and to turn the O'Tooles of Imayle, from that day to this, from being lords of the soil, into the tillers thereof, endeavouring to exist by farming, and their honest endeavours in that direction being constantly frustrated by rapacious, rackrenting landlords, driving the flower of each succeeding generation across the ocean, to procure a livelihood, denied them in their native land.

After the defeat of James at the Boyne, Cahir must have lost all hopes of regaining his estates in Imayle, and of his after fate we are in ignorance; whether he may have fallen in battle at the Boyne, like his kinsman, Brian O'Toole of Castlekevin, or, with hundreds of his compatriots, he may have left with Sarsfield, after the siege of Limerick, to shed lustre on his name and nation in the ranks of the Irish Brigade on many a foreign field.

He was the last of his race who held in fee the lands of Imayle. He left after him other members of the family, who, after the violation of the Treaty of Limerick, retired still further into the mountains, and managed to eke out an existence as farmers, under the new landholders.

One branch of this family retired into Aughavannagh, south-east of Lugnaeuillagh, where their descendants are to be found to the present day, preserving the hereditary name amongst them of Cahir, or Charles, O'Toole.

Another branch settled in the lands of Kelshamore and Kelshabeg, between Keadeen and Kilranalagh mountains, where their descendants are

* See Battle of the Boyne for the account of this, according to Lord Fingall.

still living, decent and industrious farmers, notwithstanding the many persecutions they have suffered since the days of Cahir O'Toole of Ballyhubbock, 1622.

The ruins of Coole O'Toole's castle is still shown under Keadeen, near Ballytoole, where he was banished to from Ballintruer by Cromwell, and his castle at Ballintruer is almost razed to the ground, the remains of which are there still, and a very curious fact in connection with it is, that its present owner happens to be an O'Toole, who lives not in the castle, but roams the mighty ocean as a sailor, and is not known in the country.

After the wars of 1641-52, the O'Tooles of Brittas were driven into the bogs on the other side of Lugnaquilla, where they settled down in a place called Killamote, near Rathdangan, where their descendants are still to be found, retaining the old names, the old faith, and the patriotism of their fathers. One of this family, Captain Nicholas O'Toole, won laurels by his bravery and courage as a soldier in the Irish Brigade in Spain, whilst another shed lustre on his Church and honour on his house as a priest in the cruel times of persecution, when, with a reward on his head, and the bloodhounds on his trail, he visited his flock disguised as a pedlar. At the bottom of his pack were hidden his sacred vestments and all things necessary for the celebration of the Divine Mysteries where and whenever he got the opportunity. In this way he kept the Lamp of Faith burning amongst his kinsfolk and countrymen, instructed their children, and administered the consolations of their holy religion to the sick and dying, and prepared them for a happy eternity.

Old people of the Glen Imayle not long dead have told the writer that their fathers remembered in their young days having assisted at the Midnight Christmas Mass in the old Abbey Church on Kilranalagh Hill, celebrated by the holy priest, Father O'Toole. There is an old MS. book in the possession of the O'Tooles of Kilamoate in which there is a list of his vestments, clothes, and books written in Irish by his own hand. It was the property of Nicholas, son of Garret O'Toole, of Cris-na-Coole, with whom he used to stop whenever he could, and who was probably his brother; it is dated A.D. 1685. His father, Murrrough O'Toole,

of Brittas, was outlawed by Cromwell and £500 put on his head. He took refuge in the woods of Coilté-na-Cluna (the wood of treachery). Tradition says a blackbird pulled the hair off his head as he was asleep when his enemy was coming on him, in order to awaken him and make his escape, but all to no use, as he was caught, and tried for high treason in Dublin and condemned to be hanged; but his death sentence was commuted to transportation to the Bermuda Islands to be sold as a slave, as is stated by the Commonwealth State Papers in Marsh's Library, Dublin. How many of his family and sept were sent with him we know not, but from the same State Papers we know that thousands of his countrymen and women were banished at the same time, and to the same place, and sold as slaves to the sugar planters. However, some of his children remained, and escaped the slaughter of the Cromwellians, since we find his sons, Nicholas O'Toole, of Cross-na-Coole, and Laurence, who escaped to the continent, entered college, and in course of time returned home an ordained priest to keep the faith alive amongst his native glens and break the bread of life to his persecuted clansmen, amidst the greatest difficulties and dangers of life and property to himself and all those who harboured him, on account of the penal laws, then carried out with great severity and cruelty. The following is a list of Father O'Toole's books, altar furniture, and sacred vessels, as found in an old account-book belonging to his brother, Nicholas O'Toole, of Cross-na-Coole, written by his own hand in the year 1692:—

“3 girdles with knots, 1 silver chalice, 2 silver pixes, 1 altar-stone, 2 altar towels, 1 bound with Flanders' lace, 3 corporals, 3 purificaters, 3 or 4 veils, 2 antependiums (one painted calico the other silk), a Mass Book, an alb, 2 amices, 1 pall, a bell, 3 oil-boxes, 2 rituals, 2 stoles (one white, with red ribbon, the other black). I sent Father Davie Byrne, 1 oil-box, 1 small crucifix of brass, and one other crucifix. All these I lent him with my vestments. All my books that belonged to Father Maurice Breen, I lent to Father Mathew Cullen, and an English book of controversy he is to deliver to me on demand.

“Witness my hand this the 21st April, 1692.

“LAURENCE O'TOOLE.”

The following incident has been recorded by a very old man, John Kean, long since dead, anent another member of this family, a priest, too, a nephew to Father Laurence O'Toole.

“About this time (1710) one James O'Toole, son of Garret of Crisna-Coole,* was sent out to the Continent to be educated for the priesthood, and while a student in one of the colleges there, a war breaking out between England and France, he was compelled to enter the French army as a captain. After a heavy battle, in which the English were worsted, he found an English gentleman lying amongst the dead and wounded, nearly dead from his wounds and exhaustion. He took him up, had him attended to, and brought to his own tent, where, by great care, he recovered, and was allowed to return to England. He was most grateful to his benefactor and saver of his life, and promised O'Toole that if ever he should return to Ireland, to call on him on his way home, and he would not forget his kindness. The war ended. O'Toole returned to his college, and in due course was ordained priest, and started for Ireland to administer the consolations of religion to his persecuted countrymen, and, if needs be, die a martyr in the cause, like many others who went before. On his way home he remembered the invitation he had from the English wounded officer, whose life he saved on the battlefield, and he resolved to fulfil his promise and pay him a visit on his way home. He turned out to be the Earl Fitzwilliam, who received him with the greatest friendship and gratitude, entertained him most hospitably, and insisted on introducing him to the king, George I., who, after having heard Fitzwilliam's narrative of the battlefield event, and the kindness of O'Toole in saving his life, told O'Toole to ask him for any favour he wished for, and he would grant it to him. Father O'Toole replied that the principal thing he wished for was leave to say Mass publicly, and fulfil the other duties of his sacred ministry. The king at once granted this request anywhere within his dominions. On Father O'Toole's return home, the Earl Fitzwilliam

* Cris-na-Coole (Cross of Coole O'Toole), which was placed over the place where he was slain by the English soldiers, 1596, a custom in Ireland in those days.

granted him the fee-simple of the old abbey of the Franciscans in Wicklow, which still remains in the possession of the parish priest of that town. He was afterwards appointed P.P. of Saggart, Co. Dublin. Having opened a church there, one Sunday morning, to his great surprise, he, on his arrival to say Mass, found his people outside the church, and the church doors locked and bolted against them by a neighbouring J.P., who doubted his authority, and resolved to test the matter with him. He had an altar erected outside, and said Mass for the people, and then went back to his lodgings and dressed himself in his regimentals, which he wore during the French wars. He got a blacksmith with a sledge-hammer, and ordered him to walk before the horse on which he was mounted, till he came to the magistrate's house. The servants, seeing him coming, fled by the back door, and left no one to open the door for him. When he came to the hall-door, and not getting any answer to his knock, he ordered the blacksmith to break open the door with his sledge-hammer, and every door, till he came to the bedroom of the magistrate, and not finding him there, he broke open the closet of his bedroom, where he found him nearly dead with fright. Father O'Toole returned, opened the chapel again, and continued to celebrate Mass there, and administer the sacraments of the Church, till his death.

"I, John Kean, have the above from my father, a trustworthy man, who had it from my grandfather, who was son of Anne O'Toole, who was the sister of the said Father James O'Toole. He is buried under a black-thorn bush in Saggart chapel-yard. I was brought to see the place when a boy. I am now (1866) 72 years of age."

The Percys, said to be scions of the house of Northumberland, got estates in Imayle, and Colonel Percy lived in Seskin, where his residence exists, in ruins. Another member of the family built the castle of Snugborough in 1695, in a most sequestered part of the glen. It is now ruined and desolate. Trinity College, also, was enriched by a considerable portion of ancient Imayle, about Spinans, Ballintruer and Kilranalagh.

Robert Stewart, a descendant, it is said, of Colonel George Stewart, governor of Culmore Fort, in Derry, died at Castleruddery Park in July,

1721. He left two daughters; one married William Hoey, of Dangans-town, Co. Wicklow.

The Stewarts and the Percys are extinct in Imayle. Their property was purchased by the Right Revd. Robert Howard, Protestant Bishop of Elphin, ancestor of the Earl of Wicklow.

Another Protestant bishop, Right Rev. Francis Hutchinson, of Down and Connor, purchased the southern portion of the glen. His son was Francis, Bishop of Killaloe, whose son, Francis Hutchinson, of Castle Sallagh, was created a Baronet of Ireland in 1782.

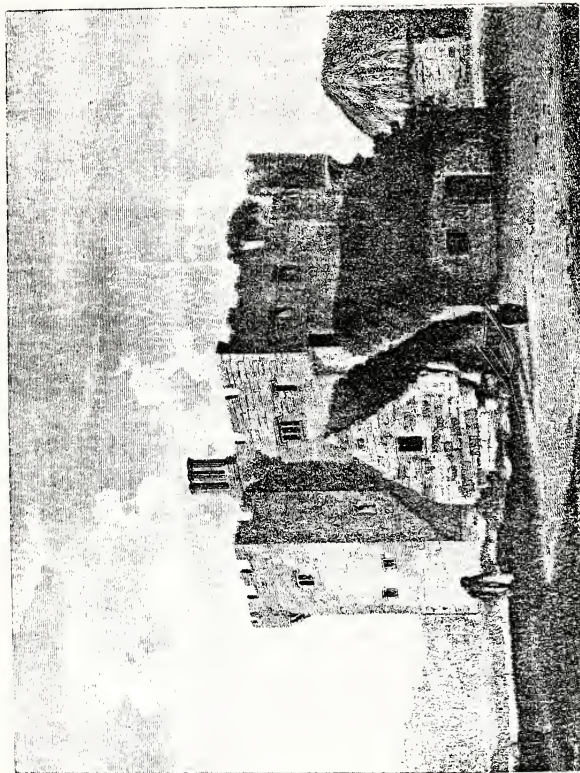
The park of Castleruddery still presents some traces of its former splendour in the remains of terraced gardens, artificial lakes, &c., &c.

In Ballintruer are the remains of an old mansion of the period of the first Charles, of a remarkably good style of "Renaissance" architecture.

Higher up on the hillside are the ruins of another old castle, also belonging to the O'Tcoles, and about which some legends are told of a slaughter carried on there almost like to that of Mullaghmast. This is said to have happened in the time of Cromwell, according to the account of James O'Toole, of Kilshabeg (not long since dead). Those of them that escaped the massacre were driven across the hill into the mountains. Another O'Toole was hanged for snaring and killing a hare on his own lands later on.

"The name of O'Toole, or Toole" (for they were compelled to drop the 'O' after Cromwell's time, and so dispirited and ground down had they become by centuries of restrictions and injustice, that it has been only from the middle of the present century that, generally, the 'O' has been resumed) "is still to be found in Imayle," says Father Shearman, "and they are reputed to be the lineal representatives of the old race in Imayle. Though but small farmers, they preserve traces of 'gentle blood.' They retain the old family names, and are highly respected and revered by the ordinary country folk."

The O'Tooles of Newtown descend from Shane O'Toole, Castleruddery; the O'Tooles of Kelshabeg descend from Coole Baccagh O'Toole, of Ballintruer; and the O'Tooles of Rathdangan descend from Murrough, or



Carnew Castle

Is situated in the town of Carnew, and belonged to the O'Tooles, a powerful sept, who, secured in their fastnesses, defied for centuries the power of the English. The castle is built of a bluish stone, and gives evidence of good architecture. As far as there is nothing to be seen but the walls. The castle was discovered in digging near the walls, the skeletons of several men were discovered, with musket barrels near them, some loaded, the balls of which were of uncommon size, also a spur, with a rowel as large as a crown piece.

This view was taken from an original drawing, by J. C. Brien, 1793, in the collection of the Right Honourable W. Cunningham.

Murtha, of Brittas; whilst the O'Tooles of Aughavanna descend from Cahir, of Ballyhubbock, as their Christian names indicate; but all, as well as the Powerscourt, Castlekevin, and Omev branches, descend from the same old stock, imbued with the same love of faith and fatherland, the same love of justice and highmindedness, never stooping to servility, or to do a disgraceful act, but having the same noble and martial spirit of their fathers, as the following will exemplify:

So late as the last war between the French and Germans, the clan has been honoured by the exploits and valour of one of its members, as recorded in the public papers of the time.

"An Irishman, named O'Toole, who had been in Metz from the commencement of the siege, made his escape through the Prussian ranks on the 21st ultimo (June, 1870). He took part in all the sortics, and fought with heroic bravery.

"Hearing of the impending capitulation of the city, he resolved to brave all dangers, rather than give his parole of honour not to fight again for France. He fought his way out, and is now on his way to Tours."—(See *London Standard*, November, 1870.)

The present (Christmas, 1887) Lord Mayor of Dublin, who is now one of "Balfour's Criminals," undergoing imprisonment in Tullamore Jail, the patriotic and gifted T. D. Sullivan, has composed the following poem in honour of this hero, and of his bold and daring deed:—

YE BRAVE O'TOOLE.

(Air, "Luggelaw.")

"Well done, O'Toole! in bygone ages,
 Your kingly sires were warriors true,
 Their deeds still shine in history's pages,
 Bright stars that all the world may view.
 'Twas hard to rout and hard to bind them,
 No dangers could their courage cool,
 And now their sons, where'er you find them,
 Are heroes still—well done, O'Toole!

- “ The hills of Wicklow know your story ;
In every valley, pass, and plain
Some relics of their olden glory,
Some memories of their sway, remain.
The stranger came, strong, proud, and riant,
Far o'er the land he spread his rule,
But long he found erect, defiant,
Your gallant clan—march on, O'Toole !
- “ And you of France, a brave defender,
Renew their brilliant fame to-day ;
Rejecting terms of base surrender,
Through hosts of foes you cut your way.
Right on you march, while cannons rattle—
A hero of the good old school—
To seek fresh scenes of glorious battle,
And fight in front—well done, O'Toole !
- “ Well done ! The dear old country gazes,
To-day, with loving eyes on you ;
And no one thinks to stint your praises
Your noble deeds have made your due.
Through all the land they're spoken proudly,
And from Ovoca to Glasthule
Full many an echo answers loudly
The shouted word—Well done, O'Toole !”

—*Green Leaves.*

CENTENARY
OF
ST. LAURENCE O'TOOLE,
A.D. 1880.

It having occurred to the writer of these pages that, as the celebration of the centenaries of great men had become so frequent in modern days, and specially remembering with what pomp and splendour, as well as universal enthusiasm, the centenary of the great O'Connell was celebrated a few years since, it would not be well to allow the seventh centenary of the illustrious, patriotic, and sainted Irishman, Saint Laurence O'Toole, to pass unnoticed, at least by his own clansmen, and, having called on a few of the Clan O'Toole, who all appeared equally anxious to celebrate the centenary of their glorious patron, in accordance with their wishes, a preliminary meeting of the clan was called for the evening of the Feast of St. Laurence, 14th November, 1877, in the reception-room of the Carmelite Convent, Aungier Street, Dublin, at which the following members of the clan attended :—

Denis O'Toole, Esq., Merchant, South King Street.

Cornelius O'Toole, Esq., Wine Merchant, Summer Hill and Gardiner Street.

Michael O'Toole, Esq., Factor, Spitalfields.

Anthony O'Toole, Esq., Manager, Dublin, Wicklow, and Wexford Railway, Bray, County Wicklow.

Timothy O'Toole, Esq., Spitalfields.

Laurence O'Toole, Esq., Great Britain Street.

And several other members of the clan, amongst them the Rev. P. L.

O'Toole, O.C.C, who was moved to the chair by Cornelius O'Toole, Esq., seconded by Michael O'Toole, Esq.

The object of the meeting having been briefly explained by the chairman, and thoroughly discussed by those present, it was proposed by Denis O'Toole, Esq., seconded by Cornelius O'Toole, Esq., and unanimously resolved—

“That the Clan O'Toole, with the permission of his Eminence the Cardinal-Archbishop of Dublin (the worthy successor of Saint Laurence) celebrate the seventh centenary of their illustrious, patriotic, and sainted Patron, which will occur on the 14th November, 1880, in a becoming manner.”

Several letters appeared subsequently in the *Nation* and other papers, which we would give if our space permitted, so that the reader might better appreciate the anxiety manifested, and the earnest desire which prevailed amongst the public in general, and the Clan O'Toole in particular, to see the centenary of their illustrious compatriot and clansman celebrated with suitable pomp and magnificence; but, as everyone was depending on somebody else to come forward as leader, and still no leader appearing, the matter lay in abeyance for a considerable time, till at length some of the members of the Clan O'Toole called a meeting to consult among themselves as to what course of action was advisable under the circumstances. The following invitation was accordingly issued to the principal members of the Clan O'Toole, and other representative members of the old Irish families, to be held in St. Kevin's Hall, of the Catholic Union, Camden Street:—

“SEVENTH CENTENARY OF SAINT LAURENCE O'TOOLE.

“DEAR SIR,

“You are hereby invited to attend a meeting of representative and influential citizens, to be held in St. Kevin's Hall, Catholic Union, Camden Street, on next Monday evening, at half-past seven o'clock, to take into consideration the most effectual means of carrying out a dignified and

suitable celebration of the seventh centenary of the illustrious, patriotic, and saintly Irishman, St. Laurence O'Toole, which will take place on the 14th November next.

“Yours truly,

“LAURENCE O'TOOLE,

“*Honorary Secretary.*”

To this meeting the following members of the Clan O'Toole received invitations :—

- Rev. Mathew O'Toole, O.C.C., Terenure College, Dublin.
- Rev. Laurence O'Toole, Boston, Mass., U.S.A.
- Rev. P. L. O'Toole, O.C.C., Whitefriar Street, Dublin.
- Very Rev. Canon Laurence O'Toole, St. Winifred's, Manchester.
- Very Rev. Arthur O'Toole, P.P., Armagh.
- Very Rev. Daniel O'Toole, P.P., Armagh.
- Denis O'Toole, Esq., St. Louis, Mo., U.S.A.
- John O'Toole, Esq., Imayle.
- Mr. Patrick O'Toole, Francis Street.
- John O'Toole, Esq., Wexford Street.
- J. L. O'Toole, Esq., London.
- Mr. Thomas O'Toole, 38 Richmond Street.
- Mr. Michael O'Toole, Spitalfields.
- Mr. Timothy O'Toole, Spitalfields.
- Mr. Patrick O'Toole, Bray, Co. Wicklow.
- Richard O'Toole, Esq., Dorset Street.
- J. Tuohill, Esq., 3 Hendrick Lane.
- J. Tuohill, Esq., No. 3 College Terrace, Clonliffe.
- Garret O'Toole, Esq., Rathdangan, Co. Wicklow.
- Mr. O'Toole, Tullow, Co. Carlow.
- Mr. O'Toole, Athy, Co. Kildare.
- Mr. O'Toole, Bandon, Co. Cork.
- Mr. O'Toole, Glencullen, Co. Dublin.
- Mr. Charles O'Toole, Glenasmole, Co. Dublin.

- Rev. Mr. O'Toole, American College, Rome.
 Mr. Phelim O'Toole, St. Louis, Mo., U.S.A.
 Mr. O'Toole, Roscrea, Co. Galway.
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 Mr. O'Toole, Carlow.
 Mr. Hugh O'Toole, Tamdarragh, Annamore.
 Mr. Jeremiah O'Toole, Aughrim, Co. Wicklow.
 Mr. Thomas O'Toole, Kelshabeg, Baltinglass, Co. Wicklow.
 Mr. James O'Toole, do. do. do.
 Mr. Timothy O'Toole, Killalish, do. do.
 Mr. John O'Toole, Slieverue, Ballymore-Eustace.
 Mr. Anthony O'Toole, Grosvenor House, Bray, do.
 Mr. Thomas O'Toole, Carnew, do.
 Mr. Phelim O'Toole, Ardoyne, Coolkenna, do.
 Mr. Nicholas O'Toole, Rathingraney, Coolkenna, do.
 Mr. John O'Toole, Toolestown, Dunlavin, do.
 Mr. George O'Toole, Ballyreagh, Enniskerry, do.
 Mr. Edward O'Toole, Killegar, do. do.
 Mr. John O'Toole, Ballynagh, do. do.
 Mr. John O'Toole (senr.), Ballynagh, do. do.
 Mr. Pk. O'Toole, Ballinard, Knockanarigan, Donard, Co. Wicklow.
 Mr. John O'Toole, Camera, Knockanarigan, Donard, Co. Wicklow.
 Mr. James O'Toole, Whitestown, do. do.
 Mr. George O'Toole, Baltinglass, do.
 Mr. Andrew O'Toole, Knockadreet, Kilcool, do.
 Mr. Charles O'Toole, Trudder, Delgany, do.
 Mr. John O'Toole, Rathdangan, do.
 Mr. Nicholas O'Toole, Danesfort, Rathdangan, do.
 Mr. Charles O'Toole, Mulnacranna, do. do.

Mr. Laurence O'Toole, Danesfort,	do.	do.
Mr. Patrick O'Toole, Aughavanna	do.	do.
Mr. John O'Toole,	do.	do.
Mr. Charles O'Toole,	do.	do.
Mr. John O'Toole, Knockanooker,	do.	do.
Mr. Patrick O'Toole, Coolaflake, Rathdrum,		do.
Mr. Thomas O'Toole, Ballinamona, Redcross,		do.
Mr. John O'Toole, Ballinavally, Valentine, Redcross,		do.
Mr. Luke O'Toole, Ballycomber South, Tinahely,		do.
Mr. Michael O'Toole, Boleybawn,	do.	do.
Mr. John O'Toole, Boleynass,	do.	do.
Mr. Garret O'Toole, Aghowle,	do.	do.
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Mr. Martin O'Toole, 58 Great Brunswick Street, City.		
Luke O'Toole, Esq., 3 Elm Grove, Ranelagh.		

These and other members of the Clan O'Toole were not only invited to this meeting, but also to take part in a grand demonstration in celebration of the seventh centenary of our illustrious, patriotic, and sainted patron; but a notification being received from his Grace the Archbishop of Dublin, that, owing to the disturbed and distressed state of the times, he did not consider it prudent or advisable to have a public and secular demonstration, and that a purely religious celebration would be more judicious, and more suitable to the time, the Clan O'Toole, which has ever been conspicuous for its love and obedience to the holy Catholic Church, its unswerving devotion to which caused the forfeiture and sacrifice of its lands and worldly goods, submitted, however reluctantly, yet without hesitation, to the advice and counsel of the successor of Saint Laurence. The Clan O'Toole resolved to leave the whole matter in the hands of his Grace, and to join with him in celebrating the centenary with all the solemn splendour and gorgeous magnificence of the Ritual of the holy Catholic Church. His grace issued invitations to all the archbishops and bishops of Ireland to join with him, in his Cathedral, in celebrating the centenary of Saint Laurence O'Toole, the patron of his diocese. He also issued the following pastoral letter to his clergy and laity of the dioceses to join with him in the celebration of a "Triduum," or Three Days' Devotion, in honour of the saint. The Pope also gave his special benediction and indulgence to all those who would go through the devotions.

A Novena was got up and published by one of the Clan O'Toole, so that nothing was left undone to make the celebration as great a success as the circumstances of the time would permit.

The following is the Pastoral of his Eminence the Cardinal-Archbishop of Dublin and Glendalough:—

"4 RUTLAND SQUARE, E., DUBLIN,
"4th November, 1880.

"VERY REV. DEAR FATHERS,

"On Sunday, the 14th instant, we will celebrate the seventh centenary of one of the patrons of this diocese, the illustrious St. Laurence O'Toole, formerly Archbishop of Dublin. To thank the Almighty for the singular

benefits which He has conferred on this diocese, and on our country at large, by the ministry of his great servant, we have appointed a Triduum, to commence on Sunday, the 14th, and to continue on Monday and Tuesday, the 15th and 16th. There will be Pontifical High Mass, commencing at 12 o'clock, in our Pro-Cathedral, on Sunday. To attest their veneration for the memory of our holy patron, nearly all the bishops at present in Ireland will be present on the occasion. The venerable Chapter of the Diocese will also attend, and the learned Bishop of Ossory has kindly promised to preach the panegyric of the saint. On Monday and Tuesday the High Mass will commence in the Pro-Cathedral at 11 o'clock.

“Where it can be conveniently carried out, we would desire to see the Triduum observed in all the parish churches of the diocese, and where the celebration can be held, we give leave for Benediction of the Most Holy Sacrament on each of the three days, after last Mass.

“Through the kindness of the venerable Rector of the Irish College at Rome, we have received the blessing of the Holy Father on the approaching celebration; and to testify his approval, his Holiness has granted an indulgence of seven years to the faithful each time they will assist at the Triduum, and also a plenary indulgence to those who will receive Holy Communion either on the Feast itself, or during the Octave. These indulgences are applicable to the souls in Purgatory, and may be gained in any parish church of the diocese where the Triduum is held.

“Be good enough, therefore, very rev. fathers, to give your pious flocks, as far as may be in your power, an opportunity of testifying their veneration for the heroic virtues of one of Ireland's greatest saints, and at the same time of availing themselves of the spiritual treasures placed within their reach by the Sovereign Pontiff.

“Nor must we forget the wants of our dear country on this solemn anniversary. Never did love of country burn more purely and fervidly in human bosom than did love for Ireland burn in the soul of St. Laurence. Every feeling of his heart was devoted to her welfare, and at the sacrifice of his very life he made a last effort for her happiness. That charity which nerved him for every struggle in her service, lives yet, purer and

holier than in the days of his exile; and now that he stands in the presence of the King of kings, his powerful prayers will not fail us in our troubles, provided the means we employ to redress the wrongs of our unhappy land be those which God can bless, and which St. Laurence, too, could bless, were he once more among us.

“Believe me, yours sincerely,

“✠ EDWARD.”

The archbishop also invited all the archbishops and bishops to a grand banquet in honour of the occasion, and the Lord Mayor of the City of Dublin likewise gave a banquet in the Mansion House to the archbishops and bishops, as well as numbers of the Catholic gentry, in furtherance of the celebration.

The following record of the first day's ceremonial, and report of the saint's panegyric, delivered by Bishop Moran, is from the *Freeman's Journal* of 15th November, 1880:—

Yesterday was celebrated in the Pro-Cathedral, Marlborough Street, the seventh centenary of our great and patriotic Irish prelate, St. Laurence O'Toole. A large number of the dignitaries of the Church lent the influence of their presence to the solemn occasion. The Right Hon. the Lord Mayor, attended by his chaplain, the Rev. Mr. Fee, C.C., and Mr. Ambrose Plunkett, private secretary, and accompanied by many members of the Municipal Council, in their robes of office, with the civic officers, was present in state, and all the beauty and grandeur of the Church's ceremonial tended to make the celebration memorable and impressive to a degree befitting the day.

The Rector and staff of the Catholic University were there, and an enormous congregation of the faithful testified by their presence the love and veneration with which the memory of the great prelate of the City of the Pale is regarded.

His Grace the Archbishop of Dublin presided at the ceremonies, and officiated at the High Mass.

There were present also:—

His Grace the Most Rev. Dr. McGettigan, Primate of all Ireland.

The Most Rev. Dr. Leahy, Bishop of Dromore.
 The Most Rev. Dr. Conaty, Bishop of Kilmore.
 The Most Rev. Dr. Nulty, Bishop of Meath.
 The Most Rev. Dr. Woodlock, Bishop of Ardagh.
 The Most Rev. Dr. Logue, Bishop of Raphoc.
 The Most Rev. Dr. McEvilly, Bishop of Galway.
 The Most Rev. Dr. Lynch, Coadjutor Bishop of Kildare and Leighlin.
 The Most Rev. Dr. McCormack, Bishop of Achonry.
 The Most Rev. Dr. Moran, Bishop of Ossory.
 The Most Rev. Dr. Duggan, Bishop of Clonfert.
 The Most Rev. Dr. Murray, Bishop of Maitland.
 The Right Rev. Dr. Fitzpatrick, Lord Abbot of Mount Melleray.
 The members of the Corporation who accompanied the Right Hon.

the Lord Mayor included :—

Alderman Sir James W. Mackey, D.L., J.P., High Sheriff.

„ John Campbell, J.P.
 „ Michael G. Kernan.
 „ John McDermott.
 „ Hugh Tarpey, J.P.
 „ John Gavan.
 „ William Meagher.

COUNCILLORS.

Sir William Carroll, M.D., J.P.	Henry J. Gill, M.P.
Anthony O'Neill, J.P.	A. T. Moore, J.P.
Ignatius J. Kennedy, J.P.	Robert Callow, J.P.
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P. F. Bermingham.	J. Doyle.
Thomas Byrne.	John Fleming.
Michael Lyons.	Thomas Mayne.
John Mulligan.	George O'Neill.
M. J. Ralph.	Peter Finegan.
Mr. John Beveridge, <i>Town Clerk.</i>	Mr. John G. Carroll, <i>City Marshal.</i>

And the Sword and Mace Bearers.

At a quarter to twelve o'clock, the bishops and the members of the Diocesan Chapter assembled at the Presbytery, Marlborough Street, the latter wearing choral dress and the vestments of their order. The following members of the Chapter and clergy were present:—

- Very Rev. Mgr. Meagher, V.G., D.D., P.P., Rathmines.
- Very Rev. Andrew Quinn, V.G., D.D., St. Michael's, Kingstown.
- Very Rev. Edward Kennedy, V.G., P.P., St. James's, Dublin.
- Very Rev. John Farrell, P.P., Booterstown.
- Very Rev. Laurence Dunne, V.G., P.P., Castledermot.
- Very Rev. Walter Lee, V.G., D.D., P.P., Bray.
- Very Rev. Greg. Lynch, P.P., Blanchardstown.
- Very Rev. T. Pope, St. Andrew's, Westland Row.
- Very Rev. Mathew Kehoe, V.F., P.P., Balbriggan.
- Very Rev. James McMahan, P.P., St. Michan's, Dublin.
- Very Rev. William Brock, P.P., St. Paul's, do.
- Very Rev. Walter Murphy, P.P., St. Kevin's, do.
- Very Rev. John O'Rourke, V.F., P.P., Maynooth.
- Very Rev. George Harold, V.F., P.P., Wicklow.
- Very Rev. Gerald Molloy, D.D., V.R., Catholic University.
- Very Rev. James Whittle, P.P., Dunlavin.
- Very Rev. Michael Doyle, P.P., Donnybrook.
- Very Rev. Patrick O'Neill, P.P., Clontarf.
- Very Rev. Wm. Walsh, D.D., V.P., St. Patrick's College, Maynooth.
- Very Rev. James Lee, P.P., St. Mary's, Haddington Road.
- Very Rev. Miles McManus, P.P., St. Catherine's, Meath Street.
- Very Rev. Nicholas Walsh, P.P., D.D., Michael and John's.
- Very Rev. B. Fitzpatrick, Holy Cross, Clonliffe.
- Very Rev. Father Leahy, do. do.
- Rev. M. Butler, B.D., do. do.
- Rev. F. Hickey, P.P., Dundrum.
- Rev. Mr. Hurley, St. Paul's.
- Rev. M. A. Fricker, Adm.
- Rev. Mr. Conlan, C.C.

Rev. C. Ryan, C.C.

Rev. B. Farrell, C.C.; and

Rev. John Egan, Catholic University.

The Rev. Mr. O'Hea, C.C., officiated as Deacon at High Mass; the Rev. Mr. O'Hea, Sub-Deacon; and the Rev. Father Fricker, Master of the Ceremonies.

His Eminence Cardinal Moran, Archbishop of Sydney, ascended the pulpit, and preached the panegyric of the saint, selecting as his text the words of St. Paul, 2 Timothy, iv., 7:—

“I have fought a good fight; I have finished my race; I have kept the faith. As to the rest, there is laid up for me a crown of justice.”

During the course of a most eloquent and impressive discourse, his lordship said it pleases God to raise up from time to time men full of this spirit of the apostle, to adorn the Church, to show forth on earth the wondrous gifts of the Eternal Pastor of our souls, and to break the Bread of Life to the children of Christ. Such was the great patron of this diocese, St. Laurence O'Toole, whose seventh centenary they that day celebrated. He was a great saint, a great bishop, a great asserter of the liberties of the Church. In his life he gave daily proof of the highest perfection, and of the heroism of Christian virtue. In his apostolate he laboured in season and out of season to feed the flock entrusted to his spiritual charge. As a faithful watchman on the towers of Israel, he zealously warded off every attack, and fearlessly defended the rights and asserted the liberties of the Church. And he, too, has entered on his reward; the fruits of his untiring labours remain; his praise is on the lips of God's people; his throne is with the princes of the heavenly Jerusalem; his bright, eternal crown is that of the glorious apostles of our Blessed Lord. His Eminence then proceeded to sketch the life of St. Laurence O'Toole, from his birth in 1125, pointing out his advancement in piety as in years; his untiring prayer; his special devotion to the Blessed Virgin; his penitential life, rivalling the ancient hermits of the desert; his special devotion to the souls in Purgatory; and his unbounded charity, &c.

The devotions concluded with Benediction of the Most Holy Sacrament by his Grace the Archbishop. In the evening, solemn Pontifical Vespers took place in the Cathedral, and the devotions were continued during the two following days.

SECOND DAY'S CEREMONIAL.

On 15th November, 1880, the devotions of the second day of the Triduum ordered by his Grace the Archbishop, in honour of St Laurence O'Toole, commenced at 11 o'clock in the Pro-Cathedral, Marlborough Street, with solemn High Mass, at which Very Rev. Walter Canon Murphy, P.P., St. Kevin's, was celebrant, Rev. P. Fee and Rev. B. Farrell were deacon and sub-deacon, with Rev. R. Conlan, master of ceremonies. His Grace the Archbishop presided. Very Rev. J. Canon Whittle, P.P., Dunlavin, and Very Rev. Canon O'Neill were deacons at the throne. At the conclusion of the High Mass the interesting ceremony of the installation of two new canons took place—Very Rev. J. Leahy, P.P., Sandyford, as prebendary of the second portion of Tipperkevin, and Very Rev. T. O'Carroll, D.D., P.P., Ashford, as prebendary of Monmohenoc. The ceremonies of the day concluded with Benediction of the Most Holy Sacrament. Besides the clergy attached to the Cathedral, the rector and students of Holy Cross College, the following attended the ceremonies:—

- Ven. Archdeacon Dunne, V.G., P.P., Castledermot.
- Very Rev. M. Canon Kehoe, P.P., Balbriggan.
- Very Rev. J. Canon McMahon, P.P., St. Michan's.
- Very Rev. Canon Murphy, P.P., St. Kevin's.
- Very Rev. J. Canon Whittle, P.P., Dunlavin.
- Very Rev. M. Canon Brady, P.P., Narraghmore.
- Very Rev. Canon Walsh, P.P., SS. Michael and John's.
- Very Rev. M. Canon Doyle, P.P., Donnybrook.
- Very Rev. P. Canon O'Neill, P.P., Clontarf.
- Very Rev. J. Canon Lee, P.P., Haddington Road.
- Very Rev. J. Canon Leahy, P.P., Sandyford.
- Very Rev. T. Canon O'Carroll, D.D., P.P., Ashford.

The following names were accidentally omitted from the list of prelates who attended on the Feast of St. Laurence O'Toole:—

Most Rev. Dr. Langan, Lord Bishop of Gouldburn, Australia.

Most Rev. Dr. Gillooly, Lord Bishop of Elphin.

Most Rev. Dr. Conway, Lord Bishop of Killala.

CONCLUSION OF THE TRIDUUM.

On the 16th November, 1880, the solemn Triduum ordered by his Grace the Archbishop, to honour the seventh centenary celebration of the Feast of St. Laurence O'Toole, was concluded at the Pro-Cathedral, Marlborough Street. The High Mass was celebrated by the Very Rev. J. Canon McMahon, P.P., St. Michan's. The deacons were Rev. M. O'Hea and Rev. C. Ryan. His Grace the Archbishop presided, the deacons at the throne being Very Rev. M. Canon Doyle and Very Rev. P. Canon O'Neill, P.P., Clontarf.

After the High Mass the Te Deum, or Hymn of Thanksgiving, was rendered with devotion and great effect by the students of Holy Cross College, Clonliffe. The ceremonies terminated with Benediction of the Most Holy Sacrament. The faithful could not fail to be impressed by the grandeur of the function; and even a stranger who might, perchance, have been present, could not but have felt that there was a majesty in the ceremonial, and a language in the rite used by the Catholic Church on such occasions which spoke to the heart, and raised its aspirations to the supernatural. The following members of the Diocesan Chapter attended in the vestments of their order:—

Very Rev. Chancellor Kennedy, V.G., P.P., St. James's:

Ven. Archdeacon Dunne, V.G., P.P., Castledermot.

Very Rev. M. Archdeacon Kehoe.

Very Rev. W. Canon Murphy.

Very Rev. J. Canon McMahon.

Very Rev. M. Canon Doyle.

Very Rev. P. Canon O'Neill.

Very Rev. N. Canon Walsh.

Very Rev. M. Canon Brady.

Very Rev. J. Canon Leahy.

Very Rev. W. Canon Walsh, D.D., President, St. Patrick's College,
Maynooth.

Very Rev. Canon O'Carroll, D.D., P.P.

The following, taken from the *Freeman's Journal* of 19th and 20th November, 1880, refers to the celebration of the Octave:—

“The close of the Octave of the Feast of St. Laurence O'Toole was celebrated yesterday, with due pomp, at the church in Seville Place, of which he is patron saint. After the celebration of a solemn High Mass, the Archbishop of Dublin laid the corner stone of a new convent of Sisters of Charity, which is intended to be a memorial of the saint. The Most Rev. Dr. MacCabe, Archbishop of Dublin, presided at the Pontifical High Mass, attended by the Rev. Canon Kehoe, P.P., Balbriggan; Rev. Canon O'Neill, P.P., Clontarf; and Rev. Canon Brock, P.P., St. Paul's. High Mass was celebrated by the Most Rev. Dr. Murray, Bishop of Maitland; Rev. T. Anderson, C.C., St. Laurence O'Toole's, deacon; Rev. James Mahon, C.C., St. Laurence O'Toole's, sub-deacon; Rev. Thomas O'Donnell, P.P., St. Laurence O'Toole's, assistant priest; masters of ceremonies—Rev. B. Fitzpatrick, Clonliffe, and Rev. Michael Clarke, C.C., St. Laurence O'Toole's.

“The Corporation did not attend in state, but the Right Hon. the Lord Mayor, M.P., was present during Mass, accompanied by Councillors Anthony O'Neill, J.P., M. J. Ralph, Ignatius J. Kennedy, J.P., Alderman Meagher, Councillor Fleming, Mr. Charles Kennedy, and other influential laymen. The sermon was preached by the Rev. N. Walsh, S.J.

“On the conclusion of the sermon a forty days' indulgence was proclaimed to all present who should pray for the intentions of the Holy Father and of the Archbishop, and for the well-being of the Church. Benediction of the Most Holy Sacrament was celebrated by the Archbishop of Dublin.

“After Mass the Cardinal-Archbishop, in full canonicals, attended by a procession of acolytes, clergymen, and members of the confraternity attached to the church, proceeded through the adjoining street to the site of the memorial convent of St. Laurence O’Toole, the corner-stone of which was to be laid by his Grace. The new convent, which will occupy a site next the Presbytery in St. Laurence Street, will face the east end of the church of St. Laurence O’Toole, and will be two stories high, built of red brick, with limestone dressings. The style selected is early English or thirteenth century Gothic. The convent will provide accommodation for twelve Sisters of Charity, with community-room, refectory, kitchen, and oratory, or chapel. No more convenient position could be selected for the convent, as it immediately faces the schools which are to be placed in charge of the Sisters of Charity. The architect is Mr. John L. Robinson, M.R.I.A., 198 Great Brunswick Street, Dublin, who, from his experience in designing conventual buildings, has left nothing undone to render the proposed convent one of the most perfect in the diocese. The expense of the building will be about £4,000. The movement was originated, it will be remembered, a few months since, at which it was decided that this convent would form the noblest shape which a permanent memorial of St. Laurence O’Toole could take. A bazaar is in course of organization for the purpose of recruiting the building fund, and it is hoped that it will be received with sufficient sympathy to enable the works to proceed swiftly to completion. The Archbishop and clergy made a circuit of the foundations in solemn form; his Grace then blessed the corner-stone, and laid on the mortar with a silver trowel. The stone having been adjusted in its place, his Grace addressed a few words to those present, exhorting them to contribute ever so little weekly, according to their means, until the convent should be completed, and reminding them that God had a grand memory of deeds done in His honour. The music of the High Mass—the *Introit* and *Gradual* proper for the day—and the *Ordinary*, the “*Missa Cunibert*,” was well sung. The *Offertorium*, “*Cibavit eos*,” and the “*O Salutaris Hostia*” (Keane), deserve special mention. Mrs. Mahon (soprano), and Mr. James Mahon (basso), were

assisted by professional and amateur vocalists, under the direction of Mr. Andrew Keane, the organist of the church."

In taking leave of our readers, and closing this memorial record, we are full of hope that the gloomy and disastrous epoch of our country has passed—that the seven hundred years of spoliation, persecution, and oppression, borne by our afflicted people with such heroic patience and unflinching fidelity as to deserve the title, "Nation of Martyrs," as truly as she had once earned that of "Island of Saints," be succeeded in the coming century by a new era of prosperity and progress. We are no longer an uneducated people. The fount of learning has been opened to the thirsty Celt, and our present generation of young Irishmen, whether as writers, orators, or men of science, abundantly testify the eagerness and avidity with which we have quaffed from the invigorating and enlightening spring. And what deduction do we draw from this? That an educated people cannot for long be a nation of slaves. Again, the surrounding nations can no longer be hoodwinked by the misrepresentations and mendacious accounts propagated by English statesmen. They have learned that our rulers have destroyed our manufactures, by interdicting some and overtaxing others, and that their creatures, the large landowners, have an unlimited power to tax our only remaining industry, our agriculture. Even the most hardened are sometimes open to a sense of shame. There is yet another and stronger ground of hope. In 1841 the population of Ireland was over eight millions. It is now but five millions, after the lapse of forty years. And where is the surplus, upon which we should count? In America, Australia, New Zealand, Canada, all through England and Scotland, and in the heart of London. And when we reflect that among these scattered millions there breathes the same burning love of country, the same deep aspirations for their country's freedom, and the same deep and inextinguishable hatred of her oppressor, we must conclude that it requires but a master hand to concentrate those mighty aspirations into an irresistible focus, whose united force would shake the empire of Great Britain, powerful though it be. Let us hope, then, that we are on the upward path—that the dark clouds which so long shadowed

our unhappy country have passed for ever; that religious freedom, church disestablishment, and vote by ballot, will be followed by freedom of contract, and the prohibition to pauperise our people by overtaxing their industry, thus leaving us a nation of permanent beggars; that, in fine, our country may be soon blessed by a Home Legislature, the only sure guarantee of a people's privileges or a nation's rights; and at length realise the dying wish of one of her most ardent patriots,—

“Take her place among the nations of the earth,”

and so warrant the writing of the long-deferred and the ardently-desired epitaph.

May every year of the century coming behold her growth in piety and temperance, her progress to true and rational freedom, and her advance to prosperity, so that, long before the celebration of the next centenary of St. Laurence O'Toole, she may have realised the grand wish of her own unrivalled poet by having become—

“Great, glorious, and free!
First flower of the earth,
And first gem of the sea!”

ARMS OF THE CLAN O'TOOLE.

(Crest and Device adopted from the Irish Brigade.)

ARMS.—*Gu.*, a lion passant—argent; signifying a course without relaxation.

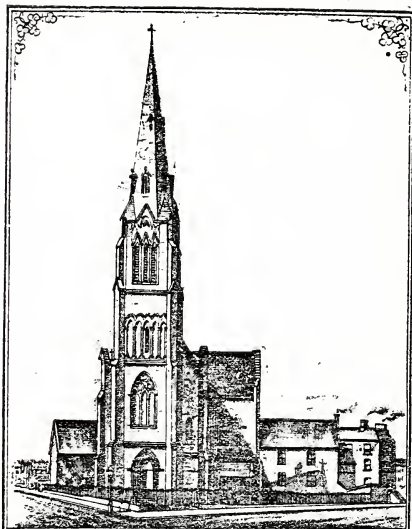
CREST.—Two palms; a cross, surmounted by a laurel branch, over a princely crown.

SUPPORTERS.—The shield, accompanied by two battleaxes and two Irish pikes; under the shield, two branches of shamrock—national symbol of Catholic Ireland.

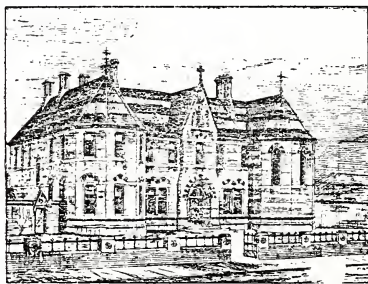
DEVICE.—“Virtute et Fidelitate”—“Courage in battle and fidelity to faith and fatherland.” Another branch has “Spero”—“I hope.”

WAR CRY.—“Fianac Aboo!”—“Victory to the Fenians!” “Clan Ui Tuathail Aboo!”—“Victory to the Clan O'Toole!”

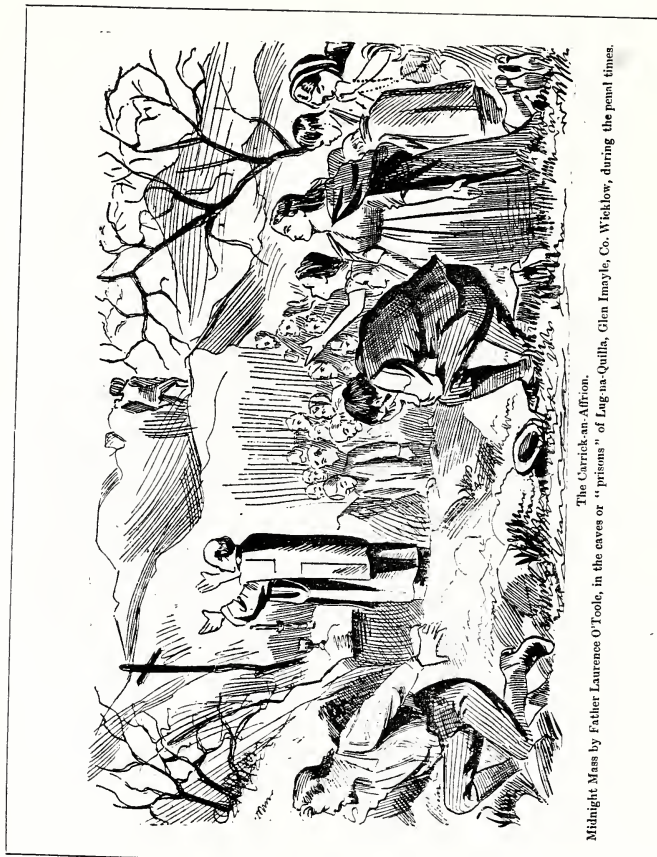
MOTTO.—“Semper et ubique fidelis”—“Always and everywhere faithful.”



CHURCH OF ST. LAURENCE O'TOOLE, DUBLIN.



MEMORIAL CONVENT OF ST. LAURENCE O'TOOLE
ADJOINING THE CHURCH & SCHOOLS
SEVILLE PLACE, DUBLIN.



The Carrick-an-Afrion.

Midnight Mass by Father Laurence O'Toole, in the caves or "prisons" of Lug-na-Quilla, Glen Imayle, Co. Wicklow, during the penit times.

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