

## THE STORY OF IRELAND

(By A. M. SULLIVAN.)

### CHAPTER XXXVI.—(Continued.)

Faithful to the dying message of Fitzmaurice, John of Desmond now avowed his resolution to continue the struggle; which he did bravely, and not without brilliant results. But the earl still "stood on the fence." Still would he fain persuade the Government that he was quite averse to the mad designs of his unfortunate kinsmen; and still the Government, fully believing him a sympathiser with the movement, lost no opportunity of scornfully taunting him with insinuations. Eventually they commenced to treat his lands as the possessions of an enemy, wasting and harrying them; and at length the Earl, finding *too late* that in such a struggle there was for him no neutrality, took the field. But this step on his part, which if it had been taken earlier, might have had a powerful effect, was now, as I have said, all too late for any substantial influence upon the lost cause. Yet he showed by a few brilliant victories at the very outset that he was, in a military sense, not all unworthy of his position as First Geraldine. The Spanish King, too, had by this time been moved to the aid of the struggle. The Fort del Ore once more received an expedition from Spain, where this time there landed a force of 700 Spaniards and Italians, under the command of Sebastian San Josef, Hercules Pisano, and the Duke of Biscay. They brought, moreover, arms for 5000 men, a large supply of money, and cheering promises of still further aid from over the sea. Lord Grey, the Deputy, quickly saw that probably the future existence of British power in Ireland depended upon the swift and sudden crushing of this formidable expedition; accordingly with all vehemence did he strain every energy to concentrate with rapidity around Fort del Ore, by land and sea, an overwhelming force before any aid or co-operation could reach it from the Geraldines. "Among the officers of the besieging force were three especially notable men—Sir Walter Raleigh, the poet Spenser, and Hugh O'Neill—afterwards Earl of Tyrone, but at this time commanding a squadron of cavalry for her Majesty Queen Elizabeth. San Josef surrendered the place on conditions: that savage outrage ensued, which is known in Irish history as 'the massacre of Smerwick.' Raleigh and Wingfield appear to have directed the operations by which 800 prisoners of war were cruelly butchered and flung over the rocks. The sea upon that coast is deep, and the tide swift; but it has not proved deep enough to hide that horrid crime, or to wash the stains of such wanton bloodshed from the memory of its authors!"

It may be said that the Geraldine cause never rallied after this disaster. "For four years longer," says McGee, the historian whom I have just quoted, "the Geraldine League flickered in the south. Proclamations offering pardon to all concerned, except Earl Gerald and a few of his most devoted adherents, had their effect. Deserted at home, and cut off from foreign assistance, the condition of Desmond grew more and more intolerable. On one occasion he narrowly escaped capture by rushing with his Countess into a river, and remaining concealed up to the chin in water. His dangers can hardly be paralleled by those of Bruce after the battle of Falkirk, or by the more familiar adventures of Charles Edward. At length, on the night of November 11, 1584, he was surprised with only two followers in a lonesome valley, about five miles distant from Tralee, among the mountains of Kerry. The spot is still remembered, and the name of 'the Earl's Road' transports the fancy of the traveller to that tragical scene. Covering over the embers of a half-extinct fire in a miserable hovel, the lord of a country which in time of peace had yielded an annual rental of 40,000 golden pieces, was dispatched by the hands of common soldiers, without pity, or time, or hesitation. A few followers watching their creaghts or herds, farther up the valley, found his bleeding trunk flung out upon the highway; the head was transported overseas to rot upon the spikes of London Tower."

Such was the end of the great Geraldine League of 1579. Even the youngest of my readers must have noticed in its plan and constitution one singular omission which proved a fatal defect. It did not raise the issue of national independence at all. It made no appeal to the national aspirations for liberty. It was simply a war to compel Elizabeth to desist from her bloody persecution of the Catholic faith. Furthermore, it left out of calculation altogether the purely Irish elements. It left all the northern half of the kingdom out of sight. It was only a southern movement. The Irish princes and chiefs—those of them most opposed to the English power—never viewed the enterprise with confidence or sympathy. Fitzmaurice devoted much more attention to foreign aid than to native combination. In truth, his movement was simply an

Anglo-Irish war to obtain freedom of conscience, and never raised issues calculated to call forth the united efforts of the Irish nation in a war against England.

(To be continued.)

## "I MET WITH NAPPER TANDY"

(By J. C. WALSH, Staff Correspondent of America in Ireland.)

Ireland at this moment is a rather exciting place to visit. One is conscious that a struggle is going on. There are British troops at all the important strategic points, and Dublin, the most important of all, is the daily scene of military movements. On the other hand, there exists a national organisation, duly elected, which has affirmed Ireland's desire for independent political status under the republican form, and the members of this organisation, though under continual threat of arrest, go on with their work quietly and courageously. The Irish National Assembly, as we would call it, but which is invariably spoken of as "*The Dail*," *An Dail Eireann*, has its offices in Harcourt Street, in an old house once used as a residence by Cardinal Newman. As head officers of a nation they would be considered by efficiency experts as open to criticism, but perfection in office equipment is difficult to attain where, as happens in this case, an office manager is exposed to being carried off to gaol just as soon as he has become valuable, and where the archives are forever being removed by an over-zealous police. Notwithstanding these limitations the national headquarters functions surprisingly well, well enough to provide Dublin Castle, the seat of the government of Ireland direct from London, with occasion for annoyance which the Castle authorities make no attempt to conceal. At the time I reached Ireland the *Dail* (pronounced *Dholl*) leaders were living in hourly expectation of arrest. And yet they went as quietly about their work as though interruption was the least thought on their minds. Ascension Thursday, as I was calling at the Knights of Columbus Club for mail, I saw three armored cars speeding along Bagin Street, a hundred yards away. Half an hour later, three whippet tanks, going at full speed, passed me on Leeson Street. A moment after I noticed an airplane circling overhead. I made up my mind that the blow long expected had fallen, and that there had been a round-up of the leaders. Yet five minutes later I met Mr. de Valera carrying his little document-bag, walking along Leeson Street in company with a friend who trundled a bicycle, both apparently quite unconscious of the existence of tanks or motor-cars or airplanes anywhere in the world. I mention this incident because it brought home rather strikingly the fact that here are two governing bodies in Ireland, each sensitively aware of the presence of the other, and each taking its own course independently of the other. Of these, the one is definitely English, the other as definitely Irish. They both carry on. Behind the one are all the manifestations of force, behind the other all the evidences of popular approval. Manifestly there can be no adequate appreciation of the possibilities inherent in such a situation as this, unless an effort is made to set values to the factors which control it. So far as I have been able to gauge their importance, the elements upon which the *Dail Eireann* leaders base their plans for future guidance are these:

(1) Improved economic status, as compared with the incipient stages of earlier phases of the struggle this indestructible nation has made towards preserving its existence. (2) Increased intellectual resources, resulting from the graduation of hundreds of laymen and women from the new University every year. (3) Formation of a definitely Irish character, in following upon the Gaelic movement begun about 1893, various developments of which have bound practically the whole of the younger generation in support of a common aspiration. (4) Organisation of the young men of the country so effective that reliance can be placed upon the aggregate of militant virtues, the more so as there has been achieved a discipline, military in value, of which there has been no parallel in Ireland for more than two centuries. (5) Confidence and understanding developed in many hundreds of young men with marked gifts of leadership by their association in English prisons. (6) The completeness of Mr. Redmond's sacrifice, from which it results that nobody in Irish Ireland is willing to take any Englishman's word for anything, thus removing what might have been the most considerable doubt as to the expediency of the policy of self-reliance.

What occurs at once to any student of the history of the two peoples is that what we see going on is a continuance in the process of the overturn of all the policies by whose enforcement Ireland was to be, and to some extent has been, kept in subjugation by England. The process of subjugation began, about 1600, with the destruction of

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