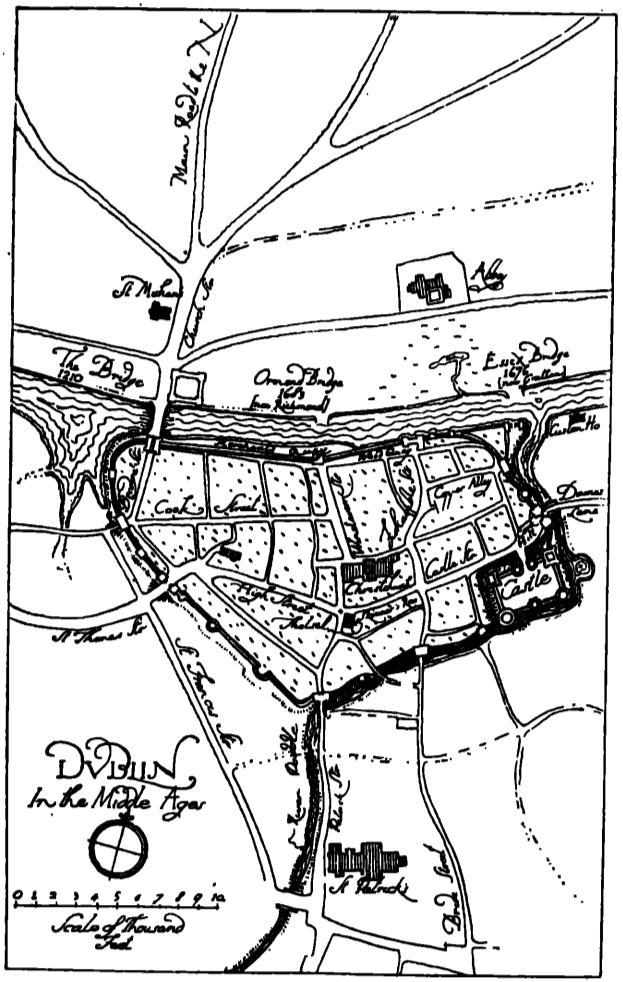


*Medieval Dublin.*
Showing the main features as mapped by Professor Abercrombie from various original sources.

# THE STORY OF DUBLIN

## CITY & COUNTY

BY
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*Literary Readings*



BROWNE AND NOLAN LIMITED
DUBLIN BELFAST CORK WATERFORD

## PUBLISHERS' NOTE

THERE are many Tourist Guides to Dublin, and no lack of high-priced Histories; but between the two there is surely room for a short and pleasantly written Story of our ancient town, in a form that will appeal to the interest of all readers, whether citizens already or strangers within our gates. This happy medium will be found in the present little book.

For kind help in selecting the distinctive illustrations our best thanks are tendered to the Royal Society of Antiquaries of Ireland, Professor Patrick Abercrombie, M.A., of Liverpool University, Messrs. J. M. Dent & Sons, London, and Mr. J. G. Fottrell, Dublin.

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## ILLUSTRATIONS





# THE STORY OF DUBLIN

## CHAPTER I

## THE KINGDOM OF LEINSTER

THE ancient Kingdom of Leinster was bounded on the north by the Liffey; its western frontier was the Kingdom of Desmond; its eastern limit the sea, its southern the ocean.

Its name is said to be derived from *laighen*, a sort of spear, introduced from Gaul by one of its earliest kings. The affix "ster" (place) was added by the Danes.

The chain of mountains running from Dublin to the Barrow kept the people of Leinster apart from the people of the plain. This mountain chain served as a natural fortress, approached only by narrow glens. The rocky walls of these valleys, with their wooded clefts, provided ambushes that told strongly in defence.

From the mountain heights the clansmen surveyed the country on both sides, commanding the approaches by sea from the east and by land across the plains of Kildare. In all that range of territory the only gap between the Central Plain and the coast is that afforded by the valley of the Aughrim-Shillelagh rivers, which offers a route between the plain of Carlow and the coast at Arklow. There is another gap between Mount Leinster and the

Blackstairs Mountains, the Scullogue Gap, or, as it was formerly called, the Pass of Hydrone. This pass led from Hydrone, O'Ryan's territory, into Hy Kinsellagh; it was little used for organised invasion as the Kavanagh Wilderness of the Duffry lay between the Gap and Wexford.

The mountain tribes always held themselves independent of the Plainsmen, and were hostile to the ruling race at Tara, because they were compelled to pay a special tribute. When the Norsemen entrenched themselves in Dublin, and spread over the Central Plain and along the east coast, they sought alliances with the highlanders, whose power they feared. When the Normans took Dublin, the Irish and Danish clans "hung perpetually over the neck of the city." From the memorable Black Monday, when they swooped down upon the Bristolmen at Cullenswood, they became engaged in perpetual wars with the citizens down to the seventeenth century. The existence of an impenetrable highland close to the seat of government for a long time delayed the establishment of English rule in Ireland. At the time of the Norman invasion the O'Byrnes and O'Tooles were driven from their homes in Kildare into the wilds of Wicklow. From the highlands there they carried on a guerilla warfare with the English till the seventeenth century. As late as the days of '98, the glens and moorland of Wicklow formed the rallying-ground for these men who, with Michael Dwyer at their head, defied the British Government. The famous Military Road, from Rathfarnham to the Aughrim river, was constructed to hold the head of the glens, and so control the mountain chain.





During the Norse invasions the men of Hy Kinsellagh defended the Leinster Chain. Hy Kinsellagh was bounded on the west by the marshes and dense forests of the Lower Barrow Valley, and by the range of the Blackstairs and Mount Leinster peaks. In the Norman period the Mac Murroughs defended the eastern highland, and held it secure against the hosts of Richard II.

## Chapter II

## THE PAGAN CELTS OF DUBLIN

THE first Milesian King of Dublin built his fortress on Ben Edar, high above the "great waved sea." This was Criffan, the conqueror of Picts and Scots, who came here and saw two deep gullies across a long headland with a pyramidal rock at the end. He strengthened these natural fortifications by fencing the gullies on the seaward face with earthworks. On three sides it was defended by steep cliffs, the home and breeding-place of countless gulls; on the landward side by a great rampart and a pass. The north side looked down upon a small, safe harbour and a strand of pebbles, and upon a town of mariners and fisher-folk, who dwelt there and pursued their labours under the protection of the king. Within the stronghold, where the Baily lighthouse now stands, there was an enclosed lawn and park. Criffan's cliff—a defended citadel—was strong enough to resist the attacks from an armed host.

From his eyrie in the cliffs Criffan often descended to war upon foreign tribes in Gaul and England. He brought home many rare spoils to adorn his rough mountain fortress. All his furniture and belongings were of precious wood or metal, his chariot was of gold, his chessboard of ivory, silver, and gold, his sword and spear were encrusted with precious gems. He was buried A.D. 90, in a valley between Shelmartin and Dunhill, and many cairns on the hills around are connected with his memory.

*Types of Cromlech or Dolmen.*

**Burial structures of massive stones, found in County Dublin and many other parts of Ireland.**

One of the five great roads from Tara led along the coast through Stoneybatter and Batterstown to Kildare. Near the Dodder, on Bohernabreena, the *bruidhean* or palace of Da Derga was placed. It was set at a cross-roads, and had open doors facing each road. It had a light burning on the lawn all night. A full cauldron was always boiling on the fire.

One fatal day a band of Britons sailed over the Irish sea, and pillaged and destroyed the house of hospitality. The hue-and-cry was raised after the destroyers, the king came down from Tara in hot haste on their trail. The marauders "steered their





bark" from Merrion shores, and were cast up by a storm on Dalkey Island, the "thorny isle," where they probably got short shrift from the Irish chieftain who had his fort there.

## Chapter III

## THE HAUNTS OF FINN AND THE FIANNA

"IN Ireland long ago there was a great company of men who were bound to no fixed calling, unless it was to fight for the high-king of Ireland whenever foes threatened him from within the kingdom or without. This company was called the Fianna of Erinn. They were mighty hunters and warriors, and though they had great possessions in land and rich robes and gold ornaments, and weapons wrought with beautiful chasing and with coloured enamels, they lived mostly a free out-door life in the light hunting booths which they made in the woods where the deer and the wolf ranged. There were then vast forests in Ireland, which are all gone now, and there were also, as there still are, many great and beautiful lakes and rivers, swarming with fish and water-fowl. In the forests and on the mountain-sides roamed the wild boar and the wolf, and great herds of deer, some of giant size, whose enormous antlers are sometimes found when bogs are being drained. The Fianna chased these and the wolves with great dogs, whose courage and strength and beauty are famous throughout Europe, and which they prized and loved above all things."

The Fianna were ruled by a captain called Cool. A tribe of the Fianna, named the Clan Morna, rose in rebellion against Cool. They defeated and slew him at the battle of Cnucha, now Castleknock, on the high road from Dublin to Trim. This was a place celebrated in ancient song and story :—

There was a time when it was a royal seat;
A fortress it was at the time
When Tuathal Teethmor possessed it;
'Twas he that built it first,
It was a king's dwelling, a royal work,
There was not a better abode save Tara alone,
As one most beloved of the King of Erin.

The mound on which the ancient Irish fort was built was used by the Normans as the foundation of their castle, and the remains are still to be seen in the grounds of St. Vincent's College. Cnucha is said to have been the foster-mother of Conn of the Hundred Battles :—

The nurse of Conn who lived on this strip of land
Was Cnucha of the comely head,
She dwelt in this dun with him
In the reign of Conn of the Hundred Fights.

Tuathal, too, is said to have dwelt on that "white-waved mound," the "sod of death" to Cool, Finn's father.

The favourite hunting-place of the Fianna was in Glennasmole, the Glen of the Thrushes. Here they had their hunting cabins, and hunted the wild deer upon the sides of Glencullen. Here, too, under a cairn south-east of Ratheen, in Glencullen mountain-side, Ossian, the poet son of Finn, was buried.





On the top of Ben Edar the Fianna had their watch-tower, from which they were able to see enemy ships approaching the coast. Here Aideen, daughter of Angus of Ben Edar, and wife of Oscar, son of Ossian, died through grief for her husband. He was slain at the battle of Gabra, fought near Tara, in Meath, A.D. 284. She was buried here under the

*Specimens of Ogham Writing.*

An ancient alphabetic system in the form of short parallel lines carved on pillar-stones discovered in many places throughout the country.

huge cromlech-stones, her name was inscribed in Ogham, and the Fianna raised a keen over her.

They heaved the stone; they heaped the cairn.
Said Ossian—"In a queenly grave
We leave her, 'mong her fields of fern,
Between the cliff and wave."

The cliff behind stands clear and bare;
And bare, above, the heathery steep
Scales the clear heaven's expanse, to where
The Danaan Druids sleep;

And all the sands that, left or right,
The grassy isthmus-ridge confine,
In yellow bars lie bare and bright
Among the sparkling brine.

A cup of bodkin-pencilled clay
  Holds Oscar; mighty heart and limb
One handful now of ashes gray:
  And she has died for him.

And here, hard-by her natal bower
  On lone Ben Edar's side, we strive
With lifted rock and sign of power
  To keep her name alive.

That while from circling year to year
  Her Ogham-lettered stone is seen,
The Gael shall say: "Our Fenians here
  Entombed their loved Aideen."

—*Sir Samuel Ferguson.*

At the foot of Carrickmore precipice, overhanging Howth demesne, Aideen's cromlech stands:

A clear pure air pervades the scene,
  In loneliness and awe secure;
Meet spot to sepulchre a queen
  Who in her life was pure.

## Chapter IV

## EARLY CHRISTIAN SANCTUARIES IN COUNTY DUBLIN

THE plain watered by the Dodder and the Liffey, and between the mountains and the sea, was a pleasant, fertile land, like the basin of the Boyne and Blackwater—as attractive to monks and tillers of the soil as it was afterwards to greedy strangers.

After Patrick's coming, the Celtic chiefs gave over the Druidic strongholds to the disciples of Christ. At Killiney and Rathmichael, at Howth, Dalkey,





Clondalkin, Finglas, Swords, Lusk, Christian churches replaced the old Druidic altars.

The early Irish saints, desirous of solitude, loved to seek their cells far from the haunts of men. In the islands of Dublin Bay, some of them built their hermitages. There, hidden away in the wilderness, they were happy beyond the thoughts of man. This is how an Irish hermit of that age sang of his joy in his lonely dwelling:—

I wish, O Son of the Living God, O ancient eternal King,
For a hidden little hut in the wilderness
An all-grey lithe little lark to be by its side,
A clear pool to wash away sins through the Grace
  of the Holy Spirit.
A beautiful wood around it on every side,
To nurse many-voiced birds, hiding it with its shelter.
A pleasant church and with the linen altar cloth, a
  dwelling for God from Heaven,
Then, shewing candles above the pure white scriptures;
Raiment and food for me from the King of far fame,
And I to be sitting for a while praying God in every
  place.

St. Begnet built the abbey on Dalkey Island; St. Nessan built on Inis Faithleann, the Grassy Isle, or as it was afterwards known, Inis Mac Nessan, isle of the sons of Nessan, or as the Danes called it, Ireland's "oe," or Island. Here some nameless monk made a beautiful copy of the Gospels, called "The Garland of Howth." Men swore on this precious book their word of honour to keep treaties and contracts, and so it passed from generation to generation, a holy treasured relic, escaping the fire and water of the destroying Danes, until finally it found a home in Trinity College Library.

As you stand amid the rocks and ruins of Nessan s old church, and the sea-wind whistles through the weird walls, listen to the voices of the past, and let time unroll its pictures before you.

There—it will seem—before a bench in the cloister sits a young monk, the white parchment spread before him, coloured inks beside him, his hand

*Ruins at Rathmichael, Shankill.*

*(From a Sketch made in 1840 by W. F. Wakeman.)*

Here a typical group of Celtic church buildings existed in ancient times, close to the large rath from which the place derives its name, and traces of which are still to be seen.

delicately, patiently tracing the twistings and turnings of birds in flight, or the climbing tendrils of creeping plants, or the starry beauty of the field flowers, in and out through the letters on his page. It is Nessan's copy of the Gospels, destined to be the sacred treasury of men's honour down through the centuries.

St. Fintan settled on the south side of Howth Head, and his monastery, like all the others built on the



*Ruins of Howth Abbey.*

Founded by St. Fintan in the ninth century. The adjoining harbour was constructed to accommodate the cross-channel sailing packets, but is now only used by fishing boats.

islands, and along the coast, was doomed to destruction by the Danes.

St. Canice, founder of Kilkenny, passed this way, and left his memory behind in the famous Abbey of Finglas, not far from the Hurdle Bridge. At Glasnevin, Naeidhe's streamlet, St. Mobhi built his cell. A great school grew up, and many students were attracted hither, amongst them Columcille, Ciaran, and Comgall.

One evening Columcille and his two comrades climbed the Hill of Howth, and standing there near Criffan's fort, his rapt face looking seawards, Columcille had a vision, a star shining over a cross set large in the heavens above Iona. A shimmering mist of light descends upon the three, a glory as of Mount Tabor. Figures of saints—Patrick, Bridget, and many more—rise up around them. The Druidic demons screech despairingly from the black oak-groves of Killiney and Shanganagh. The light follows the saints as they descend the hill in the direction of Glasnevin.

When they reach the Tolka, it is in flood, black and treacherous. The students' cells are on the south side, but the chapel is on the north side. The bell calls them to Vespers, but no one dares to cross the rushing torrent, save only Columcille who, true to his name, dove of the Church, leaps daringly across.

The ancient plain of Moynalty,* the old green "plain of the flocks," lying between Tallaght and Howth, was the home of the earliest settlers in Ireland. Near Tallaght, on a grassy spot beside the murmuring Dodder, the first invaders, the

* The same name is preserved in Moynalty ("the plain of the flocks") in Meath.





Partholonians, who fell dying of a plague, were buried, and the place took its name from their misfortune, the "flag or tombstone of the plague." Their burial mounds are scattered over the hills hereabouts. It was a wide, open plain, into which half a dozen passes dropped from the Wicklow Hills, and when St. Maelruan saw it in the eighth century, he judged the situation good for the foundation of a monastery. Very soon a school grew up around his church, and the monastery became one of the most famous in Ireland, rival of Armagh itself. It was here that Angus the Culdee, author of the *Felire or Martyrology of Irish Saints*, toiled like a beast of burden on the farm, at the barn or the kiln, hidden and unknown, while the men of Clonenagh searched far and wide for their beloved saint. It was through a little boy, to whom the old labourer taught his lessons one day, that the secret of Angus was discovered. There was an end to his retirement. Abbot Maelruan brought him to the Tech Scriptia, the House of Manuscripts, where he produced many of the works which have made his name famous. Relics of St. Maelruan, his cross and font are still to be seen in the old churchyard at Tallaght.

On the road to Clondalkin you pass Kilmainham, the Church of Maighnenn, on a height overlooking the Liffey, founded about A.D. 600, and still standing in the time of Brian Boru. St. Mochua built his church at Cluain Dolcain, Clondalkin, on the Eiscir ridge, on the site of an ancient rath, overlooking reaches of fertile land. When the Danes passed this way they left the place a heap of smoking ruins; but like other monasteries, this one was rebuilt, and a

Round Tower raised beside it, for the protection of the monks and people.

In the graveyard are the remains of the ancient church and an old font fashioned from a granite

*Clondalkin Round Tower.*

A good specimen of its class: 84 feet high; 45 feet in circumference at the base; walls 3 feet thick; door 15 feet from the ground. The part of the structure below the door is a solid mass of masonry.

boulder. The Danes had a fort here called Dunawly, Aulaff's fort, a base of attack against the Irish. Not far away is Saggart, site of an ancient Celtic monastery, called in the seventh century Tassagart, or Teach Sacra.





Another Round Tower was built at Swords, or Sord ("pure spring-well"), to protect the church founded here by St. Columcille in the year A.D. 550. St. Columcille appointed St. Finian, the Leper, as abbot of his monastery, and he founded a hospital for lepers here. Spital Hill, north of the Castle, still keeps the memory of that saint's charity. St. Columcille's well is near the village.

At Lusk, St. Macculin founded his abbey. He died in 496, and was buried here in a vault, which is in Irish, *lusca*, and hence the name, Lusk. In the saga of Cuchullain this place is called the Garden of Lugh, and is celebrated as being the home of Emer, the Ulster champion's wife. Here, too, a Round Tower was built to defend the church from Danish attacks, and a village of wooden beehive huts clustered round the church and tower.

The five daughters of Lenin built themselves an oratory on a bare cliff of rocks above the sea, in a place haunted by the ghosts of Druids and Druidic victims, a place ever afterwards known as Killiney (*cill-inghin-Lenin*). At Rathmichael, Angus Mac Tail gave his rath for the erection thereon of a Christian church and monastery. He gave lands for the use of the monks, which were marked off by termon, or boundary, crosses. This church had its Round Tower, though only the base of it remains now. It is still possible in the churchyard to reconstruct in one's mind the ancient church, with its low, square-headed doorway, its narrow opening for light at the south-west end, its belfry; the tall, graceful, cone-shaped Round Tower rising above, a seven-foot wall around the enclosure, and a carved gateway.

## Chapter V

## THE DRUIDS IN COUNTY DUBLIN.

"The Druids!" sad, mysterious word,
Whence comes that meaning unexpressed,
Which every Celtic pulse hath stirred,
Rousing old thoughts in brain and breast?
Dear was the name to our first sires,
Dear every symbol of their line;
Awe-struck they saw their altar-fires
And deemed their mystic chaunts divine.

—*T. D. McGee.*

IT was the eve of Samhain in the year A.D. 432. Dark shadows lay on the hills around Killiney, and brooded menacingly over the black oak-groves of Shanganagh. The sea-bird shrieked from Killiney Bay, and fled from the zone of terror which the Druids had shed around that mystic place. The waters of Glen Druid moaned aloud as if in pain.

In the depth of the forest there was a great space, which was cleared and girt all round by trees. In the midst was a circle of stones. Within the circle was a temple, roughly hewn, open to the four winds of heaven. In the centre stood a rude altar of mountain granite, deeply inscribed with a circle, and a segment of a circle, representing the sun and moon, the gods of the ancient Irish. Several stone chairs were grouped about the altar.

Outside in the forest the people watched and waited. A procession of white-robed priests entered the temple, chanting their unearthly hymns.

Suddenly, and as at a given signal, flames leapt up





from the altar, and the priests prostrated themselves in homage to their pagan gods.

Another few years, and their temple was forsaken, and their druidic creed was overthrown by the

*Scribe Illuminating a Book.*

*(From a Manuscript in the British Museum.)*

conquering Christian Gospel; yet, at a thousand years' distance, their altars still stand, at Glen Druid, at Shanganagh, at Kilternan, in County Dublin, and at many other places throughout Ireland.

The great stone "altars" found in these places are called Cromlechs, which word means either the

stone of Crom, the pagan god, or the bent stone. Some say that they were actual altars of the Druids, others maintain that they were monumental stones placed over the tomb of heroes. Probably both opinions are right—there could be no more fitting resting-place for a hero's body than beneath the stone of worship. At all events, the men who raised such tremendous rocks must have been giants.

> Great were their deeds, their passions and their sports,
> With clay and stone
> They piled on strath and shore these mystic forts,
> Not yet o'erthrown.
>
> —*T. D. McGee.*

Some ornaments, celts, or stone axes and spear-heads were discovered in the ground outside the druidic circle at Killiney. These probably belonged to the men who were buried here about a thousand years ago, and whose rude slate coffins were dug up between the druid temple and the shore or, perhaps, they belonged to the men of an earlier date, whose remains were discovered in five large urns of baked clay, dug up in a field near the village of Killiney.

Cists, or funeral urns, clay-baked and pencilled with a bodkin, found near Crumlin, may be seen in the National Museum.

## Chapter VI

## DANISH DUBLIN

IN the old Irish tale of Mesgedra, as sung by Sir S. Ferguson, it is told how when an Ulster poet, Atharna, sent by his master, Connor Mac Nessa, to





take spoil from the King of Leinster, was returning homewards, he found the Liffey swollen with rain. "He caused, therefore, many great hurdles to be made, and these were set in the river, and over them a causeway of boughs was laid, so that his cattle and spoils came safely across. Hence is the town of that place called to this day in Gaelic the City of the Hurdle Ford."

From an old Irish poem we learn that the hurdle ford was a passage within a row of piles, a palisade compared to some monster's ribs.

St. Patrick passed over this bridge, after converting the King of Dublin and his subjects to the Christian Faith. He blessed the waters of a well, now arched over, at the end of Dawson Street, under the wall of the Fellows' Garden of Trinity College. For ages afterwards processions of lame and blind and feeble followed in his footsteps to drink the healing waters of Patrick's Well.

Many saints passed this way, too, and ringed the plains of Bregia and Cualann with monasteries and churches.

In A.D. 863 the iron-winged pirates of the North rowed their black boats up the lonely bay to the mouth of a wide river whose waters cut a winding course through vast expanses of marshy flats and bogs. A mile or so up the river a peaty ridge stood out, facing a dark pool whence the waters of the Liffey and the Poddle—at present an underground river—flowed into the sea. On the hill a straggling group of wattle huts looked down on the bog-dark waters of the pool.

The Danes drew up their shallow boats at a

landing-place which they called the Steyn, at the spot which now marks the junction of Hawkins Street and Townsend Street.

Just where the rush of the tide was checked at the "Dam" (which gave its name to Dame Street), near what long afterwards became the site of the old House of Parliament, the Danes built their Assembly House. "A circular moat, bearing on its summit the king's seat, and below, and in ordered tiers or steps, the seats of his kingly sons, his earls and noblemen according to their degrees." Close to the *Thing Mote*, or Assembly House, where St. Andrew's Church now stands, they raised their pagan temple to the god Thor. On the hill, overgrown with hazels and willows, the site of Dublin Castle, the Danes built their fort, from which they were able to command the main road from Leinster to Tara and the North—a highway well-known in Irish history.

The Danes were world-rovers; they had raided the coasts of France and Germany, sailed up the Rhine and the Rhone; they had plundered and pillaged, fought and traded in every European country before they settled down in the Scotch Isles and on the Irish coast. From the Orkneys and the Hebrides they despatched fleets to Ireland, to ravage the island monasteries, and return home with the booty. In 841 they came here to remain; they raised their fortified stations as bases of attack upon the natives at Dublin, and at Annagassen in Louth. From Annagassen they crossed the country to Clonmacnoise, and from Dublin they raided the interior as far as the Slieve Bloom mountains. The fortified





station beside the hurdle bridge became the centre of a Danish kingdom, stretching from the Hebrides and Orkneys to Southern Ireland. It was a convenient port of call for Danish ships cruising through the narrow waters between Great Britain and Ireland.

One by one the Dublin monasteries fell before them: Lambay first, then Finglas, Glasnevin, Tallaght, Clondalkin, Lusk, and Swords, until all Bregia and Cualann lay desolate. At Clondalkin, Aulaff, the Dane, built a fortress called Dunawly, to hold the country here in check. At Dalkey, Howth, and Ireland's Eye—places to which they gave Danish names—the foreigners constructed raths in the Irish fashion, and raised forts of defence.

*Mounted celt.*

Prehistoric stone implement for cutting or cleaving, mounted on wood, as used by the earliest inhabitants.

The particular race of foreigners who first settled in Dublin were Fin Gall, or "White strangers," from Norway. They seized North Dublin, as being the richest land, and it was called Fingal after them. Then came the Dubh Gall or "Black strangers," from Denmark, who fought the Fin Gall. Malachi, the Ard Ri, drove both from Dublin. Then the two foreign races united under Olaf the White, and reconquered their old station by the Liffey. The Dubhgall—from which the name Doyle derives—settled around Howth, Baldoyle, and South Dublin. A large tract near Rathmichael belonged to the sons of Turgesius, identified with the great Norse hero

Ragnar Lodbrok. They made Howth their chief port and landing place. It was a place of refuge for the Danish fugitives after the battle of Clontarf. Many Howth family names are derived from Danish ancestors—Harford, Thunder, Waldron, Rickard.

In spite of the repeated attacks of the Irish, the Danish kingdom of Dublin grew and prospered. Danes ruled the coast-line from Arklow on the south to the small stream of the Nanny Water above Skerries on the north. Their territory extended inland along the Liffey as far as the salmon swims up the stream: to Leixlip, the Salmon Leap, including the present united diocese of Dublin and Glendalough.

"The northern part of County Dublin was known as Fingal. Howth is the Danish Hofed, a head. Arklow and Wicklow are their beacon (loe, a blaze) stations on the coast, Blowick, now Bullock, Dalk-ey, Lamb-ay (Lamb Island), Ireland's Eye, and the Skerries, all show their Danish origin." The Danes entrenched Ath Cliath with walls and a fortress, and settled down on the north side of the river, in the place now known as Oxmantown, or the town of the Ostmen, or Easterlings. When they came into conflict with Brian Boru they were defeated at the battle of Clontarf on Good Friday, 1014.

"The site of the conflict lay between the Liffey and the Tolka, bounded on the north by Tomar's Wood, remnant of an ancient forest, with thick undergrowth and majestic oaks, and on the south by the strand. The only entry from the south to the 'Green of Dublin' and the open country, which then stretched from what is now the Phœnix Park to the Weir of Clontarf, was across the Liffey by





Dubhgall Bridge, just above the modern Four Courts." At the close of the day the Danish forces were in full flight; their ships had been carried out of reach by the rising tide, and the only passage across the Liffey, Dubhgall's Bridge, being occupied by Brian's troops, a terrible slaughter ensued.

After the battle, peace reigned between the Dublin men and the Irish. The Danes continued to pursue their trades as merchants and artisans in the maritime towns they had founded—Dublin, Waterford, Wexford, and Limerick.

In 1038, Sitric gave a place whereon to build a church to the Holy Trinity, "together with the lands of Baldoyle, Raheny, and Portrane for its maintenance." This church was built on the site of the present Christ Church. Some years later the same king built the Abbey of St. Mary in Howth. In 1095 the Church of St. Michan was built on the north side of the Liffey.

## Chapter VII

## HOWTH—PICTURES FROM THE PAST

Delightful to be on Ben Edar,
Before going o'er the white sea;
Delightful the dashing of the wave against its face,
The bareness of its shore and its border.

—*St. Columcille.* (*Sixth century*)

SITTING on the top of Howth Head, there beside the smooth, round fort that Criffan built nineteen hundred years ago, with the hills of Dalkey

and Killiney glimmering in the faint haze yonder, and the throb of the restless waves droning below, the vision of the past naturally arises before the mind's eye. The heroes of olden times

> Peopled the hollow dark, like burning stars,
> And I heard sounds of insult, shame and wrong,
> And trumpets blown for wars;
>
> And clattering flints battered with clanging hoofs;
> And I saw crowds in column'd sanctuaries; . . .
>
> And high shrine doors burst thro' with heated blasts
> That run before the fluttering tongue of fire,
> White surf wind-scattered over sails and masts,
> And ever climbing higher.
>
> —*Tennyson.*

. . . . . .

Out of the shimmering mist arises an immense rampart, like a bended bow, pierced with gateways and defended by a moat. A red fire blazes from the peak, and around it stands a grave company of watching warriors. Down the hill appears a mighty host—gigantic spearmen and war horses, flashing chariots and weapons. In the midst rides a noble champion, the *brat* or cloak of a king about him, a round, golden brooch upon his breast. It is Criffan returning, victory-flushed, to his fortress on Ben Edar.

. . . . . .

The scene shifts. A voice sings loudly:—

> Finn Mac Cool is the father of me,
> Whom seven battalions of Fenians fear;
> When he launches his hounds on the open sea,
> Grand is their cry as they rouse the deer.





A deer flashes past, and the Fianna follow on its track. Horns blow, hounds yelp, horsemen shout cheerily. It is not so long since they buried Aideen, Oscar's wife, under the cromlech down yonder; but the Fianna are men of war, giant hearts, "that ever with a frolic welcome took the sunshine and the storm."

. . . . . .

A mist sweeps over the sea, and when it lifts a procession of white-robed monks is trailing up the mountain-side. One at their head, with shining face and rapt eyes, bears aloft a cross. As they climb upwards to St. Fintan's little stone oratory, they chant:

> Pagan Power is over
> False its fair devotion,
> God rules, Lord and Lover,
> Earth and Sky and Ocean.

. . . . . .

As their forms disappear round the hill, a rumbling noise shakes the mountain, and weird sounds tear the still air. A long line of dragon-prowed ships ride up the quiet waters of the bay, a winding line of iron-winged, horn-shaped helmets bend over their flashing oars, keeping time to their dreadful war-song:

> Purple wings our ships expand
> O'er the fleckt and flowing wave;
> 'Mid the masts the champions stand
> Fit for foray, mild and brave.

. . . . . .

After many years of pillage and plunder, these

vikings settled down and became Christians, and took undisputed possession of Howth peninsula. They built a church here in 1042, and dedicated it to the Blessed Virgin.

*St. Michan's Church*

**Built towards the end of the seventeenth century, with tower supposed to date from the eleventh century; standing on the site of the original Church of St. Michan, founded by the Danes in 1095.**

On a fated day the Norman ships sailed the narrow seas between England and Ireland, and landed Sir John de Courcy and Sir Almeric Tristram with their mail-clad followers at Howth. On St. Lawrence's Day the Danes met them at Evora bridge-head, where the stream flows into the sea





at the north side of Howth, opposite Ireland's Eye. Sir Tristram wielded his great sword with such dreadful effect that the Danes were swiftly defeated, and the Norman knight was proclaimed undisputed master of Howth. The same great sword is preserved in Howth Castle to this day. Giving thanks to St. Lawrence, whose name he now adopted, Sir Tristram climbed the hill, and selected a site for his future castle. Where the martello tower now stands at the head of the east pier he found an old Irish rath, and a-top of this he pitched his tent. A stream flowed close by, and here he decided to build a chapel.

At a later date, in place of the old wooden castle, a large battlemented building was reared on the rock. From the round moat surrounding it rose high and massive walls, above which peered a multitude of watch-towers. The keen eyes of the bowmen kept constant watch behind the numerous loop-holes. At the angles of the walls stood four towers, which served for hurling missiles of all kinds upon the foe, to keep him aloof from the body of the building. A single drawbridge crossed the moat, and made way from the fortress to the surrounding woods. St. Lawrence had need of a strong fortress and a safe retreat for, almost alone of all the Norman lords, his family had remained isolated from the Irish people, aliens in language, laws, and customs. They had become sworn enemies of the Irish and loyal knights of the English King. In 1455 the lord of Howth was one of the King's Counsel at Dublin, charged to supervise the building of bridges at Lucan, Kilmainham, and other fords by which "the Irish

enemies and English rebels were wont to cross the Liffey by night, to descend on Fingal, and to rob, destroy, and kill the King's liege people." Howth harbour gave due protection to the landing of men like Richard, Duke of York, and Sir Edward Poynings. When Silken Thomas rebelled, Lord Howth lent his aid to crush the Geraldine, and the O'Byrnes and O'Tooles wreaked summary vengeance upon his strong fortress of Howth. This did not prevent St. Lawrence from taking an active part in the warfare against Shane O'Neill, stimulated, no doubt, by his recent change of religion. There came a day when the Sea Queen of the West, Grania Uaile, rode in her galley into Howth harbour, and sought hospitality from the lord of the castle. She went into the long street, between the overhanging gables and upon the steep path to the ancient fortress. She was tall, slender and lissom, with the forehead and bearing of a queen. A white kirtle, fringed with gold thread, fell to her feet, and a silver brooch pinned her red mantle across her breast. Her retinue came behind her. The fishermen stood about in groups, gazing curiously at the strangers.

Her clansmen came forward and smote upon the gateway, but no answer came. Inside, the lords and ladies of the castle were making merry over their dinner, and no one heard the stranger at the gates. The Queen grew angry, and seeing a little winsome boy playing with his nurse, she took him with her to the boats. Hardly had they reached the shore when St. Lawrence's men overtook them. The lord himself was wild with fear and rage for the loss of his heir. Grania Uaile asked why were the doors closed





churlishly during dinner-hour, at which time, throughout the rest of Ireland, they were wont to be open. She gave back the boy, on condition that the gates of the castle be thrown open during dinner-hour, and that a place be always laid for strangers. So she taught the Irish lesson of hospitality to the St. Lawrence family, and they made a painting of the event and hung it in the hall. Some years later, in 1589, Christopher, Lord of Howth, was laid to rest beside his lady in the old Collegiate Church above the sea. The tomb stands in the nave to this day, the knight in his suit of armour, his feet resting on a dog, the lady with her pleated gown and horned head-dress.

By the sixteenth century Howth had become one of the most important towns of the county. Dublin got all its supply of herrings from Howth, and the fishing trade was so big that a quay was built for the use of passengers and mercantile traffic. The fishermen lived in thatched houses scattered about under the shadow of the castle. Very probably they had little sympathy with the ways of their lord, and when one fine day in the year 1592 a Spanish pirate ship sailed into their waters and bore off two English vessels, they did not start the hue-and-cry, or make any attempt at pursuit. Probably some of them were forced to serve him in his raids upon the O'Byrnes of Wicklow, 1594 and 1595, or against the O'Moores and O'Connors of Leix and Offaly, or upon his march with Essex into Ulster. Some may have fought under him on the English side at Tyrrellspass or Kinsale. Yet, with all his loyalty to England, the lord of Howth was puzzled as to his

real nationality: "I am sorry," said he, "that when I am in England I shall be esteemed as an Irishman, and in Ireland an Englishman." The Howth fishermen very likely got plenty of chances to help their rebel countrymen of Wicklow or Leix and Offaly—as they helped the Royalist rebels of Wexford during the Cromwellian wars by carrying their despatches in boats, between Howth and Holyhead. During the eighteenth century they were engaged in smuggling, as the caves concealed here and there about the rocks on the coast and on Ireland's Eye gave them fine facilities for unloading and storing illicit cargoes.

## Chapter VIII

## DALKEY—THE PORT OF THE SEVEN CASTLES

FROM earliest times navigation was considerably impeded at the Port of Dublin by the sandbank in the Bay, and by the continual floods and storms which disturbed the Liffey, Tolka, and Dodder. Up to 1610, when the quay embankments were commenced, all foreign vessels discharged their cargoes at the Port of Dalkey. The island was called *Deilg-inis*, the "thorn-island," in Irish; and the Danish *Dalk-ei* has the same meaning.

The Danes made the "thorny isle" their chief landing place, and built the rath on top of the hill, as they did at Howth, on the other side of the Bay. The Danish settlers traded with every European





country, and their trade brought increased profit to Irish ports. The ships of Bretons, Spaniards, French, and Scots sailed into these waters. Irish harbours traded with Chester, Gloucester, Chepstow, and Bristol, as well as with continental ports. A great

*A Norman Castle of the Twelfth Century.*

Bullock Castle, Co. Dublin, good-sized and well preserved; evidently constructed to protect Bullock harbour, the little inlet which it overlooks, between Dunleary and Dalkey.

number of Saxon coins discovered hidden in an old gateway here gives strong evidence that the place was a very ancient port.

The Normans were quick to note the advantages of Dalkey harbour, the one sheltered creek between Wexford and Carlingford, and they built strong castles here to protect so important a port. In 1176 Hugh De Lacy granted this place, with Dalkey Isle, to the See of Dublin, a gift which was confirmed by Prince John and subsequently by Pope Clement

the Third. In 1200 the Archbishop of Dublin had a grant of a Wednesday market here and an annual fair, to be held on St. Begnet's Day, with such tolls and customs as the Mayor and Bailiffs of Dublin had, the same to be applied and spent upon building and repairing the walls and fortifications of the town.

Southwards lay the impenetrable fortresses of the Wicklow tribes. If the English wished to secure safe passage for their merchants' ships, carrying food and comfort to the Bristol settlers of Dublin, and men and arms to their new castle, they were compelled to build strong fortifications around the one trustworthy harbour. They built seven castles around the town and defended the south side by a moat or ditch. The entrance to the west was through a gateway, flanked by two castles. The English ships landed their cargoes of merchandise on the common, and sent them to the castles, where they could be stored in safety from the raids of the Wicklow mountaineers, until they were conveyed to Dublin, on the road to which other castles were built to ensure their safety in the passage. Between the coast and the town a strong causeway was built, across which goods were carried from the ships to the castles.

In the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries Dalkey town was a huddle of little dark streets, shadowed by its own walls and by the great towers of its seven grim protecting castles. The houses were of wood with projecting windows, the gables fronting the narrow street. On the commons, adjoining the town, on the east side, the inhabitants grazed their





sheep and cattle. They got plenty of fish from the coast and plenty of game from the neighbouring mountains. They had to raise 200 men-at-arms for the English wars against the Irish.

Seven fairs were held here every year, besides weekly markets, and the Bailiff levied and received the same customs that were levied by the Mayor of Dublin from all kinds of merchandise sold at these fairs and markets.

Dalkey must have been a very busy place in these times; its old walls must have witnessed many stirring sights. Merchants from Bristol, Gloucester, and Chepstow walked through its fairs—merchants dressed in close tunics faced with miniver, hanging sleeves, hoods, a large purse at the girdle and a short dagger in the belt. There, too, walked the burghers in their long furred gowns; soldiers, mail-clad Normans with glittering helmets and lances, from which the narrow pennons floated in the breeze; Irish kern with saffron tunics, woollen trews and long naked skene. Tall war-steeds curvetted along the narrow ways—heavy chargers, mounted by knights in shining armour and plumed helmets.

Upon the castle watch-tower and along the ramparts the sentinels held their daily watch, and looked out beyond the well-wooded plains of Merrion, Fingal, Clontarf, and Sutton, to where the craggy head of Ben Edar was thrust out into the sea, or looked, perhaps, beyond the black isle of St. Begnet and the granite coast of Dunleary, to where the mountains lay like the ramparts of a fortress on the dark horizon; at any

moment these hills might start into life with the skirl of the war-pipes and the tramp of marching men, eager for a foray.

## Chapter IX

## THE NORMANS IN DUBLIN

IN Celtic times the present County Dublin extended into two provinces. The northern half stretched into Bregia, part of Meath; the southern half, Cualann, formed part of Leinster. In St. Patrick's time this land was mostly composed of mountain, swamp, and forest. The Liffey and its marshes covered the surrounding country. A mile or so up the river a dry, peaty ridge projected, facing a dark pool. Here the Danes had encamped and made a settlement, fencing it round first with a stockade, later with walls and towers.

Three hundred years later the Norman knights stormed the walled town, and defeated the united efforts of the Irish and Danes. Their king, Henry II., anxious to secure what his barons had gained, came later on, and they set up a palace of osier twigs for him on top of the Danish *Thing Mote*, beside the modern St. Andrew's Church. He invited the Irish chiefs hither to Christmas greetings. They drank his wine and ate his feast with a hearty good-will, as they would at the banquet of a neighbouring chieftain, but with no thoughts of submission to a foreigner.

Going home, the king made a gift to his subjects





of Bristol, namely, his new City of Dublin, "to inhabit and hold as they held Bristol," and he appointed Hugh de Lacy as its governor. Two

*Old City Wall and South Front of Castle.*

Showing a portion of the old city walls at the entrance to Dublin Castle by the Ship-street Gate.

years after, the same king granted the Bristolmen of Dublin their charter "of freedom from toll and all customs for themselves and their goods through his entire land of England, Normandy, Wales, and Ireland."

The Normans of the twelfth century were very powerful enemies. They had the same desire for power and plunder as the Norsemen, from whom they were descended. They had a wide experience of warfare, gained in battlefields from England to Jerusalem; they had fought against all sorts of opponents, English, Franks, Greeks, Saxons, learning the best points of each, and working all into a system suitable to their own conditions.

A Norman army consisted of a small number of heavy cavalry and a large number of infantry. The cavalry was made up of knights, esquires, and men-at-arms—man and horse both in full suit of chain-mail. The vast bulk of the infantry were archers. A Norman battle was opened by the archers who discharged showers of arrows on the foe; when the latter was in confusion, the mailed horsemen charged in and finished the attack. When the Normans conquered an important point—a ford over a river, a town in a gap between the mountains—they immediately built a castle to secure that passage for themselves. The size and strength of the castle was proportionate to the importance of the place—some of these in Ireland were only powerful earth-works. Each castle served as a defence to halt the march of an army, as a base where supplies could be collected, and whence raids could start, and as a refuge when the foragers were compelled to retreat. In this way a territory was dominated by a system of powerful forts with relatively small garrisons. Individually, each castle was capable of a prolonged siege, to reduce the entire number was beyond the power of a feudal army; they could





hold out longer then the besiegers could hold together.

The Irish were unskilled in the Norman science of warfare. They were at the same stage of military development as a century and a half before. Their lightly clad kern could hardly be expected to stand the charge of mailed knights and expert archers, or to carry a seventy-foot wall by storm. Their only chance of success lay in greatly superior numbers, or skilful choice of ground. The Normans had the advantage here, as they had elsewhere in Europe, and they quickly proceeded to make of Ireland "one trembling sod."

Dublin was marked out as the capital, because it was most central, and because it was situated in an angle of the great central plain, which was the vital area of Ireland. De Lacy secured Dublin and the rich river basins of the Boyne and Liffey, the fair plains of Meath and Bregia, by enclosing them within a ring of castles, thus definitely ensuring control of the territory. "The Boyne was fixed on as the most suitable military frontier, and was secured, from the sea up, by castles at Slane, Ardbraccan, Trim, and Kinnegad; leftward, the line was prolonged by the castle at Durrow, half a dozen miles south of the Westmeath lakes. Kells, eight miles from Ardbraccan, was a strong network pushed forward towards the hills of Cavan, and Skreen, five miles south-east of Navan, was centrally placed to reinforce Trim, Ardbraccan, or Slane, besides being a connecting link with the second line. This second line was a semi-circle between the Liffey and the sea at half a dozen miles from the

city—the castles being at Castleknock, Santry, and Clontarf. None of these castles was over a dozen miles from the next one to it, and it is unnecessary to emphasise the strength of such a system in the conditions of Irish warfare at that day."

Dublin county was bridled with castles southwards, as a barrier against the Wicklow mountains, along the coast-line, and northwards to meet the Boyne.

## Chapter X

## THE BLOODY FIELDS

SOUTHWARDS from Dublin lay the stronghold of the Leinster Gael, the dense woods and precipitous mountains of Wicklow. The hillsmen who dwelt here, sufficient to themselves, were accustomed to raid upon the cattle-owners of the central plain, who tried to extract tribute from them. On the eastern flank of the hills between the moorland and the sea, a fertile strip of land runs from Bray Head down to Bannow Bay, sheltered from the western storms, and providing grass for cattle. Over this important coastland, the men who held the mountains held also the approaches from the sea. The Normans might camp at Arklow and Wicklow and Newcastle along the shore, but the difficult country lying inland from Bray Head cut off their communications with the settled port of Dublin. From their eyries in the mountains the Gaels of Wicklow kept stern watch upon the foreign settlement





at Dublin, and for over three hundred years they tormented and ravaged the lowlands about the city.

The first raid took place on Easter Monday, 1209. The Bristol merchants are out holiday-making in Cullenswood. The birch trees are in leaf, flat banners of tender green, from Rathgar and Rathmines; the blackbirds tune their merry notes from the parklike glades of Kenilworth and Ranelagh; in Cullenswood the lime trees are bursting into bloom. On the grass, beneath the trees, the merchants and traders from Bristol are making merry over their meat and wine.

Suddenly, with skirl of war-pipes, clattering of horse-hoofs, and with hue and cry and flashing battleaxes, the men of Tir-Cullen are upon them. The clansmen, evicted from their ancient and rightful city of Dublin, execute swift justice with their trusty battleaxes upon the astonished Bristolians. Then swiftly they fly back again to the shelter of their mountains, leaving a trail of blood and fire behind. The smiling glades of Cullenswood are turned into a shamble, and ever afterwards will be known to all the frightened citizens of Dublin as "The Bloody Fields," dreadful scene of the hillsmen's vengeance.

Henry of London, Archbishop and Viceroy of the English king, hurried on with the building of the castle, and by 1228 its four square walls dominated the town. At the same time, the citizens—new settlers from Bristol, Flanders, Wales and England—made an organised effort to strengthen the fortifications of the town. After these efforts, the citizens of Dublin felt themselves more secure from the raids of the mountaineers.

## Chapter XI

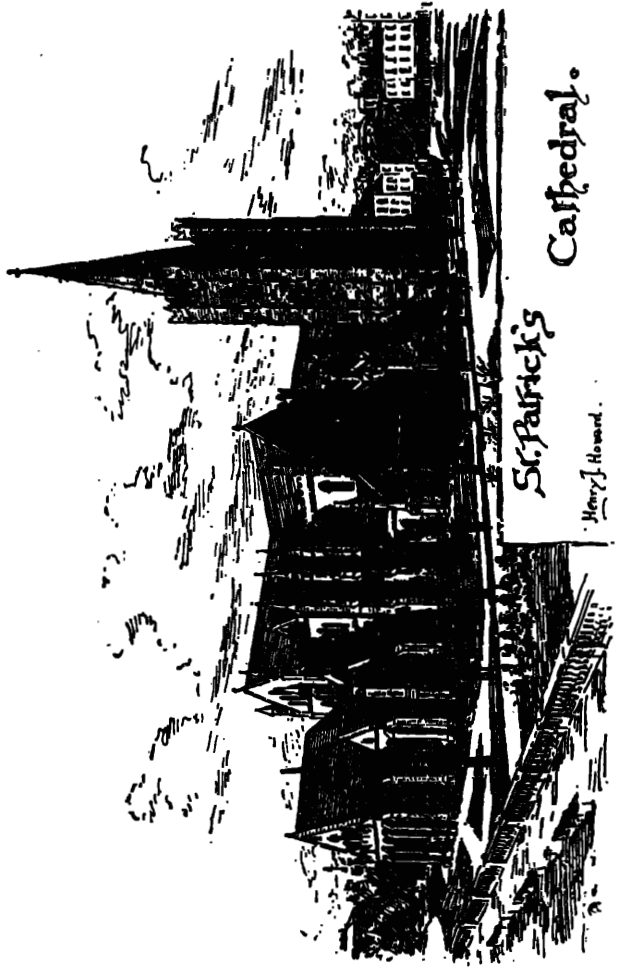
## SOME NORMAN MONASTERIES

WHENEVER the Norman soldiers conquered they built monasteries and churches as well as castles, and settled Norman monks therein.

At the time the Normans first came over here, St. Bernard had preached the Holy War against the Turks, and the Crusading fervour was at its height in Europe. Two famous Orders of military monks had arisen out of the Crusading movement, and had monasteries everywhere throughout Europe and in the Holy Land. The one was the Knights Hospitallers of St. John, that was formed for the relief of poor sick pilgrims to Jerusalem. The other was that of the Knights Templars, formed to defend pilgrims on their way to Jerusalem from the attacks of the Moslems. They were assigned quarters in the King's Palace at Jerusalem, on the site of Solomon's Temple, hence the name Templars. This Order was afterwards suppressed, though the Order of St. John still exists.

The monks of St. John came here in the wake of the Norman Conqueror, and were given the rich water meadows on each side of the Liffey, a mile above Dublin, and at Maighnenn's old church, now called Kilmainham, they built their monastery. It was a great towering minster, half wood, half stone, with narrow round-headed windows and leaden roofs, and above all the great tower from which a melody of bells chimed out. Around the






Founded in 1191 by Archbishop Comyn, successor to St. Lawrence O'Toole in the See of Dublin.

walls of the monastery clustered the barns, granaries, stables, workshops. Inside the monastery buildings were the infirmary, refectory, dormitory, library, abbot's lodgings, and cloisters. Outside the monastery walls were the cottages of the poor folk, tenants on the monastic lands. Here the Knights of St. John sang their psalms and entertained soldiers and pilgrims on the way to the Holy Land. They had their warlike exercises, too, and in 1418 their Prior, a Peer of Parliament, led a body of them to France to help Henry V. in his wars.

After the Reformation the Viceroys took up their official residence here, and in the seventeenth century the place reverted to one of its original uses, a hospital being built for "ancient, maimed and infirm officers and soldiers."

The Knights Templars were given lands in Clontarf, and there they built their monastery on the site of the present castle. At that time the North Strand was under water, and there was only a rough hurdle-track along the shore. Ballybough Road was the highway to Malahide, until the Annesley Bridge was built in 1797. The Knights Templars had another castle at Baldongan, which, on the suppression of their Order, passed to the De Bermingham family, and from them to the Howth family. When the Order of Knights Templars was suppressed, Clontarf was given to the Knights of St. John, and was surrendered to the Crown in 1541.







## Chapter XII

## A NORMAN CASTLE OF THE PALE

ONE of the strongest castles built by the Normans in County Dublin was that at Malahide, founded by Richard Talbot in the reign of Henry II. To the north lay a wilderness of forest and scrub; Feltrim Hill—"Faeldruim," "the ridge of the wolves"—still preserves memories of these wild times; to the south lay the Wicklow hills garrisoned by the Irish tribes.

The castle was built, a battlemented building of stone, surrounded by a deep moat filled with water. This was crossed by a bridge which could be drawn up when the castle was attacked, leaving no way of getting across. The doorway was further protected by a grating of heavy planks, called the portcullis, which could be quickly dropped down to close the entrance. Two slender "drum" towers flanked the entrance gate. Over the square entrance porch a quadrangular hole was cut in the arched roof. This was the "murthering hole," made for the defence of the entrance. Beneath one of the towers a round-headed gateway led into the spacious courtyard or bawn of the castle. The cattle belonging to the lord were kept here at night, and during troubled times the tenants drove their cattle in to protect them from the raids of the Irish tribes.

Inside the ruined abbey is the altar-tomb of Maud Plunkett, the heroine of Griffin's ballad of

"The Bridal of Malahide," whose husband fell in a fray immediately after the celebration of his marriage, thus making her maid, wife, and widow in one day.

> But, oh! for the maiden who mourns for that chief,
> With heart overladen and rending with grief!
> She sinks on the meadow:—in one morning-tide,
> A wife and a widow, a maid and a bride.

Over the tomb of Maud Plunkett her image rests, carved in the costume of the fifteenth century.

## Chapter XIII

## THE MANORS OF THE ARCHBISHOP OF DUBLIN

THE old Irish land system was different from the old English land system. In Ireland the land belonged to the people, who chose their own chiefs and kings. The country was divided into two hundred *tuaths* or territories, each occupied by a tribe under a chosen chief. The richer farmers rented land and stock to the poorer classes. The poor tiller of the ground, however scanty his means, could not be evicted from his holding. The land was his by law, and for his stock he paid a yearly rent.

In England all the land was supposed to belong to the king. The king parcelled it out into tracts of country, and made these over to his lords or barons. The barons were supposed to hold these tracts, called fiefs, as tenants of the king, and in return they were expected to make acknowledgment





to the king in the shape of some service. As the barons could not cultivate their large estates themselves, they let them out to sub-tenants, who, in their turn, were bound to render service to the lord of the fief. These sub-tenants became the great men in the different parishes, and had large powers over the tillers of the soil. Under them were free tenants who paid ground rent for their holdings, along with other tributes on stated occasions. Besides these were the "natives," tillers of the soil, slaves belonging to the manor and the lord, in the same way as the cattle on the land.

When the Normans seized Dublin and Wexford, their king, Henry II., came here to claim his "overlordship" of the land conquered by his lords. Several Irish chiefs submitted to him, and the Ard Ri made peace and friendship with him. Henry gave the Province of Meath in trust to De Lacy, Leinster to Strongbow, the City of Dublin to the Bristol merchants. De Courcy claimed Ulster, and Raymond Le Gros Munster. The English king had no right, except the right of conquest, to the lands which he divided among his followers. His followers had no right to take them, except the right given them by the sword. When the Irish princes submitted to Henry they were only acknowledging the might of a greater king, they could not pawn their lands nor the independence of their peoples to him.

De Lacy, having conquered Meath and Dublin, proceeded to hold them by armed force. He ringed them round with strong castles, garrisoned by Norman mail-clad soldiers. From these bases he

tried to reduce the rest of the country. South Dublin was garrisoned by Walter de Ridelsford with his castle at Bray, by Milo Le Bret at Rathfarnham, and Barnwall at Drimnagh. North Dublin was held by St. Lawrence of Howth and Lord Talbot at Malahide. In the West, Hugh Tyrell was posted at Cnucha's ancient fort, Castleknock; and the south-west corner, hitherto belonging to the Irish king, Mac Girtlin Mocholmog, was divided up into the royal manors of Saggart, Crumlin, Newcastle. The Celtic monasteries at Tallaght, Clondalkin, Finglas, Swords, Lusk were given to the See of Dublin. All the lands hitherto belonging to Irish chiefs and their tenants were bestowed on the Norman Archbishop of Dublin, Norman monks and Norman knights.

Sitric's cathedral, Christ Church, was rebuilt, and the ancient community of Danish and Celtic priests was superseded by the Augustinian friars, who were endowed with the lands of Glasnevin and Grangegorman. The old Danish Abbey of St. Mary's, founded between 948 and 1038, at first was in the possession of Cistercians when the Normans arrived here. The lands of Clonliffe, Monkstown and Kingstown were given to this Abbey. The Priory of All Hallows, founded by Dermot Mac Murrough before the coming of the Normans, held the lands of Baldoyle and Drumcondra.

On the wooded lands around Swords, three miles from Malahide, the first Norman Archbishop of Dublin had his manor built about A.D. 1200. Under the care of the Archbishop the old Celtic settlement of Columcille soon became a Norman town,

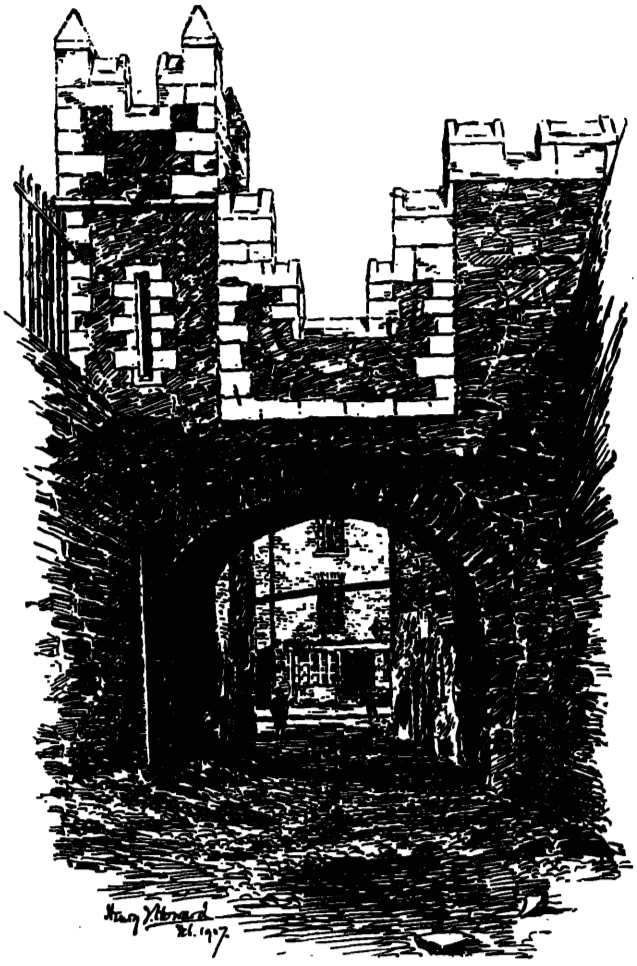




rivalling Dalkey in importance. The Bishop's palace was built on a hill, just beyond the village, a great square frowning keep and some smaller towers, with a double wall of stone, topped by battlements, round the brow of the hill, and a ditch around all. Here courts were held, at which the Archbishop's seneschal or steward presided in his master's absence, and dealt out sentences of life and death to malefactors. Criminals were hanged on Gallows Hill, close to the churchyard. There was an irregular square in the middle of the town, with a cross of stone in the centre, where markets were held. At the ringing of a bell the people assembled, prayers were read, and the market was opened. Once a week the farmers brought in their cattle and sheep. On another day poultry was sold. In the season there were corn markets and grass markets for the crops of wheat and hay. But the town did not remain long at peace after the Archbishop's coming. Edward Bruce's soldiers, on their march to Dublin, besieged the castle and wrecked the people's homes.

When Miles de Cogan led his forces against Dublin, he encamped outside the village of Finglas, at that time protected by a strong stockade. Here the Archbishop of Dublin had another manor, and here he stayed on his hunting expeditions. The Baron of Castleknock held the lands of Cabragh.

On the borders of what was then a wild mountain tract at Tallaght, whence the Dodder flows down to the sea, the Archbishop of Dublin built his castle. Here, on the site of the plague-graves and beside St. Maelruan's Celtic abbey, the Norman castle went up. It was surrounded by a deep ditch, filled



*Old City Gate—St. Audoen's Arch.*

A narrow passage by the north wall of St. Audoen's, leading to an arch of the same name, which is the only surviving gate of the city.



with water by a stream from the Jobstown river. A mill was built beside the manor, and tradesmen of all kinds came to live near the Archbishop's household. This castle was not erected till after the Bruce invasion in the fourteenth century, but the O'Byrnes and O'Tooles gave no peace to the settlers. Encouraged by the early successes of Edward Bruce, they ravaged the country with fire and sword from Arklow to Leix.

In 1331 the O'Tooles made a raid on the Archbishop's castle at Tallaght. After this a rate was levied on the town for the support of watchmen paid to give warning of the hillsmen's approach, and the frontier from Tallaght to Bray was guarded by soldiers placed at set stations. The O'Tooles were asked to accept pay to hold the frontier against the O'Byrnes. They accepted, but the O'Byrnes and O'Nolans were out in 1378, and the O'Tooles followed their example, a few years later, reappearing, like the "scourge of the Lord," over Tallaght.

In these troublous times, the town had its markets and fairs like those of Dalkey and Swords. The markets were held around the ancient cross of St Maelruan, which stood at the end of the village, on the road to Oldbawn. Coins used in such traffic have been discovered hereabouts. From the ivy-clad belfry, beside the old Celtic church, the bells summoned the people to Mass every Sunday, until Henry VIII. silenced the voices of all the Mass-bells in Ireland. Every year the folk made merry on St. Maelruan's day, 7th July, and went on pilgrimage to the saint's shrine. Their lives cannot have been very peaceful, with the menace of the Wicklow

tribes hanging like a black shadow over their homes. Tallaght House, which was erected with the materials belonging to the Archbishop's ancient castle, belongs to the Dominican Order.

### BORDER FORAYS.

There's not a turlough, tarn or dell,
From Glen Mac Art to Harold's Cross,
From Delganie to Crumlin Moss,
But each its tale of blood could tell
Of fight and foray, cattle ta'en
And dungeons sacked and burned as well,
When Talbot's spears or Plunkett's men
Dashed in a foray up the Glen;
And plundered bawn and captive hoof,
And blazing rick and burning roof
Told where the children of Imayle
Had flashed like lightning through the Pale
And beacons lit, and hurrying out
Of Marchmen keen, and nimble scout,
And tolling bells, and trumpet calls,
And burghers hastening to the walls,
And banners on the towers displayed,
Proclaimed how ill Clan Dublin liked
Thro' guild or ward, Clan Rannal's raid.

## Chapter XIV

## A BALLAD OF THE PALE

By Thomas Davis

'Twas a September day
In Glennasmole,
Emmeline Talbot lay
On a green knoll.





She was a lovely thing,
Fleet as a falcon's wing,
Only fifteen that spring—
Soft was her soul. . . .

Hazel and copse of oak
Made a sweet lawn,
Out from the thicket broke
Rabbit and fawn.
Green were the eskers round
Sweet was the river's sound,
Eastward flat Cruach frowned,
South lay Slieve Bawn.

Looking round Barnakiel,
Like a tall Moor,
Full of impassioned zeal,
Peeped brown Kippure.
Dublin in feudal pride
And many a hold beside
Over Fingal preside—
Sentinels sure.

Is that a roebuck's eye
Glares from the green?
Is that a thrush's cry
Rings in the screen?
Mountaineers round her sprung,
Savage their speech and tongue,
Fierce was their chief and young;
Poor Emmeline.

"Hurrah, 'tis Talbot's child,"
Shouted the kerne,
"Off to the mountains wild,
Farragh O'Byrne!"
Like a bird in a net,
Strove the sweet maiden yet,
Praying and shrieking, "Let,
Let me return."

After a moment's doubt,
Forward he sprung,
With his sword flashing out—
Wrath on his tongue.
"Touch not a hair of hers—
Dies he who finger stirs!"
Back fall his foragers,
To him she clung.

Soothing the maiden's fears,
Kneeling was he,
When burst old Talbot's spears
Out on the lea.
Marchmen all staunch and stout,
Shouting their Belgard shout—
"Down with the Irish rout,
*Prêts d'accomplir*."

Taken thus unawares,
Some fled amain;
Fighting like forest bears,
Others were slain.





To the chief clung the maid—
How could he use his blade?
That night upon him weighed
Fetter and chain.

Oh! but that night was long,
Lying forlorn,
Since, 'mid the wassail song,
These words were borne—
"Nathless your tears and cries,
Sure as the sun shall rise,
Connor O'Byrne dies,
Talbot hath sworn."

Brightly on Tallaght hill
Flashes the sun,
Strained at his window-sill,
How his eyes run
From lonely Saggart slade
Down to Tibradden glade,
Landmarks of border raid
Many a one.

Too well the captive knows
Belgard's main wall
Will, to his naked blows,
Shiver and fall,
Ere in his mountain hold
He shall again behold
Those whose proud hearts are cold,
Weeping his thrall.

"Oh! for a mountain side,
Bucklers and brands!
Freely I could have died
Heading my bands,
But on a felon tree——"
Bearing a fetter key
By him all silently
Emmeline stands.

Last rose the castellan,
He had drunk deep—
Warder and servingman
Still were asleep—
Wide is the castle-gate,
Open the captive's grate,
Fetters disconsolate
Flung in a heap.

'Tis an October day
Close by Lough Dan;
Many a *creach* lay
Many a man.
'Mongst them in gallant mien
Connor O'Byrne's seen
Wedded to Emmeline,
Girt by his Clan!





## Chapter XV

## MEDIEVAL DUBLIN

ABOUT the year 1400 A.D. Dublin was a small town, half a mile long and a quarter of a mile wide. Its wooden houses were huddled under the sheltering walls of Christ Church and the Castle. The city walls ran from the river through the present Parliament Street round the Castle to the top of Nicholas Street, and thence between Back Lane and Francis Street; the space included was not much larger than the present Stephen's Green. The walls were defended by towers, and the space within was known as the Liberties. The gates were locked every night, and refugees crowded in, seeking shelter from the mountain tribes.

Outside the walls green meadows ran from the river into the country. St. Patrick's Cathedral, built in 1191, lay outside the city, in the hollow of the Coombe, beside the river Poddle, on the site of St. Patrick's Celtic church.

At no great distance away the Wicklow tribes had their mountain homes, and the inhabitants of Dublin lived in constant terror of their raids. St. Patrick's belfry was therefore half fortress, half watch-tower, and battlements ran round the roof and turrets of the cathedral. Its walls were whitewashed. The Archbishop's palace, St. Sepulchre's, raised its battlemented walls close by. The modern Police Barracks in Kevin Street contains some of its remains.

Near the east gate of the town, on the site of

the present City Hall, was a church called St. Marie del Dam, for there was a mill-dam over the Poddle close by. A path called Dame Lane,

*Sir Henry Sidney.*

Appointed Lord Deputy in 1565; shown riding out of Dublin Castle, which he restored after it had been allowed to fall into decay. (From *Derrick's Views.*)

after the church of St. Marie del Dam, led from the Castle to All Hallows monastery, St. Mary of the Little Hills, built for nuns on Hoggen Green, now College Green. Here the cattle grazed and





swine wallowed in the mud. Here, too, public executions were carried out, and an O'Toole was burned at the stake for heresy. A prison stood near the Castle gate, and the heads of Irish rebels blackened on the grim battlements. A grassy lane led up through modern Grafton Street to St. Stephen's Hospital, built for lepers in the waste acres that formed the city's common pasture land.

Outside the west gate of the city, Newgate, there was another hospital situated in St. Thomas Street, and known as the Priory of St. John the Baptist. It was served by friars, and by nuns who nursed the sick and spun the vestments for the friars of Thomas Court and Francis Street. The present Church of St. Augustine is built on a portion of the site of this ancient priory.

Outside the city, northwards, Salcock's Wood lay where the present North Circular Road runs, and was the scene of various engagements between the Dublin citizens and the O'Tooles returning from forays in Fingal. Grangegorman was a manor house rented by Gorman the Dane from the Priory of the Holy Trinity. Around the Manor House a small village of carters, ploughmen, threshers and lime-burners had grown up.

The Danes, as already stated, had set up a long stone or *steyn* to mark a landing-place where now is the junction of Townsend and Hawkins Streets. The flat piece of ground extending from the Liffey strand to the lands of Rath beside the Dodder was called the Steyn or Staine after this stone. Beyond it rose the walls of the hospital built for leper pilgrims about to visit the shrine of St. James at

Compostella. The tide flowed along a line from the present Fenian Street by Pearse Street and Townsend Street to the Priory of All Hallows, and on to Merrion Square, then a lonely beach. On the left side the tide covered the city from the present North Wall to the North Strand and reached as far as Lower Abbey Street, Lower O'Connell Street, and Bachelors' Walk.

On the north bank of the river, Oxmantown Green covered the part now enclosed between the North Quays and the North Circular Road. After the coming of the Normans, the Danes or Ostmen retreated here. The place was surrounded with vast oak woods, and the Danes traded extensively in timber. The roof of Westminster Hall was built from oak of these woods. There, with the log cabins of the Danes huddled round its base, arose the battlemented walls of St. Michan's old church, built by a Danish king. Its watch-tower looked out west and north over the wide lands of Kildare and Meath.

The vaults of St. Michan's have the remarkable quality of preserving the bodies laid in them. The cause of this has been the subject of much controversy; it is due, probably, to the extreme dryness of the air within, owing to the absorbing power of the yellow limestone of which they are constructed. Several mummified bodies may be seen, among them those of the brothers Sheares, who were executed for their part in the Rebellion of 1798.

Near the Danish settlement the Cistercian Abbey of St. Mary extended from the corner of Chancery Street out to the river and north through East Arran Street, Green Street, and Henrietta Street. It was





founded long before the coming of the Normans to Dublin. It was in the Council Chamber of this Abbey—now part of Boland's Bakery—that Silken Thomas defied the king. An ancient image of the Blessed Virgin belonging to this abbey now stands in the Carmelite Church, Whitefriar Street. The Dominican Priory, erected here three years after the death of St. Dominic, stood on the site of the modern Four Courts. The first building had been destroyed to prevent Bruce's entrance into the city, and the materials were used to build new walls and gates, including St. Audoen's Arch. The monastery was rebuilt, and the friars erected a college also on Ussher's Island. A bridge ran across the old Hurdle Ford, from Bridge Street to Church Street, and for centuries it remained the only passage across the river. The friars rebuilt it, and a lay-brother took the toll from all passengers. Two fortified and embattled towers stood, one on the south end of the bridge, the other on the west side. Dwelling-houses and shops lined the space between the two towers, and there was room even for a small chapel.

Situated on the top of the rising ground, which commanded the seaward approach to the city, the Castle dominated Dublin, as it dominated the history of Ireland down to the twentieth century. It had been built after the raid of the Wicklowmen at Cullenswood, "as well to curb the city as to defend it." The walls had a strong tower at each corner. The entrance gate, which opened into Castle Street, was flanked on each side by another tower. A moat filled with water ran all around the sides. The lower walls were lit by loopholes, behind

which sharp-shooting archers picked off the leaders in a besieging party. The gateway, defended by a portcullis, opened on to a drawbridge, which, when raised, cut off the Castle from all communication with the city. The battlements of the towers were lined with the heads of rebels. Within these dark walls many a noble prisoner suffered torture, but none nobler than the young prince of the north, Red Hugh O'Donnell, who would one day find himself caged in the Bermingham Tower, and make his escape down the grim walls and across that black moat. A procession of illustrious martyrs, amongst them Dermot O'Hurley, Cornelius O'Devaney, Peter Talbot, Oliver Plunkett, were destined to confinement in these dungeons before passing to death.

The English Viceroy lived here, and there was a chapel and a mill within the precincts for the convenience of his garrison.

St. Nicholas' Gate led out to where St. Patrick's Cathedral raised its walls on an islet between two branches of the Poddle stream flowing through the Coombe.

The merchants of the city had their booths along Skinner's Row, in front of Christ Church; Fishamble Street, where the Fish Market was held; Werburgh Street, where the Bristolmen had built St. Werburgh's Church for their own use, High Street, the oldest of all; Cornmarket, where the farmers came in from St. Thomas Street through Newgate and sold their provisions of frieze, corn and wool.

The city traded largely with continental ports, and every year the great Fair of St. James was held,





"its markets stored by strangers with coal and fruit and wine, carpets, broad-cloth and kerseys, velvet,

*The last old wooden house in Dublin—corner of Werburgh Street and Castle Street. Taken down in the year 1813.*

silk, satin, cloth of gold and embroideries." The Irish were very skilful in weaving and dyeing finely spun wool, so much so that the Bristol weavers were

jealous of them, and drove many across to English towns. They refused to allow Irish apprentices into their guilds. No man might ply his trade unless he belonged to a guild. Each trade had its own guild, which was like an exclusive club. Men and women belonged to these societies, they made rules about the length of time a man must work before he could be a master-workman, and they took care of their own poor folk out of a common fund. They had their own special chapels in Christ Church, and their own patron saints. Every year they were wont to hold pageants or plays for the entertainment of the citizens on Hoggen Green. On a stage erected at the church porch of All Hallows the plays were performed. The tailors played one day, the shoemakers next, then the glovers, skinners, tanners, goldsmiths, fishers, and others in due succession.

At the intersection of St. Michael's Hill and Christchurch Place, in the centre of the city, stood a high cross, where, on the ringing of a bell, the citizens assembled, proclamations were read, and offenders did penance. The Tholsel or old City Hall stood close by. The houses were all made of wood, with the gables turned to the street, and the upper stories projecting twelve or fifteen feet above the ground floor, and supported on pillars. The latticed windows, without glass, were enclosed in frames of massive oak.

St. Audoen's Church and watch-tower stood beside St. Audoen's Gate, near Cornmarket. It was the first Parish Church built by the Normans, with its square tower and pointed thirteenth-century arches. It was dedicated to the Norman St. Ouen or Audoen.





At a time when the English were fighting their French wars, and were soon to be engaged in the Wars of the Roses, they could not spare any soldiers to help their countrymen, stranded in Dublin, attacked from sea by pirates, and on land by the Irish natives. Castle after castle had fallen before the Irish until they had retaken all their old lands up to some twelve or twenty miles from Dublin. The Dubliners had to bribe the Irish chiefs with Black Rent to save themselves from attacks. The Anglo-Irish Butlers and Geraldines were killing each other all over Leinster. Life and property were insecure, and plague and famine visited the settlers every fourth or fifth year. There was very little industry, and no money, in the country.

## Chapter XVI

## CHRIST CHURCH CATHEDRAL

IN the city—it is A.D. 1162—there is an endless roar of many wheels and a sound of trampling feet. Students, sailors, merchants, soldiers hustle and jostle together in Hoggen Green and around the steps of Christ Church Cathedral.

High above, through rounded narrow windows, the sun streams down in a thousand coloured rays. A young priest lies prostrate on the steps of the high altar and prays that he may be made worthy of that which awaits him. He is Lawrence O'Toole, of the princely O'Tooles of Castledermot, in Kildare, and brother-in-law to the treacherous Mac Murrough.

Already he has been elected Abbot of Glendalough, where he has spent almost all his life as student and priest. Now here, in the Danish cathedral, he is to be anointed Archbishop by the Primate, Gelasius of Armagh.

At length he is enthroned in the Archbishop's chair, the Staff of Jesus, St. Patrick's staff, in his hand, the jewelled mitre on his head and the ring on his finger. Below the arches, the banners of cream and blue and gold are waving, and the Pope's red and purple and white crown the stalls. High upon the pulpit hangs the miraculous cross with the white patient figure of Christ. The triumphant strains of the *Te Deum* ring out, and Irishmen and Ostmen sing the song of praise and rejoicing, thanking God for the honour conferred upon the holiest priest that had stood within these walls.

The same archbishop is destined to struggle nobly for his people and lost cause against the Norman conquerors, and afterwards, worn out with sorrow, to lay his bones in Normandy. The chapel of St. Laud holds a metal case containing his patriotic heart. His statue stands in one of the sub-chapels.

. . . . . .

A.D. 1395.—King Richard II. has ridden in state to the cathedral. The great lords, in their parliament robes, and the Irish chiefs follow, with their retinues of saffron-vested gentlemen, claymores and battleaxes, gillies, harpers, shanachies. Before the Holy Cross the English king knights four Irish princes.

. . . . . .





A.D. 1487.—A great procession streams to the cathedral. The Anglo-Irish have found their true prince, as they think, and are about to crown him with a crown taken from the statue of the Blessed Virgin in St. Mary's Abbey. Lambert Simnel does not enjoy his kingship long; as scullion in Henry's kitchen, he has leisure to think upon his coronation in Christ Church.

. . . . . .

A.D. 1538.—The sun shines gloriously upon the hideous scene of destruction. Soldiers are smashing the sacred images and altar furniture of the old cathedral. From his place of office, the new Archbishop Browne conducts operations. Soon they have collected materials for a bonfire, and amongst the precious things devoured by the flames is the jewelled Bacall Iosa, the Staff of Jesus, "that was in Dublin performing miracles from Patrick down to that time, and had been in the hands of Christ while He was among men." In place of the sacred images, Browne puts the Creed, the Lord's Prayer, and the Ten Commandments on the naked walls.

. . . . . .

A.D. 1628.—"We find one parochial church converted to the lord deputy's stable, the second to a nobleman's dwelling-house, the choir of a third to a tennis court, and the Vicar acts the keeper. In Christ Church the vaults are made into tippling rooms for beer, wine and tobacco."

## Chapter XVII

# DUBLIN OF THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY

THE beginning of the seventeenth century saw the overthrow of the Wicklow tribes, and the release of Dublin citizens from all fear of future raids. The Reformers and Cromwellians—

> Such as do build their faith upon
> The holy text of pike and gun—

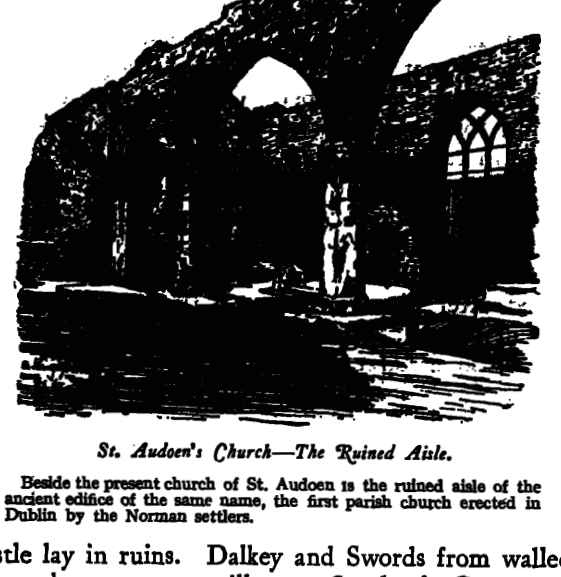
had followed and purged the city of Catholicism. The monks were driven out, and their lands distributed among the king's favourites. The Corporation of Dublin got the lands of the Priory of All Hallows and gave the site of the monastery for the building of a Protestant University, dedicated to the Holy Trinity. The Duke of Ormond secured the lands of the Dominican Priory and laid out part as a market. The site of the monastery and church fell to the lawyers and was called the King's Inns. Kilmainham Priory became a Royal Hospital for veteran soldiers. The Jesuits' University in Back Lane was handed over to Trinity College. Through all the storms of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries' Penal Laws, the Jesuits, Franciscans and Dominicans held faithfully to their schools and "Mass-houses" in and around Cork Street.

At the beginning of the century, the city was very like what it had been in 1400. The inhabitants were huddled together in a network of narrow streets,





enclosed by the city walls and protected by the Castle towers. A ring of castles and fortified dwelling-houses surrounded the city. The Cromwellian cannon battered their walls, so that the castles of Baggotrath, Tallaght, Rathfarnham, New-



*St. Audoen's Church—The Ruined Aisle.*

Beside the present church of St. Audoen is the ruined aisle of the ancient edifice of the same name, the first parish church erected in Dublin by the Norman settlers.

castle lay in ruins. Dalkey and Swords from walled towns became mere villages. Stephen's Green was still a common in which the cattle grazed and where wild fowl were shot on the marshy pastures. Public executions took place on Gallows Hill, the place where Fitzwilliam Street crosses Baggot Street. Dermot O'Hurley, Archbishop of Cashel, was

martyred on this very spot in 1581. His body is supposed to have been buried in St. Kevin's churchyard, Camden Row, near the Meath Hospital.

The Duke of Ormond came as Viceroy to Dublin the year after the restoration of Charles II. He extended the city north and east. The first extension was made in the direction of St. Stephen's Green. He had the place enclosed, the waters drained off, the green levelled and planted with trees. It was then let out in lots to tenants. The new thoroughfare of Dame Street connected Trinity College with the Castle and the city proper. Grafton Street was still let out for wheat-growing. Oxmantown Green, on the north bank of the river, was laid out for building and became the most fashionable quarter of Dublin. The occupation of this district made it necessary to build a number of bridges across the Liffey. Ormond's bridge first spanned the river, then another, named after his son, Arran, a third after a subsequent viceroy, Essex, and a fourth, called Bloody Bridge, on account of a fight that took place over its erection between the soldiers and apprentices.

The tideway of the Liffey covered all the lower end of Westmoreland and D'Olier Streets, until, in 1663, it was shut out by a wall built by Mr. Hawkins, to whom Hawkins Street, part of the land thus reclaimed, owes its name.

In 1685 the King of France, Louis XIV., revoked the Edict of Nantes, a decision which pressed so harshly on his Protestant Huguenot subjects that most of them were compelled to fly from their own country and seek a living abroad. These Protestants were men who succeeded as bankers, manufacturers





and tradesmen in the countries where they settled. Many of them came to Dublin at the end of the seventeenth century, bringing with them a knowledge of the silk-weaving industry. Most of these settled in the Coombe, and built there the curious high-gabled houses with the small-paned windows you may still see in Weaver Square. They set up their looms in these houses and toiled hard at them for many years, until the increased importation of British and foreign silks ruined the trade. They had their own guilds and their own chapel in Christ Church Cathedral. Memories of the Huguenots linger in French names like D'Olier Street and La Touche's Bank, one of the first banks in Dublin, established, at the head of Cork Hill, in a handsome building which now serves as Municipal offices.

## CHAPTER XVIII

## DUBLIN OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY

FROM the fourteenth century, English merchants had kept a jealous eye on Irish trade, and the English Government had imposed crippling restrictions on Irish traffic with the Continent, with the Colonies, and with England. The Irish pastures were always famed for sheep-raising, and woollen manufacture was a great Irish industry. During the seventeenth century various Acts were passed which had the effect of killing this industry. William III. promised to encourage the new linen

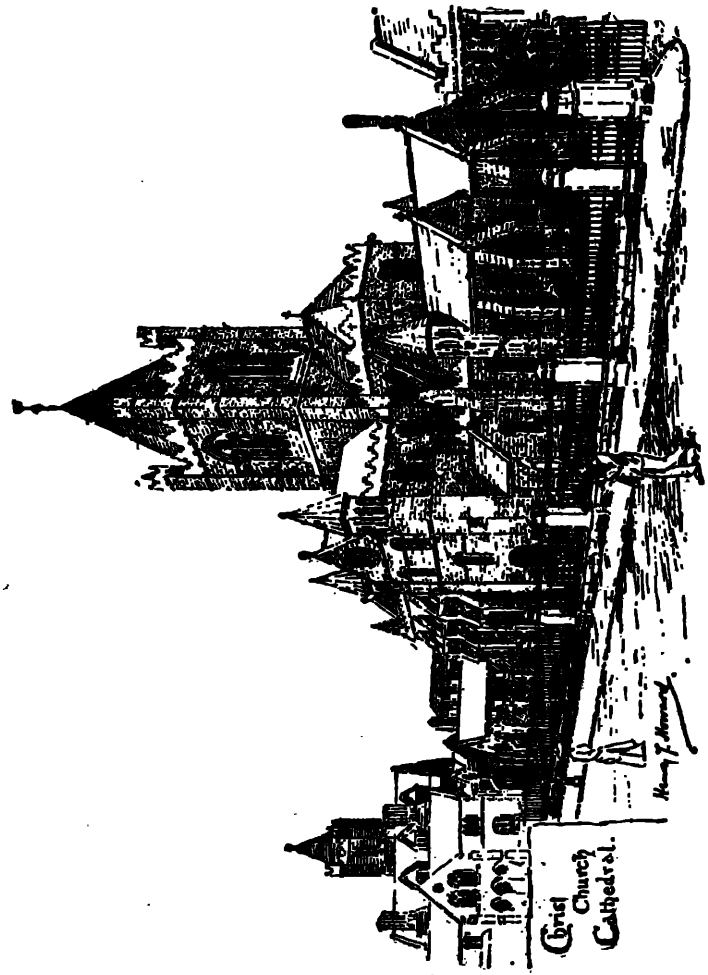
manufacture in Ireland instead of the old woollen industry, but failed to keep his promise. Heavy duties were imposed on Irish linen exported to England, and it was forbidden to export them to other countries. In the same way the cotton industry was ruined; the provision trade, the glass trade, and the fisheries, all came under the ban of the English Government.

In consequence of these restrictions on trade, the merchants of Dublin suffered considerably and numbers of them were utterly ruined. "About twenty thousand manufacturers were reduced to beggary for want of employment. Men exhausted with hunger were seen everywhere fainting in the streets."

England's war with America took away the English garrisons from Ireland, and the citizens of Belfast and Dublin formed themselves into corps of Volunteers to protect the Irish coasts from possible invaders. As no invaders appeared, and the Trade Laws were pressing hard on them, they devoted their energies to the boycott of English manufactured goods and to agitation for Free Trade.

In 1729 the Parliament House had been begun on the site of a building called Carey's Hospital, built by Carew, Mountjoy's subordinate in the conquest of Ireland. From this time on, College Green became the focus of Irish politics. One memorable day, in the year 1779, "bold Napper Tandy had his artillery corps marshalled, all in their gallant uniforms of emerald and scarlet, his cannon trained on the Parliament House, and placarded with the inscription, "Free Trade or ——." The walls of the Parliament






Founded by Strongbow on the site of an ancient Danish church. The cathedral took some 50 years to build, and was completed early in the thirteenth century.

House echoed and re-echoed to the rolling eloquence of Grattan, who demanded Free Trade for Ireland from the English Government. The guns of the Volunteers persuaded England to release the restrictions from Irish Trade, and during the remainder of the century Ireland tried to loose herself from the death-grip. Two years later, after the English defeat at Yorktown, complete freedom and independence was granted to the Irish Parliament in Dublin. During the following twenty years industry revived, trade flourished, and the wealth of the country grew by leaps and bounds. The city of Dublin was expanded and improved. At the beginning of the century the Ballast Office had been set up to improve and control the harbour, and in 1787 the Board was remodelled and started work immediately. Land was reclaimed on the north and south banks from the river and laid out in streets. A granite mole, 3¾ miles long, from Ringsend, was sunk into the deep waters of the bay, continuing the line of the South Wall, and gave shelter to ships against gales from the south. In 1791 the Irish Parliament gave a grant for the construction of docks on the north and south banks of the Liffey. At the beginning of the century a Custom House had been erected near Grattan Bridge, but in 1781 a splendid new Custom House was begun nearer the mouth of the river. Five years later the building of the Four Courts was begun.

The north side of the city had been laid out for building during the seventeenth century. Capel Street had been opened up at the end of the century and, until Carlisle Bridge (now replaced by O'Connell Bridge) was built in 1795, this street, with Henry





and Mary Streets, was the chief thoroughfare to the Parliament House. Bolton Street was one of the chief thoroughfares on the north side. The Linen Hall had been opened here in 1726, and had been the central Irish mart for the sale of linen goods until government restrictions were placed on linen exports. Under the Irish Parliament trade revived and progressed, but after the Union the industry collapsed in Dublin.

Before the days of railroads the northern coaches set out from Bolton Street. Trades of all kinds flourished in Great Britain Street (the present Parnell Street), particularly coachmaking. Denmark Street was a centre of trade and commerce. There were warehouses with windlass and tackle to haul up the goods to the highest storey, extensive stores with bales and sacks of foreign merchandise, and bins well filled with French and Spanish wines. The glass industry thrived again during the reign of the Irish Parliament. In 1798 it was written, "the houses in Dublin which are in the American glass trade have generally orders from New York sufficient to occupy them entirely for two years." In 1791 an English traveller who visited the paper mills at Chapelizod and at Saggart thought they were fully equal to any he had seen in England or Holland. The neighbouring northern town of Balbriggan produced, after the extinction there in 1780 of cotton mills, only popular hosiery, while to the south Leixlip linens vied in excellence with those of Donnybrook and Ballsbridge. Household furniture, jewellery, cutlery, gloves were of first-rate home manufacture; while tanning, watchmaking, iron

founding, printing and publishing, etching and engraving were all thriving industries. A penny post, for the city and surrounding district, was established in 1780, and ten years later the first mail coach started from Dublin. About the same time, 1799, the Royal Canal was opened, and soon a supply of turf, fuel, and cheap provisions from districts of Connacht and Leinster was brought to the city docks. Boats carried passengers, too, from the Royal Canal House at the Broadstone to Mullingar and back.

Under the fostering care of the Royal Dublin Society, founded in 1731, farming and agriculture were assisted and improved, and the arts and crafts flourished.

The Royal Irish Academy was established by Grattan's Parliament in 1786, "to promote the study of polite literature, science and antiquities." Its splendid collection of Irish gold ornaments and antiquities has now been transferred to the Museum, but it contains many valuable manuscripts, such as the *Book of Lecan*, the *Speckled Book of Mac Egan* (*Leabhar Breac*) and many others.

The number of wealthy aristocrats who had their residences chiefly on the north side of the city gave great impetus to trade. Their stately town houses still bear witness to the former social splendour of Dublin. After the building of the Rotunda, Rutland Square (Parnell Square) became a fashionable quarter, while the neighbouring thoroughfares of Marlborough Street, Great Denmark Street, and Gardiner's Row contained the houses of many notable peers. The nobility favoured the north side because, even at





that time, the south side was still menaced by attacks from the Wicklow hills. It was not until Lord Edward Fitzgerald's father built Leinster House, and drew the fashionable world after him, that Leeson Street and Merrion Square were laid out and the south side began to develop. Grafton Street contained the town houses of noblemen until

*The Last of the Old Dublin Bridges.*

*(From a Watercolour Sketch made in 1843.)*

Bloody Bridge, opposite Watling Street, so called because of a fierce riot soon after its opening. The castellated gateway was removed in 1846 to Kilmainham, where it forms the entrance to the Royal Hospital.

Carlisle Bridge was built, and thus led to the opening of shops in Grafton Street.

The leaders of fashion lived most of their life in public, frequenting the Mall in Upper Sackville Street (O'Connell Street), then an enclosed space, drinking coffee, holding balls, or listening to concerts in the Rotunda Gardens, or, perhaps, in Marlborough Green. The middle-class public had

their pleasure grounds on the south side, in the Ranelagh Gardens, now the property of Carmelite nuns. Music was the chief source of attraction to this pleasure-loving populace. At the Music Hall in Fishamble Street Handel gave his first production of the *Messiah*.

The appearance of the streets accorded ill with the social splendour of the day. They were narrow, dingy, ill-paved thoroughfares, with heaps of rubbish in the channels and pigs wandering about. The shops were small and dark, with diamond-paned windows. A series of prints hanging in the National Art Gallery shows Dublin as it was in these times. There is here a series of galleries containing historical portraits ranged in chronological order, each room representing a period of history.

At night, the danger from footpads and highwaymen was highly serious. The crime so prevalent in Dublin of the eighteenth century has been imputed to the presence of immense wealth in company with great destitution. Swift's bitter descriptions of the people's acute misery emphasise the wickedness of the English and Anglo-Irish garrison, who wasted the money that should have been used in fostering industries or the improvement of land on the expensive decoration of buildings and equipages.





## Chapter XIX

## DUBLIN AFTER THE UNION

AFTER the Union Dublin ceased to be an independent capital, and sank gradually to the level of a sleepy, decaying provincial town. Social splendour disappeared with the exit of the Irish Parliament. Trade declined at first and then wholly collapsed when the protecting duties were taken off imports, and English manufactured goods flooded the country. The introduction of steam navigation increased the advantages of English manufacture, and these advantages were further enhanced by the spread of the railway system. The Dublin glass works and salt works were ruined, and six or seven sugar factories were abandoned.

The people's discontent found expression in various rebellions: that led by Emmet in 1803; the Young Ireland Rising the year after the Black Famine, 1848, and the Fenian Rising of 1867.

O'Connell, the greatest popular leader in the world, won Catholic Emancipation for Ireland, freeing the people from a centuries-old servitude. Some years later he secured the right for Catholics to sit in the Corporation of Dublin, and he was himself elected Lord Mayor. His massive, splendid figure still stands in bronze keeping watch and ward over the heart of the city that once swelled and throbbed in homage to him.

After the Famine of 1846-7-8, and the cruel evictions of Meath and Kildare, thousands of poor

homeless families drifted into the city for a shelter and the chance of employment. They swarmed into the grand houses, left untenanted by the lords and members of the Irish Parliament, and soon overcrowded the labour market. The fashionable quarters of the aristocracy were turned into a rookery of slums.

In later times, however, the march of improvement went on unchecked in the city. Hospitals and asylums were built for the poor and distressed. New bridges were erected over the Liffey and new streets were planned. Gas lighting was employed to brighten the streets by night, and a regular force of policemen instituted to guard them. A new supply of water gave the city improved sanitation. The building of railways helped in the outward spread of the city. Tramways were laid down along the main streets.

With the introduction of tramcars, a great part of the middle class migrated towards the country, and Rathmines, Inchicore, Clontarf, Pembroke, Donnybrook (formerly a small village) now became fashionable suburbs.

The building of the Museum, National Library, and National Art Gallery showed that Dublin was eager to keep pace with the march of science and culture. The Museum contains a priceless collection of Irish antiquities, gold, and silver ornaments, such as the Cross of Cong, the Ardagh Chalice, the Tara Brooch. At the rere of Leinster House is the National Gallery, which contains paintings and sculpture by the most famous Irish artists—Maclise, Hogan, Barry, Mulready, Foley; and by the great European





masters—Rubens, Rembrandt, Murillo, Titian. At the other side of Leinster Lawn is the Natural History Museum.

In the closing years of the nineteenth century the Gaelic League started the revival of Irish-Ireland, and helped to make Dublin once again the Celtic city that it had not been since the days when the Danes set up their *Thing Mote* on St. Andrew's Hill.

*High Cross at Tullagh, Co. Dublin.*

THE STORY OF DUBLIN

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