

**AN OUTLINE OF IRISH  
HISTORY: FROM  
THE EARLIEST TIMES  
TO THE PRESENT DAY**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649751327

An Outline of Irish History: From the Earliest Times to the Present Day by Justin H. McCarthy

Except for use in any review, the reproduction or utilisation of this work in whole or in part in any form by any electronic, mechanical or other means, now known or hereafter invented, including xerography, photocopying and recording, or in any information storage or retrieval system, is forbidden without the permission of the publisher, Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd, PO Box 1576 Collingwood, Victoria 3066 Australia.

All rights reserved.

Edited by Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd.  
Cover @ 2017

This book is sold subject to the condition that it shall not, by way of trade or otherwise, be lent, re-sold, hired out, or otherwise circulated without the publisher's prior consent in any form or binding or cover other than that in which it is published and without a similar condition including this condition being imposed on the subsequent purchaser.

[www.triestepublishing.com](http://www.triestepublishing.com)

**JUSTIN H. MCCARTHY**

**AN OUTLINE OF IRISH  
HISTORY: FROM  
THE EARLIEST TIMES  
TO THE PRESENT DAY**



AN OUTLINE  
OF  
IRISH HISTORY

LIBRARY EDITION, 4 vols. demy 8vo. cloth extra, 12s. each; or, POPULAR EDITION, 4 vols. crown 8vo. cloth extra, 6s. each.

A  
HISTORY OF OUR OWN TIMES.

By JUSTIN McCARTHY, M.P.

'Mr. McCarthy is temperate, reasonable, and judicious; his History is eminently entertaining, and his power of entertaining his readers never flags. He never seems to be exhausted, and his fourth volume is perhaps the best of the set. To say that this work is as pleasant and attractive to read as a novel is to pay a great compliment to novels. Almost every page has something in it that is good because it is at once unexpected and yet not forced. The book is pervaded with a gentle spirit of subdued fun, and yet it is never frivolous or comic. Mr. McCarthy has not only the art of story-telling, but makes his narrative sparkle with happy hits, and yet these happy hits do not eclipse the more modest bulk of his story. There are so many bad books which must be criticised severely, that it is refreshing to come across a book which may be freely praised.'—*Saturday Review*.

'Of modern historians, Mr. Justin McCarthy is among the most eminent. His rise was sudden. Known in literature as a successful novelist, it was not till the appearance of his first two volumes on the reign of Victoria that he obtained rank as a more serious writer. His History at once took the reading world by storm. The buoyancy of his narrative, his powers of picturesque description, his epigrammatic judgment of character, his lucid arrangement of facts, and the clear, fresh manner in which he dealt with his story and gave his opinions, charmed alike the philosophical student as well as the general reader. . . . The end is as good as the beginning; there is no falling off, and nothing to tempt invidious criticism. . . . Mr. McCarthy's History is now finished, and we have no hesitation in saying that it is one of the ablest works that the latter part of this century has produced. It is written with spirit, yet accuracy is not sacrificed for effect; it is lively without flippancy, and when the occasion calls for sobriety of judgment the author can be judicial without being opinionated, and thoughtful without being dull.'—*Observer*.

'We have read the volumes throughout with unflagging interest, and have received from their pages an amount of pleasure equal to the enjoyment derivable from the perusal of one of Mr. McCarthy's most stirring and telling novels. Mr. McCarthy has written, in a popular and effective style, an important and useful work.'—*Morning Post*.

'Happier than many historians who have marked out for themselves a task of labour and difficulty, Mr. McCarthy has completed his "History of Our Own Times" within the limits originally intended, and certainly without any unreasonable delay. In the two solid volumes, which form the second and concluding portion of the work, he tells the story of our national life during the last twenty-four years. . . . If the duty which he has imposed upon himself has, of necessity, become more delicate as the course of the narrative brings us more and more within the heated atmosphere of contemporary politics, the historian has found his recompense in the higher opportunities afforded him for exhibiting the tact and judgment conspicuous in his former volumes. The wide and genuine popularity of his History is a circumstance perhaps without parallel in the case of works of its class.'—*Daily News*.

CHATTO & WINDUS, Piccadilly, W.

AN OUTLINE  
OF  
IRISH HISTORY

*FROM THE EARLIEST TIMES TO THE  
PRESENT DAY*

BY  
JUSTIN H. McCARTHY



London  
CHATTO AND WINDUS, PICCADILLY

*85 STATION CHURCH LANE, NEW YORK*  
CHESTNUT HILL, MASS.

## CONTENTS.

CHAPTER	PAGE
I. THE LEGENDS * * * * *	7
II. CHRISTIANITY * * * * *	20
III. THE NORMAN CONQUEST * * * * *	26
IV. ELIZABETH * * * * *	42
V. THE CROMWELLIAN SETTLEMENT * * * * *	53
VI. THE RESTORATION—WILLIAM OF ORANGE * * * * *	64
VII. THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY * * * * *	77
VIII. EMMET—O'CONNELL * * * * *	88
IX. YOUNG IRELAND—FENIANISM * * * * *	94
X. THE LAND QUESTION * * * * *	100
XI. HOME RULE—THE LAND LEAGUE * * * * *	107



AN  
OUTLINE OF IRISH HISTORY.

CHAPTER I.

THE LEGENDS.

As we peer doubtfully into the dim past of Irish history we seem to stand like Odysseus at the yawning mouth of Hades. The thin shades troop about us, and flit hither and thither fitfully in shadowy confusion. Stately kings sweep by in their painted chariots. Yellow-haired heroes rush to battle shaking their spears and shouting their war-songs, while the thick gold torques rattle on arm and throat, and their many-coloured cloaks stream on the wind. They sweep by and are lost to sight, and their places are taken by others in a shifting, splendid, confused pageant of monarchs and warriors, and beautiful women for whose love the heroes are glad to die and the kings to peril their crowns; and amongst them all move the majestic white-robed bards, striking their golden harps and telling the tales of the days of old, and handing down the names of heroes for ever. What may we hope to distinguish of this weltering world of regal figures, whirled by before our eyes as on that infernal wind which seared the eyes of Dante? The traveller in Egypt goes down into the Tombs of the Kings at ancient Thebes. By the flaring flicker of a candle he discerns dimly on the walls about him endless processions of painted figures—the images of kings and beggars, of

soldiers and slaves, of the teeming life of ages—portrayed in glowing colours all around. It is but for a moment, while his candle is slowly burning down, that he seems to stand in the thronged centuries of Egyptian dynasties with all their named and nameless figures; and then he passes out again into the upper air and level sunlight of the Theban valley, as one who has dreamed a chaotic dream.

Groping in the forgotten yesterday of Irish legend is like this groping in an Egyptian tomb. We are in a great sepulchral chamber—a hall of the dead, whose walls are pictured with endless figures, huddled together in bewildering fantastic medley. What can we make out, holding up our thin taper and gazing doubtfully at the storied walls? Yon fair woman, with the crowd of girls about her, is the Lady Ceasair, who came to Ireland before the deluge with fifty women and three men, Bith, Ladra, and Fintain. The waters swept away this curiously proportioned colony, and their place was taken 'in the sixtieth year of the age of Abraham' by the paricide Partholan, of the stock of Japhet. For three hundred years his descendants ruled, until a pestilence destroyed them all. The Nemedhians, under Nemedh, loomed up from the shores of the Black Sea and swarmed over Ireland. They were harassed by plagues and by incessant battlings with the Fomorians, a race of savage seakings, descendants of Cham, who had settled in the Western Isles. In the end the Fomorians triumphed; they drove out the remnant of Nemedhians whom plague and sword had spared. This remnant fled, some to the north of Europe to become the ancestors of the Firbolgs, some to Greece to give a parentage to the Tuatha de Danann, and some to Britain, which took its name from the Nemedhian leader, Briotan-Maol.

After a time, the first of the Nemedhian refugees, the Firbolgs, came back to Ireland, to be soon dispossessed by another invasion of Nemedhian descendants, the Tuatha de Danann, who came from Greece, and who were deeply skilled in all wizardries. Their sorceries stood them in good stead, for the Firbolgs made a fierce resistance. A desperate battle was fought, in which the Firbolg king was slain. His grave is still shown on the Sligo strand, and it is fabled that the tide will never cover it. Nuada, the

king of the Tuatha de Danann, lost his right hand in this fight, and seems to have gone near losing his kingship in consequence, as his warlike people would have refused to recognise a mutilated monarch. But there were cunning artificers among the Greeks. One of these fashioned a silver hand for the king, who was known as Nuada of the Silver Hand ever after. The first of 'The Three Sorrowful Tales of Erin' belongs to the reign of this Sovereign with the Argent Fist—the tale of the fate of the children of Turenn. The three sons of Turenn, Brian, Ur, and Urcar, killed Kian, father of Luga of the Long Arms, and one of the three sons of Canta, with whom the three sons of Turenn were at feud. Six times the sons of Turenn buried the body of their victim, and six times the earth cast it up again, but on the seventh burial the body remained in the grave. As the sons of Turenn rode from the spot a faint voice came from the ground, warning them that the blood they had spilled would follow them to the fulfilment of their doom. Luga of the Long Arms, seeking for his father, came to the grave, and there the stones of the earth took voice and told him that his father lay beneath. Luga unearthed the body, and vowed vengeance on the sons of Turenn over it. He then hastened to Tara, to the court of Nuada of the Silver Hand, and denounced the sons of Turenn. In those days the friends of any murdered person might either receive a fine, called 'eric,' in compensation, or might seek the death of the murderer. Luga called for the 'eric.' He demanded three apples, the skin of a pig, a spear, two steeds and a chariot, seven pigs, a hound-whelp, a cooking-spit, and three shouts on a hill. To this 'eric' the sons of Turenn agreed readily enough before all the court. Then Luga explained himself more fully. The three apples were to be plucked from the garden of Hisberna, in the east of the world. They were the colour of burnished gold, and of the taste of honey, and cured wounds and all manner of sickness, and had many other wonderful qualities. The garden of Hisberna was carefully guarded, and none were allowed to take its precious fruit. The pig-skin belonged to the King of Greece, and possessed the power of healing whosoever touched it. The spear was a venomous weapon with a