



MONTREAL, WEDNESDAY, MARCH 22, 1893.

THE BATTLE OF CLONTARF.

Death of Brian Boroinche.

The *meele* was too general for an individual incident, however, important in itself, to have much effect. The Northmen and their allies were flying hard and fast; the one towards their ships, and the others towards the city. But as they fled across the Tolka, they forgot it was now swollen with the incoming tide, and thousand perished by water who had escaped the sword. The body of Brian's grandson, the boy Turlough, was found in the river after the battle, with his hands entangled in the hair of two Danish warriors, whom he had held down until they were drowned. Sitric and his wife had watched the combat from the battlements of Dublin. It will be remembered that this lady was a daughter of King Brian, and her interests were naturally with the Irish troops. Some rough words passed between her and her lord, which ended in his giving her so rude a blow that he knocked out one of her teeth. But we have yet to record the crowning tragedy of the day. Brian had retired to his tent to pray at the commencement of the conflict. When the forces met he began his devotions, and said to his attendant: "Watch thou the battle and the combats, whilst I say the psalms." After he had recited fifty psalms, fifty collects, and fifty pater noster, he desired the man to look out and inform him how the battle went, and the position of his son Murrrough's standard. He replied the strife was close and vigorous, and the noise was as if seven legions were cutting down Tomar's wood; but the standard was safe. Brian then said fifty more psalms, and made the same inquiry. The attendant replied that all was in confusion, but that Murrrough's standard still stood erect, and moved westward towards Dublin. "As long as that standard remains erect," replied Brian, "it shall go well with the men of Erin." The aged king betook himself to his prayers once more, saying again fifty psalms and collects; then, for the last time, he asked intelligence of the field. Latean replied: "They appear as if Tomar's wood was on fire, and its brushwood all burned down" (meaning that the private soldiers of both armies were nearly all slain, and only a few of the chiefs had escaped), adding the most grievous intelligence of all, that Murrrough's standard had fallen. "Alas!" replied Brian, "Erinn has fallen with it: why should I survive such losses, even should I attain the sovereignty of the world?" His attendant then urged him to fly, but Brian replied that flight was useless, for he had been warned to his fate by Aibinn (the banshee of his family), and that he knew that his death was at hand. He then gave directions about his will and his funeral, leaving 240 cows to the "successor of Patrick." Even at this moment his death was impending. A party of Danes approached, headed by Brodir. The king sprang up from the cushion where he had been kneeling, and unsheathed his sword. At first Brodir did not know him, and he thought he was a priest, from finding him at prayer; but one of his followers informed him that it was the monarch of Ireland. In a moment the fierce Dane had opened his head with his battleaxe. It is said that Brian had time to inflict a wound on the viking, but the details of this event are so varied that it is impossible to decide which account is the most reliable. The Saga states that Brodir knew Brian, and, proud of his exploit, held up the monarch's reeking head, exclaiming: "Let it be told from

man to man that Brodir felled Brian." All accounts agree in stating that the viking was slain immediately, if not cruelly, by Brian's guards, who thus revenged their own neglect of their master. Had Brian survived this conflict, and had he been but a few years younger, how different might have been the political and social state of Ireland even at the present day!

It is dotted over with islands and rocks, and is surrounded by hills of mica slate from seven to twelve hundred feet high. It was anciently called *Derg abban* (the river of the woody morass), from a river which flows from it into the Erne. It was also called *Fion loch* (the fair or white lake), and it is said to have received its present name of Lough Derg, from a legend which

about the end of the fifth century (490), of the order of St. Augustine, by St. Dubeog. It was called Termon Dubeog, and was dedicated to SS. Peter and Paul. We oftentimes find it mentioned in "The Annals of the Four Masters."

It continued to be of great note till the seventeenth century (1632); when, by an order of the Lords Justices, the abbey and other buildings on the island were demolished. The friars were also banished from off the island by Sir James Balfour and Sir William Stuart, who were deputed for this purpose. In a report made by Sir William, it is mentioned that he found on the island an abbot and forty friars, and that there was a daily resort of about 450 pilgrims. Sir William also informed the council, that in order to prevent the people any longer going on the island, he directed the buildings to be pulled down and destroyed; and also that the place called St. Patrick's Bed, and the stone on which the saint knelt, should be thrown into the lake.

He afterwards put a man named Magrath into possession, with an injunction to him not to permit, in future, either jesuits, friars, or nuns to enter on it. Some of the ruins of the ancient abbey still remain; and a plate is given in "Ware's Antiquities" of the building. St. Dubeog himself is buried on the island. The place of pilgrimage and penance has, however, long since been transferred from the Saint's Island to the Station Island. And the hard beds of penance are dedicated to St. Patrick, Brigid, and Columbkille, to Dubeog and Adamnan.

In early times, Lough Derg was one of the most celebrated shrines of penance in Europe; and it was by no means uncommon for princes from foreign lands to leave their palace homes, in order to find rest for a troubled conscience by performing a pilgrimage to the Sainted Isle.

It is recorded in "Rymer's Fiedera," that, so early as the year 1358, King Edward III. granted to Malatesta Ungarus, an Hungarian Knight, and to Nicholas de Becario, a nobleman of Ferrara, in Italy, a safe conduct through England, to visit this pilgrimage. And in 1397, King Richard II. granted a like conduct to Raymond Viscount de Perilleaux, Knight of Rhodes, with a train of twenty men and thirty horses.

Besides Lough Derg, we find many other places resorted to for the purpose of pilgrimage and penance. The most celebrated were—Armagh; Downpatrick and Derry; Columbkille; Creagh-Patrick, County Mayo; the Isles of Arran, off the coast of Galway; the Seven Churches of Glen-da-loch and Cluen nae noice, Kildare of St. Brigid, and Holy-cross in Tipperary. We are also informed that some of the kings of Ireland made pilgrimage in former days to the celebrated Monastery of Iona, founded by St. Columba. We understand that it is contemplated to renew the ancient and holy custom of pilgrimage to the sainted shrines of Lough Derg.

Awkwardly Pat.—Nervous Lady: Doctor, is it really true that many people are buried alive? Doctor M'Sikker; Mebbe; but nane o' my patients are, I tak' ower guid care o' that, lassie.—Judy.

Logic.—Lady: I suppose you're convalescent now, then, Ethel? Ethel: No, thank you. I have been, but I'm better now.—Judy.

The Quip Teutonic.—Fair Hostess: That is a difficult song Miss Flatleigh is singing, Herr Albrecht Von Trombohn; Divigult! Would it were impossible.

ERIN'S FLAG.

BY FATHER RYAN.

Unroll Erin's flag! fling its folds to the breeze!
Let it float o'er the land, let it flash o'er the seas;
Lift it out of the dust—let it wave as of yore,
When the chiefs with their clans stood around it and swore
That never—no!—never, while God gave them life,
And they had an arm and a sword for the strife,
That never—no!—never, that Banner would yield
As long as the heart of a Celt was its shield—
While the hand of a Celt had a weapon to wield,
And his last drop of blood was unshed on the field.

Lift it up! wave it high!—'tis as bright as of old!
Not a stain on its Green, not a blot on its Gold,
Though the woes and the wrongs of three hundred long years
Have drenched Erin's sunburst with blood and with tears;
Though the clouds of oppression enshroud it in gloom,
And around it the thunders of tyranny boom,
Look aloft! look aloft! to the clouds drifting by!
There's a gleam through the gloom, there's a light in the sky.
'Tis the sunburst resplendent—far, flashing on high!
Erin's dark night is waning, her day-dawn is nigh!

Lift it up! lift it up! the old banner green!
The blood of its sons has but brightened its sheen!
What though the tyrant has trampled it down,
Are its folds not emblazoned with deeds of renown?
What though for ages it droops in the dust?
Shall it droop thus for ever? No! no! God is just!
Take it up! take it up from the tyrant's foul tread,
Let him tear the green flag—we will snatch its last shred,
And beneath it we'll bleed as our forefathers bled,
And we'll vow by the dust in the graves of our dead,
And we'll swear by the blood which the Briton has shed,
And we'll vow by the wrecks which through Erin he spread,
And we'll swear by the thousands who, famished, unfed,
Died down in the ditches—wild howling for bread,
And we'll vow by our heroes, whose spirits have fled,
And we'll swear by the bones of each coffinless bed,
That we'll battle the Briton through danger and dread—
That we'll cling to the cause which we glory to wed,
Till the gleam of our steel and the shock of our lead
Shall prove to our foe that we meant what we said—
That we'll lift up the Green and we'll tear down the Red.

Lift up the green flag! oh! it wants to go home:
Full long has its lot been to wander and roam;
It has followed the fate of its sons o'er the world,
But its folds, like their hopes, are not faded or furled;
Like a weary-winged bird, to the East and the West
It has flitted and fled—but it never shall rest,
Till, pluming its pinions, it sweeps o'er the main,
And speeds to the shores of its old home again,
Where its fetterless folds, o'er each mountain and plain,
Shall wave with a glory that never shall wane.

Take it up! take it up! bear it back from afar—
That banner must blaze 'mid the lightnings of war;
Lay your hands on its folds, lift your gaze to the sky,
And swear that you'll bear it triumphant or die;
And shout to the clans, scattered far o'er the earth,
To join in the march to the land of their birth;
And wherever the exiles, 'neath heaven's broad dome,
Have been fated to suffer, to sorrow, and roam,
They'll bound on the sea, and away o'er the foam
They'll march to the music of "Home, sweet home!"

LOUGH DERG.

This famous place of pilgrimage and penance is situate in the Co. Donegal, on the confines of Tyrone and Fermanagh. It is only a few miles from Pettigo, a station on the Enniskillen and Bundoran Railway, being separated from it by a large tract of uncultivated and desolate moorland. This lake is about three miles long, by two and a half miles

ascribes to St. Patrick the killing of a monster, the blood of which tinged the lake a red color. It was also called St. Fintan's Island, from a celebrated saint of the Connellians of Tirconnell in the seventh century. The history of the island and its antiquities is recorded by many writers, amongst whom are Giraldus Cambrensis, Matthew Paris, Camden, Ware, Colgan, Archdall, and Lanigan. A monastery was founded here