

Shall I revisit on your Saxon name.

For with mine own my country's wrongs I
blend;

Henceforth all other quarrels I disclaim;

All other studies, lo! this instant end;

And every foe to England is Fitzgerald's
friend!"

Having concluded, in the midst of a tumult of acclamation from his followers, who were with difficulty restrained from avenging the death of their old chief on those whom they heard denounced as his murderers, Lord Thomas flung the sword of state violently on the council-table, tore off his robes of office and flung them on the ground, standing up an armed but avowed rebel before the representatives of England and Ireland.

The illustration in this number shows how well our artist has entered into the spirit of the scene. Samuel Ferguson thus graphically describes the scene which followed this daring act:

"'Crom Abu!' cried Neal Roe O'Kennedy, Lord Thomas's bard, who had passed into the body of the hall at the head of the Irish soldiery. He was conspicuous over all by his height and the splendor of his native costume. His legs and arms were bare; the sleeves of his yellow *cothore*, parting above the elbow, fell in voluminous folds almost to the ground, while its skirts, girded at the loins, covered him to the knee. Over this he wore a short Jacket of crimson, the sleeves just covering the shoulders, richly wrought and embroidered and drawn round the waist by a broad belt set with precious stones, fastened with a massive gold buckle. His laced and fringed mantle was thrown back, but kept from falling by a silver brooch as broad as a man's palm, which glittered on his breast. He stretched out his hand, the golden bracelets rattling as they slid back on the thickness of his red-haired arm, and exclaimed in Irish:

"Who is the young lion of the plains of Liffey that affrights the men of council and the ruler of the Saxon with his noble voice? Who is the raked up ember of Kildare that would consume the enemies of his people and the false churls of the cruel race of Clan-London? It is the son of Gerald, the top branch of the oak of Offaly—it is Thomas of the Silken Mantle. *Tomas an teeda. Ard-Righ Bireann!*"

"'Righ Tomas go bragh!' shouted the soldiery with the wildest enthusiasm, while Neal Roe continued in a voice of thunder:

"'Farrah! farrah!' it is Thomas of the shirt of iron that has leaped forth from his silken livery like the bright steel from its sheath of velvet!—like the brand from its cloak of ashes!—like the red, flaming and consuming fire of heaven out of the scattered clouds of the sky. The sword of Erin is sharp, heavy and piercing; the ember of the raked-up wrath of Erin is red, smoking and terrible; the flash of the avenging thunderbolts of Erin is swift and sure, strong and sudden, burning and blasting, wasting and inevitable! Ring around him, sons of Gerralt! Shout for the *Mac an Earla Mor!* Throw up your hunting spears, ye children of the chase. We must soon follow our game with battle-axe and claymore to the wild dog's den. Cast away your bows of chase, ye hunters of the plains of Leinster. We must hunt a prey to-day with the shots of guns and cannons, in the nest of dragons and in the lair of the dun Saxon lion! *Farrah! farrah! Crom Abu!* and, crying the Geraldine war-cry, he rushed into the court-yard, his red locks flaming over the heads of the clansmen like a torch."

Having permitted the lords of the council to escape, unmolested, through the doors at the throne end of the hall, Lord Thomas and his friends withdrew, and immediately after were actively engaged in prosecuting the war he had so defiantly declared. He took Dublin, from Newgate outward, and received hostages from the rest of the city. He plundered and laid waste all Fingal from Sliabh-Roe to Drogheda, and made all Meath tremble at his name.

When the King of England obtained intelligence of this he sent relief to the English. Sir William Skeffington went as Lord Chief Justice to Ireland, accompanied by Leonard Grey and a large fleet. Skeffington laid siege to the castle of Manynooth, and, after a gallant and protracted defense, this chief stronghold of the Leinster Geraldines was treacherously surrendered by Nicholas Perez, the foster brother of Lord Thomas, who had intrusted the villain with its defense in his own absence in another part