

All Ireland Review

Address to an Order

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marked out and entrenched his camp, for which the abundant timber supplied facilities. His skilful soldiers quickly built for themselves huts. Hut-building was an essential part of a soldier's education. We have seen Mountjoy complain that his tyroes would have died ere they housed themselves. Ireland was still to some considerable degree the Isle of Woods. Timber was generally forthcoming wherever a captain might choose to pitch his camp. Where there was no timber the men built themselves houses of sods. Leathern tents I know accompanied Irish armies; but were probably reserved for the use of officers. Tyrone made his camp with some care, for he had come to stay. His resolutions were already taken. He knew how matters stood in the camp of the Royalists; knew that there was scarcity there to-day, and that there would be hunger to-morrow. He himself had a populous and unravaged country behind him. Provisions poured in abundantly, not, indeed, furnished through love, but through fear. Tyrone's march from Ulster to Kinsale resembled that of one of the ancient and undisputed Ard-Ris of the Island. But it was all the effect of fear. Witness the behaviour of the southern and midland Irish, a few days later, when he was in his retreat. Munster had not yet learned to love Ulster.

Tyrone was hardly encamped when the sound of bugles and the fluttering of pencils along the western road indicated the approach of the confederates. Presently, through the leafless trees there marched in an army of nine hundred men. There were three hundred Spaniards from Castlehaven under the leading of Alphonso del Campo, a brave and excellent soldier, and six hundred Irishmen, the army of O'Sullivan Beare. Four hundred he had equipped at his own expense. Two hundred were equipped at the expense of King Philip. O'Sullivan Beare was now a captain in the Spanish service, and drew his pay as such.

O'Sullivan's army and Del Campo's were incorporated in Tyrone's, they had quarters assigned them, and erected tents within Tyrone's lines. Tyrone received O'Sullivan most graciously. Shortly after meeting, the Earl and the Chief withdrew into a private chamber of the Castle of Innoshannon, where they arranged and reduced to writing the terms of a treaty and mutual alliance. Tyrone, amongst other promises, undertook to maintain O'Sullivan as a free and independent territorial lord against any revival of the great seignory of M'Carty More and against any pretensions of sovereignty put forward by Hugh Roe, whose sphere of interest now seemed to embrace Munster along the Atlantic seaboard. The Chieftian, on the other hand consented under certain terms to become man to O'Neill to "keep his peace and follow his war."

Later the same day, to the sound of drums, bugles and bagpipes, Hugh Roe himself, girt with a splendid retinue of lords and chiefs, representing most of the west of Ireland from Tory Island to Cape Clear, rode into camp, having halted his forces outside, and further up the banks of the Bandon. Hugh Roe's army and that of the west country lords formed two separate camps. It was noticed that Hugh Roe's bearing in the presence of O'Neill was haughtier than before. As the Queen's Government was collapsing, subjects of controversy as intricate as they were limitless and without number, began to start up between these potent captains. Hugh Roe was on his guard, and men saw it. Hugh O'Neill was on his guard and men did not. The countenance of the latter was a mask, a pleasant,

courteous, and conciliatory one indeed, but still a mask.

That night Tyrone gave a supper to his allies, confederates, and chief captains. It was laid in the largest chamber of a good-sized thatched house which stood hard by the Castle of Innoshannon, and which had been the residence of a gentleman of the sept of Barry Roe.

There was the arch-earl who bore on his shoulders the burthen of this vast rebellion, the man whom the great Queen could not crush, who had not once, nor twice, but many times, beaten her best armies, and foiled her most skilful generals; his swarthy features not now stern and menacing but lit with kindness, geniality, and hospitality, for this remarkable man was as eminent for social graces as for martial skill and courage, for diplomacy and counsel. On his right hand sat the famous Hugh Roe, and opposite Hugh Roe on the earl's left sat O'Sullivan whose black eyes, raven hair, and brown complexion, formed a singular contrast to the white and ruddy countenance, blue grey eyes, and deeply auburn locks—they were not exactly red—of his younger vis-à-vis. Near Hugh Roe sat his brother, Rory, first earl of Tyrconnell, and his youngest brother Cathbar. Amongst other notable people at this banquet was Brian of the Battleaxes, the O'Rourke, Lord of Leitrim, it was he who began this Nine Years' War.

To be Continued.

ADDRESS TO AN ORDER.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ALL IRELAND REVIEW.

DEAR MR. EDITOR,

I think you have stated the position of affairs correctly. Your advice, if I understand it rightly, is, I think, on sound lines. I should like to read the bit of minor Irish history you allude to.

"That which Destiny has decreed shall happen, will happen," say the wise men that live in the East. Nevertheless it is sometimes given to men to "Tear a leaf from Fate's dark book,"* and shape their destiny. It is worth trying.

A MEMBER OF THE ORDER.

* What checks the fiery soul of James,
Why sits that champion of the dames,
Inactive on his steed?

Oh, Douglas, for thy guiding wand,
Fierce Randolph for thy speed—

Oh, for one hour of Wallace wight,
Or Bruce well skilled to rule the fight.

Another sight had seen that morn
From Fate's dark book a leaf had torn.

SCOTT.

Dear M.—I am glad that you too feel the tragedy of it, and the pity, and the shame. Is it not shameful, beyond words to express, to see an ancient, famous, illustrious, and powerful Irish order quietly, without a word or an act, descending into the gulf at the bidding of time-serving British statesmen and a handfull of Irish demagogues?

Say shall we have a fight for it before all ends?

On the 2nd of March, after I have got a rest, I shall take up this matter again.—Ed.

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