

never before looked upon the sacrifices made either by the Herberts or the Maxwells but as the performance of a bounden duty in which they had not failed; but when these sacrifices seemed to be considered in the same light by him for whom they had been made, their magnitude and their extent increased in her eyes. The chevalier then inquired whether she had received news lately from the earl her husband.

Her eyes filled with tears, the inquiry was made in so cold, so formal a tone.—“But once, sire, since he has been a prisoner;” and had she at that moment attempted a longer sentence, her voice would have failed her altogether.

“We hope that the worthy lord's health continued unimpaired by confinement?”

She struggled, with her feelings, and replied, “My lord complained not of any personal privation or hardship. His thoughts were all as they ever have been, for his king, his country, and his faith!”

“It is now many years since we once had an interview with the Earl of Nithsdale in Flanders; and if our memory does not fail, we were then suffering from this same awful complaint which discomposes us at present. Methinks our health is always least fitted for exertion and fatigue when circumstances call most imperiously for both! But so it has ever been with us!” He sighed, and his eyes instinctively sought the ground. Then turning again to the countess, “Is your ladyship's seat situated far from hence?” he inquired; for, a stranger to Scotland, he knew not the topographical details of the country.

“Please your majesty, I journeyed from my husband's castle of Terregles near Dumfries.”

“We hope your journey was prosperous and agreeable, although we fear in this weather it must have been somewhat tedious. Dumfries is some days journey hence, I fancy.”

Lady Nithsdale thought upon the villages in ashes, the desolate fields, and could not find words for her reply, but contented herself with bowing assent; when, turning to the Earl of Mar, the chevalier remarked, that if the present severe weather continued, the Tay would soon be completely frozen over. “In that case,” he continued, “the river will be no longer serviceable as a protection and defence.”

“Neither will it be any impediment to the design I have been explaining to your majesty,” replied the earl in a low voice.

Lady Nithsdale soon after retired from the royal interview, discouraged and dissatisfied. She had never found the desired opportunity of speaking her husband's sentiments concerning general Forster; and she now felt intimately convinced how wild and hopeless an enterprise it must ever have been, to replace on the throne one who was so little calculated to conquer or to win it.

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

FREEMASONRY.

(Concluded from our last.)

But, as we have intimated, it is not at all necessary for the purpose in hand to visit Freemasonry in any degree with the sins of its kindred. Its own sins are enough to convict it ten times over of being—on the Continent, at least—a society of the most decided anti-social and anti-Christian tendencies. The proofs accumulated on this head in the two volumes under notice are simply overwhelming. Our only difficulty with them is as to which we should select for repetition. The statements which are dragged to light from the records and organs of the lodges themselves, and which, in every variety of phrased, proclaim war against Christianity and the Christian State, are well nigh innumerable. Let us string together a few. It is pretended that Freemasonry is merely a philanthropic institution: the *Monde-Macronique*, a trusted exponent, declares, on the contrary, that “benevolence is not the object, but only one of the characteristics, and the least essential, of Freemasonry.” Christianity is incessantly called in the lodges a “lying,” “bastard,” and “brutalising” religion, which must be “annihilated;” Catholicism “a used-up formula,” “a worn-out fabric.” “I affirm that the name of God is a word void of sense,” was the profession of faith in the Liege lodge in 1865. “A true Mason ought to die, as he had lived, a free-thinker,” is the declaration of a Sovereign Grand Commander named “Brether” Rawet. It has been declared in the Paris lodge called “The Rose of Perfect Silence,” that all religious instructions should be suppressed on the ground that “faith in God takes away the dignity of man, troubles his reason, and may lead him to the abandonment of all morality!” The Grand Orient of Belgium put forth in 1864 a *projet de loi*, of which the very first article was entitled “Suppression of all religious education.” The sacred mysteries of Christianity were termed “pagan phantasmagoria” by a Freemason named Falder, speaking in the lodge of “Fidelity,” at Ghent, on July 2, 1846. Nay, in a Freemason's periodical printed for circulation amongst the brethren at Altenburg, in 1823, the anti-theistic worship of humanity is stated to be the worship of the craft; “We ourselves are God,” is the exclamation of “Brether” Mouthaan. Brother Helvetius, whose memory was honoured with especial ceremony in Paris, in 1773, held that the passions are never pernicious, but necessary, because, it appears, they are only “the intensified expression of self-interest in the individual;” and as sensual love affords happiness, purity, of course must be abandoned! In an official apology for the association in 1852 it is stated that “Freemasonry teaches how to be virtuous without the stimulus of hope or fear;” and that “the Mason looks for no future reward.” In the official Dutch Freemason's Almanac for 1872 the presence of the Bible on the altars of the craft is declared to be “an empty form.” At a secret International Congress of Freemasons at Lugano in 1872, the question as to what ought to be called religion was introduced, and it was unanimously agreed to throw into catechetical shape the blasphemous bible of the atheist Renan, and to make this compilation “the handbook of religion in the social and democratic republic of the future.” Barruel, whose testimony is especially valuable, inasmuch as he was a Master-Mason, says that the grade of Kadosch is “the soul of Freemasonry;” and that “the final object of its plots is the reintroduction of absolute liberty and equality through the destruction of all royalty and the abrogation of all religious worship.” It is pretended that Freemasonry has nothing to do with politics; but Felix Pyat, himself high in the craft, calls it “the Church of the Revolution;” and M. Henri Martin, the historian, who is also a Mason terms it “the laboratory of the Revolution.” Babaud Laribiere, Grand Master in France, has categorically asserted that “Freemasonry was intimately connected with all the first glorious days of the Revolution” of 1789. At the great “solstitial feast” of 1854, in Belgium, when all the lodges of the country were represented, one of the orators proclaimed, amidst enthusiastic applause, that politics were not outside the proper sphere of the order, and that Freemasonry had “taken an active part in all political struggles.” In the Masonic assembly which met at Rome in May, 1872, it was decided by a large majority that “the lodges had the right to discuss questions bearing on religion and politics;” and when the conspirator Mazzini died, the Italian lodges were not only represented at his funeral, but went into mourning. We know that Prince Murat was compelled to resign the Grand Mastership of the French Freemasons because he had voted in the French Senate for the Temporal Power. But the testimony of the Radical and Socialist Louis Blanc ought of itself to be decisive; “Spreading over the whole face of Europe,” he says, speaking of Freemasonry, “it showed itself everywhere in the light of an association resting upon principles dia-

metrically opposed to those which govern civil society;” and, in the disclosures of a certain Freemason on his death-bed, we find it stated that to accomplish its objects the perpetration of a crime may be an act of virtue! Hence we should not be surprised that one of its latest demonstrations was that which took place in 1871, when all the lodges of the Orient of Paris came out openly, with their emblems, and symbols, and rites, in support of the Commune. After all this—and much more of the same kind might be added—it will be easy to understand that the phrases habitually in the mouths of the members of the order—such as that the object of their association is the benefit of humanity—are not to be understood in their ordinary and unexceptionable meaning, or to be viewed in that light in which a simple and unsuspecting public would be only too likely to regard them; while it will not be easy to understand why all other Christian Churches as well as the Catholic Church, and all other rulers as well as the Popes, should not have long since denounced the craft as an ever-present menace to religion and society.

It will be observed, however, that none of these startling, and indeed, horrible revelations *prima facie* touches Freemasonry in this country or in England. They all concern the secret society as it exists on the Continent; and now a serious question remains to be determined—is the continental society totally distinct, as it would seem, from that which presents itself to us? It is said that though Freemasonry may be a bad and wicked thing abroad, here it is quite innocuous, and is little, if anything, more than a charitable institution. In this opinion we would be disposed to roughly to concur; for it is quite impossible to suppose that the generality at least of the Englishmen and Irishmen of wealth, rank, and respectability, who are Freemasons, would knowingly remain connected with a body essentially atheistic and anti-social. To those we, for our part, have no doubt the craft appears simply as a friendly confederation engaged in offices of mutual assistance. Yet the fact remains that the Freemasons themselves proclaim that “however scattered over the face of the earth they all compose one only body;” and that this was brought out special emphasis and distinctness at the installation of the Prince of Wales last year as Grand Master for England. Moreover, one or the two Masonic journals in London have been scarcely one whit behind the *Latonia* or the *Monde-Macronique* in their anti-Christian utterances; one of them having, for instance, declared that “religious education was a poison.” Again, at a meeting last year of the Provincial Grand Lodge of Warwickshire, Brother Parkinson, Grand Master of the Provincial Grand Lodge of Middlesex, candidly avowed that “the two systems of Romanism and Masonry were not only incompatible but radically opposed.” How, then, are we to reconcile the unity of the whole body with the innocence of some of its members? The translator of the German work under notice answers—and we think reasonably—that the latter has been deceived and continue in the dark. It has been observed that all the children of Adam are either nine-pins or the balls that knock them down, and that those who are not the latter can be made very useful in the former capacity. In the death-bed disclosures to which we have referred, it is stated, with the most cynical frankness, that the neophytes in Freemasonry are divided into three classes—the injuring minds, the impetuous and restless spirits, and the superstitious and credulous; and that the amount of lore imparted to each must be proportioned accordingly. “It is necessary,” so we read, “to deal out to each aspirant in a measure proportioned to his receptive powers;” “we must at all times take care not to reveal our real aim precipitately, since weak minds”—that is, men of virtue—“might be dazzled at first sight by so brilliant and searching a light.” And the document goes on to state that dissimulation and hypocrisy must be resorted to, if necessary, to make such persons contented with their lot. That eminent Mason, Louis Blanc, quite as frankly confirms this statement. “It seemed good,” he says, “to sovereigns—to Frederick the Great—to handle the trowel and to put on the apron. Why not? since the existence of the higher grades was carefully hidden from them; all they knew of Freemasonry was that which could be revealed to them without danger. They had no reason for concerning themselves about it, seeing that they were kept in the lower grades, in which they perceived nothing but an opportunity for amusement, joyful banquets, principles forsaken and resumed at the threshold of the lodges, formulas that had no reference to ordinary life—in a word, a comedy of equality. But in these matters,” he adds, “comedy closely borders on tragedy; and princes and nobles were induced to offer the cover of their names and the blind aid of their influence to secret undertakings directed against themselves.” It does not alter the case even if such men are found in high grades; for some of the very highest grades are honorary, and are created for the special benefit of persons whom it is desirable to dupe. What more is to be said? Well, a good deal more, but where is the necessity to say it?

It may be objected that the authenticity of the documents from which the foregoing quotations are made, is not proved, or at least is questionable. The objection is worthless. M. Neut, on whose authority rest many of the most serious charges brought against Freemasonry, disposed of it most thoroughly in a speech made at the Catholic Congress of Malines in 1867. “I have everywhere challenged Freemasons,” says M. Neut. “To prove the unauthenticity of my documents if it can be proved. I have sent my writings gratis to the editors of Masonic periodicals, begging that they would refute them, if it were possible, but they invariably kept silence. I am ready to guarantee that everything I have printed is perfectly genuine, and I defy any adversary to show me to be guilty of inaccuracy in this respect. I have clamorously called for some notice, even though it were of an unfavourable nature, but all in vain; I have never received an answer.” And, as far as we know, he has not received an answer since. This is enough; but we must observe, in addition, that the Masonic demonstration in favour of the Commune—the modern Temple of Solomon, as one of the brethren termed that hideous and bloody abortion—and some others of the worst and most unmistakable acts of the craft are matters of contemporary history; and that the writings of Louis Blanc (still alive), Helvetius, Barruel; the Masonic newspapers, the *Times*, and many other publications that make the gravest assertion on the subject under discussion, are generally accessible. It is not denied, so far as we know, that Frederick Prince of Orange, the second son of William I., King of the Netherlands, resigned his position of national Grand Master because he was “a Christian and would ever remain one.” To ask us to believe, indeed, that so many documents—and documents so curiously corroborative, though written independently, one of another—as furnish the basis of these two works, have not been forged, is just a trifle audacious.

To sum up; a society the rites of which are incredibly childish; which enacts from its votaries an impious oath of secrecy before revealing to them its objects; which, by creating a secret state within the State, and a family within the family, endangers alike the State and the family; and, finally, so many of whose lodges ring with anti-Christian and anti-social anathemas, stands self-condemned, and can never be to men of virtue who closely examine it anything else than a beacon-light to warn them of danger.

* Here is the Masonic oath, as it is given in the *Irish Ecclesiastical Record* for April, 1875.—“I swear,

“THE IRISH WAR OF 1641.”

AN INTERESTING PAPER BY REV. T. A. FINLAY, S.J.

A large meeting of the Essay and Debating Society of the Limerick Catholic Literary Institute, was held on Friday, the 3rd March, when the Rev. E. T. O'Dwyer, C.C., President, occupied the chair. There were besides the Society, numbers of the general members, so that the Council Room, where the proceedings were held, was crowded. The business was to listen to a paper on the “Irish War of 1641,” by the Rev. Mr. Finlay, S.J., and a more eloquently or beautifully written Essay has seldom, if ever, been read on the interesting subject. We have been favored with the paper, and we have much pleasure in placing it before our readers.

Father O'Dwyer, having introduced the Rev. Mr. Finlay, stated with what pleasure they welcomed one of his illustrious Order amongst them.

The Rev. M. Finlay then said:—

Gentlemen, with extreme diffidence I have deferred to the wish expressed by our President that I should contribute to the instructive entertainment provided at these meetings. I had many reasons for entering on the undertaking with reluctance. I had good cause to doubt my aptitude for the task assigned me, and this feeling of distrust was intensified when, upon addressing myself to it, I found the subject allotted me required for its due treatment more time and labor than I could command.

The history of what is called “The Civil War of 1641,” has always seemed to me the portion of our country's annals best deserving of our attentive study. Its claim in this respect I do not base upon the fact that it abounds in those incidents that always lend a painful interest to domestic war. It was, no doubt, a struggle for civil and religious liberty—fierce, protracted, and sanguinary; but not any and not all of these characteristics would give it special prominence in the history of Ireland. It gave occasion for the display of great virtues and great vices; but, on the whole, the virtues were not more exalted, nor the vices more revolting, than those exhibited at other times and in other lands, during periods of great civil commotion. It brings before us some of the best as well as some of the worst characters that have honored or disgraced our country; but, with one exception, neither the good nor the bad are much better or much worse than the examples of heroism and depravity we meet with elsewhere. It is memorable, too, for the strange vicissitudes of triumph and defeat between which the national cause alternated; but in this respect it will find more than one parallel in the antecedent and subsequent history of the same cause.

The special interest attaching to the Irish war of 1641 seems to me to be this. It presents us with the solitary instance in which the discordant elements that constitute the Irish Catholic body united in the name of their common religion, for purposes of common defence. It affords striking proof of the power such an alliance could wield; but, at the same time, it furnishes proof equally striking of its inherent instability. Furthermore, the history of this period, is in a great measure, the history of the one attempt at self-government which Ireland has made under the favoring conditions of a comparatively advanced civilization. Ireland had lost its independence before the centralising influence of advancing civilization could render effective by making concurrent the vital forces of the nation. At the time when feudalism or its equivalent agencies were moulding into shape and consistency the vast political systems that have since held sway in Europe, a succession of invasions swept over her, making impossible the development of a political organism within her. It was her fortune or her misfortune that these invading powers were never able to absorb or assimilate the resisting forces they encountered. They were able to do little more than perpetuate the state of anarchy they found, by preventing the growth of a central power, strong enough to crush all rival pretenders to absolute authority. Once only in the course of many centuries the control of the nation's destinies was placed in the hands of a central national Government. The attempt at self-rule was made with the help of an excellent system of popular representation; the opposition the hereditary enemies of the country could offer was enough to rouse, but not enough to impair its energies—and the sympathy of foreign powers, which often found more substantial expression than the amenities of diplomatic intercourse, encouraged the attempt. Made under circumstances so favorable, the experiment nevertheless resulted in failure. How far it succeeded—wherein, and why it failed are questions well deserving of examination. They cannot fail to have a high speculative importance for those who take but a student's interest in the events of the past, and they must have an eminently practical significance for those whom duty or inclination leads to take part in, and to influence the events of the present. Into a detailed history of the events of the period it would be impossible for me to enter. I shall confine myself to such a summary of them as shall serve to bring out the special points of interest I have mentioned.

The war which began in Ireland in the year 1641, and ended when the city of Limerick surrendered to General Ireton, was, at the outset, nothing more than a badly organized insurrection of the Northern Irish Chieftains. The policy of James the First had produced in Ulster a state of things which could end only in revolt. He had executed on an extensive scale a plan of subjugation recommended by the common practice of conquering nations, and adopted to some extent by a few of his predecessors on the English throne. At a time of profound peace—“such,” says a contemporary historian, “as Ireland had never enjoyed before”—he seized the territories of the chieftains of Ulster—the irreconcilable foes of English rule. A trumped-up story of an improbable conspiracy was the only justification urged for the wholesale spoliation. The accused noblemen fled from the doom that awaited them. They died in exile—the one at some date which no one has thought it worth while to record; the other an old man, decrepit and blind, who for years before his death bobbed to the audiences of Paul the Fifth, to detail their country's wrongs and his own. Their bones lie at

in the name of the Supreme Architect of all worlds, never to reveal the secrets, the signs, the grips, the passwords, the doctrines, or the customs of the Freemasons, and to preserve with respect to them an eternal silence. I promise and swear to God never to betray any of them by writing, by word, or gesture; never cause them to be written, lithographed, or printed; never to make public anything of that which has now been confided to me, or of that which shall be confided to me in the future. I pledge myself to this, and submit myself to the following penalties if I fail in keeping my word: They may burn my lips with a red-hot iron, they may cut off my hand, they may pluck out my tongue, they may cut my throat, they may hang up my dead body in a lodge till the admission of a new brother, as a scourge for my faithlessness, and as a terrible warning to others. Then they may burn it, and cast its ashes to the winds, to the end that there may not remain a single trace of the memory of my treason. So help me God, and His Holy Gospel. Amen.” A society which thinks it necessary to hedge itself with such a safeguard as this fearful and horrible oath is, *prima facie*, an object of suspicion. The idea of a purely benevolent society binding its members by such an oath is droll and incredible. Nor is the idea less droll and incredible of protecting the society in this fashion against the very persons for whose welfare it pretends to be working.

rest in the sands of the Janiculum, close to the spot where the first of the Popes was crucified, and Irish visitors to the Eternal City sometimes buy a taper at the neighboring monastery to burn it on the modest slab that covers the last of the Princes of Ulster. With them fell the chieftains of O'Donnell and O'Neill, the most stubborn bulwarks of Irish independence. The lands of the fugitive chiefs and their dependents were escheated to the crown, and were apportioned to the heads of the Irish Executive, and to entertain adventurous “skippers, winners, grocers, and drapers of the good city of London,” who volunteered on the perilous service of colonizing Ulster. Of the two million acres included in the six confiscated counties, only 800,000 were found fit for occupation by the English colonists. The remainder, bog, mountain, and forest, was left to the homeless “Irishry.” There they might make themselves lairs to fish in, and thence they might see the lands that had once been theirs, smiling with a plenty which mocked their sufferings. It was a grave mistake to permit the existence of this outland population, maddened by the sense of wrong, and goaded to despair by the pangs of hunger. According to the time-honored laws of English colonization they should have been slaughtered on the ruins of their wretched cabins. The plantations would then have thriven in peace, and the English character for charity would in no way have suffered by the deed. All through the reign of James the outlaws lived on in sullen disaffection, waiting the opportunity of redress. It came at last. The quarrel of Charles I. with the Scotch Parliament led to an armed rebellion of the Scotch nation against his authority. The rebels invaded England and wrung from the Monarch the privileges they had prayed for in vain. The English Parliament, which had its own grounds for quarrel with the King, sympathized discreetly with the malcontents, voted supplies for the army with which they occupied England, impeached Strafford, the favorite Minister of the King, and forced his master to sign the warrant that sent him to the block on Tower Hill. The machinery of Government became disordered by these dissensions. The mere relaxation of the iron grip in which they were held, probably have been the signal for an outbreak of the northern Irish. Their resentment and apprehension were raised to a pitch which made war inevitable by a well-founded report that measures were being taken for the utter extirpation of their religion (Life of Ormonde, vol. 1, fol. 160); that “a covenanting army was ready to come to Ireland under the command of General Leslie, to extirpate the Roman Catholics of Ulster, and leave the Scots sole possessors of that province, and to this end a resolution had been taken in their private meetings and councils, to lay heavy fines upon such as would not appear at their Kirk for the first or second Sunday; and on failure the third to hang, without mercy, all such as were obstinate at their own doors.”

Under the pressure of their sufferings and their terrors they rose at last. Miserably armed, half clothed, and insufficiently fed, they boldly declared war against everything that represented Sassenach power among them. In the frenzy of the first outbreak they were neither very discriminating in their enmity nor very temperate in their vengeance. It was some time before they could be organized into a disciplined army, and subjected to the command of men who understood and enforced the conventional laws of war. In the interval not a few acts of lawlessness were committed. These, magnified by the excited imaginations of the frightened planters who first narrated them, have given rise to the story of a general massacre of Protestants, with which sensational historians of the past (Warner, Temple, Borlase), as of the present (Froude), love to entertain their readers. The apologist for the insurgents might plead, in palliation, if not in excuse, of these first excesses that, cruel as they were, they were provoked by outrages far more inhuman.

A mob of peasants with armed staves, scythes, and pitchforks “not possessing,” according to the testimony of the Earl of Ormonde, “as many arms as were in the hands of six hundred of the King's forces,” was no match for the troops at the disposal of the Irish Executive. It was in the power of the Lords Justice to crush the rebellion at the outset. They temporized, for ends of their own, and this disloyal policy strengthened the hands of the insurgents, and finally forced into an alliance with them the well affected Anglo-Irish Catholics of the Pale. Amongst these there were little sympathy for the wrongs of their co-religionists of Ulster. In the ardor of their loyal zeal the gentry of the East and South execrated the northern rebels, and professed themselves “ready to take up arms and with their lives and fortunes endeavor to suppress the rebellion.” It was, however, no part of the plan of Parsons and Borlase (the then Lords Justices) that order should be speedily restored; still less that the Catholic gentry should be instrumental in restoring it. The vast scheme of plunder known as the “Commission of Enquiry into Defective Titles” had, but half done its work. Large estates were yet possessed by native Irish proprietors, or by the families of the first Anglo-Norman settlers. The confiscations which were sure to follow a general insurrection would be a more expeditious means of securing to the Government officers these coveted prizes than the tedious process of law. It was therefore determined that the landed proprietors of the Pale should rebel. The Parliament in which they were pouring forth their protestations of loyalty was suddenly dissolved they were bidden to retire to their own homes on pain of death, and the arms necessary for their protection against the insurgent bands which now began to roam over the country, were refused them. The troops of the Government under Ormonde, Coote, and St. Leger were let loose upon the Pale. The most servile loyalty to the Crown was no protection against their ravages. The lands of the most devout believers in the divine right of King Charles to misgovern Ireland, and of those who believed that King Charles had, in regard to Ireland, no right at all, were laid waste with ruthless impartiality.

The aggrieved Palemen sent letters of complaint to the Sovereign, but their messenger, Sir John Read, of “the King's Privy Chamber,” was seized by the justices, racked in Dublin Castle, and the work of plunder and devastation went on as before. The conciliatory messages which his misfortunes forced the King to dispatch to his subjects of the Kingdom of Ireland were intercepted on the way; even the slender hope that could be built on the kindly promise of Charles I. was denied the suppliants. The time came at length when there was left them but one resource—the last that remains to the oppressed—an appeal to the sword against the iniquity of law. They threw in their lot with the Old Irish, already in the field under the banners of the native chieftains. From this coalition sprang the national league known as the Confederation or Killkeny. The accession to the ranks of the insurgents of the Catholic nobility and gentry of the Pale was the condition of their immediate success, but was the guage of their ultimate ruin.

The new allies of the Irish had some experience in state craft, and immediately upon the union of the two parties measures were taken to introduce the order of fixed government into the Confederacy. The constitution which was framed respected the claim of the English monarch on the obedience of Ireland; its authors desired to be independent of the government, not of the crown. No blind attachment to antique national usages prevented them from recognizing the superiority of the English legal system. “Magna Charta, and the common and statute laws of England in all points not contrary to the Roman Catholic religion, or inconsistent with the liberty of Ireland” were declared “the basis

of the new government.” In form this government was representative. The legislative authority was vested in a general assembly of the nation's representatives; the executive power was entrusted to a supreme council elected by this assembly. The aristocratic and popular elements were duly represented in the Confederate Parliament, due weight was given to the counsels of the Church and adequate provision made for the expression of them. The system of a divided authority entrusted to elective magistrates was continued down to the lower departments of the administration—elective boards discharged the duties of judges of assize, and even justices of the peace. Having drawn up this form of government, theoretically faultless, practically most unobscured to their requirements, the Confederates, protesting all the while their devoted allegiance to the English Sovereign, proceeded to establish a civil and military administration distinct from and adverse to the one that claimed to be his. Well appointed armies, under the command of veteran captains who had been trained in the Italian and Flemish wars, were raised for the defence of the provinces. The castles and forts of the kingdom were wrested from the king's forces and garrisoned with Confederate troops, and vessels of war carrying the Confederate colors cruised off the coast for the protection of the ports. A silver currency “of the value and goodness of English money” was issued from the mint at Kilkenny. The great seal of the supreme council, bearing the cross, harp and crown, and the legend “Pro Deo, rege, et patria, Hiberni unanimes,”—(for their God, their King, and their country, the Irish united) became the warrant of authenticity for all documents emanating from the Irish government. The great continental courts, received with diplomatic honors the representatives of the Confederation, and in their turn sent ambassadors to represent their view at the seat of the new government. For the first and the last time in her long history, Ireland was a nation.

The Confederate generals were soon ready to take the field. Their successes were, at first, not at all proportioned to their superiority in point of numbers over their opponents. Preston, the Leinster general was defeated successively by Monck, Lord Kanelagh and Ormonde, and it was some time before the combined forces of Barry and Castlehaven could check the marauding expeditions of Inchiquin and St. Leger in Munster. In the province of Ulster alone the consummate military skill of its commander gave the Irish forces a superiority which as long as they were led by him, they uniformly maintained. Like Epaminondas, he opened for his country's arms a career of victory which lasted as long as he led her troops to battle. With him, as with the Theban general, the light of his country's military glory went out never to be kindled any more. He was one of the few Irishmen who, in their land, have displayed a high order of military genius. He had learned the art of war on the battle fields of Picardy and Champagne, and there had won the admiration of friend and foe by his valor and address. Throughout his long campaign in his native land, where he commanded not well disciplined, perfectly disciplined, perfectly equipped legions, but troops of half-naked, half-starved peasants, where the business of raising, disciplining and maintaining his forces devolved wholly upon himself, where he had to contend with the secret jealousy of his own clansmen, and the avowed hostility of a powerful faction in the government he served; crippled by the poverty and wretchedness of his followers, and thwarted at every step by his enemies at the council board, he displayed a lofty courage, a singleness of purpose and a fertility of resource which, exhibited on any other stage, would have won him a high place among the famous soldiers of history. His character has little in common with the typical Irishman, with whom we are all familiar. Cool without apathy, cautious without being dilatory, patient without being despondent, affable but not familiar, personally brave but never rash, a dexterous politician and a consummate soldier, such was Owen Mac Art O'Neill, Confederate General of the Province of Ulster.—In my judgment the greatest Irish man who has played a part in the history of Ireland.

On assuming the command of the disorganized multitude that called itself the Ulster Army, O'Neill found himself in face of the most formidable enemy then in the field against the Confederates. General Leslie and Major-General Munroe had been detached from the Scotch army, with a force of 11,000 men, professing to defend the Scotch plantations in Ulster against the rebel Irish, in reality, to safeguard the interests of the Parliament against the King and the Irish ally. Against such adversaries great strategic skill alone could enable O'Neill to hold his ground. He was equal to the requirements of his situation. For years he avoided a pitched battle. All the while he was unceasingly active, training his wild levies to the use of musket and pike, accustoming them, in unimportant skirmishes to meet the dreadful cuirassiers and pikemen of the Parliament, and inspiring them with confidence in him and in themselves by uniform success in these engagements. Even, then Commander-in-Chief of the Army of the Covenant, had warned Munroe, when leaving him in command of the Scotch forces in Ireland, that he would be defeated by O'Neill if that general succeeded in getting an army together. The event justified the warning. In the fourth year of the war, the Ulster General at the head of all his forces, offered battle to the Scotch beside the little village of Benburb, on the borders of Tyrone. It was accepted and on the evening of the 6th of June, 1646, the flower of the Scotch Army lay dead beside the Blackwater, their colors, artillery, ammunition and provisions were in the hands of their victorious enemies, and their leader terror-stricken and bare-headed, was flying from the pursuit of troops of Irish horse, to seek shelter behind the walls of Lisburn. With the incidents of that day the history of the Scotch occupation in Ulster concludes.

In the other provinces the military operations of the Confederates were neither directed with such skill nor attended with such success. The Leinster and Munster commandants were again defeated by Ormonde and Inchiquin with much less numerous forces, and more than once the rapid advance of the Northern General alone saved them from the fatal consequences of their incapacity. In spite of these reverses, they were at length able to possess themselves of most of the strongholds of the South and East, and to shut up Ormonde in Dublin and Inchiquin in Cork. The cause of the overthrow of the Confederation lay not in its mischances on the field of battle; they were intrinsic to the Confederation itself, they grew up spontaneously and inevitably within it, and would have brought it to a disastrous and inglorious end without aid from the external agencies that tended to the same result.

Neither the first English settlers in Ireland, nor their descendants, ever became Irish in sympathy. They came as colonists of an alien power, and such they continued to be. It is true that in some cases they adopted the dress and language of the population about them, and that when self-interest required it, they could make light of their allegiance to the English Crown. But even with these occasional points of resemblance to their neighbors, they never became identified with them in national feeling or shared their national inspirations. During the great religious revolution of the 16th century the English settlers, after the example of their Celtic neighbors, clung firmly to the ancient Faith, but this community of religious belief did not beget any bond of political fellowship. Catholic or Protestant, the Anglo-Irishman regarded the country from which his ancestors had

(CONCLUDED ON SEVENTH PAGE.)