

## FROM THAT DAY,

for twelve long years the brave Irishman stood where his uncle was accustomed to stand—right in the midst of the battle with the flag of Ireland and of the cross floating over his head, a true man and a true Catholic. For twelve years he braved the whole power of England and occupied Ulster, a king against all the troops Queen Elizabeth could send against him. How did he die? The same old story. When he was a broken hearted old man they got up a sham conspiracy against him, and he was obliged to fly from Ireland—fly from the land for which he had fought and bled the best years of his life. But the tradition died not with Hugh O'Neill. It lived as it lives to-day. Hugh O'Neill died in Rome a penitent man. Queen Elizabeth died at Hamilton Court an impenitent woman. She longed to see Hugh O'Neill, but she died without having seen him, and I verily believe she never will see him. (Laughter.)

## CHARLES I. CAME TO THE THRONE,

and the next great name in Irish history came fourth, shining like a star illuminated in gold upon an ancient choir-book—the name of another O'Neill—Owen O'Neill. In the year 1642, when Charles was in the midst of his troubles with his Parliament, the Catholics of Ireland rose. They had been oppressed for more than a century, but they had no great hatred of the English as a people. They had been punished with the most dreadful penalties for the faithful adherence to the religion of their fathers, but they still remained true. At that time Owen O'Neill was at the head of the greatest army in the world—the Spanish Infantry—and he was acknowledged to be the first General of his time. When he found that his brothers had risen, he flew to the aid of Ireland. He arrived in Ireland in 1643 or 1644, rallied the clan of O'Neill, of Alston, and when the English army appeared before him his force footed up to twenty thousand men. The two armies met upon the Blackwater one bright summer's morning, and when the evening came not a single flag of the English array was left upon the field, nor a single soldier left to uphold it. (Applause.) How did he die. The old story.

In 1649 a scourge of God came to Ireland in the shape of Oliver Cromwell. At the head of the English army Cromwell was afraid of the Irish general. Advancing upon his march to the town of Londonderry, from there he sent a message to the camp of O'Neill and poisoned him.