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CONFEDERATE CHIEFTAINS.

CHAPTER I.

"Is Iran's pride, then, gone for ever,
Quenched with the flame in Mithra's caves ?—
No—she has sons that never—never—
Will stoop to be the Moslom's slaves,
While heaven has light, or earth has graves."
Moone's Lalla Rookh.

The long dreary reigns of Elizabeth and James, her successor, had passed over hleeding, suffering Ireland like a hideous dream, and the persecuted Catholics of that country hailed the accession of Charles I. to the throno of his father, as the dawn of a day that was to bring them peace and rest. For the king spoke them fair and made many soothing promises, and they, in their exuberant loyalty, and in the gush of newly-awakened hope, believed every word he said, nor dreamed that the faithlessness of all his race had descended upon this young prince, whose precocious gravity of demeaner and affected generosity of sentiment were alike calculated to impose on the credulous and unsuspecting. But the king wanted money, as the Stuart princes always did, and who so ready as the Irish Catholics to supply it, hoping thereby to secure the monarch's favor, and to obtain from his gratitude at least, if not his justico, those concessions which might raise