

and retribution during the terrible insurrection of 1641, which occurred in the reign of this man's son. Deadly passions mingled together in the strife, as elements in the hurricane; and the blood of Reformer and the blood of Romanist, swelled the common torrent. England, too, became convulsed with trouble. Charles endeavored to ingratiate the Irish, and to a considerable extent he succeeded. But, their assistance availed the unhappy monarch nothing; and ere his blood was well nigh clotted on the block, they had Cromwell of the iron hand, dealing death upon themselves.

It is not my province, here, even if my power answered to the task, to draw a complete moral portrait of Cromwell. I am simply to speak of him in relation to Ireland; and, in that relation, he was a steel-hearted exterminator. I have no inclination to deny him grandeur, and if I had, the general verdict would stand independently of my inclination. Whether the moralist approve, or whether he condemn, the world always enthrones will, and power, and success; and that which it enthrones, it worships. How much in Cromwell was the honesty of a patriot, how much was the policy of a designer; how much was purity, how much was ambition, which so predominated, the evil or the good, as to constitute his character; this will probably be decided in opposite directions by opposite parties to the end of history. Whatever be the decision on the man, measured as a whole, the facts of his career in Ireland show him to have been most cruel and most sanguinary.

Nor are these facts inconsistent with our general idea of the dictator's character. A dark compound of the daring soldier and the religious zealot, uniting in one spirit the austere attributes of each, stern in purpose, and rapid in execution, he was the man for a mission of destruction. The Irish, on many accounts, were peculiarly hateful to him. They were the adherents of defeated royalty. They were not