

great mimics, so that scarcely any of the visitors go away without recovering health, or receiving other gifts of grace sought for." But to return to our description of the sculptured figure in relief—the legs are bent awkwardly, as if to denote pain. On either side is a sculptured head; both heads have a sort of covering, resembling a monk's cowl, or the *glibbe* of the ancient Irish. Much importance has been attached to these unusual appearances; and they have been made formidable weapons in the controversy concerning the origin of the round towers.

THE FAMOUS SIEGE OF ARRAS AND EOGHAN RUA O'NEILL.

Two events combine to recall the memory of the great siege to which we are about to refer: one is the Spanish war, the other is the catastrophe of Metz. For, in the annals of French history, the siege of Arras holds a position as important as that of Metz; as auspicious however, to France as the latter was disastrous; and, on the other hand, the commanding General, to whom the defence was entrusted, was in the service of Spain, and made a capitulation more honorable than the victories of many, and a retreat which most resembled a triumph.

This gallant general owned the peculiar Spanish name of Eoghan Rua O'Neill.

Whilst yet a little Irish boy, fresh from the undulating territory of his ancestors in Tyrone—where heathery mountain, wild, woody slope, deep glen, and rolling river taught him all that earth can teach of beauty—he entered one of the classic colleges in the ancient and celebrated city of Salamanca. The Spanish sky was blue as the sapphire above; the Spanish sun bright as a burnished shield; no cloud marked the far horizon, till night in its majestic darkness came down upon the vineyards, olive fields, and orange slopes of Spain. Gazing forth from the antique porch of his college, young Eoghan could have seen in fair splendor the symbol of his illustrious career.

On the roll of his college long stood the name of "Eugenius Rufus," and with it his title as Sergeant of the Royal Halberdiers. Long abode his memory in the ancient city of Salamanca, descending from generation to generation of dark-eyed Spaniards, as one of the most noble of warrior men, the most faithful of soldiers, and the most gallant of generals.

When again his name becomes prominently

before us, the gathering night of Spain and France had closed, as close the clouds of the wild winter storm, with the red flash of fierce lightning and the rattling roll of terrible thunder. The Archbishop of Toledo, Prince Cardinal as he was, displayed his military talents in the Netherlands, whereof he was soon to be appointed Governor-General. Nothing in the course of his varied military experience has impressed him more vividly than the remarkable and intelligent gallantry of the Irish officers. He had heard of valor of the Butlers, driven forth by the tyranny of James I. from their native Ireland, and he knew what the famous "Hero of the North," the victorious Gustavus Adolphus had said of the achievements of Walter Butler and his Irish Musketeers at Frankfort siege:

"*Had the Imperial Generals,*" exclaimed the Royal Swede, "*instead of acting like cowards, done but one-fifth of what this gallant Irishman has achieved, I should never have been master of Frankfort, save after a desperate siege.*"

Him did the Cardinal-Prince take when he afterwards marched to the siege of Nordlingen; and here the Irish officer had an opportunity of proving his prowess. English troops had gone to the aid of the Swedes, and Field-Marshal Horne came up to relieve the garrison. Walter Butler and his Irish troops bore the brunt of the battle. For twenty-three hours they stood firm against continuous firing, and had the glory of seeing their enemy retreating after a terrible contest.

The Governor-General of the Netherlands, elated by success, manifested a degree of activity which made his neighbours uneasy. Richelieu, the great French Cardinal was, if not an enterprising General like him of Toledo, at least a profound and astute statesman. He projected the expulsion of the Spaniards from Aire, Cambrai, and Arras; and his Royal master, Louis XIII., sanctioned the scheme. The Prince of Orange placed himself at the disposal of the French Cardinal, who commissioned him to fall upon the Spanish army in the Netherlands, whilst the French should assault one of the cities named. The city of Arras was selected. Then the three French commanders, Marshal Maillerie, Marshal Chantlues, and Marshal Chatillon, drew together their armies, and with 25,000 infantry and 9,000 horse, encamped before the doomed city. Four thousand peasants were seized and compelled to labor in the trenches. Siege artillery was there in plenty, and provisions in profusion.

Thus the siege of Arras was destined to be-