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ORMONDE AND THE IRISH CATHOLICS OF THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

JAMES, first Duke of Ormonde, was fated to live for 78 years, and, unfortunately for the Catholics of Ireland, he practically ruled the destinies of the country for over 40 years. There are few Viceroys whose correspondence has been so carefully preserved. In addition to the voluminous *Life* by Carte, eleven volumes of his manuscript letters have been calendared by the Historical Manuscripts Commission, and there are further documents in the State Papers (Ireland) during the reigns of Charles I. and Charles II., as well as in the Confederate Records, admirably compiled by the late Sir John Gilbert: in fact, the material is a veritable *embarras de richesses*. Now, however, Lady Burghclere comes forward with a new Life of this remarkable man, and endeavours to present her hero as a heaven-sent ruler.[1] "Neither Papist nor Puritan," as she writes in her Preface, "he approached his work with the common-sense of a born statesman. Unlike the theocratic Idealists of his time, he claimed no special revelation, but, on the other hand, in the 'anima naturaliter Christiana' he possessed a priceless and abiding gift. It was not the 'manner of believing,' he asserted, but the evidence of a merciful spirit, which would be all-important when the Books were opened and the Great Assize in Session. Such opinions must have caused dismay to many of his most respectable contemporaries; but, constant to his convictions, he was able to give Ireland a measure of peace and well-being."

Lady Burghclere's two volumes are written with all the appearance of "meticulous research" (to use her own words), but a close examination does not justify the claim. Certain it is

[1] *The Life of James, first Duke of Ormonde.* By Lady Burghclere. 2 vols. London. John Murray. 1912.

that these volumes do not reveal the real Ormonde. The two gravest faults are the manifest bias throughout, and a *suppressio veri* when convenient. The epithets "Romish," "Romanist," and "Papist" are not in good taste, and betray a spirit that is happily dying out, if not extinct, among reputable authors. In equally bad taste are the references to the late Rev. Dr. Murphy, S.J., as "Mr. Murphy." Again, Father Salmeron, S.J., is named "a self-denying friar"; and Ardagh Cathedral is confounded with Armagh. Archdeacon Lynch is quoted as "a "Papist chronicler." Such wonderful Irish names appear as "Maic William," "Cearrol," "Gormanstone," "Costelogh," "Geasell," "Offalia," etc. But these are mere specks compared with the serious blots on the canvas.

The story of Black Tom, the 10th Earl, is imperfectly told. Not a hint is dropped as to the famous Battle of Affane, on February 2nd, 1565, when occurred the oft-quoted incident after the defeat of the Earl of Desmond by Ormonde's troope. As Desmond was being carried off the field—his thigh having been broken by a shot—one of his foes called out in a jeering fashion: "Where is now the proud Earl of Desmond?" to which the Earl replied: "Where he ought to be, on the necks of the Butlers." Lady Burghclere's account of Ormonde's capture by O'More, in April, 1600, is picturesque: "Not the least amazing part of the whole story is that Ormonde did eventually win his way forth, without subscribing to his gaoler's conditions. His own indomitable spirit was the main factor in his release." As a matter of fact, Ormonde was only released by O'More on receiving hostages for the payment of £3,000. We may supplement Lady Burghclere's account by adding that the old Earl was converted to the Catholic faith by Father James Archer, S.J., and he died penitent, solaced by the ministrations of Father Wall, S.J., and Father Kearney, S.J., on November 22nd, 1614.[1] Noticeable, too, is the omission of any reference to the beautiful Irish Ode on the Earl's death, so well known in Clarence Mangan's translation, commencing:—

> "Strike the loud lyre for Dark Thomas the Roman,
> Roman in faith, and Hibernian in soul!"

Although the future Duke of Ormonde was born and reared a Catholic, the iniquitous system of Wardships is responsible for the fact that, in 1620, he was handed over to the care of

[1] See *Distinguished Irishmen of the Sixteenth Century.* By Edmond Hogan, S.J. London, 1894.

Archbishop Abbot—a pronounced Calvinist—to be brought up a Protestant. This is but a solitary example of the enormous leakage in the Catholic Church in Ireland, due to the creation of the Court of Wards. Sufficient attention has not been hitherto given by students of Irish history to the tremendous loss sustained by the working of the Penal Code in respect to Catholic wards. Even Professor Mahaffy, in his *Epoch in Irish History,* barely touches the subject, and states that in the Patent Rolls of James I. there are a large number of grants of Wardships of boys of important families given to Trinity College, whereby the said boys—Irish and Anglo-Irish—were to be "maintained and educated in the English religion and dress from the age of 12 to 18." Of course, Trinity College was but one outlet for the perversion of Catholic youth, but the system of proselytism, by being made a ward in Dublin University, goes farther back than the reign of James I. Among the fiants of Elizabeth, from 1596 to 1603, there are numerous examples of Catholic wards sent to Trinity College, the first being Richard Talbot, of Malahide, on August 10th, 1596. Fortunately, in some instances, the ward returned to the ancient faith, but the system was carefully devised to propagate "the English religion and dress," and wrought much spiritual havoc in many Irish Catholic households during three quarters of a century (1596-1660).

In a long chapter on the state of Ireland in the 16th century, the usual authorities—like Mant, Moryson, and Ball—are quoted. It is contrary to fact to state that "recusancy fines were but fitfully imposed." If there is one thing more certain than another, it is that recusancy fines were mercilessly inflicted. Many a good Catholic family was brought to ruin by the payment of these fines. As a sort of embroidery to this statement by Lady Burghclere, emphasis is laid on the assertion that the "Roman Church was paid the sum of £20,000 in commutation of penances for offences—many of the grossest type—against the Seventh Commandment." Another lie is the more sweeping statement that, in the first quarter of the 17th century, "neither chastity nor temperance was much honoured in the Isle of Saints." It is almost unnecessary to note that this is one of the many mendacious statements circulated by Fynes Moryson, that "travelled observer" who is so approvingly quoted by Lady Burghclere.

As to that arch-hypocrite, Boyle, Earl of Cork—also known as a "great" Earl—who selected as his motto: 'God's Provi-

dence is my inheritance," it is little short of grim humour to style him "a true nursing father of the Church." As a "nursing father," he robbed the Church of about £2,000 a year. Incidentally, it was not in "Christchurch Cathedral" but in St. Patrick's Cathedral, Dublin, that Boyle erected the monument to his wife—a monument which the Earl of Strafford made Boyle take down, in revenge for which Boyle hounded him to death.

Coming to the 1641 period, we are treated to the hoary legend of "the hunted and tortured Protestants," and of the awful "Irish Massacres," based on the second-hand statements of Richard Bagwell and the late Miss Hickson. One would fancy that Lecky had never written a History, or that John Mitchel had not sufficiently flagellated Froude, or that such a work as Dr. Fitzpatrick's *Bloody Bridge* was inaccessible. As a preamble we are given a description of Sir Phelim O'Neill, who is absurdly called "Phelim Tothame, or the burning Phelim," and who is said to have "set a river of blood between the two races, which all the efforts of succeeding generations have been unavailing to bridge." And the wily Jesuits must have had a finger in the pie, for, by some sinister design, the "massacre" was deferred "from the 5th of September to October 23rd, the feast of St. Ignatius." Professor Mahaffy, apropos this deferring, adds:—"I cannot but regard this as very significant of the Jesuit influence at work." Any well-informed Catholic could have told Lady Burghclere or Professor Mahaffy that October 23rd was not the feast of St. Ignatius of Loyola, the founder of the Jesuits, but was the feast of St. Ignatius of Antioch, one of the early Fathers of the Church.

In the account of the "massacres," Lady Burghclere is determined to make our flesh creep. The rising was, "for suddenness and ferocity only comparable to the Indian Mutiny." At Armagh, Sir Phelim O'Neill "slew 100 persons in cold blood." After a description of further atrocities, we read:—"Happy, however, were those who fell by the sword, or perished in the swift, clear waters of the Bann or Blackwater; their agony was mercifully brief compared to that of the captives roasted, stoned, buried alive, or prodded to death with sharp wooden lathes by Irish hags and Irish children." The Catholic priests, "seculars and regulars alike, hounded on their parishioners to fresh atrocities; it was a priest who, having forced a small band of Protestants to recant and hear Mass, had them slaughtered at the conclusion of the office [*sic*], lest here-

after they should be tempted to relapse into error." Of course, Lady Burghclere tells us that all this was sworn to in the Depositions, but she forgot that Sir William Petty "bragged that he had got witnesses who would have sworn through a three-inch board," while Dean Maxwell swore that the rebels had assassinated 154,000 (out of 20,000 Protestants in Ulster) within a few months. However, she adds:—"Happily, for the credit of the Irish name, the death roll, on inspection, has shrunk from 154,000 to figures varying from 25,000 and 7,500. But it is pure sophistry to pretend that the thousands who died of the terrible march to Dublin were not as deliberately murdered as the victims of the hangman's rope or the assassin's skean." As to the numbers, I shall merely quote from Rev. Dr. Warner, a Fellow of Trinity College, Dublin (1767), who avers, after a careful examination of the Depositions, that positive evidence could only account for 2,109 killed, while unsupported testimony increased the number to 4,028.

It can only evoke a smile to read the eulogy of the Rev. George Crichton, a Scotch ranter: "On a humbler scale, if with not less earnestness, George Crichton, the Vicar of Lurgan, showed himself worthy of his calling." But what is to be thought of the statement that Ormonde, being "humane by temperament and conviction, was loth to execute the blood and slaughter the justices, now breathed forth openly against the inhabitants of the Pale." The real fact is that, on April 2nd, 1642, Ormonde marched out of Dublin with 300 foot, 500 horse, and five field pieces, with a commission to pillage, burn, and kill—an order which he relentlessly carried out, although on that very day, at the capture of his own castle of Carrick-on-Suir by Colonel Edward Butler, all the prisoners, including the Countess of Ormonde, with her children, and 100 Protestants, were safely conveyed to Dublin by the Irish "rebels." Nor is there a word said about Ormonde's butchery at Timolin, Co. Kildare, after quarter being given, nor of his defeat at New Ross.

In regard to the Papal envoy, Father Pietro Scarampi, Lady Burghclere says that he arrived in Ireland in July, 1643, "with stores, money, and a Papal Bull authorising a General Jubilee, and *granting absolution to all, whatever their crimes, concerned in the Rebellion: his outfit, military and spiritual, was much appreciated at Kilkenny.*"

It goes without saying that Rinuccini, the Papal Nuncio, does not escape the attention of Lady Burghclere. This distinguished ecclesiastic is roundly abused. "Although cast in

the iron mould of bigotry, he did not lack the graces of eloquence and learning. If in the Irish chronicle he shares with Parsons and Phelim O'Neill the chief burden of blood-guiltiness, Rinuccini, unlike the Lord Justice, was free from any suspicion of corruption. He suffered from vicarious megalomania, the most insidious form of that disease, since it often baffles the investigations of the scrupulous: when coupled with a fiery and arrogant temper, it is apt to be disastrous." However, it is absolutely untrue to say that "bishoprics were filled *by batches of the Nuncio's nominees,* who, both within and without the Assembly, proved themselves apt at enforcing their resolute patron's decrees."

Lady Burghclere conveniently passes over Ormonde's duplicity in May, 1646, and she gives quite a thrilling account of his flight from Kilkenny early in September, when he narrowly escaped capture by Owen Roe O'Neill. Ormonde's intrigue with the Parliament Commissioners in November is lightly dealt with, and he would have ended ingloriously at Christmas of the same year were it not that Owen Roe honourably observed the truce made by Muskerry. It cannot be denied that, with all his boasted loyalty to King Charles, Ormonde, on February 6th, 1647, again entered into negotiations with the Parliament Commissioners, and sent his son, Richard Butler, as a hostage for his performance of the articles, one of which was the surrender of Dublin. Nay, more, on May 12th, 1647, Ormonde told the ambassador of Queen Henrietta Maria that "he would rather give up Dublin and the places under his command to the English, than to the Irish rebels." A month later he bound himself to the Parliament to deliver up the sword of state on June 28th, and he received £5,000 in hand, with a promise of £2,000 a year for his treason.

The Battle of Rathmines (August, 1649), was certainly a blow to Ormonde's prestige, and he skilfully dodged any meeting with Cromwell. As the late Rev. Dr. Denis Murphy, S.J., tersely puts it:—"It was the close of Ormonde's military career; for his power was so broken that he never after ventured to meet the Parliamentary army in the field." In this connection, Lady Burghclere refers to Owen Roe O'Neill as having been buried "at dead of night, wrapped in a Dominican's habit, in the Abbey of Cavan," and she supplies the information that he "treasured and occasionally assumed the habit of St. Dominic."

We pass over the interregnum. Ormonde returned to power

in 1660, but, as a sort of counterpoise, Coote and Broghill were taken into favour. However, the Protestant interest remained paramount, and Ormonde resumed his wily machinations against the Irish Catholics. He himself had gained almost half a million sterling by the Act of Settlement, and he was not averse to accepting the "forfeited" estates of Catholics.

One of the insidious plans of Ormonde was to favour the "Remonstrant" clergy, and he openly admits in a letter to his son, the Earl of Arran, that his chief object was "to create a division among the Papish clergy, to the great security of the Government and Protestants, and against the opposition of the Pope and his creatures and Nuncios." Lady Burghclere describes the Valesian or Remonstrant Franciscans as "generally the most thoughtful members of the community, scholars, and men of unblemished lives." This statement is at variance with known facts, but it is not so bad as the unkind reference to Archbishop Talbot of Dublin as "a brother of rake-helly Friar Tom Talbot," and as "a man who would not be squeamish about the means used to get rid of Ormonde." In connection with the learned Archbishop Talbot, it is added:—"Lord Berkeley actually lent him, on one occasion, the Castle plate for a church festival, and on another expressed the hope that he might live to hear Mass sung at Christ Church." This latter statement is a pure fable, and is an anecdote told, not of Lord Berkeley, but of his Chief Secretary, Sir Ellis Leighton.

In the light of the actual facts, it is not a little disconcerting to be told that, on October 14th, 1678, "Ormonde and the Irish Council had formulated a series of measures for *the protection of Protestants.*" And surely it was the irony of fate that Ormonde himself was accused of favouring the Roman Catholics, and of being unorthodox, even to the extent of "indulging in Romanist practices."

Had Ormonde exerted himself, the martyrdom of the Venerable Oliver Plunkett would never have taken place. Lady Burghclere does not quote the following extract of a letter from Ormonde to his son, dated June 20th, 1681:—"I wish, for the honour of the justice of England, that the evidence against Plunkett had been as convincing as against the other (Fitzharris) was; for we must expect that Papists at home and abroad will take his trial to pieces, and make malicious remarks upon every part of it, and *some circumstances are liable to disadvantageous observation.*" The only remark vouchsafed by

Lady Burghclere on the execution of the saintly Archbishop of Armagh is that "there was little chance of his obtaining the Lord Lieutenant's testimony, when the witnesses he had summoned from Ireland were maliciously detained at Chester: had it been otherwise, the name of Titus Oates's victim might well be missing from that tragic roll."

Ormonde compassed the death of the famous Redmond O'Hanlon in 1680-1. Here is Lady Burghclere's whitewashing of the Lord Lieutenant in regard to the murder of O'Hanlon:—"Law and order in Tyrone or Down were clearly incompatible with the presence of Redmond O'Hanlon. He had to go. And if Ormonde had allowed him to depart in peace, the effect of such levity would have been deplorable. In the interests of the country at large, Ormonde could only speed Redmond for the bourne whence no traveller returns, and, accordingly, the *Duke took steps to secure his removal.* The widespread nature of O'Hanlon's influence—revealed in Mrs. Annesley's correspondence—whether due to good or evil causes, showed that success hinged on inviolable secrecy. During several months, therefore, Ormonde feigned to have forgotten O'Hanlon's existence, and, with regard to any intentions he might harbour against Redmond, he preserved an unbroken silence. Meanwhile, he was carefully laying his plans, and when these were matured, with his own hand, the Duke drew up instructions and commission for the two men entrusted with the perilous task." Suffice it to add that the Duke's emissary shot O'Hanlon on April 25th, 1681, and cut off his head, receiving the promised reward of £100 from the Duke.

Lady Burghclere is marvellously discreet in her brief reference to the rigid enforcement of Ormonde's proclamations against secular and regular priests in Ireland in 1681-2. Nor does she refer to the closing of the "Mass houses," the order for which was relentlessly carried out. I make no apology for quoting the following extract from Ormonde's letter to Boyle, the Protestant Primate, dated June 20th, 1682, strangely overlooked by Lady Burghclere:—"I conceive it as absolutely necessary that Sir William Talbot should be plainly dealt with, and told that if the concourse to his Mass-house be not forborn, a course must be taken to suppress it, and that if his master [James, Duke of York] were not considered in the case, the thing would have been in another manner." On the same day Ormonde wrote to his son, Arran, urging him to warn Sir William Talbot, "letting him know that you expect he should

cause it to be forborn, or that you must be compelled to order it to be suppressed: you may say you have my directions for it."

In noting the death of the infamous Shaftesbury on January 21st, 1683, Lady Burghclere writes as follows:—"He left behind him men of ability and resource, but, for good or ill, they were pigmies, mentally and morally, compared to Anthony Ashley Cooper. Indeed, not the least indictment against the age of the second Charles is the fact that talents such as Shaftesbury's should have been chiefly devoted to fostering hideous wrong, in order to avert a worse harm from his country. At this distance of time it is possible to see excuses even for the protagonist of the Popish Terror."

As a specimen of the callous fashion in which Ormonde's orders for "Tory hunting" were being carried out, the following extract from a letter—unnoticed by Lady Burghclere—from Sir William Steward, Viscount Mountjoy, to Ormond, dated March 17th, 1683, may prove of interest:—"There was never such a winter for country sports as the past, and I have enjoyed them in much perfection. I had very good hawks and hounds, *but we have not had more success in any sport than Tory-hunting. The gentlemen [sic] of the county have been so hearty in that chase that of thirteen in the county where I live in November, the last was killed two days before I left home.*"

But, slowly yet surely, Nemesis pursued Ormonde. Following quickly on the disgrace and death of Shaftesbury came the suicide of the Earl of Essex. Ormonde's old foe, Colonel Talbot, was allowed to return from exile, and, in 1684, the "great" Duke was dismissed from his office as Viceroy of Ireland, being replaced by the Earl of Rochester. Ormonde, in a private letter to Sir Robert Southwell, on December 3rd, 1684, made no secret of his amazement at being dismissed:—"I have seen and acted a part in as many, and some as desperate, revolutions as most men, and thought myself as well armed against surprise; yet, to such a friend as you are, I must own that the King's last revolution concerning me and this government, with all the circumstances belonging to it, found me unprovided; yet, I assure you I was and am still more out of countenance than sorry." Charles II. died two months later, and then, indeed, Ormonde was made to drink to the dregs his cup of bitterness, consoling himself with the thought that he had been enabled, for 40 years, "to stand firm to his principle of simply preventing the Romanists from having the power to persecute others."

Bishop French, of Ferns, who knew Ormonde most intimately, has left us an inimitable pen-picture of Ormonde in his book, "The Unkind Deserter of Loyal Men and True Friends," published in 1676. The good bishop had seen with his own eyes the double dealing of Ormonde, and was about issuing his book in 1668, but was requested to wait and see if Ormonde would not become less unfriendly to the Catholics of Ireland, and that probably the Duke would relent "if only for the virtue and piety of his very noble Catholic forefathers." This anticipation was not realised, and the Bishop was reluctantly forced to admit that Ormonde "was always the same, a hard-hearted man, and our implacable enemy. Ormonde was the greatest enemy that Ireland ever saw. Never did magician charm with spells or philtres any sort of men more than this Ormonde. Of all men, he has had the fattest, fairest, and greatest share of plunder. His annual rent before the war was but £7,000; it is now (1668) £80,000. He has not proved a pillar and prop to the nation, but a bruised and rotten reed of Egypt. Let him consider well what posterity will say of him for having betrayed us."

The exiled Bishop of Ferns continues:—"God hath borne long with his doing evil. He hath long held His peace, but He will not hold his peace still; *He will in the end cut down in His anger this high sterile tree, unworthy to stand any longer upon earth; and for his sin and cruelty against his country and nation, will likely pull down his house and generation,* which we no way desire." He thus addresses Ormonde alone:—"God in a moment (though at present you glory and triumph in your greatness and pleasures) can fill your houses with desolation, mournings, ignominy, death, fear, and trembling: and perhaps will do it, when you least think of it. . . . . Hearken as yet, my Lord (with this I make an end) to the fearful words afflicted Job spake to those who came to visit him: 'Why, then, do the Impious live? Are they advanced, and strengthened with riches?' But did Job make an end here? No! but a little after he says, 'Where is the house of the Prince? and where are the Tabernacles of the Impious? Ask any of the way-faring men, and you shall understand, that he knoweth the self-same things, because the wicked man is kept unto the day of perdition, and he shall be led to the day of fury.' My Lord, I say, ponder well in your mind these dreadful speeches of holy and patient Job, and prepare yourself in time, I conjure you, against this day of fury and perdition."

Surely the above words of Bishop French—written in 1676—were prophetic. The venerable bishop died at Ghent in 1678, and Ormonde, to all outward appearance, was secure in the favour of King Charles II., was ennobled as a Duke, and was loaded with riches and honours. Yet, in 1686, he was summarily dismissed when he least expected it. His Duchess and his three sons predeceased him, and he had to seek a residence at Kingston Lacy, in Dorsetshire—a broken down old man, loaded with debt, neglected by all at court, and forgotten by his former admirers. The Duke writes to Sir Robert Southwell that he had "not one friend left at Whitehall to write him the very common occurrences that passed."

The years 1686 and 1687 must have been bitter to the ex-Viceroy: above all, the appointment of the Earl of Tyrconnell, as Lord Lieutenant, was the last drop in the cup of bitterness. In March, 1688, Ormonde's old friend, Father Peter Walshe, wrote a death-bed letter urging the Duke to be converted to his ancestral creed, the creed in which he had been baptized, and had received his early education. Walshe himself had penitently recanted all his errors, and had been reconciled to the Church by Father Genetti, although for the greater part of his life he had been the affliction and scourge of both seculars and regulars in Ireland. In the words of the author of the *Aphorismical Discovery,* "Ormonde was worthy of the renegade, and the slave reflected no discredit on the master." The Duke, however, did not get the grace of conversion, and he merely answered the dying Friar's appeal by a pleasant sally. His last few months of existence were embittered by the recollection of the wrongs he had committed against the Irish Catholics, and he passed away on July 21st, 1688. His grandson succeeded him as second Duke of Ormonde, who was attainted in 1715, and who died an outlaw, in exile, without issue, on November 16th, 1745.

For full 40 years Ormonde never ceased to act as a relentless and insidious foe to the Irish Catholics. Earnestly devoted to his own advancement, he employed all his great powers in endeavouring to wipe out Catholicity in Ireland, and with all the rancour of a pervert. His attitude towards the bed-ridden Archbishop of Dublin, Peter Talbot, was particularly reprehensible, inasmuch as it was generally known that the Archbishop had been an instrument for the conversion of Charles II. Unable to move from Carton, the dying Archbishop was carried by Ormonde's orders to a loathsome prison, where he was kept

a prisoner till his death, on November 19th, 1680. Ormonde enforced the Penal Laws as far as lay in his power, and he did not scruple to take possession of estates which the old Catholic owners were deprived of. His duplicity was Machiavelian, and his own letters reveal the deep game he played. At length, his machinations against the Irish Catholics proved his undoing. In the last year of the reign of Charles II., even that easygoing monarch saw that his once trusted Viceroy was averse to acting on the royal instructions in regard to toleration towards Catholics, with the result that Ormonde was cashiered and disgraced. Lord Muskerry (Ormonde's brother-in-law), when on his deathbed, averred solemnly that "the heaviest fear that possessed his soul, going into eternity, was for having confided so much to his Grace, who had deceived them all, and ruined his poor country and countrymen."

I shall conclude by quoting the following estimate of Ormonde from the pen of the late General Sir William Butler in his brilliant essay on *Cromwell in Ireland*:—

"The man who was now to attempt to hold together and direct against Cromwell's solid soldiery these various conflicting interests and separate energies, was totally unfitted for the task. James, twelfth Earl of Ormond, has left history so long in doubt as to how it would sum up his character that the world has forgotten him before the decision could be arrived at. Yet, was he a very great and powerful personage in his time. He saw, served, and knew intimately the first four Stuart Kings, and it may be said of him at once that no subject in all the troubled time of the great Rebellion gave more faithful service to his King than he did. But that service had all, and more than all, the defects of its virtues.

"Ormond was as obstinate as the first James, whose ward he had been; he was as apt in intrigue and as devious in action as the first Charles, whom he served so faithfully; he was as selfish as the second Charles, to whom he gave thirty-four years' service; he was as bigoted as the second James, in the early days of whose reign he died.

"In such a nature hate must be stronger than love, and, much as Ormond loved the King, he hated the King's Irish Catholic subjects with far more intensity of feeling. Two years earlier he had surrendered Dublin to the English Parliament rather than give it to the Catholic Royalists at Kilkenny. It may have been that by this act he hoped to bring about a treaty between the King, then a prisoner, and the victorious faction in England. But, if this were so, never was action more mistaken. Dublin, in the hands of the Independent faction, meant easy access at any time into Ireland; the door was always open. From the moment Dublin passed into the hands of the King's enemies, the King's fate was sealed. But the strangest part of this terrible blunder of

Ormond's was the part which Dublin was doomed to play against him, when he came back to Ireland after the King's death, as Lord Lieutenant for Charles the Second. Then, when Inchiquin had come to terms with him, and O'Neill was in treaty with him, the city he had surrendered two years earlier was destined to wreck his fortunes. The 'rout at Rathmines,' the news of which came to Cromwell at Milford Haven, made the conquest of Ireland an easy task to him. It not only broke up the army which Ormond had got together, but it introduced into the Irish ranks the strongest feelings of distrust for Ormond himself. Their life-long persecutor, Inchiquin, had left Ormond a few days before the battle, taking with him some 2,000 horse and foot. Castlehaven hints that this was a treacherous movement. Prendergast, that indefatigable inquirer, asserts that 'the English regiments who went over to Jones, the Parliamentary Governor of Dublin, in the middle of the battle, helped mainly to cause Ormond's defeat.'

"The evidence of all these things is clear as noon-day, but not a word will you find of them in Carlyle, in Froude, or even in the later historians now much in vogue. But it was not so with the older writers; they knew these things, and spoke openly of them. I repeat, the whole catalogue of royal misfortune in Ireland began in Ormond's surrender of Dublin in the summer of 1647 to the Parliament Commissioners; and it is clear that this fatal action was taken by Ormond in direct opposition to the orders of the Queen's Council then sitting in Paris (the King being a prisoner in the hands of the Independents).

"The shrewd Strafford, writing twelve years earlier of Ormond, had summed up in a few pithy words the whole matter that was later on to separate the Commander-in-Chief from his people. 'If bred under the wings of his own parents,' wrote Wentworth, 'he (Ormond) had been of the same affection and religion his brothers and sisters were.' So in truth it was; but the ending of it Thomas Wentworth no more saw than he saw his own end, for, had Ormond been of the same affection as his brothers and sisters, not only would the story of Ireland have been written to different purpose, but the great struggle between King and Parliament might well have had different ending. But we are not dealing with the might-have-beens of history."

W. H. Grattan Flood.