

THE LIFE OF JAMES
FIRST DUKE OF ORMONDE



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THE LIFE OF JAMES
FIRST DUKE OF ORMONDE



*James Butler 12th Earl
afterwards 1st Duke of Ormond
from a painting by Egmont at Claydon House.*

THE LIFE OF JAMES FIRST DUKE OF ORMONDE

1610-1688

BY LADY BURGHCLERE

AUTHOR OF "THE LIFE OF THE DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM"

WITH PORTRAITS AND ILLUSTRATIONS

IN TWO VOLUMES

VOL. I.

*Sciant, quibus moris est illicita mirari, posse etiam sub malis
principibus magnos viros esse.—TAC. AGRICOLA, Cap. 42.*

LONDON

JOHN MURRAY, ALBEMARLE STREET, W.

1912

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TO MY FATHER
HENRY HERBERT, EARL OF CARNARVON,
WHO LOVED
ORMONDE'S COUNTRY AND ORMONDE'S COUNTRYMEN,
THIS RECORD OF
ONE OF IRELAND'S NOBLEST SONS
IS DEDICATED.

GIFT OF MRS. A. F. MORRISON MAR 27 1943 2. 21.

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PREFACE

IT is now almost one hundred and fifty years since Dr Johnson expressed a desire for an abridgment of that "book of authority" Carte's "Life of Ormonde." With all respect, however, to so great a critic, an abridgment is rarely grateful either to an author or his public, and in attempting to retrace a career, which is already the theme of one of the most elaborate biographies in the language, I cannot claim to have fulfilled the Doctor's wishes, nor indeed have I been able to compress my work within the limits of the two duodecimo volumes he recommended. It may, however, be accounted to me for righteousness that my volumes are not "in folio"; for, since 1736, when Carte published the results of his labours, much new material has come to light, and much that the eminent non-juror considered below the dignity of history appeals to the wider and more humane sympathies of a modern student. The value of Carte's contribution to our knowledge of the seventeenth century cannot be gainsaid, even in these days of meticulous research. But a book which seemed "diffuse" in the generation of "Clarissa Harlowe" is not likely to find favour with an age of haste, and, perhaps, to the majority of readers the prolixity of his biographer has been a veil between Ormonde and the light. Truly may we regret such an unmerited eclipse; since for ten years he was the strongest link in the much tested chain that bound our two islands together, and during close on thirty he was in his own person the Government of Ireland itself. Ormonde was essentially a man of affairs. Neither Papist nor Puritan, 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. The circumstances of his upbringing had, no doubt, strengthened an innate disposition to tolerance. Born a Roman Catholic, bred under the care of a Puritan Archbishop, he was not unnaturally attracted by the *via media* of Anglicanism; whilst in politics his early experience had made him an Opportunist—one of those benighted statesmen who prefer justice to a formula and prosperity to the mathematical development of a principle. For him, as for another illustrious Anglo-Irishman of later days, the King's Government—at all costs—had to be carried on; and to this exacting creed he cheerfully sacrificed fortune and ambition—all that he most prized, save honour alone.

Verily might we grudge, to an age which had laughed old virtues out of countenance, this shining loyalty, squandered as it was on the frail princes of the Stuart race — yet, as Tacitus writes of another pro-consul in another sphere, "True greatness may be achieved even in the service of bad masters."

The MS. material for a biography of Ormonde is almost embarrassingly large. The documents on which Carte based his study are now contained in the Bodleian Library; and since the MSS. calendar—known by Carte's name—alone amounts to fifty-four huge folio volumes some idea can be formed of the number which the historian of Ormonde is called upon to examine. The other sources on which I have drawn are two volumes of MSS. belonging to the Forster MSS. at the Victoria and Albert Museum, duplicates in most cases of the MSS. at Kilkenny, while the Add. MSS., the unprinted portion of the Nicholas

Papers, the Stowe MSS., and the Egerton MSS. at the British Museum contain references to Ormonde.

The main authorities in print, too numerous to be given here, are to be found in the Appendix.

The list of my personal acknowledgments is scarcely less long, and, indeed, it is very pleasant to recall the kindness encountered on all sides during the six years devoted to my task. My thanks are specially due to Lord Ormonde, who threw open his archives to me, doing everything in his power to facilitate my researches. It is difficult to find words adequately to express my gratitude to Mr H. W. C. Davis of Balliol College. The busiest of men, he lavished time and trouble on a book in all its stages, for which, as regards facts and opinions, he is, however, in no wise responsible. My obligations to Mr C. H. Firth, always so great a benefactor to all students of the seventeenth century, are many. Mr Richard Bagwell gave me the benefit of his expert knowledge, kindly reading the chapters which deal with the Land Settlement. Lord Kilbracken was good enough to read and criticise other portions of the book; and to Dr Norman Moore I owe much curious information which I have embodied in the notes. Sir Walter Phillimore furnished me with a memorandum on the Church Courts, and my husband undertook the ungrateful task of correcting the proofs. To Lord Rosebery, Lord Fitzmaurice, Mr Vernon Watney, Mr Randall Davies, Mr R. Mahaffy, Mr R. Poole, the late Mr Litton Falkiner, Captain Charles Lindsay, Mr Elrington Ball, Mr Hubert Hall, I owe the communication of books or MSS. of importance. Sir Walter Armstrong, the Keeper of the National Gallery in Ireland, Mr Walter Strickland, and Dr Williamson have interested themselves in securing illustrations for the volumes.

For the permission to reproduce the pictures and objects of art in their possession, I beg to tender my thanks to H.R.H. the Duke of Cumberland, the Marquis of Ormonde, the Duke of Devonshire, the Marquis de Lasteyrie, the Marquis of Bath, the Earl Stanhope, the

Earl of Strathmore, the Earl Bathurst, Lady Verney, and the Rt. Hon W. M'Ewan. To Lord Arthur Butler I owe the Duke's book-stamp, reproduced on the cover. The labour involved in examining books and manuscripts was greatly lightened by the kindness of the keepers and curators of the various libraries to which I had access. I wish to renew my thanks in this connection to Mr Herbert of the MSS. Department of the British Museum, to Mr Falconer Madan, and Dr Cowley of the Bodleian Library, to Mr Horace Headlam of the Record Office, and to Mr F. A. Chart of the Irish Record Office. Nor can I conclude this long catalogue of benefits received, without expressing my gratitude to my daughter Mary for her assistance in typing so voluminous a manuscript.

W. B.

CANNES, *April 7th*, 1912.

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LIFE OF THE DUKE OF ORMONDE

CHAPTER I

THE FAMILY OF BUTLER

JAMES BUTLER, 12th Earl and 1st Duke of Ormonde, was born in Sir Nicholas Poyntz's house at Clerkenwell on October the 19th, 1610. He died on the 21st of July 1688 at Kingston Lacy in Dorsetshire. As men count length of days, his was a long life; it was short for the great events crowded into that space. Born within a few years of Tudor rule, he all but witnessed the Great Revolution. Nor was he a mere spectator of the passing of the old, the making of the new world. It was to Ormonde that Strafford confided his dying behests. The last public act of the Cavalier Duke was to oppose James II.'s dispensing power. For close on fifty years Ormonde's hand held the helm of State. More than once, he and the frail bark were well nigh overwhelmed in the waves; but when he finally laid down his command, it could be truthfully affirmed that he left Ireland in greater peace and contentment than that unhappy country had known since the English Conquest. Of the subsequent undoing of Ireland he was guiltless. Through long years it was his fate to have his leniency reviled by the dominant faction of the hour. But with the fall of Ormonde the Truce of God came to an end, and for more than a century black clouds of misery and despair overshadowed the land.

To the work which he attempted and, in some measure,

accomplished, Ormonde brought no transcendent talents; nor was he greatly indebted either to education or surroundings. A swift intelligence, informed by modesty and observation, were his best teachers. The age itself was cruel and wanton. Ormonde's humanity stands out in sharp relief against the barbarism of civil and religious strife, while his purity of life is no less a contrast to the morals of the second Charles's Court.

In truth, it was to his own character—a character both consciously and unconsciously moulded on the pattern of his forefathers—those mighty captains of their people, that Ormonde owed his strength for good. Never was he found deaf to the call of duty; but it is remarkable that he ascribed his decision to obey the initial call, from whence dated his whole career, to his resolve to abide by the loyal traditions of his race. This should not be a matter of surprise to us. In the present as in the past, heredity plays no small part in fashioning the destinies of the children of men. An age, however, which, unlike our own, almost invariably preferred the welfare of the family to the rights of the individual, made its influence almost paramount. But, whereas to-day the doctrine of atavism is often the anodyne to conscience, a text for despair, our elders, enamoured rather of action than analysis, found in the cherished traditions of their race a motive for devotion and an incentive to endeavour.

Thus was it with Ormonde. It was his resolution "to lie well in the chronicle," after the example of his ancestors, that enabled him to face with serenity the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune. And, despite his marked personality, James Butler was undoubtedly a typical representative of his stock and kind. A long line of warriors, singularly cultured amidst their strenuous surroundings, attained its highest development in the Duke of Ormonde, and it would be futile to attempt an understanding of his life and character without some knowledge of the race from which he sprang.

The Butlers, or le Botillers, who shared the Anglo-Norman dominion of Ireland with the De Burghs and

the Geraldines, traced their origin to Richard the Good, Duke of Normandy. Even this brilliant pedigree, however, was surpassed by their claim to lineal descent from Agnes Becket, sister to the martyred Archbishop. Under Henry VI. an Act of Parliament was actually procured in confirmation of the kinship; and an ivory horn, said to have been the saint's drinking-cup, was long preserved at Kilkenny as proof positive of the hallowed genealogy. Modern scepticism has thrown doubts on the subject, since, assuming the truth of the legend, Agnes must have been a grandmother at the age of eight. But the myth was no otherwise than beneficent, leading certainly to charitable endowments, and possibly to a heightened sense of moral obligation in the favoured race.

With Theobald Walter,¹ the first cup-bearer of Ireland, whose office of Le Botiller or Butler furnished the family's patronymic, the domain of myth yields to that of history. The companion at arms of Henry II., he participated in the so-called conquest of Ireland, and in the division of property following that event. The patent of butlership dated 1177, was succeeded by a grant of prisage on wines, which for centuries remained a lucrative appanage of the hereditary office.

The geographical position of the broad lands which fell to Theobald's portion, skilfully increased in his descendants' hands by marriage and confiscation, had a distinct influence on the policy of the Butlers. Owning the Palatinate rights of Tipperary,² and possessed of vast and profitable estates in Kilkenny, they were indistinguishable, save in name, from sovereign princes. The importance of Gowran and Carrick-on-Suir was hardly surpassed by that of Kilkenny Castle, purchased from the Despencers in 1392. Arklow provided the means of ready access to England; and across the Channel, their great possessions, including half Lancashire, and elsewhere castles and manors innumerable, kept alive their connection with the mother country.

¹ Died 1206.

² Bagwell, "History of Ireland under the Tudors," vol. i. p. 72.

Indeed, the map of Ireland and the family tree of the Ormondes explain why they remained comparatively unhibernicised. To the Butlers, unlike the De Burghs in remote Connaught, the Irish mantle was never a temptation; and while the De Burghs were known by the Irish version of their name, Maic William, the Butlers retained their Anglo-Norman surname. Nor, as so many of Nesta's prolific race, did they seek their brides exclusively amongst the daughters of Erin; while, during the Scottish and French campaigns, the sovereign's muster roll seldom failed to include a Theobald, an Edmund or a James Butler.

The Kings of England were not slow to acknowledge the services of such powerful vassals. In 1315 Edward II. created Edmond le Botiller, Earl of Carrick. In 1328 his son James, the husband of the King's cousin-german, Eleanor de Bohun, obtained the Palatinate rights of Tipperary and was created Earl of Ormonde,¹ by which second title, save for two brief intervals under Henry VI. and Henry VIII., the head of the family henceforward chose to be known. These medieval Ormondes were not fated long to enjoy the honours thus reaped. For two hundred years not one of the earls lived to see his eldest son outgrow childhood. In that rude school of the Marches, however, they ripened betimes, and had their fill of adventure at an age when our lads are dedicated to cricket and football. In fact, where the chief did not early show himself a strong man, neither he nor his clan had much chance of survival. The hazards they ran, the riddles they were forced to rede are exemplified in the career of the 3rd Earl of Ormonde.² Although styled "the head of the chivalry of Ireland,"³ sheer lack of troops, whether gentle or simple, obliged him, when Deputy, to buy off the invading tribe of O'Briens with a hundred marks; and such was the penury of the Exchequer, that even this paltry sum could not be raised without difficulty, horses and a bed being collected to

¹ The name Ormonde is derived from Óir Mumhain, East Munster, just as Deas Mumhain, Desmond is South Munster.

² James, 3rd Earl of Ormonde, born 1382-3, died 1485.

³ Bagwell, "Ireland under the Tudors," vol. i. p. 84.

complete the subsidy. His son and successor both to the earldom and the post of Deputy, James, 4th Earl of Ormonde,¹ inaugurated his reign, on the other hand, by the defeat and slaughter of O'Cearrol and his sept. The "White Earl," as James was called, Chief Governor though he was, had not then attained his majority. But the boy was father of the man; and all his life through he was known as a mighty man of war, in extreme old age challenging his accuser, Lord Shrewsbury, to single combat before Henry VI. in the Marshal's 'Court. An ancient comrade of the victor of Agincourt, the "White Earl" brought up his son in the Lancastrian faith, from which the latter never swerved. This devotion was appreciated, and in 1449 Henry VI. advanced James to the English Earldom of Wiltshire.² One of the handsomest men of Queen Margaret's Court, and popularly supposed to be the father of her ill-starred son, Edward Prince of Wales, Lord Wiltshire played a considerable part in the militant politics of the day. A Knight of the Garter, and twice Lord High Treasurer of England, he manned a fleet of Genoese galleons against the Earl of Warwick, and commanded a wing of the victorious army at Wakefield Green. The King-Maker's experience of the vicissitudes of civil strife was not, however, more varied than this princely noble's, for at the battle of St Alban's, Lord Wiltshire was involved in the rout of the Lancastrians, and had he not thrown off his armour and fled in his shirt like any Irish kerne, he would not have survived to lose his life eventually in the butchery subsequent to Towton.

Hitherto in poverty or wealth, in good or evil report, the Butlers had remained conspicuously loyal. The brand of treason had never been set against their name. The downfall of the Red Rose, however, brought attainder not only on Lord Wiltshire, but on his brothers and heirs, John³ and Thomas Butler. Happily for the House of Butler, Edward IV., with all his ferocity, could appreciate

¹ James, 4th Earl of Ormonde, born 1405, died 1452.

² James, 5th Earl of Ormonde and Wiltshire, born 1420, beheaded 1461.

³ John, 6th Earl of Ormonde, succeeded 1461, died 1478.

courage even in an opponent. John Butler's distinction in chivalry stood him in good stead with the Sovereign, who restored Earl James's heir in blood and estates, remarking that the latter was "the goodliest knight ever beheld, and the finest gentleman in Christendom, and that if good breeding and nurture, and liberal qualities were lost in the world, they might all be found in John, Earl of Ormonde."¹ The royal magnanimity met with its reward, Earl John—an accomplished linguist—employing himself most usefully on Edward's behalf, in missions to the Courts of France and Burgundy.

John² was succeeded by his brother Thomas, reputed the richest nobleman of his time, and, at the latter's death, without heirs male, a change ensued in the circumstances of the Butlers. Two daughters carried the bulk of the English estates into the families of Boleyn and St Leger. Moreover, the precious horn, carefully designated in Earl Thomas's testament, "as garnished at both ends with gold, and corse thereunto of white silk barred with bars of gold," then left Kilkenny. The titles and entailed property in Ireland passed to Sir Piers Butler,³ the descendant of James, 3rd Earl of Ormonde.

In this younger branch, Irish alliances had been more frequent than in the elder line. Sawe or Sabina Kavanagh, the mother of Sir Piers,⁴ traced her origin to Cathair Mor, the "King of all Ireland," in the second century. And it is a curious illustration of the mutual relations of the races, that the marriage between the Princess and Sir James Butler was preceded by a deed releasing Sawe and her children from "all Irish servitude."

It would be erroneous to imagine that the heads of the House of Butler waged war solely on behalf of their liege lords. Since the days when Edmond, Earl of Carrick, organised and headed the resistance to Edward le Bruce's invasion, the Earls of Ormonde had undoubtedly been the bulwark of English authority in the island. But the

¹ Collins's Peerage, vol. ix. p. 73.

² John, 7th Earl of Ormonde, succeeded 1478, died 1515.

³ Piers Butler, 8th Earl of Ormonde, succeeded 1515, died 1539.

⁴ Sir Piers Butler died 1487.

slogan of "Butleraboo"¹ was as often heard in the ceaseless civil strife, which desolated the land throughout those dreary centuries. The hereditary feud between the Butlers and the Fitzgeralds was perhaps the fiercest of these wars in miniature. At intervals it was composed, only to break forth again with redoubled ferocity, until the execution of the six Fitzgerald lords at Tyburn in 1537, set a term to the Kildare supremacy.

A family, in which beauty, vigour, and intelligence characterised each succeeding generation of the men, cannot have been less fortunate in its womankind. Perhaps, the most conspicuous figure in the long line of noble dames, whose effigies adorn St Kenny's Cathedral at Kilkenny, was the "Great Countess," Margaret Fitzgerald,² daughter of Gerald, 8th Earl of Kildare. If her marriage did not fulfil its purpose of ending the perennial conflict between the two houses, she was, for other reasons, a blessing to the land of Tipperary. In the quaint phraseology of an old chronicler, "she was the onlie meane whereby her husband, his countrie, was reclaimed from sluttishness and slovenlie to cleane bedding and civilitie."³ Trade and agriculture received no small furtherance from her zealous patronage. Doubtless, it was at her suggestion, for Piers was notoriously governed by his wife, that the Earl devised a legacy of a stone of wheat to every plough in Kilkenny. The settlement of Flemish weavers, under the shadow of the castle, was another of her many endeavours to civilise her wild vassals. And the memory of "Magheen," or "little Margaret," as the Irish dubbed the tall lady to whom "all the estates of the realm crouched," was long held by them in loving veneration.

Hard fighting, as the story of King David teaches, is not incompatible with piety. In the acts of the Butlers, the enumeration of religious endowments becomes almost monotonous. To build an almshouse, or found a chantry was an occupation they found only less congenial than

¹ In Irish, *Buitilér a buadh*, *i.e.*, "Butler to Victory."

² Margaret Fitzgerald married Piers Butler, 1485.

³ Stanihurst, "Chronicles of Ireland," p. 85.

that of hewing the Irish hip and thigh, or of bearing the Sword of State in Dublin. James, the 4th Earl, was a generous patron of the hospital of St Thomas de Acres. John, the 6th Earl, "seized," as the annalist remarks, "with a fit of devotion," died during a pilgrimage to the Holy Land. Piers, the 8th Earl, "a severe scourge to malefactors," never failed to spend the last fortnight of Lent in penitence and prayer at a cell called "Paradise," which he built himself adjoining the Cathedral of St Canice.¹ Nor did this lord's religious benefactions end with his life. With the exception of his best and second best gown, left respectively to his sons James and Richard, he generously bequeathed the remainder of his wardrobe to the neighbouring churches.

The conditions of Tipperary in the fifteenth century, outside the monasteries, of which to-day only the ruins remain, and with the exception of the hereditary men of letters in certain great Irish families, must have been as unfavourable to the advancement of learning as to the exercise of the milder Christian virtues. Nevertheless, several of the Ormondes were distinguished for their knowledge and accomplishments. The 4th Earl was a benefactor of the College of Heralds, while both he and his sons were steeped in the cultivation of a period not unworthily represented in Tiptoft, Earl of Worcester.² And Kilkenny was justly proud of the school of St Canice, founded by the great Countess, and long noted for the excellence of the scholars it gave to a world, that sorely needed such humanising elements.

The alienation of the estates across the water came too late in the history of the Ormondes to affect their traditional alliance with the English Government. Had the Butlers, however, desired an excuse for disloyalty they would not have had far to seek. In 1527, Piers was

¹ The Cathedral of Kilkenny, dedicated to the holy hermit, St Canice or Kenny.

² John Tiptoft, Earl of Worcester, Constable of England, and Lord-Deputy of Ireland, 1427-70, the accomplished Latinist and translator of Cicero. He is said to have spoiled the libraries of Italy to enrich those of England.

forced to surrender the title of Ormonde to Anne Boleyn's father, Lord Rochford, who retained it till his death in 1537, when it once more reverted to the Butlers. This must have been a heavy blow, for the earldom of Ossory, received in exchange, cannot have made amends for the loss of a name already illustrious in the chronicles of Ireland. The treatment which the family experienced from some of the chief Governors was, however, a far greater trial. In the hands of the Lord-Deputy, the power of the Crown too often became a mere instrument of oppression for the Chief Governor's personal rivals. The vice-royalties of Lord Kildare in 1530, and Lord Grey in 1537 were especial periods of tribulation for the Butlers.

The Earl of Kildare, whom Ormonde had previously striven to impeach, set himself systematically to the congenial task of despoiling his brother-in-law. Not content with invading Kilkenny, he incited O'Connor and O'Carroll, the husbands of his two daughters, to raid the Palatinate. So thorough was the devastation that the Home Government feared that unless something was done to prevent it, Tipperary would revert to its original Irish inhabitants. Enquiries were instituted, and Kildare was summoned to England to answer for his methods of administration. He obeyed, but not until he had fortified his strongholds, and installed his son, Thomas Fitzgerald, as Deputy. During his absence, a rumour spread that he had been imprisoned and beheaded in the Tower, and "Silken Thomas," a youth incapable of self-restraint, broke into open rebellion. Unhappily for his house, "Silken Thomas" was not of the stuff of which successful usurpers are made. After a short-lived triumph, his advance into the Butler domains was checked by Ormonde, and his heir, the Lord James, to whom Thomas, tardily mindful of the ties of kinship, addressed a notable letter. With superb assurance, he offered James the half of the kingdom in return for his assistance in effecting its conquest, a proposal, which elicited an answer characteristic of the Butler race.

"I muse," wrote James, "in the first line by what

name to call you, my lord or my cousin, seeing your notorious treason hath impeached your loyalty and honour, and your desperate lewdness hath shamed your kindred. You are by your expressions so liberal in parting stakes with me, that a man would weene you had no right to the game; and so importunate for my company, as if you would persuade me to hang with you for good fellowship. And, think you James is so mad as to gape for gudgeons, or so ungracious as to sell his truth and loyalty for a piece of Ireland? Were it so (as it cannot be) that the chickens you reckon were both hatched and feathered, yet be thou sure, I had rather in this quarrel dye thine enemy than live thy partner.”¹

James was soon called upon to make good these brave words. Until reinforcements could arrive from England, the advantages of the situation were with Fitzgerald, and in the ensuing fight at Jeripont Lord Butler was beaten and badly wounded. But whilst he was recovering at Dunmore, Lord Ormonde assembled a force strong enough to drive Thomas from Kilkenny. Dublin, moreover, stoutly refused to yield to the insurgents. And with the appearance before its walls of English troops and the still more welcome ordnance, possessed by the sovereign alone, the fortunes of the campaign were reversed. Thenceforward, although “Silken Thomas” struggled on with varying success till 1535, his fate was sealed, and, in spite of James Butler’s earnest intercession, on February the 3rd, 1537, in common with his unhappy uncles, he paid the penalty of his folly at Tyburn. At the death of these misguided men, in virtue both of his loyalty and his wife’s hereditary claims, much of the Fitzgerald property was granted to Piers.

With the eclipse of the Kildare power, the Butlers might well have anticipated a period of comparative peace. James Butler’s sword was not, however, allowed to rust in its scabbard. After the final subjection of the Fitzgerald country, he almost immediately embarked on the contest with the Geraldines, which was to

¹ Carte, “Life of James, Duke of Ormonde,” ed. 1851, vol. i. introd. xci.

engage the energies of his house during the next half century.

On this occasion, though he repressed Desmond's rising, he paid heavily for his victory. The Deputy, Lord Grey, was a relative of the Geraldines, and having made peace with the rebel, he employed the royal troops in laying waste Lord Ossory's domains.

This was not James Butler's sole experience of the dubious benefits of fidelity. In 1545, when Earl of Ormonde,¹ his differences with the chief Governor, Sir Anthony St Leger, assumed proportions threatening the Earl's life and liberty. Ormonde had engaged himself on a military expedition to Scotland with the Earl of Lenox, and he was warned that St Leger would make this an opportunity to effect his rival's arrest and imprisonment. The warning tallied so closely with the habitual methods of a weak and suspicious Government, that it was not calculated to reassure the Earl. But he was pledged to the King and Lenox; and strong in conscious innocence he wrote:

"If I saw all the power of the world upon a hill armed against His Majesty,² I would rather run to His Grace, though I were slain at His Majesty's heels, than to leave His Majesty and save myself."³

The end of this faithful subject was a melancholy one. The Scottish incursion proved a failure, and on James Butler's return to Ireland disputes with the Deputy flamed forth anew. Ormonde, who was not only Admiral of the Kingdom but Lord High Treasurer, in virtue of the latter office, felt it his duty to oppose the imposition of a tax devised by the Chief Governor. The two dignitaries were summoned to England, and solemnly reconciled by the King's Grace. But the fruits of peace were not fraught with blessing to the Earl. On October the 17th, 1546, he was invited to Ely House, Holborn, to assist at a feast,

¹ James, 9th Earl of Ormonde, succeeded 1539, died 1546.

² Bagwell, vol. i. p. 282.

³ Ormonde to Russell, 15th November 1545.

compared to which the Borgia entertainments were wholesome repasts. The unknown poisoner had done his work in no half-hearted fashion; and Lord Ormonde, the steward, and sixteen servants died as the result of the banquet.

Before James Butler expired, he added a codicil to his will. He directed that his heart should be laid in St Kenny's, amongst the remains of his ancestors.

"Item," he proceeded, "that my sonne and heyre, being in the Prince Grace's court, shall have me basine and ewer which I have here, a silver pott, a salte, a nywe boll and trencher and a spone of silver. Item, me wife to have me best bracelet of golde sent her for a token."¹

Had Thomas, his son and heir, been left in the guardianship of the wife to whom James Butler bequeathed his "best bracelet," the history of Ireland during the next fifty years might have been otherwise. The daughter and heiress of James, 11th Earl of Desmond, Joan, Lady Ormonde married twice again after Ormonde's death. And as her third husband was Gerald, Earl of Desmond, it is permissible to surmise that she was thus doubly committed to the politics of the Geraldines. Three of her seven Butler sons strayed into the ways of rebellion, though, in every case, they were promptly reclaimed by the head of the house. Moreover, since several of her descendants were zealous partisans of the elder faith, it is probable that her younger children were educated as Roman Catholics.

Thomas, however, was brought up with Edward VI., whose religious tenets he shared, as became the son of a father whom the first Protestant Archbishop of Dublin declared to be the one champion of the King's reforming ordinances "in this miserable land."²

Although but fourteen years old at his father's death, Thomas, Viscount Thurles,³ as he was styled, had already

¹ Collins's Peerage, vol. ix. p. 97.

² Mant's "History of the Church of Ireland," vol. i. p. 134.

³ Thomas, 10th Earl of Ormonde, born 1532, died 1614.

been for some time past a member of the Court of Prince Edward, at whose coronation he was made a Knight of the Bath, the first of several favours accorded to his friend by the young monarch. The battle of Musselburgh gave the youth the earliest opportunity for displaying his soldierly qualities, and, whatever his Protestant proclivities, he later distinguished himself in suppressing Wyatt's rebellion against Queen Mary. In 1554, he took possession of his vast patrimony, and thenceforward, until his death in 1614, he was one of the dominant forces in Ireland. Indeed, the most cursory review of his career, enables us to understand why of all his lineage Thomas, the 10th Earl of Ormonde, was the predecessor that his great-nephew, the Duke of Ormonde, proposed to himself for his especial pattern and ensample.

It would be difficult to conceive a figure more typical of the Elizabethan period than Thomas Butler, a cousin of the Virgin Queen, and endued in no small measure with the spirit of his mistress. Ormonde's natural talents, like those of Elizabeth herself, had been formed and stimulated by the teaching of the best scholars of the Renaissance. There is no record of his delivery of Latin orations after the manner of Roger Ascham's royal pupil; but the racy vigour of the Earl's English has a clear cut individuality, remarkable even at a period, when the pens of common mortals distilled prose of a fulness of flavour, never known again. His boyhood at the Tudor Court had not sapped the physical strength, the spirit of endurance, and leadership derived from a long line of fighting rulers. Nor could that atmosphere of lies and intrigue warp the fine directness and integrity of his character. Queen Bess herself was not more outspoken than Thomas Duffe,¹ "her black husband," as she was wont affectionately to describe her comely and swarthy cousin. And, undoubtedly, the man who could tell Elizabeth to her face that Leicester was "a villain and a coward," and merely be chidden as "mad," must have been a privileged person. Not that

¹ "Black Tom," or Thomas "Duffe," in Irish parlance, was the name by which the Earl was generally known.

Ormonde, any more than her other faithful servants, escaped hard usage at Elizabeth's hands. But, on the whole, with that quick apprehension, which is the hallmark of true royalty, she more often recognised that Ormonde's power and influence were not of the kind that can be lightly improvised. She gave him her trust, and that trust was richly rewarded. Indeed, if the neighbouring island was not made the "backdoor" for an invasion of England, during the recurrent struggle with Rome and Spain, it was largely due to Black Tom Ormonde.

For many a long year, whilst warring in company with Sussex, Sidney, or Mountjoy, Ormonde maintained a considerable force at his own expense. This was, perhaps, as well, since those who served Elizabeth were generally forced to rely on their own resources. There were moments, however, in the Munster campaigns when Elizabeth's ill-judged parsimony sorely tried Ormonde's patience.

"I hear," he wrote to Walsingham, "the Queen mislikes that her service has gone no faster forward, but she suffereth all things needful to be supplied, to want. I would to God I could feed soldiers with the air, and throw down castles with my breath, and furnish naked men with a wish; and if these things might be done, the service should on as fast as Her Highness would have it."¹

But if Ormonde protested warmly on this occasion, he was infinitely more indignant when commanded by Elizabeth herself to seize on certain rebels, who, trusting to his word, had laid down their arms. As he had not taken action without obtaining the sanction of the authorities in London, he considered the proposal infamous; and he did not allow the reply he addressed to Burleigh to suffer from ambiguity.

"My Lord," he wrote, "I will never use treachery to any man: for it will both touch Her Highness's

¹ Bagwell, vol. iii. p. 37. Ormonde to Walsingham, 4th January 1580.



Photo, Fox, Greenough & Co.]

THOMAS, 10TH EARL OF ORMONDE, KNOWN AS "BLACK TOM."
From a picture at Kilkenny Castle.

[To face p. 14 (vol. 1).

honour and my own credit too much; and whosoever gave the Queen advice thus to write is fitter to exercise such base service than I am. Saving my duty to Her Majesty, I would I were to have revenge by my sword of any man that thus persuadeth the Queen to write to me."¹

So nice a sense of self-respect did not endear Ormonde to some of those whom the Queen delighted to honour. It has been already said that in her very presence he did not attempt to mask his abhorrence of Leicester; and, at last, their quarrels reached such a height that Ormonde resolved to provoke his enemy to single combat. He chose Sir Nicholas Poyntz of Acton, Squire of the Body to the Sovereign, as his emissary in the affair. Poyntz agreed to carry the challenge to Leicester, although he is reported to have told his friend: "Sir, this man will never fight, but he will poison you."² The good Squire proved a true prophet. Robert Dudley refused the proffered duel, but, if Ormonde had not been blessed both in doctors and constitution, he would have shared his father's fate.

Such is the story as told by Sir Robert Southwell. The author of "Leicester's Commonwealth" declares that Robert Dudley bribed his servant, William Killigrew, with the promise of £500, to shoot his opponent on his way to the assignation. The duel not taking place, Killigrew and his pistol were not requisitioned, but his zeal was rewarded with a post in the Privy Chamber. On another occasion, in the very antechamber of the Presence Room, Dudley greeted the Earl with the remark that he had dreamt of him during the night. "What could you dream of me?" said Ormonde.³ "I dreamed," said the other, "that I gave you a box on the ear." "Dreams," answered the Earl of Ormonde, "are to be interpreted by contraries," and without more ceremony gave Leicester a hearty cuff

¹ Carte, introd. civ.

² Sir R. Southwell, "Life of the 1st Duke of Ormonde," published in Mountmorres's "History of the Irish Parliament," vol. i. p. 200.

³ Carte, introd. cxvii.

upon the ear. Elizabeth vindicated the sanctity of the Court precincts, by sending her cousin to the Tower but his imprisonment proved as brief as her anger.

Although the Queen insisted on reconciling the two noblemen, their agreement was, in Strafford's phrase, merely, "from the teeth outwards." Lord Berkeley, the brother of Ormonde's first wife, was a poor childless weakling, so that it was generally supposed that the lady would inherit his great estates. Reticence not being amongst Dudley's virtues, one day, in the course of conversation with the Earl, he proposed to buy his reversion of the property. Vainly did Ormonde put the subject by. Dudley was in deadly earnest and pressed for an answer, till, at length, the Earl, in a rage, flashed out: "No! for then you will not fail to poison the fool."

A description of the campaigns in which Black Tom took a leading part, would far exceed the limits of this sketch, and those who wish to pursue the subject further, can satisfy their curiosity in Mr Bagwell's history. Guerrilla warfare—and the rebellions of Desmond and Tyrone were little else—generally abounds in picturesque incidents, but is seldom a school of chivalry. Burnings, hangings, and famine were methods common to both sides in Ireland, and it is to be feared that Ormonde discovered no new and better means of pacifying his countrymen. We know also that he assisted without protest at Carrickfoyle and Smerwick, when the Spanish garrisons were put to the sword. He was not, however, an ungenerous foe. On the contrary, when the Baron of Lixnaw, who had done him incredible injury, was driven to bay and had recourse to Ormonde's tender mercies, he was not disappointed. The Earl interceded warmly on his behalf, and obtained a full pardon for the man, who in time past had made havoc of his domains. Nor did Ormonde fail to represent the miserable condition of the unfortunate inhabitants of the island. After Desmond's death¹ he

¹ Ormonde's announcement of Desmond's death deserves to be quoted for its grim terseness. "I do send," he told Walsingham, "Her Highness profe

strongly urged that the plantation of Munster should be carried out with due regard to the landholders of that province. And he seems to have pleaded for leniency to those, who, though they had eventually submitted to the Government, might yet have incurred forfeiture. Had his advice been followed in the settlement of Munster, which had been terribly depopulated by a six years' war, many of the evils attendant on that measure would have been avoided. But, he had not long been President of Munster, before his enemies compassed his removal from office; and he was not more fortunate when he preferred his claims as heir general to Desmond's confiscated territories. For, although he obtained some land in Tipperary and a large, barren tract of Kerry, the grants were proportioned neither to his deserts, nor to his rights.

Ormonde took as active a share in repressing Tyrone's as Desmond's rebellion; during the hostilities with the former, encountering an adventure that well-nigh cost him his life. In April 1600, the hope of an accommodation induced him to meet one of the chief ringleaders, Owny MacRory O'More, at a spot not many miles from Kilkenny. The conference proved a trap, and Ormonde was made prisoner, remaining in the hands of Owny and his politico-spiritual director, the Jesuit, Father Archer, for three months. To these bandits, with the prospect of the Butlers being let loose on them to avenge their chief, Ormonde alive was infinitely more valuable than Ormonde dead, though the treatment to which he was subjected during that time, well-nigh proved his death.¹ To avoid a rescue, this old man of sixty-eight was dragged through bogs and forests, from one hiding-place to another, for weeks never suffered to rest in any place longer than three hours. At any moment, he could have purchased his liberty by assenting to the terms which Archer was perpetually urging on his

of the service and happy ende thereof, by this beror, the principal traitor, Desmond's heade as the best token of the same, and profe of my faithful service." — "Soc. of Ant.," N.S., 1858-9, vol. ii. p. 161. Thomas, Earl of Ormonde, to Walsingham, 28th November 1583.

¹ See appendix for details of this episode.

captive; but, even when he lay desperately ill, Ormonde would not yield. The withdrawal of all the English garrisons from Leix, and the surrender of its strong places to Owny seemed too high a price to the stout old soldier to set on himself.

“Having served the Queene¹ so long and grown so olde,” he said, “he was now able to shew his dewty and affection in nothing more than in suffering for her, and if the rebels desyred money for his ransom, he doubted nott but that Her Majesty woulde assist his ability to redeeme himself, but, that where they desyred the country of Less and other demands he besought Her Majesty to yielde to nothinge for his sake, thatt might anyway touche her Honoure, for he did nott value himselfe nor all the Erles of England and Ireland att so high a prise.”²

These are brave words, which help to explain why Elizabeth vowed she would have all the world to know the “extraordinary estimation” in which she held Ormonde.

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; and, apart from Owny's fear that if the Earl died outright the consequences of his capture might prove worse than unremunerative, the curious respect which Ormonde had inspired in his Irish neighbours proved no small aid in his hour of need. Doubtless, the threat of an invasion of Leinster, stimulated the general desire of the country-people to see Ormonde restored to his own fireside, but it says much for the reverence in which the great Earl was held, that while the kernes swore that not a drop of his blood should be shed with impunity, the chiefs voluntarily offered their sons as pledges for the performance of Ormonde's contract with Owny. Tyrone, moreover, who in bygone days had owed manifold obligations to Ormonde, now, not only disclaimed

¹ “Journal of the Royal Society of Antiquaries of Ireland,” N.S., vol. iii. p. 412. Mountjoy to Cecil, 1st May 1600.

² Bagwell, vol. iii. p. 359.

any intention of securing Lady Elizabeth Butler, the Earl's sole child, as hostage for her father, or as a bride for his son, but enjoined Owny to liberate Ormonde, if he swore "upon his booke oath" to abstain from revenge.¹ All these several influences finally brought about Ormonde's deliverance, and on June the 12th he was formally set free.

I have dwelt at some length on this incident since it gives an idea of the mettle and fidelity of the man ever held by the Duke of Ormonde in honoured remembrance. It is only necessary to add that Thomas Ormonde's detention was not unprofitable to the State. During his sojourn with Owny, he learned that stores had arrived from Spain and would shortly be followed by an army of invasion. Mountjoy, who was determined to crush Tyrone before the advent of his allies, acted on the warning, and instantly marched into Ulster. Meanwhile, the tireless Ormonde, with a handful of men, succeeded in holding the Pale against the ravages of the Irish. But this was the veteran's final achievement, for, in 1603, Tyrone and his confederates made their submission, and henceforward the last years of Ormonde's life were spent in peace.

Thomas, Lord Ormonde, a man of many loves, took unto himself three wives, none of whom, save the second, Elizabeth, daughter of Lord Sheffield, bore him children. His two sons predeceased him, Thomas, already Sheriff of Tipperary, dying in 1600, while yet a mere boy. Thereafter, Ormonde's ambitions were centred on procuring the marriage of his only daughter, Elizabeth, to his nephew and heir, Theobald Butler. Thanks to this alliance, the old Earl hoped that the division of the Butler estates when he himself had passed away, might be averted. Some difficulties had to be overcome before the desired arrangement could be effected. Sir Edmund Butler, Theobald's father, stood attainted for his rebellion against Sir Henry Sidney's arbitrary decision in favour of Sir Peter

¹ "Soc. of Ant.," N.S., vol. iii. p. 425. O'Neill to Countess of Ormonde, 5th June 1600.

Carew's claim¹ to part of his estate, and Theobald Butler, who shared his father's disgrace, also suffered a weary term of imprisonment in Dublin. Indeed, his release from the castle dungeon and his betrothal were almost simultaneous. The Queen raised no objection to the young man's restoration in blood and honours, showing herself more benignant, on this occasion, than was her wont in matters matrimonial. Doubtless, she was anxious to reward her "black husband's" lifelong fidelity by granting him his heart's desire. But it may also be said that Theobald was not the type of youth, whose affections the maids-of-honour deemed it perilous to dispute with the great Oriana. Nor can the circumstances of his arrival in England, straight from an Irish prison, with a bare forty shillings in his pocket, have enabled him to create a striking impression in that luxurious and fastidious Court. In fact, as Lady Shrewsbury bluntly remarked to Ormonde, it was a subject for congratulation that after Theobald's

"unfortunate, long time of imprisonment in so private a place as the castle prison of Dublin, which afforded him almost no other company than the basest and vilest sort of people . . . yet God hath so blessed him as he is no way infected with any of their badness."²

But whether Theobald was attractive, or the reverse, Elizabeth Butler, described by the same kinswoman, as "a courtier even as it were by birth," with "a sharp conceit and knavish wit," was, nevertheless, too much of her period to cavil at her father's choice of a bridegroom. Consequently, in the year 1603, Ormonde had the satisfaction of seeing his daughter united in wedlock to Theobald, created Viscount Butler of Tulleophelim in the course of the same year by James I.

Great as was the old Earl's contentment, it was not

¹ Rev. J. Graves, "Early Life and Marriage of James Butler, 1st Duke of Ormonde."

² Hist. MSS., Marquis of Ormonde, Kilkenny, N.S., vol. i. p. 4. Lady Shrewsbury to Ormonde, 31st December 1602.

fated to be enduring. In 1613, Lord Tulleophelim died, and in his grave were buried all Thomas Duffe's plans and hopes for his dynasty. Before Theobald's death, however, he and his father-in-law were already estranged. The Viscount bore the reputation of a "proud, conceited" man, while Ormonde, despite total blindness and the gathering infirmities of age, retained to the end the imperious spirit, which had made him a force in the land.

Between two such natures differences were bound to arise. The house of Butler was too conspicuous for its squabbles to admit of concealment; and in 1613, that crowned busybody, James I., deemed the situation so serious as to call for his interference. In an epistle to the Lord-Deputy, he bids the functionary assure those, who by their "lewd and dishonest practices" had stirred up strife in the Ormonde household, of his "just indignation"¹ and his determination to call them "to a strict and severe accompt." It appeared that Lord Ormonde not only caused Theobald,

"with much shew of anger and unkindness, to remove from his house, contynueing still to expresse the biterness of his harte towards him," but that he purposed to "diminish the revenues of the Earldom by making long leases at under-vallewes, and to charge it with other encumbrances, much to the prejudice of the said Viscount."

In the light of his subsequent policy, it is interesting to find that James was then bent on preserving

"that auncient Earldome in flourishing estate, and keeping it from such devastations as may impoverishe or embase it." Wherefore he requires Sir Arthur Chichester "to endeavour to reconcyle the said Viscount and his wife to the favour and good opinion of the Earl their father, and lett him know how acceptable it will be to us to heare that our request hath prevayled with him in this above their malice and ill-will that wishe and labor to the contrary."

¹ Hist. MSS., Ormonde, O.S., vol. i. pp. 74-5. James I. to Lord-Deputy, 29th August 1613.

The royal exhortation is dated August the 29th, 1613. At the close of that self-same year, Theobald was beyond the reach of James's pacific intentions, justifying Ormonde's prediction of him "as a flower that would soon fade."

In the circumstances, it is perhaps not unnatural that the Earl's letter of condolence, written "at three o'clock in the morning,"¹ to his widowed daughter is formal to the point of coldness.

"I am right sorry," he says, "to hear of my Lord Viscount's death. But it is that which all men must endure according to God's good pleasure. Therefore, seeing it is so, you are to take it patiently; I pray you to comfort yourself and rest assured that in all your good causes you shall not want my best advice and furtherance. For the red book, and all other writings which concern me and my house, and which were in my Lord Viscount's hands, see them delivered to my nephew Sir Walter Butler to the end they may be safe put up into my treasury; other matters I reserve to his relation, and so with my blessing unto you, I commit you unto God."

On her part, Lady Elizabeth's answer does not betray an uncontrollable despair. She pleads indeed her condition, "grieved and troubled in mind . . . and not, as yet, in case to travel" as a reason for delaying her return to Ormonde, "to do my duty unto you."² But, like her father, she is chiefly concerned as to the papers and "evidences" regarding the Butler property. Moreover, she already displays a keen anxiety that those documents relating to her portion should be safely preserved, and that Ormonde "should do nothing to prejudice the estate already passed unto me of the same."

Thomas, Earl of Ormonde, had in his own hands the absolute disposal of his vast estates, inherited or acquired, and during forty years he employed himself in devising

¹ Hist. MSS., Ormonde, N.S., vol. i. p. 12. Ormonde to Lady E. Butler, Carrick, 30th December 1613.

² *Idem*, p. 13. Lady E. Butler to Thomas, Earl of Ormonde.

entails, levying fines, and executing recoveries, which should enable him to transmit the bulk of his lands to the next Earl of Ormonde. Thus he held, would the power and influence he had received from his forefathers remain unimpaired, and centred in the chief of his historic house; for *Le roy est mort, vive le roy*, was a maxim deeply ingrained in such as Black Thomas. It is, therefore, doubtful whether "invious instruments" would ever have persuaded him to impoverish his "ancient Earledom." On her marriage with Theobald, Elizabeth had received the manor of Carrickmagriffin with a portion of £6,000.¹ According to the ideas of the time, it was no inconsiderable provision, even for the daughter of the great Earl, and it is doubtful whether Lady Elizabeth would have contested her father's arrangements had it not been for James I.'s action in the matter.

On Theobald's death, Sir Walter Butler² of Kilcash became heir presumptive to Ormonde's honours and entailed estate. Sir Walter's eldest son, Thomas Butler, much to his father's wrath, had married Elizabeth Poyntz, daughter of John Poyntz, and it was in a house hired from the Duke of Newcastle by the latter's father, Sir Nicholas Poyntz, that, as has been said, their eldest son, James Butler, the future Duke of Ormonde, was born. Thus during his great uncle, the Earl of Ormonde's life, the succession to the title was safely established, much to the Earl's satisfaction.

"Walter of the beads and rosary," the son of the old Lord's third brother, Sir John Butler, was a striking example of the loyalty a devout Irish Catholic could exhibit in the service of the heretic Queen. During the last years of Elizabeth's reign, he had shown himself a skilful and a brave soldier, carrying with him to the grave the scars he had won in honourable warfare with the rebellious Redmond Bourke. James I. should have felt nothing but relief at the promise of steady fidelity to the crown that

¹ The portions bequeathed by Henry VIII. to his daughters, Mary and Elizabeth, did not exceed £10,000.

² Walter, 11th Earl of Ormonde, succeeded 1614, died 1633.

Sir Walter's past career afforded. Unluckily, however, Lord Tulleophelim's death offered an obvious opportunity for the advancement of Sir Richard Preston, one of the many needy favourites, who knew so well how to exploit the besotted monarch's infatuation. Walter Butler, who had been on a visit to England, was enjoined to plead Preston's suit with Theobald's rich widow. Nor did the Sovereign confine himself to vague verbal commendation. Sir Richard was despatched to Kilkenny with a letter well calculated to remove any objections the old Earl might entertain to the match. The King was pleased to inform Lord Ormonde,

"that the gentleman wee have designed is one whome upon sufficient proof of his worth and fidelity wee much esteeme, as he, who being of our owne breeding, hath since his infancie continuallie served us. And as oute of our care for the welfare of your house wee have made speciall choyce of him for that match, so his nearness unto us, may, as occasion shal be offered, fitlie serve for the advancement of such affaire as may concerne the good estate thereof.

"We therefore expecte that, as at our desire you have already willinglie given your consente, so when the gentleman shall come into that our kingdome, you will so far fourth favour his dessyns as the affection of the gentlewoman wille permitte." ¹

It would be difficult to conceive credentials more ample and explicit. But James was determined to leave no loophole for evasion, and to the Secretary's letter in his own hand subjoined this pithy postscript.

"I assure myselfe that the bearare heirof, my olde servante, shall not loose his travell at this tyme, the skorne quhareof wolde in a pairt reflecte upon me, of quhome ye maye expecte better things if due respecte be carried to this my requeste."

Such a request was equivalent to a command. Thomas Ormonde's loyalty left him no choice but obedience; and

¹ Hist. MSS., Ormonde, O.S., vol. i. p. 6. James I. to Thomas, Earl of Ormonde, September 1614.

in the year 1614 Elizabeth Butler married Richard Preston, now created Lord Dingwall. In the same year, the great old Earl passed away, leaving behind him a reputation of heartwhole and courageous devotion to the Crown, which was only to be eclipsed in the family records by that of the future Duke of Ormonde.

CHAPTER II

ORMONDE'S YOUTH

IN 1614 on Thomas, Earl of Ormonde's death, Sir Walter Butler of Kilcash, popularly known as "Walter of the beads and rosary," succeeded to the old lord's titles, and took possession of Kilkenny and other properties associated with the name of Ormonde. Two lives still intervened between Walter's grandson, James Butler, the subject of this memoir, then a mere child of four years old, and the title which he was so worthily to illustrate. But with the accession of Walter to the earldom of Ormonde it may be held that "little Jimmy Butler"—as he was called—makes his real entry on the scene; although it appears that, owing to the liking which Thomas, Lord Ormonde, had manifested for the boy, he had already acquired some prominence in the family circle.

Indeed, at this early stage of his career, the old Earl had been not only the child's protector and patron, but that of his father and mother. Their marriage had found greater favour in his eyes than in Sir Walter's, who, for some unexplained reason, was much incensed when his heir, Thomas, married Elizabeth Poyntz, daughter of Sir Robert Poyntz, and granddaughter of the Sir Nicholas who had valiantly seconded Black Tom in his quarrel with Leicester. For the old squire's sake, when Sir Walter Butler would have nothing to do with the young couple, Ormonde stood their staunch friend—and never was his wisdom better justified. The traditions that survive of the Duke of Ormonde's father are not greatly to his credit. Between him and his famous son there can have been little resemblance, and it would seem that James Butler, like other remarkable men was indebted

to his mother for many of his most valuable qualities of heart and mind. But in his choice of a wife, Thomas Butler, was at any rate, happily inspired, for Nature had cast Elizabeth for the part of a mother of heroes. A devout Roman Catholic, her kindness and charity to the hunted and tortured Protestants, during the Irish massacre, endeared Lady Thurles even to fanatical Puritans; and, in the day of retribution, secured her the protection of the Commonwealth Government. Even beyond the measure of that period of storm and stress, her life was troublous. But she owned two incomparable talismans in her undefeated joyousness and health. These helped her to attain an old age of singular happiness, and were doubtless the sources whence her son drew his cheerful courage and splendid vitality.

In the England of the early seventeenth century—as the Verney papers show—the practice of fostering was almost as common as in Thomas Butler's native land. The infant was, therefore, committed to a carpenter's wife at Hatfield, while his parents sailed for Ireland. Here, since Walter's doors were still closed to the pair, they lived for some time at Mr Anthony Southwell's house, Ahaddah, near Cork, laying the foundations of a friendship destined to be hereditary between the two families. The infant, meantime, remained at Hatfield until 1613, when he rejoined his parents. He must have been a quick, observant babe, for to the end of his days he never forgot the impression produced on him by the stirring city of Bristol. He gained at once the favour and affection of Lord Ormonde, and ever retained a vivid remembrance of the great old man, with his long white beard, sightless eyes, and the George—which he never laid aside, day or night—hung round his neck. Later, indeed, in the light of his subsequent career, the Duke's admirers liked to recall how, on one occasion, Black Thomas had foretold that this child was set for the glory of the House of Butler. The incident is not without interest. It appears that during a family banquet at Carrick-on-Suir, there being no room for the boy at the

table, he consoled himself with playing behind the Earl's chair.¹ Ormonde enquired the cause of the noise, and being told it was "Jimmy Butler of Kilcash a-whipping his gig," bade a servant bring the child to his side. Then placing the little lad between his knees and stroking his fair head, with a deep sigh he said: "My family shall be much oppressed and brought very low, but by this boy it shall be restored again and in his time be in greater splendour than it has ever been." The gift of prophecy does not seem to have met with greater appreciation at Carrick-on-Suir than is its usual lot elsewhere. Lord Tulleophelim, in particular, who sat near his father-in-law, considered himself outraged by the seer's words. "Being a very proud and conceited man," says the chronicler, in uncontrollable indignation, "he put back his chair and rose up and flung from the room." This protest was not silent, and once again the blind lord enquired the meaning of the disturbance. His servants told him what had occurred; but there was no more room for repentance with Ormonde, than with the soothsayers of old. "He is a flower that will soon fade," was the grim response, "and what I have said I am confident will prove true."

In 1614, however, the day of Jimmy Butler's fortune was as yet far distant. Indeed, for a time, it seemed as if the boy must also be engulfed in the misfortunes which, from the hour of his grandfather's accession to the earldom, overtook his house. The settlement which Thomas, Lord Ormonde, had executed in favour of his successor was immediately called in question by Lady Elizabeth's husband. Without the King's support, Lord Dingwall's suit would have been speedily rejected by the Courts of Law; but neither the Deputy nor the Council was proof against James's pressing adjurations on behalf of his former attendant, and much money was consumed in fruitless litigation. In the spring of 1615, the Monarch summoned Walter to England, on the specious pretext that his differences with Lord Dingwall might "be rather determined by the favourable arbitrament of common

¹ Hist. MSS., Ormonde, N.S., vol. iii. p. 347.

friends than by the rigor and extremitie of the law.”¹ In other words, although the legal tribunals, under the first Stuart, were not inaccessible to royal influence, James was unwilling to run the risk of submitting his favourite’s case to their decision. It can excite no surprise that Lord Dingwall accepted his master as arbitrator; but Walter must have lacked the common instincts of self-preservation when he signed a bond in £100,000 to abide by the King’s judgment.

In February 1619, the British Solomon published his decree. He claimed therein

“not to have swerved from anything which he ought in honour as a just judge to perform,” and yet, he pathetically remarked, “Wee suppose wee have given contentment to neither in respect to what they did desire, being both partiall in their owne behalves.”²

On this occasion, James was unduly modest. The Court followers were credited with insatiable appetites; but the most grasping could hardly repine at an award, which gave him the Castle of Kilkenny, the House of Dunmore and the better half of the entire estates. “So large a portion” — as James himself described it—might almost reconcile the fortunate suitor to the resignation of Lady Dingwall’s jointure. Far otherwise was it with the honest soldier, who, in full assurance of the Sovereign’s rectitude, had bestowed on James the disposition of his heritage. Lord Ormonde was confronted with the necessity of paying a fine, which must cripple his children’s children unto the fourth generation, or of giving his assent to an equally ruinous, so called, compromise.

There are hideous tales in the annals of English jurisprudence of men, who allowed themselves to be slowly pressed to death, in default of pleading, rather than endanger their son’s inheritance. And thus Ormonde resolutely declined to subscribe to the ruin of his house, electing rather to suffer imprisonment for contempt of

¹ Hist. MSS., Ormonde, vol. i. p. 77. James I. to Walter, Earl of Ormonde, 28th May 1615.

² *Idem*, p. 79. James I. to Lord-Deputy, Newmarket, 19th February 1618-9.

Court; nor was his courage in adopting this attitude of passive resistance the less remarkable, since he must have been aware that Richard Preston was only the stalking horse of George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham. And in the year of Grace 1619, no Englishman could well encounter a more formidable opponent. Steenie's essays in statesmanship—seldom felicitous—had too often their origin in some private grudge or fancied slight.¹ It was said that when Walter visited Whitehall after Earl Thomas's death, the upstart Duke had looked with "an envious eye on the greatness and splendour of the House of Butler." James, who was wax in his favourite's hand, forgot his former maxims regarding the preservation of the "ancient Earldom," and hearkened eagerly to Buckingham's schemes for its humiliation. During the past half century, Butler loyalty had proved the Crown's safeguard in Ireland. But when the Duke glibly demonstrated the dangerous effects of allowing the power, once exercised by Desmond and Tyrone, to be revived in the line of Ormonde, James had no thought for England's debt to that family. The savour of "kingcraft" thus cunningly imported into the plot of spoliation merely gave it the final, the supreme, attraction in the graceless Monarch's eyes.

For eight weary years, therefore, Walter was fed on the bread and water of affliction in the Fleet. Indeed, had it not been for an old servant, whose sense of gratitude was, happily, not framed on royal models, Lord Ormonde might well have lacked even that meagre fare.² His refusal to accept the King's award was visited with the instant sequestration of his lands and revenues. Nor did James fail to point out that the Earl's household gear, leases, and other chattels would serve to discharge the debt of £100,000, in "lawful money of England," escheated to the crown.³ Black Thomas's heir was consequently a penniless man, and the daily portion of five shillings,

¹ Hist. MSS., Ormonde., N.S., vol. ii. p. 347.

² *Idem*, N. S., vol. ii. p. 348.

³ *Idem*, O.S., vol. ii. p. 80. James I. to Lord-Deputy of Ireland, 17th July 1619.

provided by a retainer's charity from the store of ancient bounties, alone preserved the Earl of Ormonde from absolute starvation.

It has often proved an enterprise of no small hazard in Ireland to establish titles more flawless than was Dingwall's to the Butler domains. But the days of armed resistance, on a large scale, to the King's writ, were past. And the treatment inflicted on those who ventured to interpose legal obstacles was eminently calculated to discourage Ormonde's sympathisers.¹ Consequently, when Lord Dingwall—now advanced to the earldom of Desmond—was despatched by James to Tipperary to take possession of his wife's estate, he seems to have encountered little hindrance in his undertaking.

Although Ormonde was powerless, his heir, Lord Thurles, was at large, and in the beginning of 1619 he repaired to Ireland to attempt some mitigation of the family calamities. It was, however, an unhappy inspiration, since not only were his endeavours entirely fruitless, but on December the 19th, 1619, during the return voyage to England, he was shipwrecked and drowned near the Skerries. Thus, whilst yet a mere child, his eldest son, James Butler, the future Duke of Ormonde, succeeded to his father's title at a moment when it carried a heavy burden of woe and hate. Perhaps, his father's death was a more apparent than real loss to the boy. But at any rate it was not without immediate consequences, for on her husband's death Lady Thurles returned to England, taking her little son with her and placing him at a school at Finchley kept by a Roman Catholic named Conyers.

In the year 1620, when Lord Thurles was put to school, it may well have seemed as if the House of Butler could scarcely experience a greater decline. And if any one gave a thought to the oracular predictions of Thomas, Lord Ormonde, concerning the lad, it must have been merely as a fresh proof of the mental aberrations to which the wisest are liable. Yet, in both instances the coming

¹ Hist. MSS., Ormonde, O.S., vol. ii. p. 82. James to Lord-Deputy, August 1621.

years were to prove the contrary. Hardly had Lord Thurles been entrusted to the care of Mr Conyers, when a fresh blow—one to which his mother and the devout “Walter of the beads and rosary” must have been particularly sensible—overtook them. Hitherto, whatever straits of poverty she had known, Lady Thurles had at least been able to direct the education of her firstborn, while the Earl could be assured that his heir was being brought up in the faith of which he was so ardent a devotee. In 1620 even this consolation was withdrawn. At the Restoration, the abolition of the Court of Wards was claimed with equal determination by Roundhead and Royalist; and after the light thrown on its educational methods by the experience of both Lord Thurles and his future wife this unanimity of opinion scarcely requires explanation. As young Lord Thurles did not hold *in capite* from the Crown, he was not amenable to the Court's jurisdiction; but Sir William Parsons, noted for his dexterity in legal evasions, soon devised the necessary “artifice,” which made Lord Thurles a royal ward. And, by the Sovereign's express arrangement, he was then removed from his mother's guardianship to that of the Archbishop of Canterbury.

In after years, Parsons congratulated himself and the nation on the quibble which had given Ireland a Protestant Ormonde. That Roman Catholicism and loyalty were not incompatible, such noble lives as Clanricarde's amply testify. But Ormonde's sphere of usefulness would certainly have been sadly circumscribed had he not belonged to the Established Church. Here, however, ended his involuntary obligations to Parsons. Archbishop Abbot's virtues were rather of the negative than positive order. The complete antithesis of his rival and successor Laud, his reputation has benefited from comparison with that imperious ecclesiastic. But though with Abbot instead of Laud for his spiritual adviser, Charles I. might neither have lost his head nor his three kingdoms, it must be confessed that in scholarship and zeal for learning the ex-President of St John's was immeasurably superior to the mild Calvinist



ELIZABETH, VISCONTRESS THURLES.

From a picture at La Grange.

To the p. 2 (v. l. 13)

into whose care Lord Thurles was now committed. Indeed, it is impossible to conceive a youth of far less political importance than was James Butler, growing to manhood under Laud's roof in ignorance of the very elements of Latin and the humanities; and, strange to say, considering the local atmosphere, theological studies did not replace the lacking mundane accomplishments. Perhaps this latter omission was not eventually unprofitable. It was certainly to Ireland's advantage that her Chief Governor's kindly reasonableness should be so little warped by the subtleties of controversial dogmatism. Judged, however, by his own standards, it reflects no credit on Abbot, but rather reveals the Archbishop's entire dereliction of duty.

Lord Thurles's defective training was the more unfortunate since he was naturally endowed with marked intellectual curiosity, and loved books with the pathetic passion of the self-taught. After his Lambeth days, he resolutely set himself down to a year's schooling. And in later life, though he himself went almost penniless, he never grudged large sums of money for his sons' education. His letters and despatches were considered by Burnet amongst the best of any "unlearned" man of that period. His unaffected modesty made him eminently teachable, and his good sense and remarkable power of observation were excellent material on which to graft the lessons of a rich experience. But, undoubtedly, when confronted with the intricate financial problems presented by the Ireland of the Restoration, he regretted that he lacked the power of handling figures, the surety of touch, which culture and early mental discipline afford.

The King allowed Lord Thurles and his servant exactly £40 a year out of the Butler revenues for their clothes and personal expenses, whilst Abbot received no remuneration of any kind for housing the young lord. It was therefore idle to expect James Butler to supplement his inadequate education from private funds. Lord Ormonde, despite his miserable circumstances, as soon as he was released from prison, does appear to have made

some effort to enable his heir to learn French "and to be instructed to write." But this attempt was promptly discouraged by the Archbishop, who probably regarded the suggested accomplishments as a cloak for proselytism. He sternly reminds Walter of the beads and rosary that Lord Thurles had been committed unto him by order of the King and Privy Council,

"and I must expect and do, that you forthwith returne him unto mee, unlesse your Lordship can get mee discharged from him by the King's authority which, if it bee not done with speede, I must have recourse unto the King's Majesty by way of complaint, which I am not willing to do."¹

The Archbishop's letter bears date 1627, two years after Ormonde had finally given in his submission to the award. He was then suffered to leave the Fleet and to take up his abode in a house in Drury Lane, receiving by Charles I.'s orders £1,000 a year from his Irish rents, which were, however, to remain in the hands of trustees appointed by the Crown, until he had fulfilled the covenanted agreement with Lord Desmond. This agreement was not wrung from the brave old soldier without much pressure.² Allusion has been already made to his destitution. In 1622 under the stress of that poverty, his daughters, who had hitherto lived with, or near, him, "impatient of their wants," began to seek subsistence elsewhere. Moreover, taking advantage of the Earl's detention in England, King James brought a "quo warranto" against his possession of the Palatinate of Tipperary, entailed for four hundred years by Crown grants on the male line of Butler.³ In the circumstances, it was impossible for the Earl to file a reply, and this noble appanage of his house was seized by the monarch. Nor did this final act of spoliation exhaust the vials of the

¹ Hist. MSS. Ormonde, O.S., vol. i. p. 43. Abbot to Walter, Earl of Ormonde, 15th October 1627, Foord.

² *Idem*, vol. i. p. 84. Charles I. to Lord-Deputy, 18th March, 1625.

³ S.P. Ireland, James I., vol. v. p. 359. Walter, Earl of Ormonde, to Privy Council, The Fleet, 28th June, 1622.

King's wrath ; for in 1623 Ormonde's enemy, Lord Desmond, obtained the wardship and marriage of young Lord Thurles.

Grievous as were these successive trials, probably Walter suffered the acutest anxiety in 1624, when a certain Piers Butler claiming to be the son of Lord Tulleophelim's elder brother, and therefore Thomas, Lord Ormonde's, direct heir, challenged Ormonde's right to the earldom. The Desmonds advocated Piers's pretensions, and, strong in their support, his partisans did not hesitate to practise intimidation on adverse witnesses of such social importance as Lord Mountgarret.¹ In fact, that nobleman considered their proceedings so suspicious that he besought Ormonde to petition for the withdrawal of Lord Thurles's wardship from Lord Desmond, "as most dangerous and unnatural" to the youth. Happily for Ormonde, the Special Commission appointed under the Great Seal to investigate the case did not prove amenable to these deplorable influences. And after a legal hearing before the Lord-Deputy and other great officers of the Crown in Dublin, Ormonde was confirmed in the possession of his barren title.

Under Charles as under James, Buckingham's ascendancy remained undisputed, and consequently the son's accession to the throne produced no alteration in Ormonde's fortunes ; and with the course of years, there came no diminution in the favourite's severity towards the unhappy object of his former envy. Indeed, that which primarily was mere caprice on the Duke's part, gradually developed into settled purpose. The advancement of his family always being near to George Villiers's heart, he set himself to provide for his nephew, George Feilding, Lady Denbigh's second son, by promoting a match between this young man and Lady Elizabeth Preston, Lord Desmond's sole daughter and heiress.

The idea of reconciling their differences by contracting the girl to Ormonde's heir had not unnaturally presented

¹ Hist. MSS. Ormonde, N.S., vol. i. pp. 16-17. Lord Mountgarret to Walter, Earl of Ormonde, 6th June 1624, Ballerine.

itself to both factions of the Butlers. In 1621, articles for Elizabeth's marriage¹ with Lord Thurles, and, failing him, with his brothers in order of age had actually been engrossed. The unsentimental project, however, miscarried, each side blaming the other for its failure; while the Duke's propositions made its renewal appear well-nigh impracticable. Nevertheless, as time went on, Lady Desmond would apparently have preferred a reversion to the first scheme. But the brilliant prospects, which solidarity with the governing family of England offered, far outweighed all other considerations in Desmond's eyes; and matters were so far adjusted that a remainder of the Desmond title was granted to Susan Denbigh's son. Had this alliance been consummated, the ruin of the Ormondes must have been irremediable. But after a long interlude the luck of that virile race once more asserted itself.

On October the 28th 1628, Richard Preston,² returning from Ireland with his father-in-law's plate, valued at the enormous sum of £12,000, was shipwrecked, like Thomas, Lord Thurles, before him, and lost his life and his treasure near the Skerries. Lady Desmond did not live to learn her husband's fate. She had died in England, some three weeks earlier, with her last breath urging Elizabeth to set a term to the family dissensions by marrying her cousin.

Lady Elizabeth Preston was born on July the 25th 1615, and was, therefore, only thirteen when left an orphan; but, even at that early age, she appears to have been blessed with a good sense and aptitude for business beyond her years. This was the more fortunate since Henry, Earl of Holland, into whose care she was now committed by Charles I., was not likely to give the heiress a training suitable to the duties and responsibilities of her position. Indeed, it is no exaggeration to say that Holland was typical of the worst kind of guardian produced by the evil system of wardship. Even his tragic death cannot redeem his reputation with

¹ Hist. MSS. Ormonde MSS., vol. ii. p. 360.

² *Idem*, vol. ii. pp. 348-9.

posterity, and his treatment of Lady Elizabeth recalls the greedy money-lender rather than the chivalrous gentleman. In his anxiety to wring the uttermost profit from the trusteeship, he refused Elizabeth all instruction; and to acquire the art of writing the girl was reduced to copying printed letters. This process imparted certain peculiarities to her handwriting which it never lost. Each letter in her voluminous correspondence, stands out detached, etched rather than inscribed, giving an unmistakable, and, it must be added, a perfectly legible character to the handwriting.

Meanwhile, Lord Thurles who had finally obtained permission to live with his grandfather, was growing up into a singularly well-favoured, stalwart youth. Neither in matters religious or secular was he controlled by Ormonde, whose energies—much shattered by hardship—were devoted to retrieving his neglected property. Thurles was therefore suffered to follow his own inspirations and soon became a well-known figure both at the theatres and at Court. If his French studies did not progress—for, to the end, his efforts in that tongue afforded amusement to better linguists—it was during his stay in his grandfather's house at Drury Lane that he obtained some knowledge of Irish. And, although he never trusted himself to make important statements in the language, the fact that he understood it and could use it for ordinary conversational purposes stood him in good stead in later life.

Despite his many causes of complaint against George Villiers, Lord Thurles volunteered for the expedition to relieve La Rochelle, commanded by the Duke. In taking this step James Butler was doubtless influenced by a very natural desire to see active service. But it was characteristic of the man's whole career that at the first call of honour all personal resentments and animosity were instantly laid aside. This aspect of the case appears to have impressed Buckingham himself. In fact, when he learned the young man's errand at Portsmouth he is said to have exclaimed:

"Good God! Is it possible that your Lordship can so easily forgive the injuries I have done to your family and yourself as not only to honour me with your company here, but also to hazard your life with me in France?"¹ Thurles, with considerable tact, replied, "that as he was ignorant of the cause of his Grace's animosity to his family, so he was innocent in it, and took the opportunity to convince His Grace of it and to give him a real proof of his service to him."

Buckingham, who, with all his faults, was not insensible to real magnanimity, "embraced him and told him he should never outdo him in generosity and since his Lordship had made so obliging a step towards a friendship, he was resolved to clinch the nail, and if he was so happy as to return alive from that expedition he would make his lordship full amends for past injuries and be his fast friend and faithful servant as long as he lived."

Nevertheless, as Thurles on further enquiry was forced to confess that he had ridden off to Portsmouth without obtaining his grandfather's permission to join the fleet, Buckingham refused to enroll the new recruit in his forces. The next day, the great Duke fell a victim to Felton's "poor tenpenny knife," and James Butler, sad at heart, was forced to take the homeward road to London.

Had he lived, it is possible that George Villiers might have redeemed his pledges to Lord Thurles. Still, it may be doubted whether he would have gone so far as to transfer his nephew's bride to a new-made friend; and short of this step, Lord Thurles could scarcely have regained his ancestral position or become the chief magnate of his native land.

Lady Desmond's dying words had sunk deep into her daughter's mind. Relations and advisers in Ireland were also practically unanimous in urging the girl to end the recurrent litigation between the families by a marriage with Ormonde's heir. But the young lady was completely at Holland's mercy, while Lady Holland, herself a Feilding, jealously guarded her husband's ward.

¹ Hist. MSS. Ormonde, N.S. vol. ii. p. 351.

As yet the cousins had not even seen each other, and it was vain to attempt a meeting at Holland House. Neither ingenuity nor perseverance were, however, wanting to Lord Thurles. And in Patrick Wemyss, Lord Desmond's nephew and the manager of the Irish estates, then on a visit to England, he acquired a staunch ally.

The damsel's devotions were at least free from Lady Holland's suspicious vigilance. At Wemyss' suggestion, Lord Thurles, therefore, proceeded one Sunday to attend the same church, and, indeed, to occupy the same pew as Elizabeth. Neither then nor at any subsequent period was the future Duchess of Ormonde described as beautiful. Carte, a most friendly chronicler, can only find praise for her height and her straight well-made figure, a statement which the absence of picture or miniature does not enable us to control. Unfailing courtesy and kindness, dignity and intelligence—qualities which were pre-eminently hers—can, however, lend distinction and charm to features less well favoured than Elizabeth Butler's; and it is therefore not surprising that Ormonde's observations proved so satisfactory that he left the Church enamoured, not only of the alliance, but of the lady.

A few days subsequently, arrived at Holland House a pedlar of such engaging person and manners that he at once secured the custom and good graces of Lord Holland's daughters. In fact, so pleased were they with the new hawker that Lady Elizabeth was immediately summoned to view "the handsomest pedlar ever seen."¹ Now, Lord Thurles wore the costume and carried the orthodox pack appertaining to his supposed profession. But the disguise was not so complete as to baffle recognition; and pious as Lady Elizabeth undoubtedly was, yet the Church offices cannot have exclusively engrossed her attention on the previous Sabbath. Were it otherwise, it would be difficult to account for the almost alarming presence of mind she now exhibited. For when the young merchant presented her with a pair of gloves, and she became aware, as he drew one on her hand, that

¹ Ormonde MSS., N.S., vol. ii, p. 350.

it contained a note, this child of fourteen betrayed no token of surprise. With all the readiness of a finished actress, giving as a pretext the want of her purse, and firmly declining all offers of a loan, on the excuse of seeking money, she retired to her chamber to examine the billet at her leisure;¹ having read the communication, she inserted a reply in the gloves and returned them "to the amorous pedlar, pretending they had an ill smell."

Such, if we are to credit the reminiscences of an anonymous chronicler, was the secret wooing of Lady Elizabeth Preston. Carte tells us that Lord Thurles's courtship, conducted under the eyes of King and guardian at Whitehall, was beset with difficulties. The pleasure the young lady openly displayed in "the sprightly and easy flow of her lover's wit"² could not escape observation. Charles's attention was aroused, and faithful to his dead friend's wishes, he interposed, admonishing Lord Thurles "with some concern" not to meddle with his ward! James Butler's reply deserves to be recorded for its happy combination of deference and firmness. He said that he never saw Lady Elizabeth "anywhere but in His Majesty's Court, where all paid her respect, and he, having the honour to be her kinsman, thought he might well do the same as well as others; but if His Majesty would forbid him his court, he would refrain from it!" Even the King felt reluctant to take such an extreme course. "No," he answered, "I do not command that!"

And the youth continued, undiscouraged, to urge his suit. Lord Thurles was, probably, accurate in stating that his opportunities of meeting Elizabeth were limited to the occasions provided by the entertainments at Whitehall. But it was otherwise with regard to written communications. The lovers had enlisted the good offices of Lady Isabella Rich, Lord Holland's daughter. She received their confidences, carried their messages and assisted in

¹ Ormonde MSS., vol. ii. p. 350.

² Carte, vol. i. p. 14.

the fulfilment of their hearts' desire. It would have been, however, wiser if Lady Holland had transferred some of the watchfulness she expended on Elizabeth, to Isabella. Private assignations, a community of secrecy, "late and unguarded hours" are conditions, which, at all periods, have been dangerous to innocence.¹ Nor was Isabella of that calm, not to say cold, temperament which can pass unscathed through such hazards. Her high spirits and love of merriment sometimes outran all bounds. In Lady Isabella Thynne, mirror of fashion and Egeria of royalist conspiracies, the madcap long survived the days of girlhood. During the residence of the Court at Oxford she was the despair of the grave and reverend signiors of the University. Aubrey has described the flutter in those learned circles when she and her friend Mrs Fanshawe attended morning service at Trinity College Chapel, "half-dressed like Angels."² To the enamoured undergraduates, on the other hand, she doubtless seemed an angelic being. The "grove" of Trinity, "the Daphne for the ladies and their gallants to walk in," was thronged, when Isabella made "her entreys with a theorbo and lute played before her." And in this fantastic pageant Waller may well have found an inspiration for his *Lines on my Lady Isabella playing on the Lute*.³

"The trembling strings about her fingers crowd,
And tell their joy for ev'ry kiss aloud :
Small force there needs to make them tremble so,
Touched by that hand who would not tremble too?
Here Love takes stand, and while she charms the ear
Empties his quiver on the list'ning Deer."

It is a pretty picture, and, according to Aubrey, owes little to poetic license. The antiquarian himself evidently cherished an affectionate remembrance of the fair musician's charm. "She was most beautiful," he says, "most humble, charitable, etc., but she could not subdue one thing." In other words, she was governed by her emotions. To a nature so constituted, clandestine intercourse with an

¹ Carte, vol. iv. p. 701.

² "Aubrey Letters," vol. ii. p. 427.

³ Ed. Waller, *Poems written on Several Occasions*, ed. 1705, p. 84.

attractive youth was fraught with peril ; and, unhappily, Ormonde was not wise for both. Much as such an episode must jar, striking a discord in the midst of what would otherwise have worn the aspect of an idyll, it is perhaps better here to give and dismiss the whole story, which was fated to have a strange sequel in the distant future.

As Carte puts it "Lady Isabella found the young nobleman too agreeable."¹ A boy was born, whose existence—wonderful to relate—was never suspected, even by those most nearly concerned in the matter, and who, in due time, was sent abroad. During his exile in Paris, the Marquis of Ormonde visited the Academy in that town where this unknown son was being educated, and found him a youth of great promise. Overjoyed, he wrote to Lady Isabella telling her the hopes he founded on the child of their brief loves. But, by some unlucky mistake, as the Marquis was likewise despatching an epistle by the same mail to Lady Ormonde, the letters were shifted, his wife receiving that intended for Lady Isabella. And Lady Ormonde had scarcely mastered the contents, when Lady Isabella Thynne—as she now was—appeared on a visit to the Marchioness. There was nothing petty in Lady Ormonde's character. It was mainly owing to Lady Isabella that she possessed a husband, who, but for this single lapse from duty, had never failed her in any circumstance of life ; whilst something of shame for Ormonde's transgressions must have mingled with her pity for Isabella. With signal good-feeling and delicacy, therefore, after explaining the misunderstanding, Elizabeth waived all retrospective jealousy and "desired of her old friend that this mistake might not occasion any break between them."² Nor does it appear to have affected their relations, for when some twelve months later, Lady Isabella, being involved in a cavalier plot, was forced to fly from England, it was in Lady Ormonde's house at Caen that she sought and found a refuge during the ensuing years of her banishment.

¹ Carte, vol. iv. p. 701.

² *Idem.*



LADY ISABELLA THYNNE.

FROM A COPIED IN THE COLLECTION OF THE MARQUESS OF ELY.

Such is the solitary episode of this nature in the annals of James Butler. The circumstances which gave it birth, also make it peculiarly unpleasant; and it does not palliate Ormonde's offence that Lady Isabella's subsequent adventures disclose a certain propensity to intrigue. The Duke himself would have been the last person to urge this excuse. On the other hand, the judgment of the circle in which he moved would have been more lenient; and if we cannot endorse a lower standard of ethics, it is but just to allow a certain weight to contemporary opinion. Perhaps, also, untutored youth and ardent passion like James Butler's should not, in any period of the world's history, vainly plead forgiveness, when retrieved by the subsequent record of a career wholly honourable.

Meanwhile, Lord Holland, who, at first, had violently opposed his ward's betrothal to Thurles, was being gradually reconciled to the scheme. This change was not, however, effected without heavy sacrifices. When we remember the value of money in the seventeenth century, £15,000 seems no mean price for Holland's consent. So large a sum should have effected even greater miracles. But, at least, when his rapacity was satisfied, Charles no longer showed himself inexorable. Ormonde's lands were burdened with the young lady's stipulated ransom, and in return, on September the 8th 1629, Earl Walter received, by letters patent, her wardship and marriage. A year later on October the 9th 1630, Walter, Earl of Ormonde, was legally adjudged heir to Thomas, Earl of Ormonde, whilst James, Lord Thurles, and Elizabeth his wife were confirmed in the possession of Lord Desmond's lands. The marriage was celebrated in London at the Christmastide of 1629, and after a short honeymoon, lasting only four days, the young couple proceeded to Acton in Gloucestershire, the seat of Lord Thurles's uncle, Sir Robert Poyntz. Here they lived for a year; the bridegroom, with the aid of his chaplain, diligently applying himself to the study of Latin.

At the end of that period, Lord Thurles and his child-wife crossed to Ireland and took up their abode with Earl Walter at Carrick, which for the next two years remained Lady Thurles's home. James Butler was less stationary. In 1631, business required his presence at Court; and in order to make the acquaintance of his wife's paternal relatives he elected to travel through Scotland. But if his progress to Edinburgh was leisurely, he made up subsequently for lost time, riding the four hundred miles between the northern capital and Ware in three days. The gentleman of that age habitually spent the greater portion of his life in the saddle. Yet, after such a feat, the hardiest might well have sought his bed. Not so Lord Thurles. The long hours on horseback had told so little on his stalwart frame, that, instead of resting, he amused himself by examining the books in his lodgings. "And about the middle of the night," says Carte, "lighting on *The Counterscuffle*¹ which he had not seen before, it put him into such a fit of laughter that the landlord and his wife started out of their sleep, amazed and scarce able to imagine what the matter could be."²

¹ "*The Counterscuffle* unto which is added *The Counteratt* written by R. S. Lon: printed by William Stansby, 1635." This mock heroic poem does not boast any great literary merit. It is boisterous rather than witty, faintly recalling the less happy passages of *Hudibras*. Yet its rollicking gaiety, after a long ride and a good dinner, might easily appeal to a cheerful and uncritical young gentleman. A mimic battle waged by the inmates of the "Counter" or prison of Wood Street forms the subject of the ballad. Failing other weapons, the combatants belabour each other with the viands, which furnish forth their supper; for their diet was on a generous scale, hardly suggesting prison fare. Indeed, to the modern reader, the detailed and varied bill of fare forms perhaps the most curious portion of *The Counterscuffle*.

" Egges by the dozen new and good,
Which in white salt uprightly stood.
Fish butter'd to the Platter's brim,
And parsnips did in butter swim
Strew'd ore with pepper neat and trim,
Salt Salmon,
Smelts cry'd, come eate me, doe not stay,
And next to these a lusty Ba—
Con Gammon
Stucke thicke with Cloves upon the backe
Well stufft with Sage and for the smacke
Daintly strew'd with Pepper Blacke."

It is to the kindness of Mr R. Bagwell that I am indebted for the communication of this somewhat rare print, for which I had, before, vainly sought.

² Carte, vol. i. p. 18 *note*.

Such was James Butler in the heyday of youth, the very incarnation of high spirits and bodily vigour.

Lord Thurles's visit to the Court proved no brief sojourn. During his absence in England, both his grandfather and grandmother died; and the year 1633 was far spent before he turned his face homewards. When, however, the new Earl set forth to take possession of his inheritance he did not linger on the road. Leaving London one September morning at dawn, he slept that night eight miles from Bristol, at Acton, his uncle's house. In Bristol docks he was so fortunate as to find the "bark," facetiously called the *Ninth Whelp*. She was considered the best ship in the Irish Channel, carrying a whole arsenal of demi-culverins, culverin and demi-cannon drakes for the protection of her passengers from the ubiquitous pirate. "A most dainty, steady vessel," says a contemporary traveller, "and a most swift sailer able to give the advantage of a top-sail to any of the rest of the fleet."¹ The happy passengers' bodily and spiritual wants were generously catered for on board the *Ninth Whelp*. The captain's table was noted for its excellence, fresh meat being always on the bill of fare, while the cook's obliging readiness to provide special dishes for fastidious palates might well be copied by *chefs* on our ocean liners. In his vocation, the chaplain was equally energetic. Twice a day regularly he "performed prayer"; and oftentimes in the night, when the watch was set, the officers would sing Psalms and pray. Ormonde's voyage on this godly and luxurious vessel was particularly happy. He set sail for Waterford on Sunday morning, and on Monday by three o'clock, thanks to fair winds and fleet steeds, he was eating his dinner with Lady Ormonde. His wander year was done. Before him now lay more than half a century of arduous, well-nigh unremitting toil.

¹ "Sir W. Brereton's Travels," Chetham Society, 164-5, and p. 170.

CHAPTER III

CONTEMPORARY IRELAND

ORMONDE'S active career begins almost with his accession to his grandfather's estates and titles. The political situation of Ireland at that period was probably unique in Christendom, and as it affected the attitude he assumed and maintained throughout his long life, some slight historical retrospect may perhaps not be deemed superfluous.

The previous hundred years in Ireland had been years of upheaval. Into that brief space had been crowded the organic growth of ages. England had exchanged her secular policy of drift and non-interference for the settled purpose of bringing the country into uniformity with Anglo-Saxon legislation and rule. A religious revolution had taken place which was no product of wide-felt needs, but thrust on a people unfitted alike by circumstances and culture for its reception. Finally, immemorial customs and tribal laws had been ruthlessly abolished and a system of land tenure inaugurated, diametrically opposed to every conception of the native race.

Many of these changes had been initiated as unwillingly as they were suffered. The complete reduction of Ireland was most reluctantly undertaken by the Tudors, since the immense expenses which it entailed met with an utterly inadequate return. Henry VIII.'s quarrel with the Papacy which, under Elizabeth, developed into a national struggle for existence, made the subjugation of the sister-isle an imperative necessity. If England was to retain her civil and religious liberties, Ireland could not be allowed to become a Spanish province. Therefore, step by step, first, the Anglo-Norman lords, and, then the native chieftains were humbled and brought low. The capitulation of Maynooth in 1536 sounded the knell of the nobles'

greatness. Tyrone's surrender in 1603 set the seal to the accomplished task of conquest.

Lord Mountjoy, the Deputy to whom fell the honours of the long deferred conquest, gained no facile victory, for his opponent Hugh O'Neill, Earl of Tyrone, was no mean antagonist. One of the keenest intellects of Elizabeth's court, the champion of Rome, the ally of Spain, the tanist O'Neill was supported by the fanatical desperation of the sept's fighting for their last stronghold. It has been truly said, that O'Neill was finally beaten as much by the spade as by the sword. Wherever Mountjoy gained a pass or important strategical position, he built a strong fort, well provisioned and garrisoned.¹ The process was leisurely, but it was sure. Inexorably the iron circle narrowed, crushing the last atom of defiance. Resistance was outworn; with the overthrow of the Spanish forces at Kinsale in 1601, vanished Tyrone's hopes of foreign succour. On March the 30th 1603, the great Earl rode into Dublin and made his submission. The perennial strife was ended. Henceforward, during well-nigh forty years, the land had peace. But the price was a heavy one, and the enforced calm akin to the stupor of exhaustion.

The Irish, Sir John Davies says, "were beat as it were in a mortar with the sword, famine and pestilence."² Next to the spade, hunger had been Mountjoy's most effectual instrument. The horrors of that protracted warfare are hard to describe or realise; and to appreciate the suffering inflicted we should remember that in normal conditions the wants of the native, at any rate, in Ulster were pathetically few.

A certain shipwrecked captain of the *Armada*, Francesco de Cuellar by name, who had sought refuge in Ulster was amazed at the scanty fare of his hosts, "well-made men, with good features and as active as deer."³ They had but one meal, and that late at night, of oatcake and butter. Much to their guest's astonishment, who,

¹ Gardiner, "History of England," vol. i. p. 362.

² Davies's "Tracts on Ireland," p. 54.

³ Bagwell, vol. iii. pp. 184-5, from Captain F. de Cuellar's narrative in Duro's "Armada Invincible," vol. ii. 358-60.

straight from his own thirsty land, could not understand why they should use no water, "though they have the best in the world," they drank only sour milk. When a successful raid furnished the material for a feast they gorged themselves on half-cooked beef, eaten without salt or bread. Underdone meat is, however, not unknown in more polished society than was that of the "meer Irish." Captain Cuellar was fortunate to escape making acquaintance with a dish which, if we are to believe Fynes Morrison, was much prized in those regions—unwashed and unsalted entrails of animals, seethed in a hollow tree, and then cooked over a fire, lapped in raw cow's hide.¹ Nor, according to our ideas was their passion for steaks, cut off the carcasses of dead horses, less revolting. When, however, Lord Mountjoy, discovering this practice in his army, enquired of a soldier what had led him to select such unsavoury food, he received an amusing rebuke for his narrow-minded notions.

"Your Lordship," said the man, "may please to eat Pheasant and Partridge and much good doe it you that best likes your taste; and I hope it is lawfull for me without offence to eate this Flesh that likes me better than Beefe."

Mountjoy, who had feared the habit was due to some tampering with the troops' rations, was much relieved. He refrained from pressing his own canons of taste and hygiene, and contented himself with giving the soldier "a gold piece to drink in usquebaugh for better digestion."

But, as the campaign wore on, neither oatcake nor even putrid horseflesh were available. The straits to which Ormonde was reduced during his imprisonment in Leix will be remembered. About the same time, a certain Bohemian baron, bent on interviewing Tyrone, had an equally disagreeable experience, for during the eight days he journeyed through the north before he reached the Earl's headquarters, he was unable to procure so much as a single oatcake.²

¹ Fynes Morrison, "Itinerary," Part III. p. 162.

² *Idem*, p. 163.

If the great ones of the earth fared thus hardly in war time, the condition of the masses, ever on the verge of starvation, can easily be conceived. "As they run and are chased to and fro, they snatch at the wild sorrel (or shamrock) like beasts out of the ditches," says one eyewitness of the hateful struggle. The national emblem was at least cleanly if not sustaining food. But in some districts, tales of cannibalism, as gruesome as those recorded during the invasion of Edward le Bruce, were told. In the words of the prophet, mourning over Jerusalem, "the hands of the pitiful women have sodden their own children; they were their meat in the destruction." And many, who would not gratify their hunger at the cost of murder, were driven into feeding on the corpses, which lay rotting and unburied, the last resource of the maddened, despairing wretches.

Another hardship connected with Irish campaigns, as Spenser pointed out, was that winter seldom brought a truce. The English soon discovered that

"in Ireland the winter yieldeth best services, for then the trees are bare and naked which use both to cloath and house the kerne; the ground is wet and cold which useth to be his bedding; the aire is sharpe and bitter to blow through his naked sides and legges; the kyne are barren and without milke which useth to be his only food, neither if he kill them will they give him food."¹

The severity of the climate also worked havoc with the English. Dysentery was endemic. Bad and insufficient rations, penetrating damp and overfatigue claimed more victims amongst the yeomen fresh from the sunny meadows and snug homesteads of Merry England than all Tyrone's assaults and ambuscades. Unlike O'Neill, however, forced to rely on his own resources, Mountjoy could fill up the gaps in his ranks with recruits from the Mother Country. For although Elizabeth might rail at the waste of life and treasure, both she and her council had at last realised

¹ Spenser, "Tracts," p. 522.

that the reduction of the Island must be carried through. Ireland could no longer be suffered to remain a convenient "backdoor" for the entrance of Papist and Spaniard into the realm. And if the more hideous, not the least vital part of her struggle was fought by England amidst the bogs and forests of the distressful country.

Doubtless, the cause of civilisation triumphed in the victory of England, but the victory was dearly bought. And when peace was finally concluded, no man born of woman but must have counted the cost with a heavy heart.

Although the favourable terms secured by Tyrone naturally excited the animosity of his many enemies, it was inevitable that his power should wane as that of England increased. He could not forget the ancient days and his lost inheritance of power; and during the next four years he and O'Donnell, Earl of Tyrconnel, led a life of perpetual anger, disquietude, and alarm. In 1607 came the crash. The two earls were accused of hatching a conspiracy. Believing themselves in danger, they fled precipitately abroad. Sentence of attainder was passed against them. The broad acres they had held, mainly on behalf of their tribes, were escheated to the Crown, and the Government was thus suddenly confronted with a problem involving the destinies of a nation for generations yet to come.

From the first, the different legal ideals of Celt and Anglo-Saxon made mutual understanding difficult. Celtic custom started from the conception of the tribe, while individualism was of the essence of the English common law. Primogeniture outraged all the primary instincts of the Celt. His land tenure was collective; neither land nor power being personal possessions, but deputed by the people to the chief, the elected minister, not the suzerain of the sept. The chief might forfeit captaincy and lands by misconduct, and, in no circumstances, could he bequeath either to his sons. The inability of the Anglo-Normans to dissociate themselves from their feudal conceptions of land tenure doubtless lay

at the root of much of the subsequent mischief. History teaches us that no people can achieve true progress save on the lines natural to that nation's development. The platitudes of to-day were, however, dark sayings to a bygone generation. Englishmen saw little in Ireland or the Irish which did not demand a radical transformation. Nor is so sweeping a condemnation, from a *prima facie* point of view, utterly incomprehensible. The Anglo-Saxon has ever been prone to make the standard of comfort the test of civilisation, and the standard of comfort in Ireland was immeasurably inferior to that of England. That the majority of Irish gentlemen set far greater store on their own literature and poetry than did the average English squire would have carried little weight with these harsh critics. It is only of late years that Celtic literature has come to its own, outside Ireland. Even if they had understood Irish, we may be sure that the Elizabethan and Jacobean statesman would have appreciated it as little as Dr Johnson did the scenery of the Highlands. Moreover, although there was little difference as regards education between the English and Anglo-Irish gentry, in the lower grades of society the contrast was notable; and, undoubtedly, the prospect at home was fairer than across St George's Channel. The English yeoman, described by Latimer, was the contemporary of the native Irishman, who had not greatly changed since Giraldus Cambrensis noted his "glibb" of matted hair and uncleanly shirt. Such widely different types of humanity hardly appeared to belong to the same age and hemisphere. Apart from ulterior motives—and these were not lacking—the English would-be reformer felt himself justified in employing any means, however forcible or precipitate, whereby this wild creature and his barbarous laws could be assimilated to the British standard of civility.

The appropriation by the Crown of the territory, which had been subject to the O'Neill and O'Donnell opened up a vast field to civilisation and reform. Seldom, indeed, can any government have been presented with such opportunities for amending the lot of a people.

In a country, where, to quote so friendly a witness as Francesco de Cuellar, "there is no order or justice, and every one does what is right in his own eyes," the condition of the poor kerne must, at least, have been susceptible of improvement; and difficult as it was in strict equity to justify the confiscation of the tribal lands on account of the treason of the tanists yet, had the measure been carried out on the lines advised by the Deputy, Sir Arthur Chichester, it might eventually have found its apology in a prosperous and contented Ulster. The substitution of heritable properties for life ownerships, determined by popular election—a choice, which had resolved itself into the right of the strongest—would have reconciled the chiefs to the new rule. The establishment of freeholders would have created a large class interested in the stability of a government to which they owed their existence. The peasantry would speedily have found a reasonable, carefully regulated rent less onerous than the "cosherings" and "cuttings" which they had so long endured. And if the rights of every clansman, however humble, had received acknowledgment in the partition of the spoils, no permanent cause of estrangement need have arisen between the governors and their lieges. The warm welcome bestowed on the Chief Justice during his first circuit through Wicklow in 1606, abundantly proves that the poor folk, at any rate, were not inimical to an administration, which promised protection to the weak, and impartial justice to all classes.

On the flight of the earls, Chichester immediately urged the partition of the forfeited area between the original inhabitants, retaining for the benefit of English or Scottish colonists such portions only as the Irish would not undertake to cultivate or develop.¹ Unfortunately, this sage advice did not ultimately commend itself to the King and Council, who favoured a more extensive scheme of British immigration. Nor did this latter plan, it must be confessed, lack eminent advocates, for Bacon

¹ Gardiner, vol. i. p. 418; quot. Irish Cal., vol. ii. p. 358.

himself gave it the furtherance of his transcendent eloquence. Comparing James I. to Orpheus,

“who by the virtues and sweetness of his harp did call and assemble the beasts and birds of their nature wild and savage to stand about him as in a theatre, forgetting their affairs of fierceness of lust and prey, and soon after called likewise the stones and the woods to remove and stand in order about him ; which fable was anciently interpreted of the reducing and planting of kingdoms,” Bacon besought the monarch to “join the harp of David in casting out the evil spirit of superstition, with the harp of Orpheus in casting out desolation and barbarism.”¹

It would be unjust to deny that Bacon's reasoning, based as it was on the highest ethical considerations found response in the British Solomon's mind. The prospect of evolving order out of anarchy was, undoubtedly, attractive to the pacific monarch ; and like most of his contemporaries, he honestly believed this would be best effected through the “overlapping” of the Celt by the Anglo-Saxon or North Briton. In surrendering its pretensions to tenure *in capite*, the Crown showed no self-seeking spirit, whilst the stipulations for the liberal treatment of tenants by the undertakers were a considerable advance on previous conditions. But, unluckily, now as ever, the King's intentions were vitiated by the desire to make a high-sounding scheme of civilisation subserve the advancement of his cronies, and their parasites.² Nor were the denizens of Whitehall alone ambitious of securing a portion in the Promised Land. The ingenuity of the needy Scot left no artifice untried, however dubious its morality, whereby the ignorant native might be cozened out of his heritage.³ The ancient corporations of London planned a settlement on a scale worthy of their city's greatness. Glowing accounts of the fertility of the new Canaan arrived to stimulate the greed or energy of intending colonists. The city fathers were urged to

¹ Spedding's “Life and Letters of Bacon,” vol. iv. pp. 117-18.

² Mahaffy, “An Epoch in Irish History : Trinity College,” p. 182.

³ Richey, “A Short History of the Irish People,” pp. 607-13.

undertake the exploitation of Coleraine by the promise of "beeves, pork, fish, rye, beer, peas, and beans" in such abundance as to furnish London and its fleets with provisions,¹ and, in times of dearth, to minister to the relief of the poor. Not only the goodliest timber, it was said, could be found in the forests, fit to compare with any in His Majesty's dominions, but hemp and flax could be grown more profitably in Ulster than elsewhere. And "fells of red deer, foxes, cony, martens and squirrel" in profusion would reward the huntsman's toils.²

Small wonder that after such a catalogue of riches, actual and potential, the Londoners demanded the whole county of Coleraine with the abbey of Dungevin, the castle of Limavaddy, and "every other part of the said county." Indeed, when they were informed that some Irish freeholders "having done good service to the State could not be removed without inconvenience, besides the discouragement to men of desert," the citizens succinctly replied, that though they wished those freeholders well, "they would by no means have any promiscuous habitation with the Irish, unless they were contented to be their tenants." Thus was the fatal impetus given to a scheme responsible for half the difficulties that have confronted English governors in Ireland; and the Plantation finally resolved itself into so wholesale a dispossession of the natives that they must have been "beaten as in a mortar" to suffer it without resistance.

The work of settlement had been preceded by a survey conducted under the auspices of Chichester, assisted by that able lawyer and accomplished poet, Sir John Davies. Owing to the fate of a former surveyor, who on his entrance to Tyrconnell, had been, as a measure of precaution, decapitated by the suspicious Irishry, the expedition was attended by a guard. The services of the troopers were, however, not required, rather to the surprise of Davies, who contemptuously remarks "these Irish lords appear to us like glow-worms, which afar off seem

¹ Hill "Plantation of Ulster," p. 361.

² *Idem*, p. 381.

to be all fire, but being taken up in a man's hands are but silly worms." ¹ Wherever the expedition halted, Davies interviewed and cross-examined the countryfolk on their rights and customs. His account of the condition of Ulster at that period is a most valuable document. Couched in that rich and weighty language, which was not the least claim to greatness of seventeenth-century statesmen, his report affords pleasure as well as instruction to the modern reader. The man's motives were beyond reproach. ² He was convinced that "if the Irish were suffered to possess the whole country they would never, to the end of the world, build houses, make townships, or villages, or manure or improve the land as it ought to be." In furthering the introduction of British settlers he honestly believed that he was furthering the weal of the country and its population. But his reverence for the Common Law made him impatient of the Brehon code and customs, and eager for uprooting rather than amendment. Moreover, an accurate survey was a work attended with no small difficulty.

In the settlement of Londonderry it transpired that the citizens had, without any effort on their own part, become possessed of two "proportions" described in the survey as arable land; the "unprofitable" land, which could not be brought under cultivation, but was useful for pasturage, being thrown in over and above the original bargain.

Six counties—Donegal, Tyrone, Derry, Fermanagh, Cavan, and Armagh—were carved out of the Earl's territories and those of six other chieftains, whose lands were also forfeited. Two-fifths of the 511,465 acres of escheated arable land fell to the share of the London companies. The Anglican bishops, clergy, and Trinity College, Dublin, received, roughly speaking, another fifth. ³ About 116,000 acres were allotted to natives and "servitors," *i.e.*, great personages and retired civil or military officials, whilst the remainder was variously bestowed.

¹ Davies' "Historical Tracts," p. 256.

² *Idem*, p. 282.

³ Hill, p. 60.

Warned by the failure of the previous Munster plantation, the Ulster grants were made on a much reduced scale. Three distinct forms of land tenure were elaborated for the three classes of landholder, the "undertaker," the "servitor," and the native proprietor. The first was neither to suffer Irish tenants on his estate nor to alienate his grants to them or to any one who refused to take the oath of supremacy. If he was the fortunate possessor of a proportion of 2,000 acres, forty-eight men of English or Scottish lineage were to be installed thereon. These newcomers were not to be merely hewers of wood and drawers of water. Half at least of the little band were to be capable of bearing arms, since muskets and culverins were to be reserved for their use. Within four years, a strong stone castle with a "bawn," or stockaded cattle-enclosure, was to be erected, and thus, should occasion arise to convert the new manor-house into a fortress, the owner would be enabled to deal with the enemy. On these terms, the Crown agreed to content itself with a rent lower than that assessed on "servitors," who were permitted to retain Irish tenants, or on the native landlords, who were graciously permitted to employ their own countryfolk. The building clauses, so prominent in the undertakers' and servitors' contracts, did not apply to Irish proprietors. Naturally enough, the vanquished were not encouraged to cover the face of the land with miniature strongholds. But, on the other hand, where an undertaker with English tenants was assessed at £5, 6s. 8d. for every 1,000 acres, the Irishman was obliged to pay £10, 13s. 4d.

Clearly, the new colonists were not to be mere emissaries of civilisation, instruments for the propagation of the peaceful arts, English ideals and faith, but the garrison of an alien race in a hostile land. Their influence would have been diminished, and their hazards increased, had they been dispersed, and it was laid down as a rule that the servitors were to be planted in those places, "which are of the greatest importance to serve the rest."¹

¹ Hill, p. 126.

Consequently certain counties and baronies were set apart for their exclusive occupation, the Scots being encouraged to combine for the plantation of specific districts, the English, in like manner, for others. "Consorts," as bands of emigrants were termed, came over under the guidance of some prominent person. They balloted for grants, which were so arranged as to form a compact block, where it was hoped that ties of blood, tradition, and old neighbourhood would survive the change of scene. Such a system had other merits besides safety in the eyes of its designers. No latter-day breeder can be more anxious to preserve the racial purity of his pigeons or Cochin-China fowls, than was the Jacobean statesman to prevent intermarriage between the British colonists and the natives. Although James I., by his famous proclamation in 1605, had enacted the legal unity of the inhabitants of Ireland, receiving the mere Irish, for the first time in history, as "his free, natural and immediate subjects," the Statute Book still denounced pains and penalties on alliances between Scots and Irish. Yet, once again, the daughters of Erin proved irresistible to the invaders, and ere long the obnoxious Acts were repealed.

The fate of the "swordmen,"¹ no inconsiderable element in a martial country such as Ulster, was perhaps the most piteous. Those who had followers or cattle were ordered to be transplanted "into such parts of the kingdom, as by reason of the waste lands therein are fittest to receive them, namely into Connaught, and some parts of Munster." Those who had neither goods nor supporters were to be "disposed of in His Majesty's service."

The advancing tide of civilisation must inevitably have curtailed the untrammelled wanderings of the "creaghts," or vagrant herdsmen. It is only in sparsely populated countries that free pasturage remains a possibility. But without the drastic changes initiated by the plantation, the alteration would have come gradually, and these poor folk, as is apparently the case to-day with the Bashkir

¹ Hill, pp. 97, 99.

Tartars,¹ would insensibly have been weaned from their roving habits. James's colonists, however, viewed the creaghts with deep distrust. In the isolated farms, the sudden appearance of these wild shepherds was, doubtless, hardly less alarming than the advent of a tribe of Red Indians to the pioneers of the New World. Nor did time reconcile the settlers to the creaghts. In 1628, it was said that until these wanderers were forced to adopt fixed habitations, "the English dared not live in those parts for there is no safety for their goods or their lives."² The legislation regarding the herdsmen was, therefore, particularly stringent. It was only the practical difficulty attending the transformation of the nomads into husbandmen and tillers of the soil that delayed the forcible process.

Thus every class of the community was made to taste the bitterness of conquest. "The word of removing and transplanting being to the natives as welcome as the sentence of death" writes the Deputy, when on St James's day, 1610, "the day of that Blessed Saint in Heaven and Great Monarch on earth," he proceeded to inaugurate the enterprise.³ And in truth, Chichester's task was no sinecure, for revolutionary as was the measure on paper, the fashion in which it was interpreted aggravated its effects tenfold. In fact, the Deputy believed that personal enmity to himself could alone account for the senseless harshness displayed in certain cases. He specially bewailed the hard lot of the native inhabitants in Tyrone, Armagh, and Coleraine where, owing to his tact,

"they had reformed themselves in their habits and course of life beyond the others.⁴ I could," he writes, "have prevailed with them in any reasonable matter, though it were new with them, but, now, I am discredited among them, for they have far less quantities assigned unto them in those counties than in the other three; in which the

¹ See "Russia," by Sir D. Mackenzie Wallace, vol. i. p. 267.

² Carte MSS., pp. xxx., 53-58; quot. from "Ireland in the Seventeenth Century or the Massacres of 1641," by Miss Hickson, vol. ii. p. 330.

³ Hill, pp. 221, 222.

⁴ Gardiner. vol. i. p. 440, Chichester to Salisbury, Irish Cal. vol. iii. p. 876.

Commissioners . . . were in my opinion greatly overseen or meant not well unto me ; for to thrust the servitors with all the natives of a whole county, which paid the King near £2000 yearly, into little more than half a barony was a great oversight, if not out of ill meaning."

When we remember how passionate is the attachment of the Celt to his birthplace, the cruelty of the transplantation is the more obvious. There must have been many in Ulster, as in the settlement of Longford, to whom such an exodus spelt despair.¹ An appeal to the Crown contains a pathetic reference to those

"who in their deathbeds were in such a taking that they by earnest persuasion caused some of their family and friends to bring them out of their said beds, to have abroad the last sight of the hills and fields they had (been dispossessed of) in the said Plantation, every one of them dying instantly after."

From the establishment of the English dominion in Ireland as a living force, two questions, and two only, though complicated by many a side-issue, have absorbed the attention of governors and governed. Allusion has been made to the land problem. In itself charged with calamity, it was further intensified by the religious question.

Even before the Reformation, their common obedience to the See of Rome had alone united the English and Irish Churches ; a closer connection was precluded by differences of law, custom, and sentiment.

"No Irishman of the Irish nation," so ran the famous enactment of Kilkenny, "shall be admitted into any cathedral or collegiate church, nor to any benefice of Holy Church amongst the English, and if any such shall be admitted, instituted, or inducted into such benefice, it shall be held void and the King shall have the presentation of the benefice upon such avoidance."²

On the other hand, it was universally recognised that it would be idle for the English authorities to appoint aught

¹ J. T. Gilbert, "History of the Confederation and War of Ireland," vol. i. introd. p. xii. Appeal to the Crown.

² Richey, pp. 272-3.

but Irish clerks in districts which had lapsed to the original inhabitants. For "such of the English as are expert in the Irish language disdain to inhabit among the Irish people, and others dare not inhabit among them";¹ and such prudence was not unreasonable, for cowl and tonsure were but scanty protection to their wearers. So late as the reign of Henry VII., Lord Kildare, when accused of burning Cashell Church, called the Saviour to witness that he would never have done it "had he not been told that the Archbishop was within."² In the cloister itself, racial hatreds were not forgotten. It was a commonly received axiom amongst the Anglo-Norman priests that the life of an Irishman was no more precious in the sight of his Maker than that of a dog, or any other brute beast. Indeed, the injunctions of the canon law sat so lightly on these ecclesiastics that those who had joined in the slaughter of the wild Irish, did not scruple, on the selfsame day, to celebrate their accustomed Mass. Such were the relations of the Churches before Protestantism added dogmatic differences to envenom the secular misunderstanding of the races. Throughout England and Europe, during the pre-Reformation period, Church organisation was centred in the Bishop, the successor to the power wielded by the municipalities of the ancient world. The Irishman's instinctive devolution of authority to the community rather than to the individual, was reflected in his ecclesiastical ideals.³ In Ireland, that land of bog, desert, and forest, the same ascendancy was vested in the monasteries. From the dark ages, they had been havens of refuge in the wilderness, and whatever the shortcomings of the Norman knights, they, in their turn, dowered the land with a profusion of religious houses. Where the

¹ Richey, p. 292.

² "By Jesus" quoth he, "I would never have done it, had it not beene told mee that the Archbishop was within! And, because the Archbishop was one of his busiest accusers there present, merrily laughed the King at the plainness of the man to see him alleadge that intent for excuse, which most of all did aggravate his fault."—Campion, "History of Ireland," p. 158.

³ "Die irische Kirche war ferner eine Klosterkirche. Eine zentralistisch organisierte Kirche war bei Stammesverfassung kaum denkbar; die Stammeskirche musste beinahe eine Klosterkirche sein."—"Die Englische Kolonisation in Irland," von D. Moritz Julius Bonn, vol. i. p. 33.

education of the young was not confined to the fostering system it was entrusted to the regulars. In Dublin, Kildare, and Kilkenny six abbeys were devoted to this purpose, whilst "the womankind of the whole Englishry" received their training at Gracedieu. In fact, at the dissolution of the monasteries the Deputy pleaded the cause of these institutions as that "of the commonweal of this land."

Both in position and revenues, the secular clergy of Ireland were inferior to their regular brethren. Most of the livings were in the gift of the religious houses, who usually appointed some ill-paid curate to mumble the offices in a parish Church, often as dilapidated and miserable as its despised minister. If, however, the deplorable condition of pastors and sacred edifices was, in a measure, to be referred to the parsimony of the regular houses, it must be admitted that the friars, and the friars alone, saved the "meer Irish" from lapsing into heathendom.

"There is no Archbishop, nor Bishop, abbot nor prior, parson nor vicar, nor any other person of the church, high or low, great or small, that useth to preach the Word of God saving the poor friars beggars,"¹ is the verdict of a shrewd observer.

At the dissolution of the Monasteries, the influence of the begging friars was immensely increased, since, unlike the rich orders, dependent on endowments, they were accustomed to subsist on the alms of the faithful. Of the same stock as their humble votaries, nurtured in the same poverty, steeped in an ignorance almost as profound, the barefooted Franciscans flourished, where the more cultured and opulent brotherhoods could not have survived.² Bred to the nomadic life of the native Irishman, when hunted from one bog, they sought refuge in another. The law might decree their extinction, but, secure in the devotion of their countrymen, they increased and multiplied. Consequently the one class which every reason combined

¹ Bagwell, vol. i. p. 129.

² Ball, "History of the Reformed Church of Ireland," p. 82.

to place in opposition to a lay head of the Church, monopolised the religious direction of the Irishry. And, at the juncture, when it most behoved a Government, initiating not only a new policy but a new faith, to acquire the sympathies of the population, these sympathies were irretrievably estranged.

It has frequently been pointed out that Protestantism, appealing as it does to the reason and individual conscience, was foredoomed to failure with an emotional race, whose life had for centuries been organised on a communistic basis. Temperament and tradition in the fervid tribesmen alike protested against the novel creed. A quick-witted race is not necessarily enamoured of theology. Many districts in Ireland supported hereditary men of letters, which was certainly not the case in England. But the heresy laws were dead statutes in Ireland, for, of the species of thought that goes to make heretics there was none. It takes a certain mental training to assimilate the articles of faith specially beloved by the Gospellers, and outside the seaports, much of their teaching would have been as a tinkling cymbal in the ears of the poor folk. Indeed, so ignorant were they, according to Campion — whose tales are perhaps rather amusing than credible — that a certain “lewde Prelate,”¹ being in financial difficulties, actually contrived to raise a collation amongst his flock, on the ground of “relief to St Patricke, who, striving with St Peter to let an Irish gallowglass² into Heaven, had his head broken with the keyes.”

From stories such as these it is, of course, impossible to draw far-reaching inferences. But, undoubtedly, the mental gulf was enormous that divided the English artisan or weaver, often the lineal descendant of Lollards, who, if he did not himself testify at Smithfield, stored in his heart the dying words of Latimer and Ridley, from his contemporary amongst the “meer Irish.” To descant on justification by faith to a people at this

¹ Campion, “History of Ireland,” p. 25.

² Gallowglass, *i.e.*, Irish mercenary.

stage of their intellectual life was to court sure and certain failure.

Yet, had a serious attempt at conversion not been wanting on the part of the State Church, its history would have been less displeasing. And who can say what changes the effort might have wrought? The Welsh, a race as emotional as the Irish, are now the bulwark of Protestant nonconformity. The Highlander cherishes the sternest precepts of John Knox's iron creed. In 1556, when Archbishop Heath presented Bibles to Christchurch and St Patrick, the cathedrals were thronged with eager readers of the Word, and a Dublin bookseller found a large investment in the sacred volume the most profitable of speculations.¹ Possibly, the natural attraction of the best story book this world has ever known may have had something to do with the interest it evoked. But the new teachers should have utilised this awakened interest, whereas the Gospel narrative as given in the "Bishop's Bible" remained unintelligible to the peasantry. It was not until the reign of James I. that either the Book of Common Prayer or the New Testament were translated into the Irish tongue, and, meanwhile, they had become irrevocably associated in the native mind with recusancy fines.

In truth, never can a religious revolution have been conducted with less expenditure of spiritual argument. Archbishop Browne, who had been entrusted by Henry VIII. with the task of remodelling the Irish Church, preached Erastianism, naked and unabashed. He told clerks and laity,

"your obedience to your King is the observing of your Lord and Saviour Christ: for He, that High Priest of our Souls, paid tribute to Cæsar, though no Christian. Greater honour then surely is due to your Prince, His Highness, the King and a Christian one."²

The Archbishop was not singular in this exhortation.

¹ Reid, "History of the Presbyterian Church in Ulster," vol. i. p. 44.

² Mant, "History of the Church of Ireland," vol. i. p. 117.

With variations, it was the text from which most of the Anglican clergy derived their credentials. One argument indeed there was to which the Celt has never proved irresponsive. More than others, perhaps he has done homage to the beauty of holiness. Just as the savage Ulstermen clustered in veneration around the first disciples of Ignatius Loyala,¹ so Bedell won love and service from enemies of his faith and creed.

"Would that my soul were with William Bedell," cried the Papist priest as the rebels fired a last volley over the remains of the Apostolic Bishop.

Unluckily, while there were many friars as self-denying as Alphonso Salmeron in Ireland, there was a sad lack of devotion such as Bedell's among the clergy of the reformed church.

"It is great wonder," wrote Spenser, "to see the odds which is between the zeall of Popish Priests and the ministers of the Gospell, for they spare not to come out of Spain, from Rome, and from Remes by long toyll and dangerous travayling hither, where they know perill of death awayteth them, and no reward or richesse is to be found, only to draw the people into the Church of Rome; whereas some of our idle ministers having a way for credit and estimation thereby opened unto them, and having the livings of the country offered unto them, without paines and without perill, will neither for the same, nor any love of God . . . be drawne out forth from their warme nests to looke into God's harvest which is even ready for the sickle, and all the fields yellow long agoe."²

The want of a common tongue intensified the difficulties between the pastors and their flocks. An English Divine, when offered the Archbishopric of Armagh, told Cranmer, that knowing no Irish, "he would have no auditors, but must preach to the stalls and walls."³ But although Cranmer's unflinching good sense

¹ Bagwell, vol. i. p. 309.

² Spenser, "View of Ireland," p. 584.

³ Mant, "History of the Church of Ireland," vol. i. p. 215.

suggested that, "with diligence," the language might be acquired in two years, neither then nor later were such linguistic ambitions lightly instilled into those English parsons, who mustered courage to cross the channel. And, unfortunately, proficiency in Irish was not made conditional to obtaining benefices in the sister-isle.

It must be owned that the vicarages and churches, which these clerical emigrants were invited to occupy, presented a sad contrast to those of the mother country. Already, in pre-Reformation times, the ruinous state of the sacred fabrics had formed the subject of a sensational report to Leo X. The magnificent Medicean Pontiff must have learnt with amazement that Armagh Cathedral was destitute of sacristy, bell, belfry and vestments, whilst within the roofless walls a single weather-beaten altar alone remained, where, at rare intervals, Mass was said.¹ At Clonmacnoise, save that one vestment had survived the depredations of the gallowglasses, decay and destitution equally prevailed. In the capital itself, the crozier of the cathedral had been in pawn for eighty years. If this was the case in the principal cathedral, the condition of rural churches and chapels can be imagined. With the dissolution of the monasteries, the main source of religious ministrations was yet further arrested. As in England, the piety of the past was diverted to enrich great landlords and chieftains. Such donations, it is true, were accompanied by well-defined obligations. But, practically, these saving clauses were disregarded. The abbeys and churches proved convenient quarries of material for the township or individual who acquired them.² Schools and universities did not rise on the site of chantry and cloister. Most grievous of all, no charge on the estates provided for the maintenance of a resident clergy, in place of the dispossessed monks; and it was estimated that between one-third and one-fourth of the parishes were altogether deprived of the consolations of religion.

The ceaseless warfare, which, throughout the reign of

¹ Bagwell, vol. i. p. 295.

² Richey, p. 356.

Elizabeth, devastated the unhappy land, continued the pillage commenced by royal edict. In Ulster, Captain Francesco de Cuellar remarks that the churches, monasteries and hermitages were dismantled not only by the English soldiery, but by their "local partisans who are as bad as themselves." For, he continues, the occasions of plunder and rapine are apparently almost unlimited, as the Ulstermen's "great delight is robbing one another, so that no day passes without fighting, for whenever the people of one hamlet knew that those of another possess cattle or other goods they immediately make a night attack and kill each other."¹

Davies confirms the Spaniard's dreary tale. When he conducted the survey in Ulster, he was struck alike by the miserable stipends of the vicarages,² and the ruinous state of the churches, "such as were presented to be in reparation, being covered only with thatch," whilst the degradation of the incumbents, "such poor ragged creatures as we could not esteem any of them worthy of the meanest of those livings, albeit many of them are not worth above 40s. per annum," was in keeping with the scene of desolation. The mingled apathy and greed of the Bishops did not hold out much prospect of amendment. Indeed, the cupidity of the prelates of the Elizabethan and Jacobean period may be said to have completed the work of spoliation. In the shape of free farms and long leases at nominal rents, the revenue of their successors was granted away by these harpies. Aghadoe might still be counted rich at £60 per annum. But the See of Ardfert was mulcted of all but £1, 1s. 8d.; and in Cloyne—reduced to five marks a year—the occupant of the Bishopric was known as "episcopus quinque marcarum."³

It is to James I.'s credit that he was anxious to provide a living wage for the clergy of Ulster. Wherever it could be proved that the lands had been ecclesiastical property,

¹ Bagwell, vol. iii. pp. 185-6.

² Davies, "Historical Tracts," p. 267.

³ Mant, p. 445.

they were restored to their respective sees, and the patentees in the possession of Church property were forced to make compensation, and were also directed to resign the tithes to the ill-paid incumbents. Moreover, every proportion was made the basis of a parish with a church and glebe adapted to its size. On paper, therefore, the established church was suitably endowed. Nor was it unreasonable to suppose that with the improvement of material circumstances, the cause of many of the scandals might be removed. But great as is the power of money, character is a more potent force; and with some notable exceptions, character was strangely lacking in the Irish hierarchy of that period. Good Protestant though he was, Chichester was soon constrained to rebuke the prelates' financial methods. The churches were yet few and in disrepair, and the ministers mainly non-resident, but nevertheless a tithe of milk was claimed, "neither heard of nor exacted in this realm before"; and the Deputy complained that, though the clergy were often incapable of collecting it personally, they farmed this imposition to "certain keen bailiffs, and such like extortionate people, who either by immoderate avarice, or malice infused did exact and take away the same rudely to the extreme displeasure of the poor people, whose daily food and blood it is."¹

In that lawless country, retribution followed hard upon such deeds. One minister was found "pitifully murdered with 44 wounds about him, for that cause," and thus another was added to the reasons of estrangement between the races.

The condition of the natives was the more pitiable since, while the State Church inexorably claimed her dues, piety and custom were equally imperative on behalf of the Roman Catholic priesthood. The Anglican Bishop might bestow advowsons on his horse-boy, leave his dioceses—for he was generally a pluralist—unvisited for

¹ Hickson, vol. ii. p. 324. Chichester to Privy Council.

two whole years, and make no effort to enforce the celebration of service in the churches within his jurisdiction.¹ But he cherished the system of church courts, in which survived the most tyrannical traditions of mediæval ecclesiasticism; and the poor kerne knew too well that excommunication was the harbinger of imprisonment or ruin, and that he refused the heretic parson's baptismal, or funeral fees at his peril. On the other hand, how could he refuse the cost of those holy rites, without which, he believed, no soul could enter or depart this life in peace? And yet, betwixt the twain, he ran the risk of being mulcted of all his scanty store.

In fact, it was said that under the strain of this double obligation some natives nerved themselves to shut the door on the expiring beggar, lest the dreaded "dead money" should be required by the alien clergyman, as the price of their charity. Others apparently dispensed altogether with the accustomed prayers.² In one village a certain peasant, who had lost his wife, determined to bury her secretly at night, placed the body in a long osier basket, and carried it to the churchyard. As he was digging the grave, another man bearing a similar basket, containing, however, a crock of butter, passed that way, and willingly laid it down to assist the poor widower in his task. The tomb finished, the coffin lowered and duly covered with earth, the friends parted company, the assistant gravedigger once more shouldering his burden. History does not relate whether he found it had grown heavier, but when he reached his master's house and handed over the basket to be unpacked by the servant-maid, not butter, but a corpse was disclosed. The discovery was too much for the damsel's composure, and she promptly fainted. The explanation was of course simple; the two baskets had been shifted in the agitation and darkness of the night. "A proper exchange was made, and," says the Papist chronicler triumphantly, "the extortion of ministers thereby exposed." The

¹ Davies, "Historical Tracts," p. 267.

² Lynch, "Eversus Cambrensis," vol. iii. p. 123.

Celtic imagination is seldom in default; and it is easy to call in question the veracity of such anecdotes, but that they should have obtained currency, shows the opinion entertained by the Irish of their "dumb shepherds."

Yet, one section there was amongst the clergy of the reformed faith against whom no accusation of lukewarmness or self-seeking could be urged. The plantation of Ulster opened up a field, where earnest Presbyterian Ministers and their sympathisers in the Anglican Church, could labour unchecked by monarch or prelate. The God they preached was, perhaps, in Hooker's phrase, "a captious magister, who gathereth the worst out of everything in which you are mistaken."¹ But, whatever we may think of their tenets, they deserve the credit of transforming a crew of lawless wastrels into God-fearing citizens.

This success was not achieved by prophesying smooth things. The creed they inculcated was perhaps the most rigorous, which has ever subjugated the rebellious heart of man; whilst the stimulating character of their exhortations is quaintly expressed in the nickname of the "cock of conscience," bestowed by the Irish on one of their number.² In truth, they reasoned more of judgment than mercy; rather of the awful subtleties of the Evil One, than of the infinite pity of the Saviour. Life to them resolved itself into a vivid and ever recurrent battle with the Devil. In fact, he bulked so large in their vision that, under the stress of excitement, his menacing presence became almost apparent to their bodily senses. "See how Satan knibbles at his heels, when he is going over the threshold of grace," cried the celebrated Blair as he watched the deathbed "wrestlings" of a presbyter. And in his mouth the language was hardly figurative. But many as were the incarnations assumed by the Tempter of mankind, none appeared more deadly to these zealous gossellers than that expressed in the Church of Rome. The neighbourhood and contact of the Celts, whom as

¹ Hooker, "Works," vol. i. p. 56.

² Reid, "History of the Presbyterian Church of Ireland," vol. i. p. 113 *note*.

idolaters they reprobated, and as "meer Irish" they despised, was not calculated to soften the asperity of their judgments. Nor were such wholehearted opponents fitted to reconcile conflicting races and creeds.

It was not, however, the Irish Papists who alone awakened the ministers' wealth of denunciation. Everything that savoured of the Scarlet Woman was abhorrent to their austerity, and unfortunately there was much in the Established Church traceable to her inspiration. To these zealots, the Church of England appeared in John Bastwick's elegant phraseology, "as full of ceremonies as a dog of fleas," and their energies were concentrated on purifying her of these relics of Popery.

In the early days of the plantation, the scarcity of clergymen and the mingled sympathy and apathy of the Bishops left the new incumbents a large measure of independence. When ministers such as Robert Blair refused ordination at the hands of the Bishop of the Diocese, the latter calmed his scruples, and "answered the law" by officiating at the service merely as one of the several presbyters.¹ Again, John Livingston obtained a living from the Bishop of Raphoe on much the same conditions as Blair, being privileged to repeat only such of the responses as met with his approval. Thus encouraged, the most unbending Calvinists, driven out of Scotland by James I.'s repressive ecclesiastical policy, naturally took refuge in Ulster. Here, they did not lose touch with their native land. The communications between the two countries were remarkably easy; and large bodies of Scots frequently crossed by Stranraer for the sole purpose of enjoying some favourite pastor's ministrations, sailing home the same evening to Galloway.

Nothing, indeed, more accurately gauges the mental gulf that divides the seventeenth from the twentieth century than the popular attitude with regard to sacred oratory. Sermons were not only a source of dutiful interest to our forbears, they were often the chief excite-

¹ Mant, p. 454.

ment of a monotonous existence. What the cocking-match or bull-baiting was to the worldling,¹ the monthly fast day with its four discourses was to the pious. And the respectable members of the Ulster community were few who could not be reckoned in the second category.

The high value set on a “painful” preacher can therefore be imagined.² Moreover, his unselfish renunciation of tithes—a striking contrast to the greed of the laxer parsons—further endeared him to his flock. In course of time he was bound to become a force in the land, with whom the indifferent, and the administration itself were obliged to reckon.

One result of the widespread passion for homilies was the “mincing” and “shuffling out” of the prescribed devotions.

“It would trouble a man,” wrote Bishop Bramhall in 1634, “to find twelve Common Prayer Books in all their churches, and those only not cast behind the altar because they have none.”

In some parishes,³ the congregation did not even go through a show of attending the offices, but trooped into church only when the preacher ascended the pulpit; and when the laity endured the recitation of the sonorous liturgy, their conduct scarcely betokened edification.⁴ The regulations issued under Wentworth’s Government show that the habit of walking and talking during the service was as usual as for the men to remain covered in the house of God.⁵ Even more distasteful, however, than the set forms of prayer and praise ordained by law, were the rubrics to those clergymen, described by an irate prelate, as “absolute irregulars, the very ebullition of Scotland.” Rather than receive the Sacrament in a kneeling posture—which could be construed into an admission of the

¹ Reid, vol. i. p. 125.

² Cal. S.P., vol. ii. pp. 87-8. Bramhall to Laud, 20th December 1634.

³ Reid, vol. i. p. 244, Bishop Leslie’s charge to the Clergy.

⁴ Cal. S.P., Ireland, 1633, vol. ii. p. 32.

⁵ *Idem*, p. 87. Bramhall to Laud, 20th December 1634.

Real Presence—many of these men would have gone to the stake. Robert Blair has left on record the remorse he suffered after a compromise with his patron, Lord Claneboy, who wished to communicate after the Anglican mode. St Peter, himself, could not have expressed deeper penitence for his great renunciation than the worthy divine testifies for this single act of complaisance. On receiving Lord Claneboy's solemn pledge not to kneel, he administered the elements to his noble parishioner in the latter's pew, "which was joined to the upper end of the table, and so enclosed that only one's head could be discovered in it."¹ Lord Claneboy's prudence or prejudice was thus satisfied. But the next day, Blair felt himself justly punished, "being deserted by God for half an hour," and remaining, perforce, speechless when about to address his congregation. He never forgot the awful lesson, and certainly no other instance of pliability can be charged against him.

Under such spiritual guidance, the laity of Ulster rapidly developed a fanaticism equal to their mentors. From the preachers' words, like the mythic dragon's teeth, sprang a race of singularly militant Christians, who, if they laid no claim to the charity that suffereth long, and is kind, were, at least, ready to sacrifice both goods and life in defence of their tenets. The controversies that engaged these inflexible spirits are happily far from the ken of the modern world. But it would be sheer folly to deny that the apparent trivialities of which they made their battle cries, did not conceal great and vital principles. Earnestness, however repellent in its expression, seldom runs to waste. The calm judgment of posterity may see little difference between the tyranny of Presbyter and Bishop, yet the struggle against the latter was inextricably interwound with the assertion of the dignity of the human soul. Though unknown to themselves, the Ulstermen were in reality fighting the battle of spiritual enfranchisement from State legislation and State control.

The plantation of Ulster was followed by similar

¹ Reid, vol. i. p. 121.

experiments in Wexford, Leitrim, Longford, and West Meath. In these settlements a greater proportion was, theoretically, reserved for the original inhabitants, though, in practice, instead of obtaining three-fourths of the land, they too frequently received but a fourth. The motives of many of the commissioners appointed to carry out the work were transparently venal. One member of this body, William Parsons, whose post as Master-Surveyor invested him with considerable influence, was the evil genius of the historical drama, which culminated in the massacres and rebellion of 1641. From the commencement of the seventeenth century, this sanctimonious harpy bulks large in the administration of the distressful country. A penniless adventurer when he landed in Ireland, towards the close of Elizabeth's reign, before the accession of Charles I., he had acquired large estates in no less than eight counties. His apprenticeship was served under his uncle, Sir Geoffrey Fenton, whom he succeeded as Surveyor-General in 1602.¹ The plantation of Ulster afforded Parsons unexampled opportunities of enriching himself, and every subsequent interference with land tenure further assisted his ambitions. As a contemporary remarks, "he raised his fortune from nothing to great estate; he is sometimes the escheator's deputy and thereby cheateth well for himself and his friends."²

After the ceaseless turmoil of three centuries, few landholders could produce perfectly flawless titles to their estates. Moreover, a mistake of form was sufficient to vitiate grants, which royal proclamation or act of Parliament appeared to have confirmed, with every circumstance of solemnity, to their holders, the merest quibble sufficing to forfeit the entire estates to the King's Majesty. Thus, in 1611, the Government had no difficulty in finding a title to Wexford for the Crown. For, although the natives had duly surrendered their lands to the King in the beginning of his reign, on the understanding that they would receive them back to hold on English tenure, a

¹ Hill, pp. 153-4.

² *Idem.* Sir E. Brabazon to Salisbury, March 1610.

delay had nullified the transaction. Antiquaries, deftly interrogated, averred that Richard II.'s grant of the territory in question to Lord Beaumont, was, owing to the attainder of the latter's descendants, once more vested in the Crown. And after this discovery, the plantation of Wexford became an accomplished fact.

Such proceedings naturally caused great uneasiness amongst the landholders of Ireland, who, at any time, might be summoned to compound for their possessions; and these well-founded alarms proved a very gold mine to those, who, like Parsons, were skilled in detecting "concealed" or defective titles. Few indeed could excel him at this trade, which became almost a recognised profession; the old Pipe Rolls and patents in the Tower being closely scrutinised by acquisitive gentlemen, desirous of building their fortunes on the faulty technicalities these ancient documents might disclose. It is sad to record that until the close of his long life, Sir William Parsons experienced few checks in his cumulative career. Yet, even his brazen conscience must have warned him that it would be well to protect himself against inconvenient enquiry into his financial methods. He was consequently careful to supply himself with pardons under the great seal.¹ When on a visit to England in 1610, although he had procured a pardon so recently as three years previously, he utilised the occasion by furnishing himself with another plenary dispensation from the rigours of the law.

Of all the plots for gaining possession of the natives' property in which Sir William Parsons participated, not only the most celebrated, but the most infamous was the case of the Byrnes. A gang of land speculators coveted the district over which Phelim O'Byrne held sway. To obtain the latter's conviction on a trumped up accusation, which, if proved, would have entailed the forfeiture of this Naboth's vineyard, great English officials lent their countenance to methods which a Turkish Pasha could scarcely have bettered. For once, in Irish history,

¹ Hill, p. 154 *note*.

the powers of darkness did not finally prevail. But it was owing to no lack of sturdy foreswearing himself on Sir William's part, who, in truth, was one of the foremost spirits in that dark conspiracy of torture and intimidation.

Where such degradations of justice found a defender in the Deputy, Lord Falkland, himself, the passionate desire of the whole community to secure the limitation of the claims of the Crown on property requires no explanation. Between 1626 and 1628, this popular ambition appeared likely to be gratified. War with France was imminent, and, in that event, an increase of the Irish army would become necessary. Small as was the force stationed in the island, their pay was, however, always in arrears, and the troopers subsisted by pillaging the population which they were enlisted to defend. The Treasury as usual was empty. The meagre revenue was burdened by a heavy debt. The King's necessity was the country's opportunity. In 1628, representative agents of the Lords and Commons were deputed to lay the national grievances before Charles I. at Whitehall. A bargain was then struck between the monarch and his lieges. The latter undertook to raise a subsidy of £40,000 per annum for three years. The King, on his side, promised that a sixty years' possession should bar all inquisition by the Crown; and that the Connaught landowners, who lived in fear of a plantation, should receive a Parliamentary title to their estates.

All that now remained to be done was to give the force of law to the "Graces," as the royal concessions were termed. With this purpose, Falkland issued writs for a Parliament. But, ere the members could assemble, the Deputy was reminded that under Poyning's Act no measure, which had not previously received the assent of the English Privy Council could be introduced in the Irish Parliament. The time for this leisurely procedure was wanting. The writs were therefore cancelled, but the subsidies continued to be paid in full till October 1629, when the Irish, impatient of the delay to confirm the royal pledges, reduced the quarterly payments by one half.

The "Graces" were particularly welcome to the Roman Catholics. Thanks to the new oath of allegiance, students and lawyers of that persuasion were enabled to study and practise at the bar. The promise that for the future the unlawful exactions of the Protestant ministers should be restrained was likewise no inconsiderable boon; whilst the abolition of their private prisons throws a lurid light on the persuasive system of these strange missionaries. The recusancy fines were not, however, rescinded; and although Charles promised to redress abuses in the Court of Wards, recently established in Ireland, under the superintendence of Sir William Parsons, he refused to relinquish so admirable an engine for the conversion of Papist youth.

Odious as are all religious disabilities to the modern mind, it must be admitted that the recusancy fines were but fitfully imposed. They were seldom levied outside Dublin, and in Dublin, under Chichester's viceroyalty, they did not amount to more than £15 a year.¹ During the period when a Spanish match was in contemplation, they were practically abandoned. And although extreme Protestants, such as Lord Cork, might urge their infliction, so strenuous a policy did not generally commend itself to the Deputies. In fact, the penalty was retained rather as a menace, than for active or general employment, and, as is usual in such cases, was irritating rather than efficacious.

In the circumstances, true wisdom would probably have dictated their abrogation; although this would have been not only a confession of failure on the part of the administration, but would have required considerable courage in view of the comments such a course must excite in Protestant England. It should not be forgotten that liberty of conscience appeared a counsel of pure cynicism, vicious and impracticable, to the statesmen of the early seventeenth century. They never doubted that it was the manifest duty of a Christian State to require conformity to the Established Church. In their eyes,

¹ Carte, vol. i. p. 69.

recusant citizens were almost necessarily bad citizens ; and doubtless the whole trend of Romish doctrine was as little calculated to give the lie to this opinion, as the conduct of Catholics in Ireland, when treated with forbearance, was adapted to encourage their rulers to further lenity.

The land swarmed with popish priests and friars. In Monaghan, in 1628, they were so much the masters of the situation that they forcibly ejected the Protestant clergy. In the churches, where the Lord's Supper had replaced the Mass, the chant of the Latin ritual was heard once more as the incense rose before the altar. During the following year, even the presence of their governors did not restrain similar demonstrations in Dublin. When the Archbishop and Lord Mayor with a file of musketeers sought to arrest certain seditious preachers, the Carmelites and their congregation routed the soldiers and forced the prelate to flee for his life.¹ The house where such an outrage had taken place was promptly razed to the ground. But, shortly after, another riot provoked by the seizure of some priest, the material prosperity of the regulars was disclosed by the fact that the Lords Justices were able to confiscate no less than fifteen religious houses in retribution for the offence. In the country districts the ubiquity of the friar was equally notable. Bishop Bedell complained that there were sixty-three Romish priests in his diocese, as compared to the thirty-three who owed him obedience. The Primate, he wrote, lived in his parish within two miles of his house, the Bishop in another part of the diocese.² It cannot be said that their conduct showed a chastened or timorous spirit, and the gentle Bedell himself was moved to wrath when he found, "they grow so confident as they excommunicate those that come to our courts, even in matrimonial causes."

The facility for divorce and the looseness of the marriage tie had always—curious as it must sound to modern ears—been one of the reproaches levelled against Ireland.

¹ Mant, p. 431.

² *Idem*, p. 436. Bedell to Laud, Kelmore, April 1630.

Towards the end of the sixteenth century, Campion declared that

“whare the cleargie is fainte, they can bee content to marrie for a year and a day of probation, and at the yeare’s end to returne her home upon any light quarrell, if the gentlewoman’s friendes be weake and unable to avenge the injurie.”¹

In his turn Wentworth attributed the general laxity to the custom of celebrating weddings, like christenings, in private houses.² Because

“these rites of the Church are not solemnised in the publick and open assemblies, there is nothing so common as for a man to deny his wife and children, abandon the former and betake himself to a new task.”

It is possible that the dual ecclesiastical system had as much to do with these breaches of matrimony, as the privacy of the wedding itself. Nevertheless, the Roman Church herself did not deny the impeachment, since in 1641 the enormous sum of £20,000 was paid in commutation of penance for offences—many of the grossest type—against the seventh commandment.

If chastity was not in great repute, neither was temperance much honoured in the Isle of Saints. In the beginning of the seventeenth century, Fynes Morrison was aghast to find women of quality as much addicted to this unpleasing vice as their lords.³ Nowhere, save in Bohemia, had this travelled observer witnessed such scenes of debauchery. “Some gentlewomen being so free,” he declares, “in this excesse as they would, kneeling upon the knee, and otherwise quauffe health after health with men!”

In the course of the next generation, as regards the other sex, much improvement cannot have been effected, since Wentworth was dismayed to find that in Dublin drinking

¹ Campion, “History of Ireland,” p. 23.

² “Strafford Letters,” vol. i. p. 187. Wentworth to Laud, 31st January

1634.

³ Fynes Morrison, “Itinerary,” p. 162.

was grown to a "disease epidemical." In characteristic fashion, the Deputy, himself the most temperate of men, set himself to fight the evil by rule and regulation as well as by force of example, forbidding any healths to be drunk at his public table, save those of the King and Queen and Prince.

Where spirits, instead of wine and beer, are the national beverage, drunkenness generally assumes a particularly aggravated character. This was the case in Ireland, where usquebaugh, in modern parlance whisky, was renowned for its excellence, and was already receiving medical certificates from the faculty. Unfortunately, it was not reserved for the treatment of diseases caused by the damp, rheumatic character of the island. There was only too good reason for the belief that the "continual and extraordinary" consumption of strong waters was a serious drain on the purses of high and low. In that poverty-stricken land only two classes indeed could be described as flourishing—the friars and the taverners. And it would be difficult to say which of these the Government regarded with most suspicion. Naturally enough, it was to the multitudinous pothouses that flocked all rebellious, idle, and disorderly vagrants. There they plotted their "mischievous and cruel stratagems," not only with the connivance, but with the active assistance of their hosts, who frequently imported gunpowder, match, and lead in the firkins and barrels, supposed to contain wine and acquavitæ.¹

Yet, miserable as was the interior of the island, its inhabitants were less to be pitied than the seafaring portion of the population, and the dwellers on the coast, exposed to all the horrors of piracy. St George's Channel was the happy hunting-ground of the sea rovers of Europe and Africa; and the ingenuity of these rogues was amazing. One captain, hailing from that "den of thieves," St Sebastian, kept a nimble-fingered quarter-master, able to baffle the custom officers by forging labels of a different nationality to the original marks affixed on the stolen bales. But such prudential measures were seldom necessary. The Government guardship was no match

¹ Cal. S.P. Ireland, 1632, vol. ii. p. 109.

for the corsairs. She was not commissioned sufficiently early in the year to protect the spring commerce between the two countries.¹ On one occasion, the pirates actually plundered and fired a Dutch merchantman within sight of Dublin Castle. Another feat of a similar nature proved, however, a bad venture. The pirates seized Wentworth's wardrobe, valued at £500, on its way to Ireland. The haul was a rich one, even for raiders spoiled by prosperity. But it brought its retribution, for the personal outrage helped to convince Wentworth of the imperative necessity of making the Channel, the "chief of his Majesty's harbours," as safe for shipping as the "River of Thames."

Ruinous to trade as was the general sense of insecurity, the fear of being kidnapped and carried into slavery was an even greater terror to fishermen and sailors on the Irish coast. The galleys of Tangier and Algiers were recruited by such methods; the most Christian King permitting the Mahometan captors to drive their wretched, fettered prisoners in gangs through his dominions to the Mediterranean. Servitude in eastern climes is generally associated rather with the era of Gilbert à Becket than that of the Duke of Ormonde. Nevertheless, in Ireland, all through the seventeenth century, whenever the administration waxed feeble, it remained an ever present peril. Late in the following century, the Frenchs and Lynchs of Galway still celebrated the anniversary of William III.'s accession² with bonfires and exhibitions of orange lilies, in grateful remembrance of the release of their common ancestors from Algiers, owing to the Monarch's intervention.

Such, in rough outline, was the state of Ireland when Ormonde succeeded to the honours and responsibilities connected with the headship of the house of Butler. Doubtless, the picture is a gloomy one. Yet in the years to come, from the chaos of massacre and civil strife, James Butler may well have looked back on those days as an era of peace and prosperity.

¹ Cal. S. P. Ireland, vol. iii. p. 22. Captain Plumleigh to Earl of Portland, 12th October 1633.

² Hardiman, "History of Galway," p. 15.

CHAPTER IV

ORMONDE AND STRAFFORD

IN 1632, "James the White," as the Irish had christened the flaxen-haired Earl, was in the heyday of a vigour remarkable even in a generation where weaklings had scant chance of survival. No one better exemplified the Latin ideal of a healthy mind in a sound body. Less favoured mortals could have warmed their hands at his vitality.¹ Until he was thirty-two he never knew a day's illness. Slightly above middle height, he had the well-shaped limbs, perfectly balanced form and thews of steel, which mark the born athlete, to whom physical exertion represents sensations wholly joyful and quickening. In youth, judging from his ride to Ware, he must have been almost tireless. In middle age, he delighted in swimming to and fro across the Rhine, where the mighty stream flows its broadest and strongest. If it is true that after gazing on his portrait, Cromwell thought him "more like a huntsman than any way a soldier"² the great general's insight was, for once, at fault. Ormonde's picture at Claydon gives us the typical young cavalry officer of the Civil Wars, alert and resolute. The Lely portrait at Cirencester, on the other hand, gives us the Ormonde of twenty years later, Knight of the Garter, Lord-Steward, the King's trusty counsellor. Thought has now dominated action; but humour is there, writ large in every lineament of the shrewd, kindly face. The sweet curves of the mouth tell of a temper rather genial than sardonic, whilst the eyes, set wide apart, challenge respect by their frankness. Afflictions, hardships, and trials manifold naturally

¹ Carte, vol. iv. p. 691.

² J. T. Gilbert, "Contemporary History of Affairs in Ireland," "The Aphorismical Discovery," vol. ii. part i. p. 55.

wrought some lessening of the gladness so observable in James Butler's early years. Illusions he may have lost, but not the faith in his kind, for to the very end, it is a face like Addison's knight, "seasoned with humanity," that looks out of Ormonde's portraits. In his attire, James Butler might well have modelled himself on Polonius's counsels. Yet, dressed "as a ploughman, he would still," his biographer says, "have preserved the air of a man of quality."¹ In truth, Ormonde's distinction and courtesy were too integral a part of his nature to be shifted, as he did his many quilted satin or cloth waistcoats, according to weather. In all societies these traits made him conspicuous. They were indeed the outward and visible signs of the inward grace to which his contemporaries were constrained to bear unanimous testimony.

Such was Ormonde at the outset of his career, and it is characteristic that his first step on settling in Ireland should have been the purchase of a troop of sixty carabins in the army. Otherwise he seems to have confined himself to the management of his estates until 1633, when Thomas, Lord Wentworth, appointed to the office of Deputy a year earlier, arrived in Ireland.

The new Governor's initial efforts, even before his advent in Dublin, were perforce directed to replenishing the empty treasury. The subsidies terminated in 1632; and the Lords Justices, to whom the Government of the country was entrusted between the recall of Falkland and the assumption of power by Wentworth, had been sorely exercised to meet the necessary expenditure. Robert Boyle, Earl of Cork, an ardent Protestant and the guiding spirit of the administration, urged the re-imposition of the recusancy fines. This was not a course that commended itself to Wentworth. But to obtain an extension of the contributions he did not scruple to menace the Catholics with a renewal of the tax. The mere threat proved efficacious; nor after securing their assent to his demands, could Protestants show themselves less docile.

¹ Carte, vol. iv. p. 692.

Amongst the leading peers and gentry,¹ charged with the duty of raising the subsidies, was Ormonde. It was his first public service, and he exerted himself so zealously that Wentworth, too busy a man to squander thanks, felt bound to make a special acknowledgment of his efforts. In language, which in the light of subsequent events, sounds strangely prophetic, Wentworth expressed his satisfaction that Ormonde should apply

“that power your birth and qualitie give you to this kingdome the right way, that is to the service of the Crowne; which course as you beginn I rest assured you will pursue; and in soe doing remember that I, who professe to honour and wishe you hartily well, told you aforehands, you should by experience find itt to be not only the wisest and safest way, but that it would be a meanes still to adde to you in reputation and power, and in the conclusion leade you to whatever of greate or noble any subjectte can affecte in this kingdome and (for anything I knowe) on the other side too, if you have a mind.”²

The favourable impression Wentworth had formed of James Butler was not lessened when the two men came in contact. Undoubtedly Ormonde's appearance was calculated to attract the most casual observer. But the Lord-Deputy must at once have discerned in him something beyond mere good looks and amiability, “for, after gazing on him with more than ordinary attention,” Wentworth is reported to have staked his reputation as a physiognomist that the young Earl “would make the greatest man of his family.”³

When Parliament met on July the 14th, 1634, Ormonde was selected to carry the sword of State before the Viceroy. Nothing, however, beyond formalities passed on this occasion, an adjournment till the 16th taking place for the election of a Speaker to the House of Commons.

During this interval, for the prevention of brawls and

¹ Carte, vol. i. pp. 117-8.

² Carte, vol. v. p. 201. Viscount Wentworth to Earl of Ormonde, Dublin, 2nd June 1634.

³ Carte, vol. i. p. 118.

disorders, Wentworth issued a proclamation forbidding peers and commoners alike to wear their swords within the precincts of the House. To insure obedience to the decree, the Usher of the Black Rod was stationed at the door of the Castle, where the assembly was held, with orders to receive and secure the weapons. When Ormonde appeared, his sword was required. But it was required in vain, as the Earl declined to lay aside the essential appanage of a gentleman. The officer persisted and produced the proclamation as his warrant; whereupon this worthy descendant of Black Tom remarked that "if he had his sword, it should be in his guts."¹ The Earl had his own way, and was the only peer who sat with a sword that day in the House. Meeker governors than Thomas Wentworth would have resented such proceedings. It can therefore excite no surprise that he, the least forbearing of Deputies, should have taken immediate steps to vindicate his authority; and the sun had hardly set when Ormonde was arraigned before the Council. The Deputy's assured victory was, however, fated to be turned into confusion. Modestly, but firmly, the young Lord declared that his action had been dictated solely by obedience to the sovereign, from whom Wentworth himself derived his powers, and in confirmation of his words appealed to the King's writ summoning him to appear in Parliament *cum gladio cinctus*.² The Deputy, taken aback by the unexpected plea, could recall no precedent wherewith to confound the bold youth; and Ormonde left the Council Board free from censure.

As a rule, a triumph over Wentworth was dearly purchased. Indeed, it is no small tribute to Ormonde's personality that the incensed Deputy should have stayed his hand till he could take counsel with his friends. As he confessed to these confidants, Sir George Radcliffe,

¹ Carte, p. 130.

² This is Sir Robert Southwell's version of the incident. Carte believes Ormonde's defence was founded on the fact of the investiture of the Earldom *per cincturam gladii*, and of a statute enjoining the Irish peers to wear the same dress at the Parliament of Dublin, as the English lords were accustomed to wear at Westminster.

his secretary, and Christopher Wandesford, Master of the Rolls, Wentworth was sorely perplexed. He saw no choice "between crushing so daring a spirit or making him his friend." In this dilemma, Sir George flung his influence into the scale for Ormonde, pointing out that the Deputy would need the support of some members of the Irish nobility, and that none was more fitted than the Earl, both by nature and position, to afford him assistance. The secretary's argument carried the day. Wentworth laid aside all sense of grievance against James Butler, and sang his praises to the King and Court. He told Secretary Coke that "in the higher House my lord of Ormonde hath as much advantage of the rest in judgment and parts as he hath in estate and blood."¹ Nor did he confine himself to compliments. He exerted himself so warmly on Ormonde's behalf that at the early age of four-and-twenty the young man was advanced to the dignity of a Privy Councillor. Wentworth never had reason to regret his decision. Ormonde proved the most loyal of allies. Entrusted, moreover, with the proxies of four peers, he carried some weight in Parliament, and took henceforward a considerable part both in the debates of the House of Lords and the Privy Council.

It must not, however, be imagined that as yet Ormonde exercised any direct influence on the administration of Ireland. His youth and inexperience coupled with his excessive modesty—which, indeed, was only corrected at the cost of a revolution—must have militated against any other attitude, even had Wentworth been a less absolute Chief Governor. For the present, therefore, James Butler was little more than a passive spectator of the Deputy's policy, though he enjoyed a greater insight into Wentworth's motives and designs than any other of his noble contemporaries. But the benefits derived by Ormonde from his friendship with Wentworth were probably not confined to matters political. None knew better than the blackavised statesman, who lowers on us from the canvass

¹ "Letters and Despatches of Thomas Wentworth, Earl of Strafford," vol. i. p. 352. Wentworth to Secretary Coke, Dublin, 16th December 1634.

of Vandyck, how to exchange a "sower and haughty temper" for a "lightsome and pleasant ayre."¹ Even hostile critics admitted that, when alone with those he liked and trusted, "Black Tom Tyrant" was an ideal companion. Indeed, the diversity of his bearing at home and abroad was so well recognised that his friends could only explain it as "the result of a fixed purpose to be just to all, but to be gracious to none but those whom he thought inwardly affected to him." Ormonde undoubtedly belonged to the latter category, and must consequently have enjoyed the Deputy's intimacy in a fashion accorded to few, whatever their rank or talents, whether in London or Dublin.

To be brought into contact with one of the most commanding intellects of the period must, in itself, have been an education to the quick-witted Irishman.² It was the more valuable to Ormonde since, in his own words, "he had left Lambeth, advantaged neither by the knowledge of books nor of men." Although Wentworth could play excellently well at Primero or Mayo he did it, "more for company's sake at Xmas," than because he was a devotee to cards. "His chief recreation was taking tobacco and telling stories with great pleasantness and freedom" among a few congenial spirits.³ Young Lord Ormonde must frequently have been a member of that favoured circle, and it is permissible to surmise that those evenings spent "in an inner room" of the castle contributed in no small degree to his mental development. Himself a born conversationalist, such talk must have been after his own heart. Neither did this social apprenticeship prove valueless. It was "the ready flow and the pleasant turn of his wit,"⁴ which largely commended the Duke of Ormonde to a personage so easily bored as Charles II.; and probably it was to these gifts rather than to his sterling worth that he owed his influence over that fickle and volatile Monarch.

¹ Sir P. Warwick's "Memoirs," p. 110.

² Add. MSS. 34770, p. 17. Duke of Ormonde's answers to Lord Castlehaven.

³ "Strafford Letters," vol. ii. app. 433.

⁴ Carte, vol. iv. p. 693.

The relations of teacher and disciple, in which Wentworth and Ormonde stood to one another, might have bridged disparity more essential than that apparent in their several characters. If their education had been widely dissimilar, yet both equally possessed the strongly ingrained instincts of a governing class. In Ormonde these impulses were overlaid by a magnetic charm, which was lacking to Strafford. But they were none the less the underlying mainsprings of action. Moreover, community of tastes is often a more potent bond of friendship than parity of vice or virtue; and many of Wentworth's interests, with just that variation that lends pungency to intercourse, were likewise natural to Ormonde. Magnificent as they could be on State occasions, both Ormonde and Wentworth possessed that innate simplicity, which is often allied to good breeding. It was for the benefit of their guests that their tables were sumptuously furnished. Wentworth himself generally ate sparingly of cold, powdered meats, or cheese and apples, whilst Ormonde's acquaintances invariably anticipated his presence at their board by providing a plain boiled leg of mutton. As regards potatoes, Strafford could affirm without fear of contradiction that on no single occasion had his reason been clouded by wine. Ormonde was habitually temperate. The "dull, sedate, and continued guzzling of claret" probably appeared as "unbecoming" to him as to Lord Chesterfield. But it is to be feared that "the sprightly debauché, now and then," which the latter reluctantly concedes to human frailty, was not unwelcome to the Duke.¹ In later life, once every three months, he would bid such notable wits as the "Trimmer," Lord Halifax, the playwright, Lord Mulgrave, the poet, Lord Dorset, and the great laureate, Dryden himself to supper, when they "were merry and drank hard." And the most austere must admit that such a gathering might almost have seduced an anchorite from sobriety. When each guest had disposed of his first bottle, and Ormonde's attendants, with excusable curiosity,

¹ "Lord Chesterfield's Works," vol. iv. p. 354. Lord Chesterfield to Major Nairn, 25th April 1652.

lingered behind his chair, the Duke dismissed them with the remark: "Gentlemen, this is not fair, and if you stay and hear our conversation you should sit down and drink your bottle fairly with us, or else leave us to ourselves."¹ Even these revels, however, cannot have been excessive, for after a few hours' rest in an arm-chair, the Duke would mount his horse, go for a gallop, and come home to work as fresh as ever.

In work and play the resemblance between the two men was equally marked; Wentworth, whose labours were characterised by a fierce, consuming energy, was not more indefatigable than his disciple. For half a century, as six o'clock struck, James Butler was in his saddle or at his desk. As he himself said, the Duke of Ormonde and the Duke of Buckingham, remarkable for diametrically opposed habits, "would between them have made a good gentleman of the Bedchamber."² It is to this custom of early rising that we owe the long and happily expressed letters which, in the stillness of the morning hours, Ormonde was wont to indite. Yet hard workers as were Wentworth and Ormonde, they were too typical of their age and class not to find leisure for woodcraft. All the cares of office in later years did not distract Ormonde from the congenial task of improving the breed of Irish partridges by a judicious importation of Welsh birds. Nor would Strafford have disdained such efforts. Few things gained him, in fact, so much ill-will with the gentry of Ireland as his attempts to preserve game. These attempts were doubtless often ill-judged and arbitrary. It is impossible for instance, to justify his establishment of a protected zone, a royal chase, round Dublin. Yet no sportsman could have seen without dismay the unchecked slaughter of bird and beast, which already threatened certain species with extinction. The forge and the mill were driving the woodland creatures from their ancient sanctuaries. The destructive instincts of the new settlers were even more formidable to their survival.

¹ Carte, vol. iv. p. 699.

² *Idem*, p. 697.

Ireland had always been as renowned for its breed of falcons as for its incomparable wolf-hounds. The revenue not least prized by the Stuart Kings, were the rents that were paid in goshawks.¹ They were also amongst the national products most highly appreciated by Wentworth; and even when his duties gave him few opportunities of seeing the birds fly, he made it a point of honour to keep the mews filled with fine casts. Ormonde fully shared Wentworth's love of hawking, preferring it to coursing, which he regarded mainly as a means of taking exercise. Indeed, he cannot have been an enthusiastic huntsman; for though the hare might be actually in view, at the sound of the Castle dinner-bell he would turn his horse's head homewards, dutifully followed by all the hounds, who knew their master's habits too well not to recognise that the day's sport was over. Whether Ormonde would have relinquished the pursuit of heron or partridge with the same alacrity is doubtful. Certainly at the most troublous moments, he still had time and interest to spare to his birds. So confident was Colonel Cooke of a cordial welcome, that nothing short of the "dreadful London Alarm" of the Great Fire, would have induced that good man, His Grace's Master of the Horse, to "holt heave till further orders" when on the march to Kilkenny at the head of a "glorious hoast of hawkes, spaniells and hounds."² Even then "if the common enemy of partridges and feasants appear anything numerous in the fields," he protests he would rather mutiny and run away from his colours, than delay his attendance and that of his goshawks, falcon and tassell gentell (that "have embued themselves pretty well in blood") on his Master, for, thus accompanied, he knew his arrival at Kilkenny could not be mistimed.

It must be confessed that building, which engrossed so much of Wentworth's thoughts, was an occupation affected rather by Lady Ormonde than by her husband, who indeed, sometimes deplored the costliness of his wife's

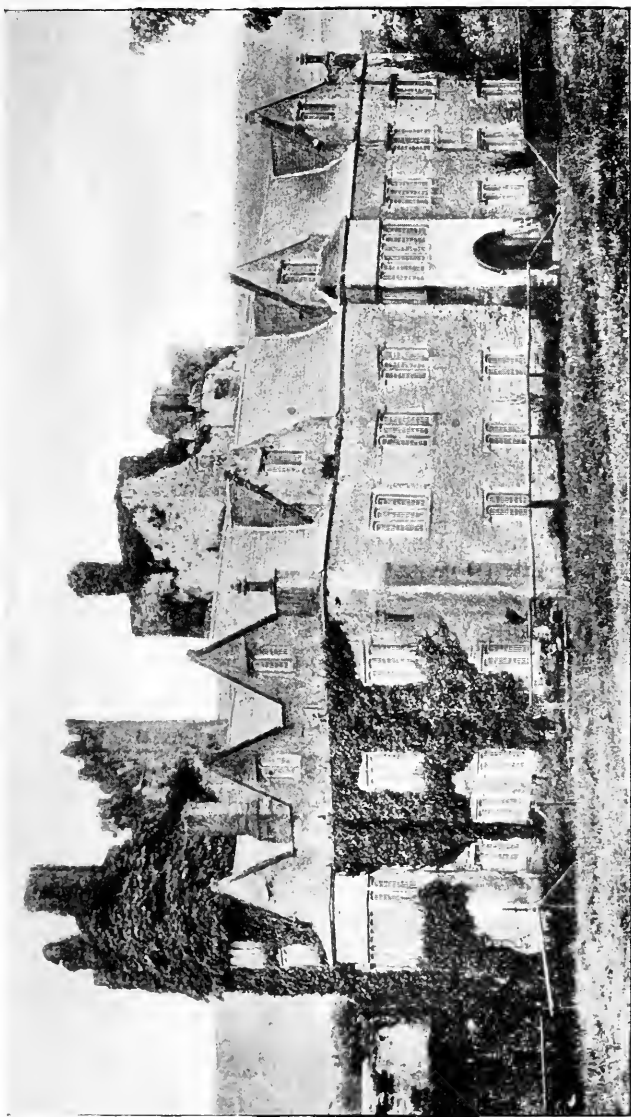
¹ Cal. S.P. Ireland, 1641, vol. iii. p. 269. The King to the Lords Justices about Rent Hawks, 7th April 1641, "Strafford Letters," vol. ii. p. 433.

² "Report on the Carte MSS.," by C. W. Russell and J. P. Prendergast, p. 190. Ed. Cooke to Ormonde, Dublin, 18th September 1666.

architectural experiments. The insanitary and "decayed" condition of Dublin Castle was a valid excuse for Wentworth's erections at the Naas. Ormonde was better favoured by fortune.

Even to-day, when the ivy has laced the oriel windows with a clinging web of greenery, and in the Castle Chapel the carven angels, weird, sylphlike, Celtic, listen in wide-eyed amazement to the chatter of the jackdaws, Carrick holds a potent spell for its pilgrims. The ripe yellow of the walls, touched in parts to brightness by the clustering valerian, subdued in others by the hoary, many-tinted lichen, is a feast to tired eyes, and that mortal may, indeed, be accounted happy who has seen the old Manor house under the mysterious radiance of those Irish skies, all pearl and grey and opal, and yet instinct with light. In the brooding stillness of a summer day, stillness unbroken save for the rustling of the tall water-weeds that part the Castle from the Suir, Carrick makes one half in love with decay that comes in a shape so gracious. But when "Black Tom" Ormonde built this fane to the honour and glory of the Virgin Queen, the western isle boasted no fairer dwelling. Legend says that the great Oriana had promised to honour her faithful servant's mansion with her presence. It was a vision that never knew fulfilment, though had the Queen been borne thither up the river, even that exacting lady must have approved her "black husband's" habitation. Small it undoubtedly is if compared to Hardwicke or Hatfield; but Elizabeth could not cavil at the decorations. Everywhere her image, supported by allegorical figures, forms the motive of the noble plaster frieze in the long gallery. The arms of England alternate with those of Butler, the initials of the sovereign with those of the Earl; while the device "Plus Pense que Dire" sets the crowning touch to the subtle homage which is the very essence of the House Beautiful.

Such was Carrick, where Ormonde, it is clear, loved to be. A greater contrast to its smiling serenity than the Castle of Kilkenny can scarcely be conceived. It



THE CASTLE, CARRICK-ON-SUIR.

[*To face p. 90 (vol. 1.)*].

would perhaps be difficult to find a more perfect expression, in stone and mortar, of the feudal period than the iron-grey towers, which rise massive and defiant above the silvery Nore that Edmund Spenser sang. Save that one wing of the great fortress, which so long bridled Tipperary, was annihilated by Cromwell's cannon, it is outwardly much the same castle, of which Wentworth said that "he had not seen anything so noble since his coming into the kingdom." Its grim and splendid strength, its mighty walls fifteen feet thick, against which the "Irish town" huddles for protection, must, in truth, have been in close affinity to Strafford's spirit. A gentler age has beflowered the terraces, and girdled the ancient walls with turf worthy of the Emerald Isle. The exquisite lines of the eighteenth-century bridge, which spans the river, lend grace and charm to the approach. Nevertheless, despite all the chances and changes it has known in the six hundred years of its existence, Kilkenny Castle is still eloquent of its marcher lords, at once the captains and justiciaries of their people, from youth to old age living lives dedicated to battle until, amid the keening of the Irishry, they were at last laid to rest in the grey austerity of St Canice.

It is amusing to note that the reception Wentworth met with from the burgesses of the little city, when he visited Kilkenny, was evidently less to his taste than Ormonde's Castle. He could have dispensed with "the force of oratory, and fury of poetry," which greeted him, especially as the speakers "rather taught me what I should be, than what I am." Happily Ormonde's family redeemed the situation. Amongst the "news fit and reasonable for ladies,"¹ wherewith he gratifies his absent wife, he marks with satisfaction that

"my lady of Ormonde is not so inclined to be fat as we thought her in Dublin . . . my lady, sister to Castlehaven, if she be not the handsomest of the company her ladyship is much mistaken; yet be it spoken to you in private

¹ Elizabeth Cooper, "Life of Thomas Wentworth, Earl of Strafford," vol. ii. p. 40.

without fear of profanation nevertheless to her beauty, my Lord of Ormonde's younger sister seems to me much the handsomer; only if I were of her counsel, I should desire her to beware lest she grew fat too soon. My Lady of Thurles hath the mien of a lady of wit and spirit."

Wentworth's satisfaction with Kilkenny Castle and its inhabitants was probably not merely due to the charms and good looks of the Butler ladies. His visit marked the realisation of his scheme for "planting" the upper and lower Ormonds. Elsewhere, similar ambitions of the Deputy's encountered determined resistance. In the end he beat down all resistance. But he was aware that owing to peculiar circumstances he could achieve no fresh settlement of the district, whence James Butler derived his title, without the latter's concurrence, and he was proportionately grateful to his host. In his first Parliament, after deftly securing adequate subsidies by playing off the jealousies of Catholic and Protestant against each other, Wentworth had resolutely refused to confirm those acts which limited the Crown's agrarian powers. When we reflect that Charles had received his equivalent in hard minted coin of the realm for the so-called "Graces," it is difficult to reconcile his own or Wentworth's conduct with the code of honour of humbler individuals. No thought of personal gain, indeed, prompted the Deputy. He was made of different stuff to the Esmonds and the Parsons. The restoration to the Crown of those possessions and prerogatives, of which he conceived it had been despoiled by a lax and corrupt administration, was the fixed aim of Wentworth's polity. For this reason, he was resolved neither to grant the confirmation of titles of sixty years' standing to the mass of Irish land-owners, nor to recognise the validity of the patents held by the proprietors of Connaught. To the advocate of "thorow" in affairs of State, plantations inevitably commended themselves, but he was not the first Deputy to cast a covetous eye on the Ormonds.

In fact, the Lower and Upper Ormonds had long been

the Naboth's vineyard of the anglicising land reformers. A boggy and mountainous district, inhabited by a race as wild as itself, "the receptacle and den for all leaud persons,"¹ the Ormonds possessed undoubted strategic importance. Not only did this barren region command the waterway of the Shannon, "the girdle of the kingdom," but it formed the connecting link between the Irishry of Leinster and their brethren of Connaught. As a contemporary memorandum points out, "these were the countries that gave Tyrone passage and most relief when he brought his army into Munster to join the Spaniards." Thirty years had not effaced such recollections from the minds of the governing class. And in 1630 a scheme for interposing a wedge of civilising Protestant influences between the two provinces was definitely formulated.

It was soon recognised, however, that the project must fall to the ground without the consent, and indeed the co-operation, of Walter, Earl of Ormonde. In the Ormonds the head of the House of Butler was well-nigh supreme. The largest proprietor in the country, owning, too, "a signory of rent beeves on every ploughland,"² he possessed, in addition, two deeds, patents granted by John and Henry VIII. to his ancestors, without which even Stuart lawyers could not prove the King's title to the Ormonds. Neither cajolery nor menace were, therefore, spared to obtain Earl Walter's assent to the design.

The Lords Justices were empowered to assure the old man that if he proved accommodating his property should not be touched.

"You may offer him," the Monarch continued, "what conditions you think fair for compounding his pretended claim to the premises, or any part of them. If, however, the Earl and the reputed freeholders refuse our gracious offer, then let them expect no better measure than what the rule of the law allows."

Strong as Ormonde's legal position undoubtedly was ;

¹ Cal. S.P. Ireland, Charles I., vol. i. p. 160.

² Carte, vol. i. p. 118.

he had nevertheless made too bitter an experience of Charles's tender mercies to prove unduly obstinate on this occasion. Having advised with his lawyers, he consequently agreed to give the King "all the furtherance he could, provided that his own rights were recognised."¹ But during the brief remainder of Walter's life the project was not further developed, and the decision to be taken in the matter was the first urgent question that confronted his heir, on his succession to the earldom.

After the course pursued by his grandfather, it would probably have been difficult for James Butler to refuse surrender of the deeds. Other reasons also assisted to make him compliant. In the Ormonds, and elsewhere, he had lately experienced some trouble with the natives, who seized every opportunity to encroach upon his rights. It appeared likely, therefore, that the substitution of an unimpeachable title to antique and disputed claims would tell in his favour.² And, in these circumstances, he may well have felt that the loss of the one-fourth claimed by the Crown would be more than compensated by the increased facility with which he would now collect the remaining three-fourths of his rents. Moreover, the assurance that the Service was intended wholly for the Crown, and not for private men" was eminently calculated to carry weight with Ormonde. Thus everything concurred to make him comply with the royal demands; but he gave way so graciously that both Wentworth and Charles became his debtors. Nor did they deny their obligations.³ The Deputy explicitly stated that the King's title to the territory was "borrowed" from the Earl; and begged that "the diligences of my Lord of Ormonde" might form the subject of a special letter of thanks from the Monarch. Ormonde was confirmed in all his lands and dues. He received in grant a fourth of the land reserved by the Crown for plantation, and also, on the

¹ Carte, p. 118.

² "Strafford Letters and Despatches," vol. i. p. 433. Secretary Coke to Lord-Deputy, Greenwich, 17th June 1635.

³ *Idem*, vol. ii. p. 93. Lord-Deputy to Secretary Coke, Clonmel, 15th August 1637.

usual terms, allotments of 1,000 acres each for three friends whom he wished to establish in the neighbourhood.¹ So intricate a business could not, however, be brought to a speedy conclusion. It was not till August the 2nd, 1637, that Ormonde, in the presence of the Chief Governor and eleven Privy Councillors, signed the resignation of his ancestral rights.

Vicious as were the underlying principles of all plantation making, that of the Ormonds, according to Wentworth, was unattended by the active discontent usually associated with such experiments.² Indeed, the triumphant Deputy declared that it was accomplished amidst the plaudits of the inhabitants.

“In my whole life,” he writes, “did I never see or could possibly have believed to have found men with so much alacrity divesting themselves of all propriety in their estates and waiting to see what the King will do for them.”

Such statements tax the credulity of a later generation. They may even have seemed dubious to contemporaries. Awe of the Pro-consul may have made smooth his way before him during his progress through the country. Yet such fears did not prevent the Connaught juries from disputing his imperious will. Since James Butler, however, remained the chief landowner of the Ormonds, the changes entailed on this occasion must have been fewer than elsewhere. Racial feeling has always been one of the most potent forces in Ireland. Although it can only be advanced as a pure surmise, it is possible that the plantation of the Ormonds was less unpopular for being conducted through the medium of a man claimed by the Celts as one of themselves, and viewed less as an English nobleman, than as their chieftain. Whether popular or unpopular the scheme, however, came

¹ Carte, p. 119.

² Cal. S.P. Ireland, vol. i. p. 168. Wentworth to Lord Conway, Limerick, 21st August 1637.

to nothing. It shared in the ruin of many another project of Wentworth's, and, like the plantation of Connaught, was never revived after his fall.

From the moment of his arrival in Ireland, Wentworth realised that it would be futile to attempt to effect any of his numerous schemes unless he could radically transform the character of the army. His financial compact with Parliament, by giving him the command of the purse, put him in a position to enforce discipline. In receipt of a regular wage, furnished with clothes, food and arms, the soldiers were no longer forced to live "*precario*, fetching in every morsel of food at their swords' points." The officers learnt that there was no toleration for the sluggard or the idler with a Deputy, who rigidly put in practice his own high maxims; and as Wentworth prided himself on inspecting every individual private, it will readily be believed that the troops soon attained a high degree of efficiency. In this task he was intelligently seconded by Ormonde, whose energy he duly recognised. In 1638 he promoted the Earl to the command of a troop of cuirassiers, remarking that his friend "was much the most considerable of all the Irish; of Affections and Parts as I conceive which deserve encouragement, and fit for the service of a Crown."¹ The appointment was a happy inspiration, for Ormonde was not only popular with the men, but he thus obtained the little knowledge of military tactics he ever possessed — knowledge, on which, in days to come, heavy demands were made.

The suppression of piracy, which followed Wentworth's accession to power, was no less important and beneficial to the country at large than the much needed reform of the army. Never did prosperity attend more rapidly on remedial measures. In 1632 the total of the sums received at the customs hardly reached the beggarly figure of £25,000. In 1641 Sir George Radcliffe was able to show that during the seven years of Strafford's

¹ "Strafford Letters," vol. ii. p. 204. Wentworth to the King, 11th August 1638.

administration trade had doubled, exports being twice as large as imports, and that for every ton of shipping registered in Irish ports in 1633, there were a hundred in 1641.¹

Wentworth's economic theories were, in truth, in advance of his age. To monopolies, that of tobacco excepted, he was always a foe ; and he did not rest until he had procured the abolition of the onerous duties on coal and live beasts. He has frequently been reproached for wilfully destroying the cloth manufacture, in order that the Irish, who, as regards bare necessities, were a self-sufficing people, should be kept dependent on England. But freetraders should hesitate before they endorse this accusation, since his action consisted in repealing the prohibition to export wool. The raw material offering larger and easier profits than manufactured articles, the cloth trade immediately declined and eventually perished. It is therefore rather in intention than in practice that modern scientists should hold him blameworthy. And it should certainly be accounted unto him for righteousness that he laid the foundations of the linen industry, the source of Ulster's future well-being, by the generous expenditure of his own private fortune.

When some thirty years later, Ormonde sat in Wentworth's seat, he showed that he was not unmindful of the great Deputy's lessons. His latest and most bitter critic has to confess that the Duke of Ormonde "encouraged and materially aided the linen manufacturers."² It was owing to no want of battling on his part that England did not adopt a more enlightened commercial attitude towards Ireland. On the other hand, if Ormonde owed much to Wentworth's economic training, the Lord Deputy's handling of religious and agrarian matters stood to him rather for warning than ensample. Even had James Butler's natural instincts of conciliation and compromise not been strengthened by the tragic spectacle

¹ Cal. S.P. Ireland, 1641, vol. iii. p. 252. Sir G. Radcliffe's answers to Remonstrance.

² "History of Ireland," Father D'Alton, vol. ii. p. 375.

of a ten years' civil war, it is doubtful whether Wentworth's methods of spiritual coercion would have commended themselves to him. When, in his turn, he came to rule over Ulster it was apparent to the most rabid Presbyterian fanatic that the Restoration Viceroy had no ambition to tread in Wentworth's footsteps. Much of Ormonde's success was due to his eminently teachable mind. He was ready to learn alike of men and events. Consequently, despite his admiration of Wentworth, he must have recognised that his former chief's doings in Ulster were responsible for much of the trouble that came in like a flood on the unhappy kingdom of Ireland. Indeed, it is impossible to appreciate those troubles, or Ormonde's part in them, without some consideration of Strafford's agrarian and religious policy.

The conditions by which the London colonists held their vast territory in Ulster had undoubtedly been violated. Some of these breaches of the original covenant were wilful. More were unavoidable. The main object of James I.'s plantation had been the restocking of the country with men of British birth. But, at that date, neither England nor Scotland possessed a surplus population for the task. The number of emigrants, who ventured to face the natives and other discomforts of that wild region, was insufficient to cultivate the undertakers' allotments. In these circumstances, what proprietor could be expected to reject natives as tenants for farms, otherwise condemned to run to waste? Moreover, it must be admitted that the mere Irish were willing to pay larger rents than the newcomers. Thus, at the first push of necessity, the corner-stone of James I.'s elaborate structure crumbled. Nevertheless, although inevitable, the admission of Papist Irish as leaseholders invalidated the City's Charter. The case was judged by the Star Chamber in 1635; and forfeiture and a fine of £70,000 were imposed on the citizens.

Four years later this enormous sum was reduced to £12,000; but the forfeiture was maintained, and conferred powers on Wentworth which he was not slow to use. The

independence already affected by these sturdy Northerners was, indeed, scarcely calculated to commend them to the autocratic Viceroy. Unlike his friend and correspondent Laud, Wentworth was no devotee of ritual. But in matters ecclesiastical, as in affairs of State, he had no mind to suffer the intrusion of private judgment. In Dublin, he quickly overbore the timid opposition evoked by his decision to substitute the Anglican Articles for those hitherto adopted by the Irish Church. He had a short way with mutinous clerks, which proved effectual. Learning that Convocation had actually ventured to appoint a committee to consider his order, he told the Chairman, Dean Andrews,

“that certainly not a Dean of Limerick, but an Ananias had sate in the Chair of the Committee.” Nor did the humbler divines escape reproof. They were admonished “how unlike Clergymen that owed canonical obedience to their Superiors they had proceeded; how unheard a part it was for a few petty clerks to presume Articles of Faith without the privity of their Bishops.”¹

These soft persuasions served their purpose. Andrews abased himself, and with one dissentient voice, the canon drafted by the Deputy's hand was submissively voted.

Since the Calvinistic section of the Clergy infinitely preferred the Irish to the English Articles, Wentworth's achievement seemed no mean triumph to the Laudian school of Theologians. Indeed, nearly thirty years later, the most eloquent preacher of the Restoration, in his usual hyperbolical strain, still vaunted

“the taking away that Shibboleth which made this Church lisp too undevoutly, or rather in some little degree to speak the speech of Ashdod and not the language of Canaan.”²

But the treatment which Wentworth found successful with timorous and self-seeking priests, like Dean Andrews

¹ “Strafford Letters,” vol. i. p. 343. Wentworth to Laud, 16th December 1634.

² Jeremy Taylor's “Funeral Sermon on Bishop Bramhall,” J. Taylor's “Works,” vol. vi. p. 432.

and his kind, was fruitless when applied to the Ulster Presbyterians.

Although the Deputy possessed two admirable engines of coercion, both of his own creation, in Bishop Bramhall and the High Commission Court of Dublin, the sturdy settlers were not to be preached or fined into conformity. John Bramhall was the typical Ecclesiastic, who before the Reformation would have gravitated to the Exchequer; and Wentworth, recognising his business capacities, appointed him Receiver - General for the confiscated revenues of Londonderry. Bramhall was an able administrator, a fair scholar, loyal and upright. All these virtues were, however, vitiated by an arrogant temper and an unlovely vehemence. The trials, conferences, and debates of that period are punctuated by his vitriolic interjections. No style savours less of the Apostle. Delivered in the tone of a termagant, his exhortations, with their exuberance of acrimony, recall choice passages of papal bulls, and at once appal and enliven the modern reader. But Cromwell's vehemently expressed disappointment when he failed to capture the "Irish Canterbury," shows that Bramhall was no mean opponent. The Bishop's temperament, at once orderly and unspiritual, naturally inclined him to share Laud's passion for uniformity. And as his own diocese of Derry was fanatically puritan he was soon involved in every kind of litigation and prosecution.

It has been already said that the quarrel between the hierarchy and the laity mainly centred on the bodily attitude to be observed at the reception of the Eucharist. In the loud beating of the drum ecclesiastic, the still, small voice of Charity had scant chance of being heard; and the conferences instituted by the Bishops to bring the preachers to conformity proved rather mischievous than helpful. Considering the manner in which the dispute was conducted, this could hardly be otherwise. Religious controversies have their own vernacular; and it was not only in matters of the faith that the divines of the seventeenth century took the Fathers of the early Church for their exemplars. In language as emphatic

as that addressed by the famous Master of the Templars, Jacques Molay to Philippe le Bel of evil memory. Pastor Blair replied to a threat of deprivation, by "citing" his diocesan before the tribunal of Christ, "to answer for his misdeeds."¹ Such fierce intolerance was not confined to the clergy of Ulster. The laity were worthy of their teachers. When Bishop Echlin, who had only set the law in force against Blair with extreme reluctance, shortly after expired in "dreadful dumps of conscience," the population of County Down regarded the Bishop's death as a judgment from above. On the other hand, when Hamilton, the excellent incumbent of Ballywater, desired to know "by what Scripture kneeling at the Communion was ordained,"² Bramhall, who styled the disputant "a prattling Jack," coarsely retorted: "Give him Scripture for a peck of oats to his horse."³

Between men of such kindred intolerance and divergent belief compromise was hopeless.⁴ The very devotion of the ministers made them more vulnerable to Bramhall's attacks. Rather than give cause for scandal, they had renounced the tithes, which were their due. This disinterested practice had the effect of "almost turning their presentative livings into appropriations"; and Bramhall was not ashamed of suggesting that their self-sacrifice afforded "a notable opportunity to conform them, whilst their benefices lie bleeding at the stakes." It was, however, hardly necessary to invoke such legal quibbles when recourse could be had to an absolute Deputy, in full sympathy with his former chaplain's policy. Ousted from their livings, the dispossessed ministers could only preach by stealth within the barred doors of the faithful, who gave them food and shelter. Neither in Ireland nor in Scotland, where some took refuge during the fiercest persecution, did sustenance fail them. The women of the family saw to it that the men were kept true to their spiritual allegiance, and it must be owned that their

¹ Reid, vol. i. p. 188.

² *Idem*, appendix, p. 539.

³ *Idem*, p. 533.

⁴ Cal. S.P., vol. ii. pp. 87-8. Bramhall to Laud, 20th December 1634.

resistance was not always passive. "Anabaptistical prophetesses gadding up and down"¹ the land, and "barricading the doors of churches for a quarter of a year together," were, evidently, not antagonists to be despised. Bishop Lesley of Down declared that "faction," *i.e.*, nonconformity, only prevailed where "husbands have learnt to obey their wives, and where will and affection weare the breeches."² In his exasperation, the reverend gentleman proposed the revival of a "civil constitution of the authentickes," whereby women refusing to receive the communion should lose their dowries and jointures. Such legislation would meet the case of those who refused to communicate at all, rather than according to the rubric. He cynically opined that, should it be enforced, "some of our ladies would not be so stiff-kneed."

With Wentworth, staunch advocate of, "thorow" as he was, the Bishop's ingenious proposition did not, apparently, find favour. Nevertheless, the matrons of Ulster were not allowed to plead exemption from punishment on the score of sex. During the next few years, the pursuivants who conveyed recalcitrant dames from Down and Antrim to the High Commission in Dublin must have lived on the highroad. Not only were husbands roundly fined if their wives sheltered persons excommunicated by the Church Courts, but the ladies themselves suffered imprisonment for recusancy, or the too picturesque expression of their politico - theological tenets.

During 1638-1639 the outbreak of the religious troubles in Scotland did not improve the position of the northern settlers. Bishop Lesley's opinion that "now our neighbours house is on fire, it is time to look to our own" was shared by the Deputy. As forty thousand Ulstermen capable of bearing arms were supposed to be ready to co-operate with the covenanters, the Government had certainly cause for anxiety; but it may be doubted whether milder methods would not have been more effectual. The

¹ Cal. S.P., vol. ii. p. 182. Bramhall to Laud, 23rd February 1638.

² Reid, vol. i. pp. 193-4.

system Wentworth adopted was hardly calculated to rally a disaffected people to his administration. The stringent "Black Oath"—as it was termed—which he imposed on the Scottish colonists was gall and wormwood to the majority of the inhabitants. Numbers refused to subscribe a covenant, entailing passive obedience in undefined circumstances, and denouncing any bond or association which did not carry "His Majesty's sovereign and regal authority." Their hearts were with those of their own blood, who in the old country were fighting the battle of the Lord of Hosts. Many preferred poverty and exile, imprisonment and chains, "being fettered by threes and fours in iron yokes"¹ to submission, and the women especially showed themselves heroic. To escape the rough treatment of the episcopal apparitors, some, but a few days after childbirth, "were fain to fly out of all harbour into woods, mountains, caves and cornfields."² Men and women of all ranks fled the land. In fact, the exodus was on such a large scale, that in some districts the masters feared their harvest would not be reaped for want of labourers. It is true that there was no uprising. Wentworth had taken care to quarter the army under Sir George Ratcliffe at Knockfergus,³ and the Scots, as the Deputy remarked, were "shrewd children," who would not attempt the impossible. Wentworth himself, however, was aware how little Bishops and military had achieved. In 1640, he could see no prospect of assured peace⁴ save by the summary deportation of all settlers—and he reckoned them by thousands—who, despite oaths and protestations, were inimical to the Government.

Whatever Wentworth's errors, it must be admitted that he did not fly at small game alone. Rigorous as was the measure he meted out to those under his rule, it was unaffected by respect of persons. This was

¹ Humble Petition of the Protestant Inhabitants of Counties Antrim Downe, Tyrone, to Parliament, Reid, vol. i. p. 290.

² "Strafford Letters," vol. ii. p. 382. Lord Claneboy to Wentworth, Killeleagh, 23rd August 1639.

³ *Idem.*, vol. ii. pp. 187-8.

⁴ Radcliffe's "Life and Correspondence," pp. 209-210.

apparent in his dealings with church property. From the moment of assuming the reins of Government, he aimed at restoring to the Establishment those endowments of which the great of the earth, lay and clerical, had despoiled her. He saw clearly that no reformation of her evil plight could otherwise be attempted, and to encourage the restitution of her filched revenues he induced Charles I. to grant the Clergy all impropriations in the possession of the Crown. The royal example, seconded by the Deputy's vigorous persuasions, was not altogether fruitless. But where fair words were vain he did not shrink from drawing on himself the resentment of the landed class, of whom Robert Boyle, Earl of Cork, was the most powerful representative. This remarkable man, who, in the latter years of Queen Elizabeth, had landed in Ireland a penniless adventurer with a capital of £30, a diamond ring, and two suits of clothes, was now the owner of a vast tract of territory. He had chosen for motto, "God's providence is my inheritance," and had justified the boast by making the endowments of the Church the basis of his fortune. But if Robert Boyle had not scrupled to acquire, for a beggarly consideration, the rents of the see of Limerick, valued at £1,000 per annum, by one of the curious inconsistencies not uncommon to human nature, he had also showed himself a true nursing father of the church. His charities were as widespread and meritorious as his public works. "Had there been an Earl of Cork in every province of Ireland there would have been no Rebellion," said Cromwell. With Wentworth good deeds did not atone, however, for backslidings. The Deputy brought a suit against the Earl in the Star Chamber, and eventually Robert Boyle was not only forced to restore the great tithes in question, but was, moreover, heavily fined.

Wentworth had justifications for his proceedings, although his unfortunate habit of giving a personal aspect to his administrative policy, invested the prosecution with a vengeful air; and another dispute over the position of the sumptuous tomb which Lord Cork had erected to his

wife's memory in Christchurch Cathedral still further envenomed their relations. Again Cork was beaten. Yet in his adversity, Strafford must have regretted that he had incurred the enmity of so powerful a personage as Robert Boyle.

Stout as had been Lord Cork's defence, the opposition of the Galway jury to Wentworth's plantation scheme was equally determined and equally ineffectual. Through stormy times, the Earl of St Albans and Clanricarde had kept his tribesmen obedient to the British Government. His fidelity might have pleaded in his favour. But when the De Burgh jury at Portumna, instead of copying the submissiveness shown in Roscommon and Ormonde, refused to find a title for the Crown, their past merits stood them in little stead. Wentworth indignantly fined the sheriff in £1,000 for miscarriage of justice, whilst the jurymen were haled before the Castle Chamber to answer for their misdemeanour. Indifferent as the English public was to Irish affairs, Lord St Albans' personality and his many friends at Court, drew attention to the Deputy's high-handed action. It is, however, safe to say that nothing caused so great a stir as the case of Lord Mountnorris. Whether considered as Scots or as Puritans, the Ulster farmers had few friends at Whitehall, and a new plantation in Ireland offered possibilities of wealth to needy courtiers. Neither were the tribulations of the opulent, like Lord Cork, an unmixed sorrow to their poorer neighbours. But that in a time of profound peace, a nobleman and high official should be summarily condemned to death for a few hasty words spoken months previously, and probably misrepresented, outraged the courtiers' consciences as none of Wentworth's other proceedings had done.

In an ever-widening circle the alarm spread, till in Pym's words every citizen began to fear "that he lived rather in Turkey, than in Christendom."

On the memorable occasion of Mountnorris's court-martial Ormonde's signature did not figure amongst the long list of councillors who endorsed the sentence; but

it would be hazardous to suppose that he purposely abstained from giving his assent to the verdict. It is more likely that on this particular day he chanced to be absent from the Council Board. A young man, under the glamour of Wentworth's personality, he evidently felt no difficulty in subscribing other questionable decisions—such as the condemnation of Lord Loftus. Yet it appears that there were limits to Ormonde's unquestioning faith in Wentworth. For, hearing that the Lord-Deputy had spoken slightly of Ireland as a "conquered nation," he remonstrated, saying "the speech was ill-resented"; although Wentworth's colloquial reply: "Truly, my lord, you are a conquered nation, but you see how I speak it and no otherwise," inconclusive as it may seem to others, apparently convinced James Butler that no insult was intended to his countryfolk.

Wentworth's short day of power was hastening to its close. Nevertheless, despite his belief that the Irish Army, even in time of peace, was "rather too little than otherwise," he contrived to despatch five hundred men to the King's assistance during the first Bishops' War.

In the autumn of 1639 he repaired to London, where he was the inspiring genius of Charles's councils, while at this period of storm and stress, the King showed a tardy recognition of his devotion by creating him Lord-Lieutenant and Earl of Strafford. All Strafford's previous labours were, however, light in comparison with the task, now laid upon him, of providing funds for the next war with the Scots. As usual he did not hesitate to draw on his own resources. And in March 1640, before he returned to Dublin to procure four subsidies, or £180,000, from the Irish Parliament, he himself subscribed £20,000 to the royal war-chest.¹

Seldom has a demand for money evoked so cordial a response as on this occasion. The Irish House of Commons immediately agreed to raise the subsidies required for the levying of a force of eight thousand foot and one thousand horse. Moreover, they insisted

¹ Nalson Collections, vol. ii. p. 57.

on voting a preamble to the Bill, expressive of their thankfulness for the Monarch's "tender care" in giving them so "just, wise and vigilant a Governor" as Strafford. Whatever the anxieties awaiting him across the Channel, Wentworth must have felt at rest as regards Ireland, when on April the 3rd he once more set sail for England.

The business of organising and raising the new army fell mainly to Ormonde's share. Besides the troop of cuirassiers, which in 1638 had replaced the original "carabins," he had now the command of a mounted regiment, and was made Lieutenant-General of the Horse, and Commander-in-Chief during Strafford's absence. It was largely due to his clear-headed diligence, that, within a week, the framework of the new army scheme was complete. From the ranks of the original army one thousand privates of the Protestant persuasion were drawn, both to act as military instructors to the raw levies, and to counterbalance the popery of their charges. In a country, where, but recently, warfare had been the profession or pastime of the greater number of the inhabitants, enlistment was easy. In fact, had it not been far more difficult to procure clothing, food and wages than recruits, the new troops would have assembled at Carrickfergus long before the middle of July. Here Ormonde had fully intended to supervise their training. But, at this juncture, Lady Ormonde fell seriously ill, and from May till the end of July he was detained at Kilkenny. Nor could he succeed in attending to his Parliamentary duties, although Strafford, from the first, had felt that his presence was more needed in Dublin than at the camp, since Sir William St Leger, President of Munster, could safely be entrusted with the drilling of the levies, whilst, in the House of Lords no one could replace Ormonde.

With the passing of Strafford, had also passed the perfervid mood of the Irish Commons. They knew that illness had for a time reduced that fiery soul to impotence. And, while he lay sick unto death in London, they bethought them of the obvious inconvenience into which

they had been betrayed by their headlong prodigality. Wentworth had arranged a system of rating which was all to the advantage of the Crown. Each county was assessed at a fixed sum, to be levied as the local authorities might determine. In this way, the Treasury could depend on a certain return. The Commons now decreed that the rating was to be conducted proportionately to the estate of the taxpayer. Consequently, although the first subsidy, managed on Wentworth's lines, reached the estimated figure of £46,000, the two next subsidies together brought in only half that sum, and, owing to the Rebellion, the last was never collected.

In England, meantime, the Short Parliament had been dissolved, and, at York, Strafford was seeking to impart his own indomitable courage to a hesitating monarch, and an unpaid and disaffected army. The story of his failure is well known. Had he been able to head the Irish troops, then busily building trenches at Olderfleet, the course of English history might have been diverted. That he still hoped to summon that force to the rescue, as late as September the 12th, is evident by the orders he then sent Ormonde; transferring the plenary powers contained in his own commission to the Earl, and instructing him to take the supreme command of the army. He must then have meditated its instant embarkation for the seat of war. But instead of these orders being followed up, a fortnight later arrived directions to cashier and disband half the troops; and Ormonde would necessarily have obeyed these commands, but for the absence of funds to pay off the men.

In October, the Dublin Parliament met again in no amiable frame of mind towards its "wise, good, and vigilant Governor." Even in the Upper House the Acts prohibiting the burning of corn in the straw, and the cruel practices of pulling wool off living sheep, and ploughing by the tail excited the strictures of the peers. Excellent in themselves, the administration of these statutes, they now discovered, had led to grave abuses. And the Deputy, Wandesforde, at their petition, was forced to

suspend the penalties inflicted for breaches of these laws.

Where the Lords were merely critical, the Commons were aggressive. They busied themselves with further defining the fashion of raising the subsidies. No man, they now declared, should be taxed for more than the tenth part of his estate, real or personal. Perfectly justifiable from their point of view as was this conception of the system to be pursued, it was impossible to reconcile it with the royal necessities. The levying and equipment of the Irish army had cost £204,057, and as yet only £46,000 had been paid into the Exchequer. Transported with vexation, the King, after his usual fashion, took a paltry and useless revenge. He ordered the leaf of the journal of the House of Commons containing the declaration, to be torn out. He had his way. But on November the 11th the House of Commons voted for a select committee to carry to England a Remonstrance framed against the Government of the Lord-Lieutenant. At Westminster, on that self-same day, the English House of Commons solemnly impeached the Earl of Strafford of high treason.

During the long months that elapsed between Strafford's arrest and execution, Ormonde steadily acquired a more and more conspicuous position in Irish affairs. In one sitting, the Dublin House of Commons voted the Remonstrances against the Lord-Lieutenant without any discussion of its sixteen clauses; and as Strafford's enemies were not confined to the Lower House, a great effort was made to induce the Peers to pass a similar resolution. Ormonde, however, organised so determined an opposition to the measure, that after several stormy debates—debates protracted to the unusual hour of midnight—the attempt was abandoned. It was a brilliant, though a fruitless victory, for the young leader. Strafford's doom was sealed. The English people were penetrated with the conviction that liberty could not exist in a land overshadowed by his dominant personality. Neither Ormonde nor any other could save him. But if James Butler's endeavours were

vain, both Strafford and the miserable monarch to whom he sacrificed himself showed themselves gratified. Lord Wandesforde's death in the beginning of December left vacant the post of Deputy. If Charles had acted either according to Strafford's counsels or his own wishes he would have conferred the office on Ormonde. Had the King done so, the history of Ireland might have been far otherwise. The accident of his education had identified Ormonde with the Anglo-Protestant party; by birth and tradition he was closely connected with the Roman Catholic nobles of the Pale. To a Deputy, who, in his single person, offered pledges of justice and moderation, the landed classes and all peace-loving householders with a stake in the country, irrespective of creed, would most certainly have rallied. Unhampered by incapable, corrupt and timorous superiors, he would probably have succeeded in quenching the outbreak before the conflagration had extended beyond the limits of Ulster. For even had the northern rebellion broken out, he would have retained the confidence of those gentlemen, who were ultimately driven or engineered into forming the Catholic Confederation.

It was, however, the very qualifications that commended him to the sober portion of the nation, which made Ormonde unacceptable to the extremists of either faction; and in a revolution it is generally the voice of the extremists that is heard.¹ The Parliamentary Committee despatched from Dublin was mainly composed of Puritans or Romanists. The former strenuously opposed the appointment of Strafford's Lieutenant-General. The Papists were indisposed to accept the governance of the only Butler of the reformed faith. Despite their arguments, Strafford's advocacy might yet have kept the vacillating Sovereign steadfast to his own choice. But the Catholics and "the purified crew"—to use Hooker's phrase—were reinforced by an auxiliary, to whom Charles, ever as wax in the hands of his immediate circle, finally capitulated.

The Irish agents' ally was none other than Thomas,

¹ Carte, vol. i. p. 217.

Earl of Arundel, best known to posterity for his marvellous collection of antiques. As the heir of Strongbow's eldest granddaughter, Lord Arundel conceived himself entitled to the territory of Idough in the county of Kilkenny which was, however, adjudged to the Crown as part of the inheritance of Lionel, Duke of Clarence. A large portion of the domain had been granted in fee-farm to Ormonde, and these rights had been conveyed by him to Lord Wandesforde. All efforts on Arundel's part to get the contracts disallowed in his favour failed, and henceforward he bore Ormonde a lasting grudge. He now saw an opportunity of gratifying his spite, and was not slow to use it. Indeed, from the following letter of Strafford to Ormonde it is evident that the Lord-Lieutenant held Arundel responsible for the miscarriage of the scheme.

"My humble advice," writes the great prisoner from the Tower, "was to have had your Lordship Deputy; but it was opposed by your countrimen and seconded with sum earnestness by my Lord Marshall: he hath not got Edoughe of his stomacke, either to your lordship or me. But let not that move you; for I am well assured his Majestie hath so good impressions of your virtue and meritt as I am well assured his lordship shall never have the power to wipe them of; nor will it be long of my knowledge, before His Majestie sends you a marke of the great value he sets upon you.

"Here am I in bondes," he continues, "the subject of much discourse; on little cause, God wott. It is a time of my triall and I trust nothing shall appeare to cause my friends to be ashamed of me; in particular of your noble affection towards me, which I protest makes me more esteemable to myself than otherwayes I should have been, and more desirous to live that I might serve you; which I will uprightly and faithfully performe all the dayes I have to live, in the quality of Your Lordship's most faithful and most humble servant, STRAFFORDE.

"My lord," adds the undaunted man, "give me leave to tell you that I hope, for all this, to worke forth thes stormes."¹

¹ Carte, vol. v. p. 245. Strafford to Ormonde, Tower of London, 17th December 1640. Arundel was Earl Marshal.

Failing Ormonde as Deputy, Charles I. now determined to appoint Lords Justices. Lord Dillon, whom he at first nominated, proving as unwelcome to the Irish agents as Ormonde, Sir William Parsons and Sir John Borlase were entrusted with the seals of office. Of Parsons enough has been already said. From Parsons's besetting sin, Sir John Borlase was at least free. Indeed, the smallness of his fortune was as admirable as it was unusual in an Irish official.¹ His probity was, however, near akin to indolence. What energy he possessed had been expended in the profession where he had acquitted himself, if not brilliantly, at least, respectably. A barrack-yard soldier, he had neither the breadth of view nor the experience of affairs which would have fitted him to counterbalance Parsons's mischievous activities. In his new dignity he mainly aspired to that cushioned ease, of which his growing years and disposition made him covetous; and he gladly left all decision and initiative to Parsons, playing King Log to the King Stork of his colleague.

When Parliament met in Dublin on February the 9th, 1641, the Peers proceeded to imitate the example set them by the Lower House. They were determined to represent the famous preamble laudatory of Strafford, which had been affixed to the 1640 bill of subsidies, as extorted from them by the Lord-Lieutenant. Vainly did Ormonde strive to shame them into consistency. After some debate, they passed a resolution beseeching the Sovereign to expunge the obnoxious clause from the records, and to allow no part in his counsels to the impeached minister. Ormonde must have felt this defeat the more keenly that, only a few days previously, he had received a letter breathing not only courage but hope from his imprisoned friend.

"My noble Lord," wrote Strafford, "There is soe little rest given me, as I have not time scarce to eate my breade. I trust to have more quietnesse after a while.

"Your Lordship's favours towards me in these afflictions are such as have, and shall, levell my harte at your foot soe long as I live, or els lett me be infamouse to all men.

¹ Warner, "History of the Rebellion," p. 50.

“The chardge against me is now at length cum inn, after an examination of fourscore witnesses and above. I thank God, my lord, I see nothing capitall in ther chardge nor any other thing which I am not able to answeare as becums an honest man: soe as I doe not despaire but to be capable to be looked on by your Lordship and to serve you as will ever be due for me to you.

“Here is my only danger that I may not have time given sufficient for my clearing, which if I doe, as I trust I shall obtaine, I trust God shall deliver me from all the mallice of my ennemies, that follow me with the greatest violence and untruthes, I thinke that ever was in this worlde.”¹

The vote for rescinding the preamble was not the only censure passed on Strafford's administration by the Peers. In the course of that session they drew up a long list of grievances, which they transmitted for presentation to their agents in London. In the main, the complaints were not unreasonable, and generally evoked favourable answers from the King. So far both Houses had been in agreement. But before long these halcyon conditions were disturbed by one of those disputes on privilege, which seemed inevitable in the intercourse between the two chambers in the seventeenth century. A certain Mr Fitzgerald, a member of the Lower House, who had been detained in prison at Lord Kerry's suit, now provided the occasion of offence. Into the rights and wrongs of this dreary squabble it is, mercifully, not necessary to enquire. Obstruction, at that period, usually took the form of a battle on Privilege. Ormonde was well aware of the tactical merits of such a move, and with infinite dexterity proceeded to blow up the flame. Indeed, to a man, who was convinced that the Irish were not ripe for self-government, the outlook was sufficiently alarming to justify the subtlest strategy.

Wentworth's lieutenants, with the exception of Ormonde, had been poor creatures. The pivot on which the entire administration turned, was the Chief Governor's

¹ Carte, vol. v. p. 245. Strafford to Ormonde, Tower of London, 3rd February, 1640.

impressive individuality. When he fell, the whole executive machine was shaken to its foundations, and without any transition, the official caste passed from despotic arrogance to timid inertness; for with Wentworth's removal, all bulwarks and obstacles to the popular will appeared swept away. And, in the disgrace of her representative, England was discredited and abased. Never, in truth, was there a more striking lesson on the evils of one man rule. At first the attack was conducted on constitutional lines, but the time was approaching, when recourse would be had to more primitive weapons.

Meanwhile, the Roman Catholic majority of the Lower House, strong in the temporary alliance of the Protestant members, was engaged in running a-tilt of most of the administrative methods of the kingdom. With their denunciation of the hardships they had suffered, it is impossible not to sympathise, though it may be doubted whether they themselves had mastered the elements of equitable Government. They were determined to put an end to the system under which proclamations had been invested with the force of statutes, and courts-martial, or prerogative courts, had supplanted those of common law. Consequently they drafted twenty-one queries to which they desired the Peers to require the Judges' written opinion; and they followed up this proceeding by impeaching Sir George Radcliffe, already under restraint in England, the Lord Chancellor, Sir Richard Bolton, the Chief Justice, Sir Gerard Lowther, and Bishop Bramhall, on constructive charges of high treason.

To defeat these measures Ormonde used every Fabian manœuvre. The queries appealed—and justly appealed—over much to the House of Lords to be rejected. But Ormonde obtained a longer time for the judges to ponder their verdict. And his small party felt that they had scored a victory when he secured a rider to the terms of reference, protecting the judges from answering “such of the queries as concern His Majesty's prerogative, or are against their oath taken for execution of their places.”¹

¹ Carte, p. 254.

As regards the sequestration and imprisonment of the impeached officials Ormonde was still more successful.¹ The susceptibilities of their lordships took alarm, when he pointed out that the Commons had not only advised "this house uncalled, but had cited them to courage and to bid them have a care of the King's honour and service." Such phrases, and a sense of the practical inconvenience arising from the sequestration of their own Speaker, moved the House to refer the question of allowing bail for the Lords Bolton and Lowther to the Lord Justices, who, naturally, were anxious to retain their officers' services; and, thus, although the Commons proved too pressing in their applications to be denied, the order for the commitment of the Chancellor and Chief Justice was not moved till the last day of the session.

Momentous as these debates, doubtless, appeared to the young leader, by him as by others they must have been quickly forgotten in the tragedy drawing to its close across the Channel. From March the 5th to May the 11th, the Irish Parliament was prorogued; on the 12th, Strafford met his death at Tower Hill.

If it is expedient for one man to die for the people, the sacrifice of Strafford was perhaps justifiable. The popular instinct was right, for it was that great-hearted, unbending genius, who barred the way to the evolution of the national destinies. He was hopelessly estranged from the spirit, which, by ways abhorrent to him, was, nevertheless, to shape a State fulfilling his own ideals. Yet even at this distance of time, the wanton waste of such splendid, human material remains amongst the most sorrowful episodes of history.

"The English," said Cardinal Richelieu, on learning Strafford's execution, "were so foolish that they would not let the wisest head among them remain upon its own shoulders."²

So one great man judged another. Nor was the

¹ Carte, p. 260.

² Sir P. Warwick's "Memoirs," p. 162.

Red Cardinal far astray. In the drama of the English Revolution, the two individuals who dwarf all the other actors are Thomas Wentworth and Oliver Cromwell. And, until the Lord-General rises to the full stature of his victorious manhood, the wraith of Strafford successfully challenges comparison with all others. Happy, indeed, the race, who on opposing issues, owns heroes of such steadfast and singular nobility of character.

CHAPTER V

THE MASSACRE AND REBELLION

IN the very hour of death, Strafford had not been unmindful of his pledge, "uprightly and faithfully" to serve his constant friend. A prayer that Ormonde might inherit his Garter was amongst the few requests he addressed to Charles. At that moment, the monarch could not well deny the dying man's petition; and the Viceroy's legacy was duly proffered to Ormonde. His reply was characteristic.

"It was," he said, "a time of danger, and since such a gift might tye some other to the Crown, who by principles was less resolved than himself, he begged His Majesty to bestow the Garter as his service required."¹

Thus, at the outset, did Ormonde strike the note of self-sacrifice which was to dominate his whole career. Our generation, theoretically disdainful of such baubles, can perhaps hardly appreciate the magnitude of the renunciation. Many a loyal cavalier was enthusiastically ready—as the event proved—to give his life for the King. Yet it is no exaggeration to say that scarcely another would, unprompted, have put aside an honour which, at that epoch, carried an incomparable glory and distinction in the eyes of Englishmen.

Strafford's death had not laid the storm. When the Houses met in Dublin on May the 11th they were in possession of the King's reply to their demands. On the whole, the royal reply was satisfactory. It granted little which was not demanded by the barest justice, but it

¹ Carte MSS., vol. lxi. p. 39. Sir R. Southwell's Narrative.

afforded a basis for equitable administration. Two years previously, the King's answer would have fulfilled the utmost national ambitions. But Fortune, like the Sibyl, raises her terms at every attempt to bargain with her, and Charles was doomed to learn a lesson sharper even than that of Tarquin.

In the Lower House, the Alliance of Protestant and Papist made the opposition virtually masters of the situation. It is true that the impeachments, which had occupied so much time in the previous session, were not further pursued;¹ and if the Bishop of Derry failed to obtain the hearing he challenged, the Chancellor and Chief Justice kept their offices, and Sir George Radcliffe was set at liberty. Charles's proposals were, however, much and adversely canvassed by the Commons; while the vials of wrath were freely outpoured on the judicature and the Anglican clergy. Bargaining proceeded with a daily increase of irritation on both sides, though, eventually, the Commons carried the day. Charles refused to repeal Poynings' Act. But three weeks after Parliament was prorogued, the Irish Committee returned from England bearing the Monarch's assent to "the Graces," an act limiting to sixty years the Crown's title to lands, and the revocation of the plantations of Tipperary, Connaught, Limerick, and Clare. The most obnoxious taxes were also withdrawn, and juries were emancipated from Castle Chamber control. Had these grants acquired the force of law before the fatal 23rd of October, the Irish nation might have credited the Government's good intentions. But Fate has ever been inimical to the cause of Peace in Ireland.

Before Parliament finally dispersed, an incident took place which deserves record. The fear of reprisals from Wentworth's servants, was alleged, as an excuse, for searching the chambers and vaults of the Castle, where the two Houses held their sittings. The memory of Gunpowder Plot was still fresh in men's minds; and no one offered any objection to a systematic examination of the building

¹ Carte, vol. i. p. 300.

by the Parliamentary Committee, but when Lord Maguire, who was a member of that Committee, desired Sir John Borlase to afford them entry into the military magazine, the old soldier met a proposal so unusual and groundless with a downright refusal. "The stores," he declared, "were His Majesty's precious jewels and not to be showed without special cause."¹ A few months later the rebellion broke out and the special reason of Lord Maguire's curiosity was then disclosed.

During the three months of the session, Ormonde's labours were not limited to his Parliamentary work. It was no small problem to dispose of the army raised and drilled with so much care by Strafford. The existence of those eight thousand Papist soldiers had precipitated the Viceroy's fate, and although, in September 1640, he himself had instructed Ormonde to disband four thousand of their number, want of funds to discharge the arrears of pay had made this impossible. In May 1641, the finances showed no signs of amendment. The reduction of the subsidies, entailing the postponement of any assessment till that spring, had left the Exchequer as empty as when Wentworth first assumed the reins of Government. Yet every day that passed, made it more imperative to disperse the hungry troopers. Not only were the Commons at Westminster clamorously urgent on the subject, but the inconveniences of the situation were apparent in the length and breadth of Ireland. The Lords Justices wrote piteously to Secretary Vane that although, as a last resource, they had sought to raise money on their own bonds, the Dublin merchants were deaf to their appeal.² The condition of affairs was fast growing intolerable, for if, as they pointed out, the army was unruly even under their eyes in the capital, what might be expected in more remote places? The markets were disorganised; the countryfolk refused to bring supplies merely to serve as loot for the starving soldiery,

¹ Carte, vol. i. p. 291.

² Cal. S.P., vol. ii. p. 271. Lords Justices to Secretary Vane, 10th April 1641.

though even so the peasants did not escape pillage, as the troopers would roam six or seven miles from their garrisons in search of plunder. Unfortunately, as the spoilers themselves knew only too well, martial law could not be invoked against them, and so they continued to do what they pleased. "The Earl of Ormonde," the Magistrates continued, "does his best, but unless he has orders to execute some of them, for a terror to others, these scandals will continue."¹ Since the soldiers were stealing, not from superfluity of naughtiness, but to procure the bare necessities of life, the Justices' prescription may appear somewhat drastic. Ormonde did not, apparently, endorse it; but on May the 25th, acting under peremptory commands from England, he issued directions to his officers to disband the forces under their command. Three thousand five hundred pounds were scraped together for the purpose;² each private was presented with the munificent sum of ten shillings to speed him on his homeward way; and was promised payment of arrears, whenever the Exchequer could fulfil its obligations. And so they departed, according to Ormonde, "with reasonable content." The officers' case was harder. They did not even receive a ten-shilling bounty, and, though Ormonde warmly urged their claims, many remained unpaid till after the Restoration.

Amid her dire and persistent poverty, Ireland has always possessed a treasure of great price in her hardy and prolific race. The slave mart of the Middle Ages, the modern recruiting ground for industrial enterprise, her swordsmen all through the seventeenth century went forth to fight and die on the battlefields of Europe. In this connection, Strafford's gallowglasses appeared desirable auxiliaries to Philip of Spain, engaged at that moment in war with France and Portugal. He was anxious to buy and Charles I. was ready to sell. A bargain, consequently, was easily struck. Eight Irish colonels severally undertook to carry one thousand of

¹ Cal. S.P., vol. ii. p. 271.

² Carte, vol. v. pp. 250-1. Ormonde to Sir H. Vane, 10th June 1641.

their former soldiers to Spain. The Spanish Ambassador chartered transports. Eight thousand five hundred Irishmen gladly prepared to embrace the sole calling for which they were fitted, while their departure from her midst, appeared an earnest of peace to the land these militant spirits were leaving.

Unhappily, the English House of Commons did not take this view of the situation. It was not the terms of the indenture that displeased them; but they did not, or said they did not, hold it expedient for England to take sides in the quarrel between Spain and Portugal. Had the Commons realised that the friars were exhorting the soldiers rather to live at home on bread and milk than to abandon the country, when there was a use for the swords of good Catholics, they might have been less impervious to argument.¹ But they were smitten with judicial blindness. Vainly did the Spanish Ambassador appeal to the King. Charles was powerless. An embargo was laid on the vessels; and the greater portion of the Papist henchmen remained behind, ready for the work that the bloodiest winter of Irish annals was to furnish.

Side by side with avowable, constitutional opposition, a fierce underground agitation against the Powers that be has always existed in Ireland. In 1641, a variety of circumstances combined to fan the ever-smouldering flame into a blaze. It is true that important concessions had been made to national demands. By comparison, however, with those extorted from Charles by the Scottish covenanters, the reforms were almost insignificant. The Catholic religion was tolerated, and Romanist lawyers were licensed to plead at the Dublin bar. But the established Church kept a firm grasp on ecclesiastical endowments; and the magnificence, which, during his foreign education, the priest had learned to associate with the divine mysteries, was exchanged on his return to Ireland for rites which recalled rather the austerity of

¹ Cal. S.P. vol. ii. p. 308. Examination of Captain Serle by Lords Justices, 9th June 1641.

the Catacombs than the pomps of St John Lateran. Moreover, if the landlords of Connaught were now insured against plantation schemes, the charters of the Ulster settlement stood unrepealed.

Between Ulster and the other provinces there was fixed a great gulf of mistrust and animosity. Powerful, indeed, would be the bond of common interest that could join the polished gentry of the pale to the semi-barbarians of Tyrone. But such bonds were now forthcoming. There was a common ambition, the desire for land, the master passion of the Irish; there was also a common fear of the Puritan who sat at Westminster; there was an unrivalled opportunity of gratifying that ambition, and an instant need of action to forestall the danger threatened by fanaticism. A Protestant Jihad was daily preached at Westminster. Nor was bigotry confined to words. The Irish saw in the harried English priests the proto-martyrs of a universal persecution of the faithful. The report that the Scottish army had sworn not to lay down its arms till uniformity of religion was established in the three kingdoms obtained a panic-stricken acceptance amongst Irish Catholics.¹ They were convinced that their actual rulers were in sympathy with the design, and that the consummation of the alliance between convenanting Scots and Puritan Englishmen would be the signal for its fulfilment.

The organisers of the rising, which went near to root out the English dominion in Ireland, were not men of commanding ability. It is true that Colonel Richard Plunket, a notable lawyer, brought to the undertaking the resources of a trained intellect, quickened by varied experiences of court and camp in England and Flanders. On the other hand, Lord Maguire was the typical conspirator, who finds in a social upheaval an opportunity for restoring his own wasted fortune. Sir Phelim O'Neill, whose traditions and breeding did not suggest England's bitterest enemy, was also no careful steward of his substance, and equally destitute of sterling qualities. His grandfather, Sir Henry O'Neill, had been established on

¹ Carte, vol. i. p. 322.

his vast possession by the British Government, and fell fighting for his allies against Cahir O'Dogherty in 1608. But the grandson's claim to the headship of the Clan O'Neill, an office incompatible with English rule, enlisted him in the forefront of the band of plotters. Like the great Earl of Tyrone, Sir Phelim had been educated in England. Indeed, while a student at Lincoln's Inn, this ruthless persecutor of Protestants, actually professed the reformed faith. Whatever tincture of civilisation he contracted in those early days was, however, skin deep. The primitive instincts of the brave on the war-path were incarnate in "Phelmy Tothame" or "the burning Phelim."¹ To his English contemporaries, that name spelled fire and sword, burnt villages, deserted fields, and death defaced with every outrage that the blood-stained imagination of a savage could suggest. The atrocities he initiated have left an indelible stain on his memory, for, it was he who first set a river of blood between the two races, which all the efforts of succeeding generations have been unavailing to bridge.

An enterprise which could only muster as leaders a self-seeking lawyer, a wastrel, and a bandit, would stand self-condemned. Rory or Roger O'More gave to the cause the enthusiasm and chivalry which since the days of Vercingetorix, have been characteristic of the Celt. Unlike Sir Phelim, the head of the Sept O'More was bred in the hatred of the English conqueror. Nineteen times had the O'Mores risen in revolt against the Tudors. But during Strafford's viceroyalty, their chief had made friends with the autocratic Governor, by whose means he thought to recover the lands, lost to his house in the plantation of Leix.² Strafford's death shattered these hopes, and gave a new direction to O'More's ambitions. He judged, and judged rightly, that no more favourable moment could be found to repair his own and his country's wrongs, than one at which the strife of King and Parliament would prevent either from coming to the rescue

¹ Hickson, vol. ii, pp. 228-9.

² Gilbert's "Confederation," vol. i. p. 25.

of the feeble Irish executive. Therefore, all through the spring and summer of 1641 he was silently preparing the destruction of the British power.

In manner and figure, O'More was the ideal leader of a people peculiarly sensitive to personal charm. "One of the most handsome, comely and proper persons of his time, affable and courteous,"¹ with an unerring intuition of the particular argument to employ with each individual hearer, Roger O'More was the cynosure of every eye. And in his songs, the peasant was wont devoutly to invoke the aid "of God, Our Lady, and Roger More."

It was probably owing to O'More's skilful management that the secret of the rising was preserved, though it ran the greatest risk, that can befall such enterprises in being deferred from the 5th of September to October the 23rd, the day of St Ignatius. In truth, the rebellion was no sudden ebullition of the passing hour. Already, in January 1641, Roger O'More, under an oath of secrecy, had divulged his design to Lord Maguire and the leading spirits amongst the "old Irish"; and if during the following months it underwent some minor alteration, in its main features, it remained unchanged. Briefly stated, its aims were the restoration of Roman Catholicism as the State Religion, and the reinstatement of the original owners on lands, that a century of confiscation and penal statutes had wrested from their possession. The seizure of the seat of administration, Dublin Castle, which not only commanded the capital and the principal harbour, but contained a well-stocked military magazine, was naturally the first object of the conspirators. Nor, as later events showed, were they mistaken in regarding it as the key of the kingdom, although a band of two hundred men drawn for Leinster and Ulster was held sufficient to carry the ill-guarded fortress. Sir Phelim undertook the simultaneous surprise of Derry, Carrickfergus and other strong places in the north, where the English, lulled into security by the long peace, would offer little or no resistance. It was agreed that the Scottish settlers should not

¹ Carte, vol. i. pp. 315-16.

be molested; and although the English gentry were to be kept as hostages, no blood was to be shed, save in self-defence. At Allhallowtide, the very winds and waves, by hindering the arrival of relief from England, would fight Ireland's battle. Substantial aid might also be expected from the Pope, and from the most Catholic Monarch, whose ambassador was, in fact, reported to say that Irish envoys, who sought his Sovereign's presence on such an errand, would be received "under canopies of gold."¹

Whether the Anglo-Irish should be admitted to the plot was a question that cost the conspirators much anxious debate. By O'More it was answered in the negative. He considered that as the Ulster magnates and their obedient vassals "could be ready at any time," they were the real mainstay of the undertaking. If the rising prospered, the gentlemen of the Pale would almost certainly rally to their countrymen; at the worst, they would remain neutral. His reasoning decided the controversy. Few, if any, of the Anglo-Irish gentry were acquainted with O'More's scheme.² In the beginning of 1641, the Earl of Tyrone, the natural leader of Ulster, was still alive, an exile in Spain. But his death, a few weeks later, made some re-organisation needful. His mantle fell on a distant kinsman, Owen Roe O'Neill, Colonel of the Spanish army in Flanders. On his death-bed, many years later, O'Neill called God to witness that in abandoning an assured career for a dubious adventure he was moved solely by consideration for his country and his Church. A true Celt—he employed the Irish language in correspondence with his wife—Owen O'Neill in his intercourse with the great world had lost nothing of his native piety.³ In fact, he treasured and occasionally assumed the habit of St Dominic; and his influence with the Irishry was due less to his distinguished military talents than to the unbounded popularity he enjoyed with the religious orders. Undoubtedly, such a man regarded

¹ Carte MSS., vol. xlv., Relation of Lord Maguire, quoted in "Aphorismical Discovery," vol. i. part ii. p. 505.

² Carte, vol. i. p. 331.

³ "Aphorismical Discovery," vol. ii. part i. p. 62.

the war as a crusade. But, it is to his credit that, despite an almost superstitious zeal, he exhibited a humanity too rare in the dreary guerilla warfare of the next decade. Patriotism and religious fervour, were not, however, the only motives that actuated O'Neill. He had been one of the victims of the Ulster plantation.¹ His aged father, a loyal adherent of the British Government, had been arbitrarily transplanted from his ancient estate of O'Neilan to another property, which, at his death, had reverted not to Owen but to Lord Castlehaven. In the circumstances, even had Colonel O'Neill not been a rival to Sir Phelim for the headship of their sept, he had ample justification for the hatred he bore the intruding Anglo-Saxons. In person and address, Owen was a marked contrast to Roger O'More. There was little of the hero of romance in the astute and silent soldier of fortune, who could manipulate the most complicated intrigue as deftly as he could school his hot-blooded levies to his dilatory tactics.² The reserve that masks grim purpose and determination has not, however, always proved repellent to the Irish nation, and until his untimely death Owen O'Neill held the supreme place in their affections.

The network of plot enveloping Ireland would not have been complete had Charles Stuart not added his share to the tangled web. Hard pressed by Scot and Parliamentarian, the King turned to the Irish for help against their common enemy, the Puritan party. In May, and again in August, it appears probable that messengers from Whitehall sought out Lord Antrim with the plan for a royalist insurrection.³ Both as a great landholder and the grandson of Tyrone, Randal M'Donnell, Marquis of Antrim, exercised no inconsiderable power in Ulster, though Strafford had held him in slight esteem, as a shifty, lying braggadocio. At the beginning of the Bishop's war, Antrim had offered to create a diversion in Argyll's country by raising the M'Donnells of Scotland. And,

¹ Hill, "Ulster Plantation," p. 348.

² Carte, vol. ii. p. 319.

³ Gardiner, vol. x. pp. 7, 8, *note*.

certainly, his later performances in conjunction with Montrose, show that he had not over-estimated his influence with his clansmen. But Strafford had scant belief in a Commander, who proposed to arm his troops with bows and arrows and feed them on shamrocks, and poured derision on the man and his scheme.¹ Antrim, a Catholic himself and the husband of a notable convert, Catherine, Duchess of Buckingham, possessed, however, a powerful advocate in the Queen, whose pleadings on his behalf carried greater weight with Charles than Wentworth's warnings. Thus, Antrim was selected as the principal agent for transferring the administration from the Protestant Lords Justices to the Irish Catholics. With this object the disbanded army was to reassemble. Seventy-eight trusty gentlemen were each to possess themselves of some town or stronghold in the King's name, and Dublin was to become a base for operations against the Rebel Parliament at Westminster. The Irish Catholics would esteem an effort cheap, which carried liberty of worship as its price.

The coadjutor assigned to Antrim in the scheme, was, so the Marquis declared, none other than Ormonde. Indeed, Antrim eventually evolved a circumstantial, graphic account of whispered conferences with the Earl in the withdrawing room of Dublin Castle, and furtive meetings to discuss their common action at the Bowling Alley of College Green.² Unfortunately for Antrim, so many of his contemporaries shared Strafford's opinion of his veracity that the story was generally received with ridicule; and no single document has been unearthed to confirm the tale. The only indirect testimony in its favour is that of the anonymous author of the "Aphorismical Discovery,"³ and his wild denunciations of Ormonde, embodying the very essence of clerical spite, carry little conviction to the candid mind. In fact, if Mr S. R. Gardiner had not considered the incident

¹ Strafford Letters, vol. ii. p. 302. Strafford to Under-Secretary Windebanke, 20th March, 1634.

² Cox, "Hibernia Anglicana," vol. ii. appendix xlix, p. 207.

³ "Aphorismical Discovery," vol. i. p. 12.

within the range of possibilities, it would scarcely need discussion. Doubtless, Ormonde's sympathies were with the King as against the party represented by the Lords Justices; and he would not have opposed a wide measure of toleration for the Roman Catholic Church, which included the greater portion of his own family.¹ But if a coalition with Antrim involved no breach of honour for the Earl, such a step would hardly reflect credit on his intelligence. The most loyal of subjects, Ormonde was never a blind partisan. Even when he was identified with the royalist cause, there were certain intrigues at headquarters into which the Protestant Lord-Lieutenant was not initiated. Moreover, Antrim's plot could hardly commend itself to the greatest landholder of Tipperary. Ormonde had nothing to gain and everything to lose by a revolution. Far better than Charles, he must have appreciated the far-reaching consequences of arraying the ever-present forces of misrule against the official guardians of law and order.

If Ormonde's share in such a feather-brained project is almost incredible, no such difficulty exists as regards Antrim's consultations with other nobles—the future leaders of the Confederate Catholics. The widespread rumour that Charles had planned the insurrection may well owe its origin to these negotiations. And, for once, Antrim may have spoken the truth when he declared

“that the fools . . . well liking the business, would not expect our time or manner for ordering the work, but fell upon it without us, and sooner, and otherwise than we should have done, taking to themselves, and in their own way, the managing of the work and so spoiled it.”²

In no country could such universal plotting have entirely escaped the notice of its rulers. The Lords Justices cannot be said to have lacked warnings of impending trouble, while, moreover, the steady influx of secular and regular clergy from France and Spain afforded

¹ Gardiner, vol. x. pp. 7, 8, *note*.

² Cox, “Hibernia,” vol. ii. p. 208.

ample token that some unusual disturbance was in prospect. In fact, Secretary Vane drew the attention of Parsons and Borlase to the clerical immigration. From Ulster came ugly stories of the "multitude" of skeans being manufactured by Irish smiths.¹ Every excuse for a gathering, whether the first sermon preached by a young friar, or the funeral of a lady of quality, like Phelim O'Neill's wife, was greedily seized by high and low. In April, a report was current that the Earl of Tyrone had been seen with Phelim in the wood of Ballynametash.² And after the massacre was an accomplished event, the Protestants, with excusable bitterness, recalled the fashion in which the natives, "without any apparent necessity," had borrowed from their British neighbours large sums, for which "they would not pay any man a penny."³ Thus the mutterings that ever precede a storm were not unheard; and the uneasiness that pervaded the whole country was manifest not only by the well-grounded alarm such incidents might well create, but from an interpretation of natural phenomena which would reflect credit on the ingenuity of a college of augurs. About Kilmore, it was deemed significant that hosts of rats—never before seen in the locality—overran the houses in broad daylight, like so many dogs boldly seizing on bread and bones beneath the dinner-table.⁴ Old Irish-women said openly that the conduct of the beasts betokened war. A more obscure, though almost equally unpleasant, portent was discovered in the sudden appearance of a swarm of insects or worms "of the length of a man's finger, and of a strange fashion," which settled close to the house of Edmund O'Rely, the insurgent leader. The whole surface of the ground, which they had "turned up and filled with their cells and caverns . . . was wholly bare of any green thing," thus prefiguring the coming devastation of the fertile farmlands of the north.

Nevertheless, despite the many warnings and the

¹ Hickson, vol. i. p. 376, Deposition of I. Goldsmith.

² *Idem*, p. 327. Sir W. Cole to Lords Justices, 11th October 1641.

³ *Idem*.

⁴ "Two Biographies of William Bedell," edited by E. Shuckburgh, p. 58.

universal premonition of evil, on October the 22nd the Lords Justices were still sunk in a lethargic stupor. Undisturbed by curiosity and suspicion, the chief conspirators assembled that day in Dublin to make the final arrangements for the seizure of the Castle. And when they separated after appointing the following afternoon for the assault, they may well have deemed that St Ignatius' Day would ring in the downfall of the conqueror's rule. Indeed, no episode of fiction is stranger than the accident that, at the eleventh hour, preserved the ancient fortress for England.

By the terms of Maguire's association, each of the leaders was bound to enlist the services of any likely friends or relations amongst the old Irish. Colonel Hugh Oge Macmahon, a descendant of Tyrone and a ruling spirit of the little band, imagined he had found such a recruit in a former acquaintance, Owen O'Conally, a native gentleman of Ulster. At his request, Owen followed him to Dublin, and on the fateful Friday evening found Macmahon preparing himself with liberal potations for the labours of Saturday. Over "a cup of beer," Macmahon disclosed the plot to O'Conally, urging him to join the storming party.¹ But, Ulsterman though he was, during his employment in Sir John Clotworthy's service, O'Conally had renounced his original belief for the fervid Protestantism of his patron. As it happened, Macmahon could not have found a more hostile listener. The proposed extirpation of his cherished faith and the destruction or expulsion of the English community, with whom he had thrown in his lot, filled Owen with horror, and he lost no time in acquainting Sir William Parsons with the design. The Lord Justice, however, received the tale with the calm born of scepticism, and merely suggested that O'Conally should return to Macmahon's lodgings for fuller details of the plot. Owen accordingly once more sought out Macmahon, but, in the interval, Hugh Oge had become suspicious of O'Conally. He now vowed that with or without his consent Owen should join the assault

¹ Hickson, vol. ii. p. 367, Owen O'Conally's Deposition.

on the Castle, threatening him with instant death should he give the authorities a hint of the project. The exercise of no little cunning on O'Conally's part was consequently required before he could escape from Macmahon's house. His flight, involving the scaling of a palisade and two walls, was, in fact, a real achievement, since, to obtain Macmahon's full confidence, O'Conally had been obliged to share his cups. Neither were the fugitive's trials over when he gained the town. The city constables, finding a drunken man wandering about the streets, promptly arrested O'Conally, and but for the fortunate intervention of Parsons' servants, who were on the watch for his return, would have lodged him in prison. Moreover, when he found himself at Chichester House in the presence of the two Lords Justices and some other councillors—whom, on reflection, Parsons had hurriedly summoned from their beds—O'Conally was at first unable to speak coherently. After a few hours' rest, however, he regained possession of his senses, and was able to inform the Governors of the fate prepared for them and the kingdom on the following day.

Meanwhile, Sir John Borlase, thoroughly scared by the story Parsons had related, persuaded his colleagues to take precautions. The Mayor and Sheriff were warned to patrol the town, the guard of the Castle was reinforced, watch was set on the confederates, and though the majority escaped, Macmahon and Maguire were made prisoners. Happily for the city and its inhabitants, Sir Francis Willoughby, the Governor of Galway, happened to arrive in Dublin. He was an experienced soldier, and at his urgent request the Lords Justices removed to the Castle, which Sir Francis fortified to the best of his ability. Nevertheless, for a fortnight he considered the situation so perilous that the drawbridge was never lowered save in the presence of the entire guard, and Willoughby himself refused to go to bed, sleeping on the council table, ever on the alert for a surprise. The alarm was not confined to the Castle. A panic pervaded the town. The apprehension of attack rapidly developed into an announcement that the rebels, ten thousand strong, were marching

on the doomed city. Some of the councillors actually climbed the topmost turret of their retreat to investigate the matter, vowing that they could see large bodies of men descending the mountains. Had the gentry of the Pale chosen to join the rebels during those first few days, they would easily have made themselves masters of the capital.

On being interrogated, Macmahon declared "that all the posts that could be sent out" would not hinder the plot from taking effect in the north, and the events of the ensuing week proved the accuracy of his statement. At the end of that time the rebels were supreme in eight counties.¹ Thirty thousand men had flocked to Sir Phelim's banner; and it was only by a miracle that Londonderry, Coleraine, and some few castles had escaped capture.

The subsequent depositions of the sufferers give a vivid picture of a rising, which, for suddenness and ferocity, is only comparable to the Indian Mutiny. Whatever had been the initial injustice of the Ulster plantation, in the course of a generation, mutual interests appeared to be gradually reconciling natives and settlers. English enterprise afforded employment to many, who, under the old tribal conditions, could only have been creaghts or swordsmen. English landlords were probably not harsher masters than Irish chieftains. And where marriage had not bridged the gulf between Celt and Briton, "gossiping" and "fostering" created a real bond of union and intimacy. No more abrupt transformation scene, therefore, can be imagined than that which took place throughout Ulster on the night of October the 22nd, 1641. In castle, farm, and cottage, men, women, and tender babes were suddenly dragged from bed, stripped naked and driven from their blazing homesteads by a horde of yelling savages, in whom they recognised the familiar features of those who, yesterday, were trusted friend or foster-brother, tenant or overlord. At first, the leaders preserved some semblance of discipline, and, save in Fermanagh

¹ Viz., Tyrone, Monaghan, Longford, Leitrim, Fermanagh, Cavan, Donegal, Derry, and part of County Down.

where three hundred English were massacred by the Maguires, little or no blood was shed, and the Scots were not molested. At the end of a week, however, mere thieving became poor sport. Nor did the Scots enjoy a long immunity. The once proud aliens, now a huddled, helpless flock of sheep awaiting the butcher, were so visibly at the insurgents' mercy that the provocation to acts of nameless brutality was irresistible. In some districts, such as County Cavan, where the O'Reillys displayed unusual humanity, there were fewer outrages. But wherever Phelim O'Neill or the O'Farrells—who had suffered greatly from the plantation—held sway, the unhappy settlers experienced the tender mercies of the wicked.¹ After a reverse, Sir Phelim's behaviour was rather that of a raving lunatic than a rational human being. Lord Caulfield, whom he made prisoner on the 22nd of October, while enjoying the old peer's hospitality at a "gossiping feast," was probably not murdered by his express orders; but at Armagh, in spite of a formal capitulation, The O'Neill—as he now styled himself—slew a hundred persons in cold blood; while on the same occasion, this singular champion of Catholicism wasted and burnt St Patrick's hallowed shrine.² Happy, however, were those who fell by the sword, or perished in the swift, clean waters of the Bann or Blackwater. Their agony was mercifully brief compared to that of the captives roasted,³ stoned, buried alive, or prodded to death with sharp wooden lathes by Irish hags and Irish children.⁴ Religious and agrarian revolutions—and the Ulster rising was both one and the other—are always fruitful of dark deeds. But that women and children should have been the most pitiless persecutors of their sex and kind is one of those mysteries that makes a 'goblin of the sun.'

It was not only on human beings that the Irish

¹ Carte, vol. i. p. 346.

² Hickson, vol. i. pp. 290, 1. Deposition of Anne Smith.

³ Sir J. Temples, "History of the Irish Rebellion," p. 94.

⁴ Borlase's "History of the Execrable Irish Rebellion," appendix p. 136.

wreaked their vengeance. Phelim O'Neill's march was so associated with the slaughter of sheep and oxen that—recalling Yuletide festivities—he was said to “bring on Xmas.” The English cattle awakened the hate as well as the greed of O'Neill's wasteful followers. These cheerful barbarians amused themselves by parodying a court of justice, and the procedure of Benefit of Clergy.¹ “With all derision and scoffing carriage” they would sit in judgment on some cow or sheep. One man held an open book before the beast's nose, asking it whether it could read, and another Irishman answered either “yes” or “no.” If the latter answer was returned, the poor creature was then condemned to death, slices being frequently cut from its flanks whilst yet alive.

It is true that here and there Irish men and women actively withstood such abominations. At the siege of Drogheda, Roger O'More nearly lost his life in attempting to restrain his bloodthirsty soldiery. Sir Phelim O'Neill's mother, also, was noted for her kindness and charity to the starving English. Indeed, they had no better friend than this lady, who was wont to say “she had never offended the English, except in being mother to Sir Phelim.” Again, there is a story in the minister of Lurgan, George Crichton's narrative,² which shows that, in the very hour of triumph, some of the Irish leaders were not unvisited by remorse. One winter's afternoon, as Crichton watched the procession of houseless fugitives stumbling along “weary and faint” in the rain, he called Colonel Richard Plunkett “to come to the door and look upon the fruits of war.”³ Plunkett obeyed, and the piteous sight, says Crichton, moved the Irishman to tearful protestations that he had never contemplated such means to victory. Phelim and his kind were, however, wiser in their generation than the children of light. It was no exalted patriotism, but

¹ Hickson, vol. ii. p. 8. Deposition of Walter Bourke.

² Borlase, “History of the Execrable Irish Rebellion,” appendix p. 134.

³ “Cont. History of Affairs,” part ii. p. 527. Deposition of Rev. George Crichton.

pillage and revenge that commended the war to the natives of Ulster.

As with the laity, so amongst the priesthood there were individuals, who practised the Gospel precepts they were pledged to teach; though more often, it must be admitted, seculars and regulars alike hounded on their parishioners to fresh atrocities. It was a friar who incited the convoy to massacre one hundred English folk at the Bridge of Mayo. 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, lest hereafter they should be tempted to relapse into error. And it was fortunate when a Catholic vicar allowed starving Protestants to be fed, even though such lenity was coupled with the reminder that heretics deserved no better treatment than dogs.¹

In the teeth of overwhelming contemporary evidence, Catholic and Protestant, Ultramontane and Presbyterian, modern Irish apologists have asserted that the insurgents confined themselves to expelling the settlers from the soil of Ulster, and that no blood was shed by their countrymen till Anglo-Saxon violence provoked the inevitable retaliation. Happily for the credit of the Irish name, the death-roll, on inspection, has shrunk from 154,000 to figures varying between 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. Indeed, what other fate than death could await thousands of men, women, and children, starving and naked—for often they had but a wisp of hay or straw for covering—sent adrift through the winter wilderness? It says much for the vigour of the race that any considerable number of the sad pilgrims reached the distant city of refuge. In truth, terror is a quickening force, and in their desperate anxiety to escape their persecutors, people were seen crawling into Dublin on their

¹ "Cont. History of Affairs," part ii. p. 539. Crichton's Deposition.

hands and knees.¹ With that supreme effort, however, the vital energy of the more delicate was exhausted. When the desired bourne was at last attained, they lay where they fell, in the crowded churches or in the open streets, wherever room could be found for their emaciated bodies. There were those who even refused to fetch their dole of food or to put on the clothes proffered by the charitable. Others, destitute of friends and too proud to beg, crept away and "wasted silently and so died." Small wonder, that one of the first cares of the Administration, after the advent of the wanderers, was the purchase of two large pieces of ground for burying places.

It is difficult to feel that the resentment which induced such horrors was entirely unprovoked. The second generation reaped as the first had sown. But in the midst of their calamities, the Protestants showed a spirit that cannot be too much admired. One of the most heroic and pathetic figures of that noble army was Hugh Echlin, a boy of twelve.² He saw his father die for the truth, and was then offered his own life on condition of going to mass; but with a happy terseness of expression, he replied that "he saw nothing in the religion of his tempters for which he would change his own," and so died.

Mad with aquavitæ, blood, and pillage, the native Irish yet never wholly unlearned their reverence for Bishop Bedell. Alone of all his race, the good man was, at first, permitted to inhabit his own house, where he spent himself and the remnant of his substance in relieving the poor English.³ Indeed, his dwelling was a true sanctuary, the Bishop "standing in the breach between the living and the dead." After the torments of cold and hunger they had endured, the fugitives regarded a bed of clean straw in an outhouse, and a portion of the boiled wheat, which had escaped the rebels' rapacity, as a return to ease and plenty, Bedell's saintly conversation and magnetic courage proving scarcely less precious and sustaining. A letter of

¹ Sir J. Temple, "History of the Irish Rebellion," p. 59.

² Borlase, appendix p. 133. Dr Maxwell's Deposition.

³ "Bishop Bedell's Life," p. 176.

the prelate's to the Roman Catholic Bishop of Kilmore, who had offered to install himself as Bedell's protector at Kilmore, affords a glimpse into the daily life of the little community. The Catholic Bishop's proposal was politely declined, on account of the difficulties which might arise from

"the difference of our way of worship—I do not say of religion—for," says Bedell, "I have ever thought and published it in my writings that we have one common Christian religion. Under our present miseries we comfort ourselves with the reading of the Holy Scriptures, with daily prayers which we offer up to God, in our vulgar tongue and with the singing of Psalms; and since we find so little truth amongst men, we rely on the truth of God and His assistance."¹

In after years, the refugees may well have loved to recall "the heaven upon earth" they had tasted in their intercourse with Bedell at Kilmore.²

As time went on, however, even Bedell no longer escaped persecution. He was imprisoned in Cloughouter Castle, a small fortress in the midst of Loughouter.³ The hardships he experienced in this dismantled, rotting tower, where the driving rain and snow swept through the unglazed windows might well have tried a stronger constitution, and he would probably have died outright but for the presence of another prisoner. This man, who had begun his career as a journeyman carpenter, had accumulated a large fortune by his industry and talents. He now put his old trade to good account; and his fellow captives had cause to bless his handiwork in the solid wooden shutters, which shielded them from the icy blasts of Loughouter. But although Bedell's life was prolonged, he contracted a low fever from which he did not rally, and on February the 7th, 1642, he passed away. His death revived the affection he had inspired in the land of his

¹ Reid, "Presbyterian Church," vol. i. p. 335 *note*. Bedell's letter in Latin to Swiney, Roman Catholic Bishop of Kilmore, 11th November 1641.

² Gardiner, vol. x. p. 66; Carte MSS., vol. xxxix. p. 305. Bishop of Elphin to Ormonde, 4th May, 1682.

³ "Bishop Bedell's Life," p. 191.

adoption. He was buried in the cemetery of Kilmore, amidst the lamentations of the Irish, who fired volleys over his grave, crying, "Requiescat in pace, Ultimus Anglorum." Perhaps his noblest funeral oration was the exclamation of a Catholic priest: "Oh! that my soul to-day were with William Bedell."

The saintly Bishop of Kilmore is the most attractive figure of the Anglican Church in Ireland. On a humbler scale, if with not less earnestness, George Crichton, the vicar of Lurgan, showed himself worthy of his calling. Thanks to his Scottish blood, Crichton escaped the first fury of the rebels.¹ Later, when all respect for his nationality had vanished, he was spared partly on account of his personal popularity, for "noe man ever lost a penny by him in the Bishop's Court, and none ever paid him what he did owe," and partly for his knowledge of farriery, which enabled him to save some valuable cattle belonging to Lord Fingall. Crichton could have escaped at an early period had he deserted his charge; but as he was not plundered, he determined to remain and assist the refugees who were fleeing south. He explained to his wife and family that "their lives were nothing so much worth, as were the lives of those who should, undoubtedly, perish if we should fly and seeke only to save our own lives,"² and with real heroism and practical good sense he set himself to organise the work of relief. Apart from the jealousy of the Irish, this was no easy task. The first batch of four hundred and fifty people from Newtown had not a knife amongst them to cut their food, and in their eagerness they fought and struggled over the viands. But thereafter the methodical minister had all in readiness for the passage of the fugitives. The kine were milked at dawn, and the milk boiled for the children and sick folk. Hay was prepared for bed, and turf for firing; and, finally, the meat was chopped up for distribution. For the wounded, too, there was good store of salve. In fact, Crichton considered it a special dispensation of Providence that like the

¹ "Cont. History of Affairs," part ii. p. 529. George Crichton's Deposition.

² *Idem*, p. 528.

widow's cruse of oil the unguent lasted as long as the need for it remained.

Crichton was not solitary in tracing a Divine Guidance in matters great and small. The overruling Providence of God was seldom called in question by the sufferers,¹ and their steadfast faith is one of the most striking features of their narratives. Had it been otherwise, the survivors would probably have been fewer. After her husband's murder, a certain widow, Ellen Matchett, and her daughter were in such close hiding that they nearly perished from starvation. They thought themselves lucky when they could get a few nettles and coarse weeds to eat, the brains of a diseased cow being considered a rare and delicious feast.

"Indeed," the two women declared, "the hunger, cold, and misery they endured is unspeakable; the least part of which, as it was mixed with the murder of all their friends and kindred, they could not have endured and lived, but that God Almighty gave them still extraordinary strength and patience, and when He gave them not meat, He took away their hunger."

On October the 25th, the Lords Justices despatched Owen O'Conally to acquaint the Parliament at Westminster with their precarious position. The evil tidings were received with every token of sorrow and indignation, and a committee drawn from both Houses was appointed to deal with Irish affairs. Charles was still at Edinburgh; but through Chichester he had early knowledge of the insurrection, and he besought the Scottish Parliament instantly to ship five thousand of their undisbanded soldiers to Ireland. If in the first fortnight of the campaign Phelim's rabble had been confronted by a well drilled force, the rebellion would have been confined within the boundaries of Ulster, and Ireland would have escaped a ten years' war and its legacy of eternal hate and trouble. Unluckily, the Scots would not accede to the King's demands without the consent of their colleagues in London, and Charles was reduced to raising some fifteen hundred

¹ Hickson, vol. i. p. 324. Deposition of Ellen Matchett.

men on his own account.¹ One other step he took. Ormonde's friend, Sir Patrick Wemyss, was then in Edinburgh, on business connected with the Earl's Palatinate claims. Charles at once sent him back to Ireland, with a letter appointing Ormonde Commander-in-chief.

"Ormonde," wrote the King, "Thoe I am sorry for this occasion I have to send untoe you, which is the sudaine and unexpected rebellion of a considerable part of Ireland, yet I am glade to have soe faithfull and able a servant as you are, to whom I may freely and confidently write in soe important a busines. This is therefore to desyre you to accept that charg over this, which you lately had over the former army; the which though you may have some reason to excuse (as not being soe well acquainted with this Lord-Lieutenant as you was with the last) yet I am confident that my desyre and the importance of the busines will easily overcome that difficulty; which laid aside for my sake, I shall accept as a great renewed testimony of that affection, which I know you have to my service."²

Ormonde was at his beautiful house of Carrick-on-Suir, when he received an equally imploring appeal from the Lords Justices, summoning him to the rescue. The standing army of Ireland did not exceed two thousand three hundred men, and since even this small force was scattered about the country, it took Ormonde some few days to collect a hundred personal retainers, and as many friends to accompany him on his march to the capital. In that interval the panic had not subsided. Nor, perhaps, was the news from Ulster calculated to reassure the inhabitants of an unwall'd town such as Dublin. At one moment the Lords Justices believed that they had enlisted five hundred stout auxiliaries from the Scottish herring fleet anchored off the coast. The fishermen, however, took fright and fled away, and the presence of an equal number of Papist soldiers in the Bay, waiting to be transported to Spain, added not a little to the popular terrors. The weather

¹ Carte, vol. ii. p. 3.

² *Idem.*, vol. v. p. 256. Charles I. to Ormonde, Edinburgh, 31st October 1651.

was so bad that the soldiers could not sail. Packed in hulks, they were in a pitiable condition, quite unfit, had they desired it, to take the offensive. But it was not until they were actually dying of starvation, that the authorities allowed them to land and seek their own homes.

In the circumstances, Ormonde's advent was hailed with rapture by the Dublin citizens. His arrival at the head of his diminutive force, says a contemporary,

"changed that face of sorrow" which overspread the capital. "His presence was more comforte to them than greater succours without him, and the suddenness of their march made even those brought very considerable."¹

Unhappily, although the Lords Justices pressed the chief command on Ormonde, they refused him the freedom of action essential to a general. Whenever English troops encountered the rebels in the open, the superior discipline and equipment of the former invariably carried the day. As Sir William St Leger remarked, it was "not possible that twelve thousand naked rogues should stand before one thousand well-armed men."² Ormonde was therefore anxious to give the enemy no leisure to manufacture pikes at home, or to obtain supplies from abroad. The stores which Strafford had accumulated for the Scottish campaign were still in the Castle magazine.³ They would have sufficed for a much larger army than the three thousand men, volunteers, and veterans, with whom Ormonde undertook in a short three weeks to effect the reconquest of Ulster. But Parsons, the leading spirit of the Administration, was obdurate. Ormonde was refused permission to carry the war into the enemy's quarters—the reason assigned, the want of munitions, being manifestly a paltry excuse—and garrisons, which kept the peace at Wicklow and elsewhere, were withdrawn to Dublin. Such suicidal conduct on the part of the Executive naturally gave rise to adverse comment⁴—

¹ "Cont. History of Affairs," vol. i. p. 22.

² Carte, vol. v. p. 260. Sir William St Leger to Ormonde 14th November 1641.

³ *Idem*, vol. ii. p. 5.

⁴ *Idem*, vol. ii. p. 39.

Sir William St Leger, the President of Munster, not being alone in ascribing the Justice's action to senile timidity.

"Give me leave to tell you, under the rose," wrote the blunt old soldier to Ormonde, "that they (the Justices) are so cruelly afraid that they do not know what they do; for undoubtedly after the Castell of Dublin was secured, they were as safe as any people in the world could be."¹

Other observers have put a more sinister interpretation on the criminal mismanagement of the Lords Justices. That special pleader, the Jacobite Carte and the most impartial of modern historians,² are agreed that the fatal policy of inertia and delay was dictated by the desire to await the coming of an English Puritan army, restrained by none of the mercy Irish Catholics might show to those of their own race and creed. The fertile lands of the nobles of the Pale promised a richer harvest, than could be reaped in the bogs and forests of Ulster. Parsons, already notorious for his unscrupulous greed, would not hesitate to press the penalties of high treason to their furthest conclusions. Perhaps there was good reason for attributing such a motive to him; a month later, the Lords Justices, in writing to Lord Leicester, impress upon him that

"those great counties of Leinster, Ulster and the Pale now lie the more open to His Majesty's free disposal and to a general settlement of peace and religion by introducing the English."³

It must be remembered that in the beginning of November 1641, the Catholic Peers of the Pale, far from joining the insurgents, were eagerly offering their services to the Government. They were, however, ill provided with arms, and, in reply to their requests, a few muskets and a little gunpowder were distributed to certain favoured individuals. The meagreness of the doles breathed a spirit of suspicion well calculated to produce the very harm anticipated, while the official manifestoes were not

¹ Carte, vol. v. p. 260. Sir William St Leger to Ormonde.

² Gardiner, vol. x. p. 115. ³ *Idem.*

conceived in a happier vein. The first proclamation denounced the "most disloyal and detestable conspiracy intended by some evil-affected Irish Papists"¹ — a generalisation so insulting that the widespread protest it excited obliged the Justices, four days later, to correct their phraseology and to explain:

"That by the words *Irish Papists*, they intended only such of the old meer Irish in the Province of Ulster, as had plotted, contrived and been actors in that Treason, and others that adhered to them, and none of the English of the Pale and other Parts, enjoyning all His Majesty's subjects, whether Protestants or Papists to forbear upbraiding in matters of Religion."²

The Lords Justices had some show of reason both for proroguing Parliament from November the 9th, 1641, to the 24th of February, 1642, and for discouraging the influx of Irish Papists into Dublin. As the majority of the Lower House had systematically baited the Administration in the past session, greater forbearance was hardly now to be expected of the Opposition. In the actual crisis, divided councils would undeniably spell ruin to the community. Nevertheless, had the "Graces" and other concessions to Roman Catholic and native feeling become law, this earnest of fair dealing might have arrested the more sober members of that Church and nation on the road to rebellion. But, whatever justification the Government could plead for deferring the meeting of Parliament, they had no valid excuse to offer for a proclamation forbidding the inhabitants of the Pale from taking refuge in Dublin. Unarmed and defenceless, these luckless people found themselves confronted by a choice of evils. If they refused contributions to the rebels, within whose quarters they perforce lived, they were promptly robbed and murdered. If they made friends with the mammon of unrighteousness, they were adjudged guilty of high treason. And since by December the insurgents had advanced to within a couple

¹ Borlase, p. 22, Proclamation of 23rd October 1641.

² *Idem.*

of miles from Dublin it is hardly difficult to account for the spread of the revolt.

Another sin of the Lords Justices—this time rather of omission than commission—largely paved the way to a general revolution. Parliament at Westminster recommended the issue of a Proclamation offering forgiveness to rebels who laid down their arms by a fixed date. The pardon, it is true, did not extend to the leaders, on whose heads a price was set, though such exceptions were too much in the spirit of that unhappy age entirely to nullify the conciliatory effects of a bid for peace. Clogged as was the manifesto by these exceptions, it was, however, still too liberal for the Lords Justices. The only declaration they could bring themselves to publish limited the royal clemency to portions of the kingdom, where, as yet, “only a parcel of loose, idle and disorderly rascals”¹ had committed depredations. Even had the Irish been a less quick-witted race, they could have cherished no illusions on the benevolent intentions of their rulers in Dublin.

In England, meanwhile, matters were not shaping themselves more favourably for Ireland. Charles’s endeavour to despatch Scottish troops to the assistance of his Irish subjects had not found favour with Parliament. The Episcopalians did not wish the rebellion to be subdued by Presbyterian Scots. The Puritans would not trust the King with an army even if Papist Ireland was its objective. The vast majority of English Protestants saw in the rising the long-dreaded, much prophesied, Romanist plots. These machinations, they firmly believed, had their origin in Charles’s trusted and immediate circle; and it is impossible to affirm that their jealousy was wholly unfounded. They were determined that Ireland should be saved from the “grim wolf with privy paw,” yet in such a fashion as not to endanger the liberties of England. It was this deep-rooted distrust of Charles’s ultimate aims that enabled Pym to carry the “Additional Instruction,” which practically transferred the executive power from the

¹ Carte, vol. ii. p. 57.

sovereign to Parliament. Consequently, at a juncture when every wasted hour meant ruin to the English population in Ireland, all rapid decision and initiative were paralysed.

It is true that as messenger after messenger arrived bearing fresh tidings of disaster and massacre, Episcopalian and Puritan momentarily forgot their wrangles in order to provide money and troops for the rescue of their countrymen. But the Impressment Bill, with the debates to which it gave rise, proved another fruitful cause of distraction and delay. It was not till the beginning of December that the sum of £16,000 found its way to the Irish Treasury; and the end of that month was reached before Sir Simon Harcourt and the first contingent of one thousand five hundred men landed in Dublin.

Unfortunately, the intelligence that began to filter into England about the same period did not allay the Puritan mistrust of Charles.¹ It was currently reported that Sir Phelim O'Neill was exhibiting a Royal Commission which empowered him to take arms for the defence of the King's person, and, in that cause, "to attack all castles and forts and to seize the goods, persons and estates of all the English Protestants." The mystery that surrounds this incident has never been thoroughly penetrated. Undoubtedly the commission was in part, if not altogether, a forgery. Yet it was sufficiently well contrived to puzzle such staunch loyalists as Sir William St Leger. It bore the date October the 1st, 1641, with the King's signature and the Great Seal of Scotland. Any deed endorsed by Charles himself must, however, have materially differed from the wording of that produced by Phelim, although had such a missive fallen into Phelim's hands, it would only have needed verbal alterations to be converted into a document singularly adapted to further his designs. But, whatever its origin, it did its work, arresting opposition to O'Neill in Ireland and sowing broadcast the seeds of suspicion in England.

¹ Gardiner, vol. x. pp. 92-3 *note*.

CHAPTER VI

WAR AND REVOLUTION

A MONTH elapsed before Ormonde answered the King's letter of October—and when he did write, the news he sent was far from reassuring. His profession of service and “most humbill thankis” would sooner have been cast at the King's feet, he said, but that he had hoped, at the same time, to furnish an estimate of the rebel strength and the chances of reducing them to obedience.¹ Owing, either to the friendships, or the fears the rebels inspired, it was difficult to obtain accurate intelligence; although it was certain that they were numerous, if, for the most part, meanly armed, their weapons showing them to be rather a “touwoultary rable than anei thing leyk an armie.” Yet such, said Ormonde, was the want of arms and money on the English side, that he and his men had to look on at the miseries of their fellow countrymen, without any possibility of lending them assistance, being forced to devote their energies to save “His Majesty's principal city Dublin, and another called Drochedach some 20 meylies hens.” “Drochedach,” *i.e.* Drogheda, was, he continued, beleagured by at least four thousand or five thousand rebels and daily threatened with assault. But the town was well furnished with stores and commanded, moreover,

“by a verei gallant gentilman cald Sir Henry Tichbourn, thatt I ame confidantt will give a verei good account of the toune, or leiv his bonis in itt. Upon Saterdag last wei sent thither to his succour 600 foote and 500 horse who as wee understand laett last nichtt, waer incounterid by 1,500 of the enemie. The fountt were for the most paerte of thos ingleishe thatt had been pilladgid by them

¹ Carte, vol. v. pp. 267-8. Ormonde to Charles I. 30th November 1641.

and had I douptt with their goods lost ther courage ; for, as wei onderstand by two of them thatt escapid hither, they beeteuk themselves to their heils upon sightt of the enemy, not onse shoutting one shote or streyking on stroke. I believe feoue of the men are lost, bott I douptt most of the aermis. The men, it is treoue, waer onexersisid, bott had as maeney aermis, I thinke, within a feoue as all the rebellis in the kingdoume, and waer as weill trenid as they. The horse, I macke no questioun, are got in throueh the enemei to the toune. They were paertt of my aun troupe commandid bee Sir Patrick Weimis."

In a letter of the same date to Sir Henry Vane, Ormonde gives some further details of the disgraceful rout and its causes. But as the Earl's spelling may be a stumbling block to the modern reader, it may be well to give this second epistle in more commonplace orthography.

"I confess," writes the Commander-in-Chief to the Secretary of State, "when I saw them (the English troopers) in the field, I thought they had not soldiers' faces, and now it appears they had not soldiers' hurts. For sending of them I was overruled and guided by the council ; as fit I should be. This I say not to fault anybody ; but I resolve to bear nobody's faults but my own ; they will be burden enough. In discharge of my duty to the King, I must say plainly that if some one man be not sent, that shall have both the powers martial and civil in him, I fear this kingdom will suddenly be past recovery. The persons of the men that govern here, I protest with the faith of an honest man, I love and honour. I know they have done me good offices to the King, in whose good opinion and graces to be justified is the greatest earthly happiness I study to acquire ; and therefore my obligations to them are great. But all this must give place when His Majesty's service and the safety of his kingdoms comes in question. I have been bold to write something of this to my Lord-Lieutenant, whose presence here in time will more avail than half an army. I have in my poor particular suffered much by the rebels in Leinster ; £3,000 a year of mine is laid waste by these robbers, and now they rob to the very gates of Kilkenny, where I have my principall dwelling,

and are within 12 miles of another house of mine, where my wife and children are defenceless.”¹

Whether the advent of that respectable, mediocre nobleman, Lord Leicester, would have wrought such mighty effects as Ormonde anticipated is doubtful, for the Lord-Lieutenant would have arrived strongly prepossessed in favour of a Puritan policy. From the very outbreak of the rebellion, that policy, and that policy alone, had been fully tested, and already its sinister consequences were everywhere visible.

The prorogation of Parliament from November the 9th to the 24th of February had been one of the first measures of the Lords Justices. The legality of their decision was, however, promptly called in question. Lawyers asserted that the proceeding was equivalent to a dissolution; and it was urged that at least some few members of both houses should assemble on the original day, if only to make a regular adjournment to February the 24th. Ormonde, who was strongly in favour of allowing Parliament to meet and sit in the usual manner, found his advice disregarded. The Lords Justices considered that they made a mighty concession to popular feeling in allowing the houses a one day's session to register loyal addresses, and appoint a deputation for treating with the insurgents. On November the 16th, Parliament accordingly met, and after some debate, as to whether the revolted Irish should be termed rebels, or designated “by the softer expression of discontented gentlemen,”² an orthodox “protestation and abhorrence”³ of the rebellion was duly carried. It was coupled with an ordinance empowering the Lords Justices, with the consent of the several counties and within their limits, to levy men and money. A petition from the insurgents of Cavan, reciting the grievances which had led them to take up arms, was also read. In answer, Parliament appointed a committee, composed of representative personages on both sides, to

¹ Carte, vol. v. pp. 266-7. Ormonde to Sir H. Vane.

² Cox, vol. ii. p. 80.

³ Carte, vol. ii. p. 67.

confer with the rebels and to transmit the results of their enquiries either to the King and Council, or to the British Parliament. The Lords Justices were much annoyed that all this business took a day longer to conclude than they had stipulated. They knew no peace till they had dismissed the members from the Castle. Indeed, so anxious were they to be quit of their presence, that they actually promised that Parliament should reassemble on January the 11th instead of the 24th of February—a promise they were careful to disregard.¹ But if the houses were allowed scant leisure for debate, they utilised the opportunities for consultation in a manner still less grateful to their rulers.

Thomas, Lord Dillon of Costelagh, a Protestant Privy Councillor, had been one of the Committee sent to Westminster by the Irish House of Lords in the previous spring. He had recently met the chief insurgents at Longford, and, being acquainted with their demands, was well fitted to enlighten English statesmen on the situation. The two houses, therefore, selected him to lay their views and wishes before the King. We only know these overtures at secondhand, for no sooner did Lord Dillon reach London than he was arrested and examined by a committee of the House of Commons. Evidently, the propositions were no more calculated to find acceptance with that body, of which Pym was the chairman, than with the Lords Justices, for the requirements of the Irish Catholics included freedom of conscience, the independence of the national Parliament—which was to be called together in January—and the appointment of Ormonde as Lord-Lieutenant; while it was to be anticipated that during the session those officers,² who were more faithful to the Parliament than to the King, would probably be superseded by others of whose loyalty there could be no doubt. On these conditions, the lords and gentlemen, whom Dillon represented,³ declared that they would be answerable with

¹ Carte, vol. ii. p. 69.

³ Carte, vol. ii. p. 72.

² Gardiner, *Idem*.

their lives and fortunes for the suppression of the rebellion. It is easy to see that such a scheme realised the gloomiest forebodings of the Puritan party. To their minds, it converted the neighbouring island into a royalist stronghold where Charles could, at his pleasure, recruit a Papist host to crush the budding liberties of England. It is vain to argue that a statesman endowed with the wisdom of after ages might have achieved justice for Ireland, without endangering the mother country. Such a magician was far to seek. Even had he been forthcoming, the actual state of the political atmosphere, charged with the excitement that precedes revolution, must have proved deadly to works of appeasement and compromise. Meanwhile, Pym and his followers were unvisited by altruistic visions, and the Lords Justices had no need to impress on Lord Leicester the perils attending Dillon's suggestions.¹

Although Ormonde's name had been put forward by the Roman Catholic Peers as likely to command universal confidence amongst Irishmen, it appears from the Earl's letter to Lord Leicester that the suggestion had been made without his knowledge or consent.

Of Lord Dillon's instructions as a whole, Ormonde prudently remarks, that, "I know not what to think of them, and therefore I shall make noe judgment on them." In spite of his silence, we may conjecture that he regarded the demands for religious toleration, more favourably than those for political independence.² If he consistently advocated liberal treatment for Roman Catholics, he never supported the repeal of Poyning's Act. At this juncture, however, in writing to Lord Leicester, he was mainly concerned in justifying himself from any share in underhand manœuvres for his own advancement. The letter in which he states his case is too remarkable for its candour, modesty, and common-sense to be omitted. It explains Ormonde's position in Ireland, a position which birth alone could never have secured.

¹ Carte, vol. ii. p. 74.

² *Idem*, vol. v. p. 315. Ormonde to Lord-Lieutenant, undated.

Having affirmed that Lord Dillon had urged his appointment as Viceroy without Ormonde's desire, knowledge, or consent, and, moreover, that, had he aspired to the employment, he would have made a direct application to the King, the Earl very sensibly remarks that he would "as the case stands, take that place rather as a judgement than a blessing from God and the King, however unto your Lordship or to any other, that like you has a soull and spirit of government, it may prove prosperous and glorious, as I wish to your Lordship it may; but to me ruine and infamie, if ever I endeavoured or desired to be charged with that, to my weakness, intollerable burden. . . . The second particular I protest against, is the power ascribed to my word on the affections and burning passions now stirred up in this people; which goe soe high that I cannot thinke they are to be assuaged by a word, unless Hee vouchsafe to speake it that could, and did, calm the stormy winds. My sword and all I can shall be cheerfully imploy'd in it, and God send me with that to contribute something towards subduing of the enemy, but for miracles, I leave them to those who pretend to or believe in them. I have not faith enough for either. . . . I believe no reasonable man will think that if it were in my power to stop this torrent, I would not suffer it soe to overflow myself, as it has done, to the total drowning of my private fortune, which began but lately to shew itself above those miseries that formerly it lay under."

He then renews his former entreaties to Leicester to hasten his coming. His duty had compelled him to write freely, touching the dangers that threatened the kingdom under the present Government;

"wherein," he says, "it was far from my intention, I am sure, and, I think, from my words to lay any blemish or fault on them that govern, nor can it be understood by them that I endeavoured to thrust myself into their room, in any reasonable construction. But it was then my sense, and is still, that, as at all tymes, I take this Government to be most perfect when it is in one able hand, soe now as the tymes are condition'd with us, I take it to be of absolute necessity for the good conduct of the affairs of this kingdom, that the civill and martial power should be united, which will

not only avoid contradiction and distraction in commands, but infinitely more accelerate enterprises, than can possibly be expected where the powers are divided, though the propension of those intrusted with them be never so great to the service."

Ormonde was generous in expressing no resentment at the attitude of the Lords Justices, who, at this stage, used him merely as a "canal" for transmitting their orders to his officers. Such treatment might have thrown a young general into the arms of intriguers. Happily for his own fame, Ormonde never allowed private motives to influence his conduct in public affairs, while his natural modesty — which at all times made him almost unduly diffident of his abilities—and his habits of soldierly discipline alike preserved him from initiating a hasty or undignified opposition to his chiefs. Nevertheless there were moments when he openly rebelled against Parsons' unwise despotism. On one occasion, the latter imperiously desired him to summon a court martial. But Ormonde, knowing how dearly Strafford had paid for the employment of extra-judicial tribunals, refused, saying, "he had no commission to justify such an action, and knew not but he might be questioned for it."

Sir William, impatient of contradiction, lost his temper and told Ormonde that "the thing ought to be done for the general safety; and if he did not do it, he should be questioned for greater matters, for no less than losing the kingdom."

Ormonde, however, never being "at a loss for an answer equally decent and poignant," was unmoved, and concisely replied, "I believe, sir, you will do as much towards losing the kingdom as I; and I am sure I will do as much as you for saving it."¹

With divided counsels at headquarters, and all concerted action hindered by unreasoning suspicion, the kingdom might well seem doomed to destruction. Yet, had they chosen to amend their ways, the Lords Justices had ample

¹ Carte, vol. ii. p. 7.

time for repentance. Until the beginning of December, no peer or gentleman outside Ulster, and only five "old Irish" members of the House of Commons joined the rebels. Another piece of unmerited good luck which befell the executive was the return of Lord Clanricarde to Ireland. Ulick Burke, Earl of St Albans in the peerage of England, Earl of Clanricarde in that of Ireland, chief of the sept Macwilliam, and Governor of the town and county of Galway, was equally beloved at Whitehall and revered in Connaught. A sincere, though enlightened, Catholic, he was on terms of the closest intimacy with his brother-in-law, Robert Devereux, Earl of Essex; the letters in which Clanricarde implores the Parliamentary General "to draw together his best and bravest thoughts"¹ to withstand the threatened persecution of Irish Catholics, forming not the least pathetic documents of that period. Though his family had been consistently devoted to the English supremacy, Clanricarde, like Ormonde, had cause to complain of the treatment his father had undergone at the hands of Charles's ministers. But Ormonde himself was not more splendidly loyal than this cultivated and noble gentleman, to whose humanity the bitterest Puritans bore abundant testimony. He was indeed a very perfect, gentle knight. And it is not difficult to understand the close friendship and alliance that united two souls so close akin as Ulick Burke and James Butler. On his arrival at Portumna, Lord Clanricarde took every measure that tact and energy could suggest to keep his province obedient to the Crown. He victualled the fort of Galway, induced the gentlemen of the district to raise troops for the defence of the countryside, and founded a manufactory of pikes and lances.² Unassisted, if not hampered, by the Justices, he persevered; and by the middle of November he was able to inform Lord Bristol that,

"we begin to recover our wits, scared away by the first reports, and do discern that none appears in this detestable

¹ "Clanricarde Memoirs," vol. i. p. 62. Clanricarde to Lord Essex, Portumna, 23rd January 1641-42.

² Carte, ii. 45-8.

conspiracy, or enters into action but the remains of the ancient Irish rebels in the North, and some in the planted country of Leitrim. . . . Some other spoils have been made in several places by loose people desperate, in their fortunes, but most of them appeased, little considerable for anything that yet appears."¹

It would have been well for the whole of Ireland if the President of Munster had possessed the calm wisdom of Lord Clanricarde. Unluckily, Sir William St Leger, though a gallant old soldier, active and fearless, was too much swayed by the passion of the moment to refrain either his tongue or his hand. Could he have fulfilled his ambition of leading two thousand foot and a hundred horse through the north, he would have done yeoman's service.² In his province, carefully denuded of men and arms by the Lords Justices he could—as he himself said—do no manner of good!

Even in Munster, however, where "the itch of scabbadging," *i.e.*, plundering,³ spread rapidly, the peace was kept for some weeks. So late as November the 18th, St Leger told a correspondent that unless the Irish took courage from the fears of the English, whom he had much ado to keep from running away, or from the unhindered progress of the northern rebels, he saw "no other appearance but of quietness."⁴

Thus, until the prorogation of Parliament put an end to all hopes of an equitable settlement, the Anglo-Irish evidently showed little desire to join the Ulstermen. Then came the rout of Drogheda, to which reference has been made. And although Sir Henry Tichburne continued to hold out, the moral effect of the English defeat was worse than the practical inconveniences it entailed. Not only did it leave the Pale open to the rebels' raids, but, in the unaccountable panic that had

¹ "Clanricarde Mems.," p. 15. Clanricarde to Earl of Bristol, 14th November 1641.

² Carte vol. v. p. 264. Sir W. St Leger to Ormonde, Downrale, 18th November 1641.

³ "Cont. History of Affairs," vol. i. p. 64.

⁴ Hist. MSS. Egmont MSS., p. 149. Sir W. St Leger to Sir P. Perceval.

overtaken the English, many Papists descried the direct effects of Jehovah's wrath on a heretic nation.¹ The less superstitious Romanists were equally uneasy. For the present they could expect no protection from an impotent Government. In a twelve-month, if they believed Parson's boast,² no Roman Catholic would be left in Ireland. Nor was their mistrust abated by the Justices' next move.

Amongst the chief losers by the Irish rising was Sir Charles Coote. Originally a soldier of fortune, he had turned to good account the wardships and grants of property, which had fallen to his lot in Connaught and Queen's County. At Mountrath, he had iron works where he employed over six hundred workmen. On every ton of metal he shipped down the river in the rude "cots" or coracles of the country, he made a profit of £6 to £7.³ The outbreak of the rebellion was a deathblow to this lucrative industry. Naturally of a sour, rough temper, he needed no incentive to severity; and now, in his fury, he was disposed to hold every Irishman responsible for the destruction of his estate.⁴ Sir Charles was an able officer, but he had served his apprenticeship to arms in the campaigns of Tyrone and Mountjoy, and had unlearned none of the evil maxims of that merciless war. Indeed, if we are to credit half the stories told of his delight in carnage, he fully earned his nickname of the "Raven."⁵ Such was the man to whom, at this critical juncture, Parsons entrusted the command of a punitive expedition. At the head of a regiment, recruited from the "poor stripped settlers," all burning to avenge their sufferings, Coote marched to the relief of Wicklow Castle. He executed his task. The rebels fled to the mountains; and the wretched townsfolk, without distinction of sex, and, as the Irish averred, without distinction of innocence or

¹ "Aphorismical Discovery," vol. i. p. 24.

² Carte, vol. ii. p. 90.

³ "Tracts and Treatises on Ireland," vol. i. p. 112; "Ireland's Nat. Hist." by D. Gerard Boote.

⁴ Carte, vol. ii. p. 104.

"Cambrensis Eversus," vol. iii. p. 93.

guilt, paid a fearful penalty for their own or others' thefts. Far from restraining his troopers, when one of them was tossing an infant on a pike, Sir Charles was said to remark, "that he liked such frolics."¹ Having carried out his plans, Coote turned homewards, and was rewarded by the Lords Justices with the Governorship of Dublin.

Immediately after these occurrences, on December the 3rd, the Lords Justices summoned the noblemen of the surrounding country to a conference in Dublin. As these very gentlemen had been banished the capital by three successive proclamations, this sudden and inexplicable change of attitude on the part of their rulers filled them with profound suspicion. They knew that their relations with the rebels, however involuntary, might technically be construed as treason, and, fearing a trap, they declined the invitation. Instead, on the 9th of December, they met at Swords, and drew up an explanation of their proceedings. They solemnly affirmed their loyalty to the Sovereign.² But as they were positively informed that Sir Charles Coote, at the Council Board, had advocated a general massacre of Catholics, they declared themselves determined to "stand on their best guard" till they were insured against such perils. Lords Fingall, Gormanstone, Slane, and Dunsany, who had all recently volunteered their services to the State, affixed their signatures to the protest. The Justices replied with an order to disperse, which their subjects again met with a categorical refusal. Meanwhile, Sir Charles Coote had made another raid, butchering some harmless husbandmen in the village of Santry. The incident did not tend to calm the general disquiet; the Lords vowed they went in fear of their lives, and saw no safety save in concerted action.

In the circumstances, Lord Gormanstone decided to convoke a larger gathering of Catholic lords and gentlemen on December the 15th at the hill of Crofty. Here they

¹ Gardiner, vol. x. p. 114.

² Carte, pp. 107-9.

were joined by Colonel Macmahon, Philip O'Rely, Roger O'More, and a guard of musketeers. With a formality recalling to contemporaries the compliments exchanged between the Lord Mayor of London and the Privy Council at Temple Bar,¹ the rebels were challenged to declare their purpose. Roger O'More was the spokesman. He protested that he and his friends had taken up arms solely for freedom of conscience and the maintenance of His Majesty's prerogative, in which they understood the King was abridged.² O'More was then adjured to acknowledge whether personal motives had a part in their resolve. He earnestly repudiated the suggestion, and on his taking an oath to that effect, Lord Gormanstone announced that "since these were their true ends, they would likewise join with them therein." They then all withdrew, arranging for a further meeting to take place later at the historic hill of Tara.

During this period neither party remained inactive. The Anglo-Irish peers drafted a letter to Henrietta Maria beseeching her mediation with the King. To the Sovereign, they also addressed a petition setting forth the misrule of the Lords Justices, attesting their own devotion to his royal person, and entreating him to call a free Parliament for the redress of those grievances, which enforced them to join the rebels. Until these reforms could be effected, they proposed a cessation of hostilities. The letters were entrusted to Sir John Reade, whose loyalty, it was presumed, would make him a welcome envoy at court.

On their side, the Lords Justices despatched Coote to chastise some thieving fisherman in the neighbourhood of Dublin. The Raven had not learnt mercy since his last expedition. The day of the assembly at Crofty, he swooped on Clontarf, where, besides the peasants' cabins, he burnt and sacked the mansion and property of a Mr King, then at Swords. As the latter had been expressly invited to Dublin, the day previously, by the Justices, and had received a pass to repair thither "without

¹ Cox, "Hibernia Anglicana," vol. ii. p. 83.

² Carter, vol. ii. p. 16.

danger of any trouble, or stay whatsoever" the action of the executive somewhat resembled a breach of faith.¹ And the Justices' contention that the safe conduct merely applied to the person of the individual to whom it was granted, appeared an unworthy quibble to the excited and irritated Catholics.

It was at Tara on December the 22nd that the gentry of Meath indited their final answer to the Lords Justices.² They declined to trust themselves within the Governor of Dublin's sphere, since he manifestly "preferred the execution of his own designs before the public faith." But they offered to treat with any commissioners the Lords Justices might send to a place beyond the reach of his attacks. The gage of battle was now definitely flung down. Parsons and Borlase were not slow to raise it. Without any reference to the Home Government, they peremptorily refused to lower the dignity of the State by negotiating with rebels; and thus the Catholic Confederation came into being.

The alliance of the Anglo-Irish gentry and the Ulster Celts led to a more methodical system of waging war on the British Government. Lord Gormanstone was appointed General-in-Chief, Lord Fingall, Commander of the Horse. A regular blockade of Dublin was instituted; and each considerable district was assigned to a gentleman who, through his inferior officers, organised the levy of men and provisions.

Affairs in Munster, meanwhile, were not assuming a more favourable aspect for the administration. Bands of Cavanaghs and Brennans went "scabbadging" through Tipperary, up to the walls of Carrick and Waterford, laying waste Ormonde's domains. Sir William St Leger and his son-in-law, Lord Inchiquin, already noted as a skilful cavalry officer, followed and defeated the spoilers. No sooner, however, was the rising quelled in one corner of the province, than it broke forth again in another. Undoubtedly, St Leger made the utmost use of the

¹ Carte, vol. ii. p. 127.

² *Idem*, p. 123.

slender forces at his command, and in bitter weather, over craggy mountain paths deep in snow, showed himself indefatigable in tracking the elusive enemy. It was not till horses and men were quite spent with fatigue, the poor beasts having been scarce eased of their saddles for fourteen long days, and his friends not having had leisure in that time "to shift their shirts" that St Leger perforce called a halt. He did so with despair, for even his brave spirit recognised the hopelessness of pursuing "with one poore troope of horse, such a contagion, that flees faster than any hue and cry ever did."¹

Truly admirable as was the energy of this veteran of three score years and ten, his methods of pacification were hardly calculated to promote loyalty in a country honeycombed with disaffection. The loss of his relative Mr Kingsmill's flocks and herds goaded him to madness; and in his rage, he imprisoned and hanged innocent people quite promiscuously.² Dignitaries of the Anglican Church were driven to protest that their friends were proving their greatest enemies; while St Leger's Catholic neighbours were filled with anger and alarm. The Munster gentry, following the example of Ormonde's brother-in-law, Lord Muskerry, who had actually offered to mortgage his estates for the equipment of a regiment of volunteers, had hitherto shown themselves staunch loyalists. They were, however, determined not to allow such doings to pass unchallenged, and sought out the Lord President at Clonmel for the purpose. But Sir William was in no mood to heed remonstrance. He rated the assembly of lords and gentlemen like a pack of curs, vowing "that they were all rebels, and he would not trust one soul of them, but thought it more prudent to hang the best of them."³ This unfortunate tirade decided the destinies of Munster. Lord Muskerry, Lord Mountgarret, who exercised great influence in the district, and Ormonde's brother, Richard Butler of Kilcash, joined the insurgents and were imitated

¹ Carte, vol. v. p. 272. William St Leger to Ormonde, Clonmel, 11th December 1641.

² Lismore MSS., Series 2, vol. v. p. 16. Dean Naylor to Lord Cork.

³ Carte, vol. ii. p. 150.

by most of their friends and relations. By mid-December Munster was in full revolt ; though, thanks to Mountgarret's stern discipline, and Richard Butler's humanity, the rising was not accompanied by the atrocities which attended it elsewhere.¹

It was impossible that so wholesale a defection of his kith and kin should not affect Ormonde's position. He resisted all entreaties to join the insurgents, and remained the nominal commander of the State army ; though his difficulties were increased tenfold by the suspicions to which his relationship with the Munster leaders gave rise. Humane by temperament and conviction, he was loth to execute the blood and slaughter the Justices now breathed forth openly against the inhabitants of the Pale. Unlike his superiors, he foresaw the fatal consequences, to Dublin and its citizens, of laying waste the country from which the capital drew its supplies. He was too much of a soldier to disobey express orders ; but whenever he saw an opportunity to mitigate the severity of his instructions, he spared the cabins and castles a short-sighted policy had condemned to the flames.² Thus, in January 1642, he refused to burn the town of Naas, the headquarters of the rebel army—which had, however, fled before him—and merely gave up the empty houses to plunder.

During a revolution, moderation is notoriously out of favour with the multitude. Calumny was soon busy with Ormonde's name. The Puritans accused him of temporising with traitors. The Roman Catholic nobles denounced him in unmeasured terms for carrying out the Justices' behests. It was his good deeds which brought him most blame from both factions. On his expedition to the Naas, a certain Father Higgins had been made prisoner by Ormonde's soldiers.³ Trusting in his blameless, and, indeed, honourable record, for he had saved the lives of various Englishmen, the priest had not attempted to escape when the insurgents abandoned the town.

¹ Carte, vol. iv. pp. 154-5.

² *Idem*, p. 175.

³ Borlase, p. 265.

His innocence was unavailing. The Lords Justices had decreed that no quarter should be given to Roman Catholic clergy found abetting the rebels; and in the actual temper of the army it was hard to preserve a priest or friar from the rigours of the ordinance. Higgins therefore besought Ormonde to send him to Dublin, where he was ready and anxious to abide his trial. His petition was granted. Such, however, was the savage mood of the Puritan troopers that this simple act of justice provoked a mutiny, the officer in charge of the captive was assaulted, and Ormonde had to strain his authority to the uttermost to rescue the unfortunate father, and to despatch him to Dublin. As he carried a warm recommendation from Ormonde to the Lords Justices, Ormonde had every reason to believe that Higgins ran no further danger. Unhappily, Sir Charles Coote, encouraged and applauded by Parsons and Borlase, was Provost Marshal as well as Governor of Dublin. A few weeks later, after some English successes had stiffened the Justices in their uncompromising attitude, Coote saw his chance, and pounced on Ormonde's *protégé*.¹ He acted so promptly that the Earl had no inkling of his design. Without formality or delay, in the early dawn of a March morning, the priest was dragged from prison and hanged.² He died, with his last breath invoking the blessings of heaven on Lord Ormonde for his zealous, if ineffectual, attempts to shield him from harm.

The barbarity and insolence of Coote's proceedings provoked one of Ormonde's rare outbursts of anger, and the Council Chamber rang with his indignant protests. He told the Justices,

"that he did not expect such usage from them as that they should either order or suffer a person, so well recommended to him and so justly taken under his protection to be put to so ignominious a death; and insisted that Coote should be tried for what he had done, as having offended the laws; and put not only an innocent, but a

¹ Carte, vol. ii. p. 177.

² Borlase, p. 265.

deserving subject to death, without a legal trial, and without a particular or lawful warrant to authorise him therein.”¹

In fact, Ormonde went so far as to threaten to throw up his commission unless he had satisfaction. But although the Justices professed regret for Higgins's death, they sheltered themselves and the Provost Marshal under the plenary powers they had granted Coote, and refused point-blank to bring a useful official to trial. Ormonde seems to have been sorely tempted to resign his command. Apart, however, from the special trust reposed in him by the Sovereign, he was aware that his withdrawal would leave the extremists masters of the situation. Coote, therefore, went unpunished, and Ormonde remained General-in-Chief, having incurred both the reproaches of the ruling faction and those of the Irish Catholics. Ultimately, the Catholics actually charged him with the death of the man he had endeavoured to save; and Father Higgins's murder was one of the principal items in the railing accusation brought against him by the Nuncio's scribes. The legend, it is true, required some ingenuity, and more time, to evolve. The Catholic lords were not as slow to arraign a man, who had cut himself adrift from his own people and his father's house.

It will be remembered that Lady Ormonde and her children had remained at Carrick, where they were now surrounded by the enemy. The position cannot have been altogether pleasant. But Elizabeth Ormonde was a high-spirited woman, as incapable of fear as her grandfather, old Black Tom himself; and the English clergy and settlers she sheltered and befriended had cause to bless her stay in Tipperary. Her relationship to the leading men in the rebels' camp, probably protected her from grave danger, for Lord Mountgarret or Lord Muskerry would undoubtedly have intervened, if necessary, to shield their kinswoman from grave injury. Yet, as time went on, the gentry of Meath, exasperated by the burning of

¹ Carte, vol. ii. p. 177.

their homes, and the killing of their tenants, bethought them that the Countess and her family were valuable hostages. If Ormonde had spared the Naas during that expedition, he had burned two hamlets that afforded shelter to the rebels. Lord Gormanstone was naturally anxious to prevent a repetition of such episodes. Accordingly, he despatched a certain Henry Dillon to inform Ormonde

“that it was ill-taken by the country and the Irish Army that the Earl of Ormonde did make inrodes into the country; and especially that lately made to the Naas, in which he did burn and spoil much, and hanged some people . . . and he assured Ormonde that the best pledges he had, which was his wife and children, should answer it, if he did make any more such journeys.”¹

Ormonde insisted on Gormanstone's messenger being examined at the Council Board. Nor did he send his answer to the Irish General without the approval of that body. He began his letter by reproaching Gormanstone for his alliance with the authors of inhuman cruelties.² He then justified the Sovereign's determination to chastise the guilty fomenters of such bold and barbarous crimes, while for himself he declared, “if my hairs were one half lives, and the other children, I should rejoice to lose the last of them in the cause, which undoubtedly is God's and the King's.” Although Ormonde had deprecated the methods of repression employed by the executive, he was too proud, when addressing a rebel, to justify himself at the expense of his superiors.

“I could tell your Lordship,” he says, “that it was not by my authoritie anybody was hang'd at the Naas; but that would shew like something of excuse of my own, and the condemning of some others (neither of which I intend by this) for, as I take those men that suffered there have received but the reward due to their villainy, soe I will not

¹ Carte, vol. v. p. 292. Examination of Henry Dillon sworn at the Board, 10th February 1641.

² *Idem.* Ormonde to Lord Gormanstone, 10th February 1641-2.

disavow anything I shall doe in pursuance of His Majesty's commands by virtue of his authority, for feare of what may happen to mee and mine. My wife and children are (so long as it pleases God) perhaps in the power of sume that have bin cozened out of their loyalty, whoe I trust will soone find their error and the wickedness of their seducers. However," he characteristically concludes, "if they shall receive injury by men, I will never revenge it upon women and children; which, as it would be base and unchristian, would be extremely below the price I value my wife and children at."

As the Roman Catholic lords complained of Ormonde's determined hostility, so the Puritans accused him of betraying Government secrets to the enemy. The latter calumny appears to have originated with a certain James Wishart, a Scottish gentleman of Ulster. Wishart had been taken captive by the insurgents,¹ and after his release went about saying that he had seen letters to Lord Gormanstone in Ormonde's handwriting. The scandal came to the ears of Sir Philip Perceval, an Irish official of high standing and a warm friend of Ormonde. Sir Philip realised that such a report, following on Lord Dillon's petition for Ormonde's appointment as Lord-Lieutenant, would work havoc with the Earl's reputation. He instantly informed Ormonde of the story; and the Earl induced the Irish Privy Council to make a formal complaint to Lord Leicester on the subject. The House of Lords at Westminster then took it up. Wishart was arrested, and formally disclaimed the speeches attributed to him. His prosecution did not deter others from endorsing the silly tale, though the slanderers received no encouragement from Ormonde's brother peers. In March, both houses joined in punishing the printer and contriver of a libellous pamphlet directed against Ormonde, and in recommending "some speedy course for repairing the honour of the Earl."²

The enquiry provoked by these false rumours had thus merely tended to Ormonde's honour and glory. But judging from the grateful letter he addressed to Perceval,

¹ Carte, vol. ii. p. 181.

² *Idem*, p. 183.

he was in no triumphant mood. After recapitulating the reasons against "a strange apostasy" on his part, and expressing the hope shortly "to send some ill-favoured love tokens to my good lords"—the Irish leaders—he continues :

"In the meanwhile my condition is extreme hard. My being this countryman by fortune, though not by birth saves me not from the common calamity and loss wrought by this rebellion, nor do I find or desire that the bullets fly further off me than another man ; nay, I am persuaded and so are others that were by, that I was particularly and knowingly shot at the other day—the name of the party I remember not. On the other side, my religion, faithfulness nor the hazard of my life preserves me not from the reproach and scandal daily cast upon me by those that conclude me guilty because most of my Papist kindred and friends are so. Whilst I have the honour of serving the King in the place I do, I will go on constantly, neither sparing the rebel, because he is my kinsman, or was my friend, nor yet will I one jot the more sharpen my sword against him to satisfy anybody but myself in the faithful performance of my charge, wherein I will by the help of God do what becomes an honest man."

On the day this letter was written, Ormonde marched to the relief of Drogheda. Sir Henry Tichburne and his valiant little band were still holding their own against a vast leaguer of twenty thousand Irishmen. And since reinforcements under the command of Sir Richard Grenville and George Monk, the future Duke of Albemarle, were arriving in Dublin, the Justices had no longer any excuse to defer the promised succours to Drogheda.

Undoubtedly, on this occasion, Ormonde was better furnished with orders and injunctions than supplies. The stupid system of ravaging the surrounding country had borne its natural fruits. No provisions from England had accompanied the British troopers. Neither rations for the men, nor oats for the horses were available in Dublin. The Government magazine only held another fortnight's stores, and was utterly emptied of the shoes

and stockings necessary to equip the soldiers for their long marches. In these circumstances, the Government deemed it advisable that the army should live at the enemy's expense. Ormonde was instructed to

“burne, spoil, waste, consume, destroy, and demolish as he should thinke fitt the places, towns and houses where the rebels, their adherents or abettors are, or have been relieved, or harboured, or now, or lately, *usually* resided.”¹

In its original draft this comprehensive order was even less conspicuous for lenity. Ormonde was determined that it should at least be qualified by the word *usually*, but it cost him a hard struggle to effect the alteration; and though Parsons was eventually forced to yield the point, he showed his displeasure by endeavouring to transfer the chief command from Ormonde to Simon Harcourt.² Sir William did not have his way; though Ormonde left Dublin hampered by the stipulation that, whatever happened, the troops should return within eight days. Ormonde's approach put an immediate end to the investment of Drogheda. The rebels scattered precipitately, flying towards the Newry where Phelim O'Neill withdrew his heavy guns. Ormonde was anxious they should be given no leisure to recruit men or to regain confidence, and urged the Lords Justices to allow him an extension of time to complete their rout. “Such an opportunity,” he argued, “once lost, may never without extreme expense of blood and treasure be recalled.”³ He did not need reinforcements, as Sir Henry Tichburne was able to put a considerable force of horse and foot at his disposal, all he required was some ammunition and biscuits. He also requested further instructions with regard to those Irish noblemen who were now anxious to make their submission. Their names were not included in the proclamation of February the 8th, which set a price on the rebel chiefs, and the Lords Justices were still

¹ Carte, vol. v. p. 296. Order of the Lords and Council.

² *Idem*, vol. ii. p. 189.

³ *Idem*, vol. v. p. 302. Ormonde and officers to Lords Justices, Garestaune, 12th March 1641-2.

awaiting directions on the subject from the Central Government. These directions had not arrived; and though Ormonde fully realised that "no difference should be made betwixt a rebel lord and a rebel commoner," yet, until the former were actually proclaimed traitors, he would not treat them as such without explicit orders.¹

Never was despatch more unwelcome than Ormonde's to the Council. The Justices were equally determined that he should not defer his return beyond a couple of days, and that he should not cross the Boyne. The thought of any considerable number of landholders being received to grace was even more distasteful. The Council wrote to Ormonde curtly telling him neither to admit suppliants to his presence, nor to hold out hopes of mercy, but to send them forthwith under good escort to Dublin. In fact, the general's proposals aroused so much dissatisfaction that Sir John Temple thought it behoved a friend to utter a timely warning. He assured the Earl that his proposition of going to the Newry was "absolutely disliked," and that some members of the Board thought he might well have forborne making it, as also "that of sparing all the nobility and gentry of the Pale." Temple made his personal interest in Ormonde the excuse for beseeching the Earl to be very careful how he carried himself in receiving such submissions as were tendered him. He was convinced that Ormonde would do well punctually to observe the directions given him by the Justices, and to remember that he had

"no commission to receive any, otherwise than they have directed. I would be very sorry," adds Temple, "as the times now are, that your Lordship should give any occasion of advantage to those who affect you not."²

After this communication, Ormonde must have felt powerless both for peace and war. The remonstrances of his officers were equally vain; and despite their

¹ Carte, vol. v. p. 305. Ormonde to Lords Justices, 12th March 1641-2.

² *Idem*, p. 299. Temple to Ormonde, Dublin, 10th March 1641-2.

lamentations, Ormonde was forced to turn his back on an almost certain assurance of victory. He must have deplored his retreat the more when he learnt that Sir Henry Tichburne had reduced various strong places in the neighbourhood of Drogheda, defeated a large body of Irish near Atherdee and carried Dundalk by storm. Had Ormonde been able to act with Tichburne, at this juncture, the rebellion might have been brought to an abrupt close.

Many of the gentlemen who surrendered to Ormonde, and preceded him to Dublin, had never participated in the rising. Lord Dunsany, for instance, vowed he was "resolved rather to be hanged with the imagination that he died a loyal subject and a lover of the prosperity of England, than to live in the quiet possession of all the North of Ireland."¹

This was no vain rhetoric, for the only part Dunsany had taken in the troubles was to shelter and assist English fugitives. His fidelity to the State stood him, however, in no better stead than that of his companions. On their arrival, they were instantly thrown into prison, and steps were taken to indict them of high treason. Moreover, the rack was freely invoked to supplement defective evidence. And the unhappy witness was only too conscious that when a councillor threatened "to turn the bolts from his heels to his head," he was using no empty threat.²

In truth, the Lords Justices were bent on proving that, from the first, the whole of the Pale had been involved in Maguire's conspiracy. Could they establish this contention, they foresaw no obstacle to a sweeping measure of confiscation. In their own words, the Sovereign would then be committed "to perfect the great work which his father had begun, and make the like settlement and reformation all over the kingdom as King James

¹ Prendergast, "Cromwellian Settlement," p. 256. Lord Dunsany to Ormonde.

² Gilbert, "Confederation," introduction, vol. ii. p. xxvi; MSS. F., pp. 2-9. Rich. Streete to Viscount Netterville, Trinity College, Dublin.

had done in Ulster." ¹ The Council also desired to penetrate the mysteries of the Royal Commission exhibited by Sir Phelim O'Neill; and, with this double object in view, they did not show themselves fastidious as to the means employed. Not only was Colonel Macmahon put to the question, but Sir John Reade, who, as the bearer of the insurgents' missive to the Sovereign, was in Dublin merely to solicit a pass for that purpose, was also seized and cruelly tortured. Even these methods could extract nothing beyond hearsay statements. Notwithstanding, the meagre depositions, doctored and manipulated by the Council, were despatched to sympathetic members of the English House of Commons; and so secretly was this contrived, that Ormonde, though himself a Privy Councillor, knew nothing of the matter, and could not obtain a copy of the examination for the King.

There was no need to exasperate the English Puritan against the Irish Papist, for at this very moment a measure was being introduced at Westminster pregnant with evil to succeeding generations. On the eve of civil strife, it soon became obvious that it was impossible to raise a loan by the usual methods for the relief of the English garrison in Ireland. Some city merchants offered to find the necessary sum on the security of confiscated lands.² They estimated that a million could easily be procured in this fashion. The proposal commended itself immediately to men of all classes and opinions; and it was decided that out of the 10,000,000 acres reputed to be forfeited, 2,500,000 should be allotted to the subscribers. It is a melancholy comment on the innate rapacity of human nature that this bill should have passed all the stages of legislation in a week. The Sovereign was thereby expressly debarred from exercising his prerogative of mercy. Nevertheless, Charles did not refuse his assent.³ He merely remarked that he now consented

"to every proposition made to him without taking time

¹ Carte, vol. ii. p. 205. Lords Justices to Lord-Lieutenant, 19th March 1641-2.

² Gardiner, vol. x. p. 173.

³ Carte, vol. ii. p. 223.

to examine whether this course may not retard the reducing of that kingdom, by exasperating the rebels and rendering them desperate of being received into grace if they shall return to their obedience.”¹

This conception of the duties of kingship is hardly in unison with Charles's claims to right divine. It can scarcely be held less dishonouring than the motives that led the Justices to advocate an entire resettlement and reformation of Ireland. Both parties, in fact, were equally responsible for the misery of a whole people. On March the 19th, 1642, the fatal die was cast; the Adventurers' Bill—as it was termed—became law, and henceforward the struggle of the Irish Catholics resolved itself into one of self-preservation.

It is no excuse for Charles that he offered to assume the chief command in Ireland. After his usual fashion, he may have hoped to undo with one hand, what he had done with the other. But it is more probable that the suggestion was prompted less by anxiety for his Irish subjects than by the wish to rally partisans to his standard. To the Commons, the proposal certainly bore the latter interpretation. They peremptorily desired the King not to expose his sacred person to danger, intimating that they would oppose all levies not commanded by their own officers, and that they would give no obedience to Commissioners appointed to govern the realm in his absence. The answer was decisive; and Charles made no further effort for the land, on whose behalf he had lately declared himself ready “to pawn his head.”

From this time onwards, the conflict in Ireland assumed an aggravated character, which has fortunately no counterpart in our own civil wars. The commanders, who, like Ormonde, thought it “base and unchristian” to make war on women and children, were, unhappily, not many. Fewer yet refused to sharpen their sword “a jot more” against the enemy than conscience demanded. Indeed, it is to be feared that wholesale massacres became

¹ Gardiner, vol. x. p. 173.

rather an exciting pastime than an odious necessity to the soldiers entrusted with such executions.

"Your sonn, my Lord Kynalmeaky," wrote Coote to Lord Cork, "hath done wonderful good service in the West; hee hath taken the Castle of Carygnass and burned all in it, man, woman and Chylde."¹

The civilians were not more merciful. When Parsons was asked for instructions regarding Irish women and children, he told the officer, who questioned him, to kill all above the height of the table on which he leant.² Not unnaturally, subalterns echoed the tone of their superiors.³ Five soldiers in a certain Captain Muschamp's troop were seized by a hundred Irish "roages." Two were barbarously murdered on the spot. The others were stripped naked, in preparation for more ingenious deaths. But while the captors were discussing the details of the entertainment, retribution overtook them in the persons of Captain Muschamp and his troopers. The rebels instantly "tack't about and ran" for the shelter of the woods. Their flight, however, availed them little. They were surrounded, and, said the Captain: "I had such sport that duckhuntinge was nothing to itt; we killed in three howers, 20 of them, then my men being hungry, wett, and sleepy, I bid them rest."

The arrival of General Robert Munroe and his Scottish contingent at Carrickfergus, in April, did not advance the cause of clemency. These dour children of the covenant were allies after Coote's own heart. The nick-name of "burn-corn rogues," which the Irish had first coined for the Justices' destructive soldiery, was singularly applicable to Munroe's Scots, who wasted the crops, and lifted the cows of friend or foe with equal alacrity. Pillage, however, was a venial offence in comparison to their fashion of conducting hostilities. The slaughter of disarmed

¹ Lismore Papers, Series II. vol. v. p. 55. Coote to Lord Cork.

² Gilbert's "Cont. Hist.," vol. i. p. 110.

³ Lismore Papers, Series II. vol. v. p. 91. Captain Muschamp to Lord Cork, H. M.'s fort near Cork, 22nd June 1642.

combatants and peaceful citizens that followed the taking of the Newry,¹ inaugurated a terrible series of reprisals. Not only were the Scots cruel "for no other reason," as one of their own officers remarks, "than because man's wicked nature leads him to be soe," but they thirsted to avenge their countrymen's wrongs. To these savage enthusiasts Papist Ireland was none other than the "daughter of Babylon," denounced by the Psalmist; and his aspiration, "Blessed shall he be that taketh thy children and throweth them against the stones," literally expressed their own sentiments towards the unhappy natives of Ulster. If educated gentlemen, nurtured in traditions of humanity, were demoralised by the conditions of guerilla warfare, the conduct of semi-barbarian fanatics may be more easily realised than described. The Celtic convoys, entrusted with the protection of English prisoners, who had capitulated on articles of war, too often became the butchers of their charges. Irish treachery, in fact, defeated its own objects, for it inspired even women with the courage of despair. In reply to a summons to surrender her Castle of Geasell in King's County, Lady Offalia told the rebels plainly:

"I thank you for your offer of a Convoy, wherein I hold little safety; and therefore my resolution is, That being free from offending His Majesty or doing any wrong to any of you I will live and die innocently, and will do my best to defend my own, leaving the issue to God."²

The misery of a protracted siege in these cramped and ill-provisioned border towers, with the cattle, standing knee-deep in the slough of the bawns³ eating one another's tails and manes for want of fodder, was unspeakable. But the fate of Lisgold and Tullagh,⁴ where, after a regular capitulation, the prisoners, young and old, were stripped naked, bound hand and foot, and exposed to the rigour

¹ Memoir of his own life, Sir J. Turner, 1642-70, p. 575.

² Rushworth, "Historical Collections," part iii. vol. ii. p. 514.

³ Bawns, *i.e.*, stockaded or walled courtyards or enclosures.

⁴ Gilbert, "Aphorismical Discovery," part ii. app. p. 470. Relation by Col. Audley Mervyn, 1642.

of a frosty winter's night before being finally despatched, nerved the little garrisons to endure all ills short of surrender. It should not be imagined that the unruly rank and file were alone answerable for the frequent breaches of faith that dishonoured the Irish name. The spirit that animated many of the leaders is shown in Owen O'Neill's secretary, the comparatively cultured author of the "Aphorismical Discovery." He openly rejoiced that a mutiny prevented Colonel Ffenall from fulfilling his pledges to the defenders of Deserte Castle, and that the Colonel's "weake shadowe of feminian qualitie"¹ saved a few individuals only from the general massacre.

In such a conflict it is vain to seek the romantic or chivalrous incidents, which have elsewhere lent glamour to warfare. At the battle of Benburb, indeed, we hear of a single combat waged between young Henry O'Neill and Munroe, while the rival hosts held their hands to watch the fortunes of their respective champions. Again, at the fight of Balintober, the rough English soldiery were startled to find that the cap of their most gallant adversary, who single-handed had held five assailants at bay, concealed the long flaxen tresses of a dead woman.² But the dreary monotony of the blood-stained chronicle is seldom broken by episodes of this kind. They are, in fact, almost as rare as any token of skilful strategy or inspired generalship in campaigns, where the battles were magnified skirmishes, and no commander showed talents approaching the first rank. Those, however, who, in spite of these drawbacks, still desire detailed information respecting the Irish civil wars, will find all engagements, sieges, marches, and countermarches set forth at length in Carte's great work. But since those annals hold scant attraction either for the student of human nature, or military science, only that portion which concerns the career of James Butler will find a place in these pages.

¹ Gilbert, "Aphorismical Discovery," part i. p. 129.

² Borlase, p. 82.

The passing of the Adventurers' Act, and the treatment accorded to Irish Catholics by the Lords Justices gave a fresh stimulus to the rebellion. In the beginning of April, Ormonde was again obliged to make an expedition for the relief of various fortresses invested by the Irish. This time he marched to Maryborough, detaching portions of his army, as he went, to the succour of the endangered castles. Having succeeded in his design, he then retraced his steps with a much diminished force. But on April the 15th, at a place called Kilrush, about 20 miles from Dublin, he found himself confronted by a vastly superior body of the enemy under the command of his great-uncle, Lord Mountgarret. Encumbered as Ormonde was with the empty baggage waggons, which had carried supplies to the outposts, and the sick soldiers he had withdrawn thence, he would gladly have avoided an engagement. The English were in possession of the high road. The Irish had the advantage of thick woods and a bog to cover their flank.¹ For some miles the rival armies marched alongside within view of one another, with drums beating and colours flying, but it soon became evident that as the Irish moved more easily than their foes they would intercept the latter at a narrow pass, through which the English had to make their way. Ormonde, therefore, called a council of war under a thorn hedge to decide on the course of action.² The prospect was not altogether encouraging for the young general. Men and horses were alike wearied by forced marches, and against the spring verdure of the countryside, the great bog stood out black and menacing with the sombrely clad Irish horde. Ormonde, however, feeling that an honourable retreat was no longer possible, clenched the question by saying "that he was resolved to fight the enemy, though all the rebels in Ireland were there together,"³ and forthwith ordered Sir Thomas Lucas to advance and secure the pass. Lucas successfully performed the task, and was shortly rejoined by Ormonde at the head of a corps of gentlemen volunteers, and the main body of the miniature army. The English

Cox, vol. ii. p. 106.

² Borlase, p. 74.

³ Cox, vol. ii. p. 106.

then found themselves facing the rebels who were drawn up on a hill defended by great hedges, through which there were only two possible entrances.¹ Nevertheless, despite their excellent position, and their overwhelming numbers, the Irish were really at a considerable disadvantage. The privates had only obeyed the summons of their chiefs a few days previously, and had not acquired the discipline, which welded the small band of Englishmen into a formidable fighting unit. The preliminary firing of musketry was short. Sir Thomas no sooner found a breach for his horsemen, than he charged at a round trot. He was well supported by Sir Richard Grenville; and the Irish did not await a second onslaught. They broke instantly, and fled, flinging away in their haste standards and arms. The only division that showed any constancy was the right wing, where Lord Mountgarret probably imparted some of his own determination to the men. It was against this body that Ormonde led his volunteers. The Irish stood several volleys, and then began an orderly retreat, which, however, quickly degenerated into a rout. The bog where the runaways sought refuge became a veritable shambles, and Lord Mountgarret and Roger More were fortunate to achieve their escape.²

The battle of Kilrush was a notable victory for Ormonde, and at the outset of his career might well have elated a vainer man, although, judging from his letter to Sir Robert Poyntz, it did not allay Ormonde's anxieties for the future. He was indeed thankful to report that he had not lost above sixty, against seven hundred killed of the enemy; and that with his own two thousand four hundred foot and four hundred horse, he had routed a force at least six thousand strong. As, moreover, the latter included most of the considerable people amongst his relations, he trusted that "God hath blessed me to take from all men the means to traduce me."

But the note of jubilation does not endure. Instead, he warns Poyntz that if the enemy obtains arms, ammunition,

¹ Gilbert's "Confederation," vol. i. p. 80.

² Carte, vol. ii. p. 252.

and discipline the war may last longer than any man alive. "Nor let men deceive themselves with an opinion that the people are cowardly, for it is the want of those forenamed things that makes them seem soe."¹ Large and speedy provisions to enable the English "to goe on roundly this summer" might prevent the rebellion coming to a head again. If, on the one hand, the supplies come sparingly, and on the other, the rebels be

"put into order and universal despair of pardon, all that we have yet done," he says, "will but teach them how to deal with us. I know not what reasons other men may have to desire the continuance of this war; but for me, I had rather trust to my rents than entertainments."²

Some time elapsed before Ormonde was restored to the enjoyment of his rents; but, on his return, he found the wife and children, from whom he had been so long parted, awaiting him in Dublin. They did not come alone, for Lady Ormonde, always the most generous of women, insisted on bringing with her a hundred distressed Protestants, many of whom remained pensioners on her bounty. Apart from his strong domestic affections, it must have been an untold relief to Ormonde that his family were no longer in the rebels' power. Even the satisfaction afforded by the formal thanks of the House of Commons paled in comparison. Yet, at this juncture, the compliment carried no small weight, and was the more valuable, since a determined effort was made to deprive Ormonde of a public recognition of his services. Already before the victory at Kiltrush, the Speaker was commissioned to assure Ormonde of the great esteem the House had conceived for his loyal and faithful endeavours on behalf of the State,³ his ancestors before him had loyally served. The reference to his forefathers touched a responsive chord

¹ Clarendon Papers, vol. ii. p. 143. Ormonde to Sir Robert Poyntz, Dublin, 15th May 1642.

² "Entertainments," *i.e.*, salary and "allowances."

³ Carte, vol. v. p. 307. Speaker of the House of Commons to Ormonde, 9th April 1642.

in Ormonde.¹ Having assured Lenthall that the goodness of the great assembly would incite him to a better performance of his duty, he gratefully acknowledges

“the calling to mind the continued loyalty of my ancestors, at all tymes the best and now the only inheritance left me; which by the grace of God I shall leave to mine cleare and untainted as a blessing that cannot bee taken from them, if they but walk in the pathes made visible and easy to them by the steps of their forefathers.”

Ormonde's success at Kilrush naturally did not diminish the Parliament's sense of his services. On May the 4th they voted a sum of £500 to be expended on a jewel for the Earl's acceptance, and also moved the House of Lords to join them in petitioning the King to grant him the Garter. For a space, however, this motion marked the high water tide of their gratitude. As Sir Francis Annesley informed a correspondent, a halt then ensued, and “much sticking and underhand whispering”² before effect was given to the Commons' decision. Ormonde was accused of having connived at the escape of an important prisoner. And, when that suspicion was laid, it was insinuated that the Cavalier Earl “slighted the kindness of the House, and would not accept the jewel when sent.” But if Ormonde, all his life through, had malignant enemies, he had also warm friends, and owing to the efforts and remonstrances of the latter,³ jewel and missive were at last despatched. Lenthall assured Ormonde that the gift was a remembrance of the House's affection, and a pledge of their intention to take occasion to acknowledge his merit in suppressing an undutiful rebellion. He further declared,

“that no misreports or false scandals, which any malicious tongue could have raised concerning him would make the

¹ Carte, vol. v. p. 310. Ormonde to Speaker Lenthall, Dublin, 5th May 1642.

² *Idem*, pp. 339-40. Sir F. Annesley, Viscount Valentia to Sir M. Eustace, London, 20th July 1642.

³ *Idem*, p. 342. Lenthall to Ormonde.

least impression on a House, who can easily see through such empty cloudes and fasten a clear judgment upon true and honourable desert."

Far from slighting the kindness of the House, Ormonde's reply showed a most appreciative and dutiful spirit. He promised to lay up letter and gift amongst his most precious treasures to be delivered to his posterity for the honour of his house and family.¹ And he assured the Commons that rich as was the jewel, he valued even more "the good estimation of that honourable House, which I doe gladly imbrace and from whom I thankfully accept that pledge of their favour."

¹ Carte, vol. v. p. 359. Earl of Ormonde to Speaker of the House of Commons, Dublin, 2nd September 1642.

CHAPTER VII

THE CATHOLIC CONFEDERATION

THE victory of Kiltrush and its acknowledgment by the English Parliament are memorable events in Ormonde's career. Henceforward, though calumny might mutter, Ormonde was triumphantly sealed to the English cause and the English rule. Nor could there be any question that the power of the executive found its most tangible expression in James Butler. The officials, it is true, still treated him as their instrument. But after Kiltrush, it became clear that the real authority must eventually devolve on the man who had arrested the Celtic advance. If, however, the battle of Kiltrush marks an important stage in Ormonde's life, it is no less a landmark in the history of the Irish Rebellion. To begin with, it may be said to have set a term to the possibilities of the situation. At Kiltrush it first became evident that wherever English and Irish faced each other in battle array, and the issue was not confused by crazy generalship, as at Benburb, the victory was bound to rest with the official army. These victories were fruitless, because they were the victories of a garrison with its supplies commanded by the defeated enemy, and unable to revictual its stores or reinforce its ranks from without. Still, there are wars where, if the garrison can keep its flag flying, its opponents are in a worse plight—and this was the case in Ireland. If the Confederate Catholics could have had ten years to organise themselves within, and to obtain the financial aid of Romanist sympathisers from without, the records of Cromwell's campaigns might not have been so uniformly successful. Moreover, there were other

possibilities, the possibilities of peace, or at least of compromise, which never recurred after the six months that elapsed between the Ulster rising and Ormonde's victory. Had the Justices, by their prorogation of Parliament on November the 16th, 1641, not shown themselves the irreconcilable foes of the Irish nation, the fatal alliance of the Anglo-Irish and the Ulstermen on the 22nd of December might not have followed. From that date onwards, the English Government was no longer confronted with an insurrection — largely localised — but with a national secession. Yet the gage of battle flung down on the Hill of Tara was not bound to result in a combat to the death between the two races, until the English Parliament, in passing the "Adventurers' Act," on the 19th of March, 1642, deliberately cut off all retreat from the Irish. For a space, though the King had given his consent to the measure, a section of the Irish might still pin their faith on his justice or mercy, when he came to his own. But disillusion was bound to come. It culminated in 1651 in the offer of the sovereignty of Ireland to a foreign and Roman Catholic Prince by the envoys of the Supreme Council.

From another point of view, also, the period ending with the battle of Kilrush marks the end of previous conditions. Thereafter, the unravelling of the Irish coil was effected mainly by events exterior to Ireland. Doubtless, for another decade, Irish soil was to drink Irish blood. Truces were made only to be broken. Skirmishes, sieges, and massacres succeeded each other. But because the victory of Kilrush, victory for the English "interest" though it was, could not, owing to the causes already enumerated, terminate the struggle, the adjudication of the quarrel was inevitably transferred to England — to England where every Roundhead success counted as an Irish defeat; to Westminster, where the Puritan legislated for the Papist; to the City, where the subscribers to the "Adventurers' Loan" could only retrieve both capital and dividend from the confiscation of Ireland.

Anticipation must, however, yield to current events which, for a time after the battle of Kilrush, offered little

of importance save the death of Sir Charles Coote, which took place on the 7th of May, before Trim. Under cover of night, an Irish surprise party, three thousand strong, had almost succeeded in storming the town before the sentry gave the alarm;¹ when Coote, hastily mustering a handful of men—seventeen all told—sprang to horse and charged through the gate with a vigour that sent the rebels flying. It was, however, his last triumph, for in the darkness and confusion a shot—whether fired by friend or foe was never known—brought his career to an abrupt end. His tomb bore the inscription:—

“England’s honour, Scotland’s wonder,
Ireland’s terror here lies under.”²

The Irish did not cavil at that portion of the epitaph which concerned themselves, but they found a certain grim satisfaction in ascribing the dramatically sudden end of their implacable foe to a divine judgment. On the last evening of his life, it appears that Coote, being chilly, had chopped a venerated panel-picture of the Blessed Virgin into faggots to warm his lodgings. “See,” writes an Irishman, “how he paid for his firings that night! Sure, he gave an account in hell for it, for thither he received his ticket that night.”

Unhappily, the reign of terror inaugurated by Sir Charles did not cease with him, and his methods “were not interred with his bones.” By dint of tact and good feeling, Clanricarde and Lord Ranelagh, the President of Connaught, kept their respective subjects in obedience until the lords of the Pale joined the rebels. Even thereafter, the troubles in Galway were milder than elsewhere, and had it not been for the misconduct of Captain Willoughby, the English Commander of the fort of Galway, the city would probably have remained tranquil. Willoughby’s high-handed treatment of the townfolk occasioned endless quarrels, which taxed all Clanricarde’s influence to appease; and finally, in spite of the Earl’s efforts, the smouldering discontent could no longer be suppressed.

¹ Cox, “*Hibernia Anglicana*,” vol. ii. pp. 106-7.

² Gilbert, “*Aphorismical Discovery*,” vol. i. p. 32.

The town blockaded the fort, the fort bombarded the town. The double siege lasted two months, and with the small forces at his disposal, Clanricarde had much ado to bring the inhabitants of Galway to reason. Indeed, when on May the 13th he received their conditional submission, he was held to have achieved no small success. Had Willoughby and the Commander of the Parliamentary frigate, Captain Thomas Ashley, observed the articles of the pacification, all would then have been well. Ashley, however, bent apparently on following in the footsteps of Sir Charles Coote, made unprovoked raids on the peasantry, and carefully selected the property of the loyal gentry for spoliation. He was equalled, if not surpassed, by Willoughby, who systematically maltreated the citizens, and, on one occasion, carried brutality and insolence so far as to hang an inoffensive sergeant of Clanricarde's own regiment.

In Munster, Sir William St Leger was likewise paying a heavy penalty for his hasty words and actions. For five long weeks, he was shut up in Cork, and only owed his deliverance to Ormonde's victory at Kiltrush. On being set free, he obtained a marked success over the rebels, though, being destitute of stores, money, and artillery, he could neither improve his position nor relieve the Castle of Limerick, which capitulated at the end of June. This final disaster broke Sir William's heart; he was already ailing, and a week later he died. His son-in-law, Murough O'Brien, Lord Inchiquin, succeeded him as Vice-President of Munster and Commander-in-Chief of the forces in that province.

For sheer ability and courage Inchiquin had few rivals. He possessed the innate quickness of eye and brain of the true cavalry leader, and was intrepid to the verge of temerity. Even in that cruel age he was, however, noted for his indifference to human life and suffering,¹ and these faults were not redeemed by steadfast devotion to any one cause or principle. Towards the close of the Civil War, he followed Ormonde's broken fortunes with unexpected loyalty, but this newborn faith was probably dictated by

¹ Gilbert, "Cont. Hist.," vol. i. p. 93.

the knowledge of his own isolation. Of the purest Celtic blood, tracing his descent from mythic Irish kings, he knew no pity for those of his own race. A militant Protestant, he was a ruthless persecutor of Catholics. Yet, the man who, masquerading in pillaged cope and chasuble, had seen unmoved the sanctuary of Cashel run red with the blood of slaughtered priests, at the last died a penitent of the Church of Rome.

The spring of the year 1642 witnessed the arrival of a Parliamentary contingent under the command of the Lord - Lieutenant's eldest son, Lord Lisle. It cannot be said that these much-desired reinforcements proved an unmixed blessing to the Government. The want of food and pay had already engendered a seditious spirit in the standing army, and the behaviour of the English recruits now proved tinder to the flame. Although the original force had been tested by many a month's hardships, it pleased the newcomers to describe their comrades as "Irish rebels"; and the quarrels that ensued caused considerable anxiety to the executive. On one occasion, a little band of captains burst into the Council Chamber, imperiously demanding the redress of their grievances. Smooth words were useless. Officers and men alike refused to march on active service until some portion of their arrears was discharged. The only money available was £1,000 subscribed by sympathisers in England for necessitous Irish Protestants. The authorities decided that the moment did not allow of their being over nice in its allocation, and the alms of the godly were consequently swept into the depleted war chest. The sum, however, was barely sufficient to satisfy the officers, and an attempt to hang a mutineer, as a warning to the rank and file, nearly provoked a general conflagration.

In these circumstances, reason would have dictated a compromise with the enemy, but the Justices, who were in that frame of mind which stigmatises common-sense as treason, were filled with righteous indignation when Clanricarde or Ranelagh advocated a truce. Save

Ormonde, few were impressed by Clanricarde's contention that

"though the humours and errors of the time cannot but deserve much reprehension and severity upon many, yet God forbid that fire, sword and famine and all other destructive wayes should runn on to the ruin of a whole nation, and the innocent and guilty be put into one condition by destroying all means of future subsistence."¹

The so-called national representatives were as intractable as their rulers ; and in June, during Ormonde's absence on military service, they eagerly busied themselves in giving effect to their sentiments. Having solemnly pronounced sentence of expulsion on all members indicted of treason, by the simple device of making the oath of supremacy obligatory, they next proceeded to exclude all Roman Catholics, whatever their merits or loyalty, from their midst. According to Poyning's Act, it was illegal to submit a measure to the discussion of the Irish Parliament before it had been approved by the King and Privy Council. The Commons, however, had good cause to believe that the strong anti-popery faction at Westminster would condone, if not encourage, such a departure from precedent. Incited by their governors, they therefore cheerfully voted a bill which gave their resolution the force of law. By its provisions the Papists would be left without a single spokesman in the Parliament of their native land, and lest, notwithstanding these precautions, a glimmer of hope should remain to their unhappy vassals, the Justices further proposed that the Commissioners for Irish affairs should be requested to enforce the Penal Laws against recusants throughout the length and breadth of Ireland. Doubtless, they calculated that in the ensuing panic the Catholic inhabitants would flee the capital, and, for want of other shelter, seek refuge with the insurgents, thus furnishing the administration with a plausible excuse for the long-coveted forfeiture of goods and houses. With Ormonde in the field, the

¹ Carte, vol. v. p. 314. Clanricarde to Ormonde, 19th May 1642.

Justices probably conjectured that these measures would encounter little opposition. Nor was their surmise unfounded, for when Parliament met again in August, and a proposal was made for attainting rebels without previously submitting the Acts of Attainder to the Home Government, it was successfully combated by Ormonde. He dreaded the effect of further confiscations. Instead, however, of basing his objections on those grounds, he adroitly fanned the dormant, but ever present, jealousy of English legislation, hinting that a reference to the Adventurers' Act might appear to sanction a bill which had never received their assent. The seed of suspicion did not fall on stony ground. Both houses welcomed his suggestion of a joint conference. Peers and Commons met and talked earnestly, and at such length that the project for enforcing the Penal Laws and enlarging attainders was shelved, and never remitted to England.

This is an anticipation of events; and, meanwhile, the Justices did not confine themselves to planning fresh legislation against Catholics. The great majority of Papists who could afford to leave the capital, or could reconcile it to their consciences to live within the rebel quarters, had already quitted Dublin, though a small remnant, amongst whom Lord Castlehaven and Sir Andrew Aylmer, a brother-in-law of Ormonde, were the most conspicuous, had hitherto preferred the tender mercies of their rulers. During Ormonde's expedition to Athlone both these gentlemen reaped the reward of their loyalty, being suddenly arraigned before the King's Bench and remanded to prison. In his "Memoirs,"¹ Castlehaven has left on record the accusations considered sufficient to indict a landowner of high treason. After the engagement of Kilrush, he had entertained the victorious General at his house of Maddistone, which was close to the battlefield.

"Having," he says, "two or three cooks, a good barn-door and plenty of wines (for besides my own family I had with me the Duchess of Buckingham, the Marquis

¹ Castlehaven, "Memoirs," pp. 24-5.

of Antrim, her husband, and others), we patched up a dinner ready to set upon the table at my Lord's coming in."

Unluckily, the feast was viewed with jaundiced eyes by one member of the household, an English saddler, whom Castlehaven had sheltered during the rising. This man vowed the meal was too sumptuous to be improvised, and that if it was eaten by loyal gentlemen, it had been cooked for rebels. Colonel Touchet, Lord Castlehaven's brother, contemptuously refused to pay 40s. for the black-mailer's silence, but it was mistaken economy, for the rogue found a better market for his wares with the Justices. They were as innocent of humour as of equity, and Castlehaven found himself imprisoned at the Sheriff's house in Dublin, on the singular charge of having provided too good a dinner for His Majesty's Lieutenant-General.

James Touchet, Earl of Castlehaven, was no ignorant Irish lordling, who could be flouted and ill-used with impunity, for at an early age, and in the hard school of adversity, he had acquired the useful art of self-preservation. His father, Lord Audley, had suffered on the scaffold for crimes, which, nowadays, would be expiated in the seclusion of Broadmoor Asylum. His titles were attainted and his forfeited estates bestowed on Lord Cottington. Impoverished and disgraced through no fault of his own, the son, whose clear, vigorous intellect was untinged by any vestige of insanity, adopted a soldier's career in foreign lands.¹ He served his apprenticeship in Italy, and on the vine-garlanded plains of Lombardy learnt lessons that he applied to good purpose in the corries and bogs of Ireland. In course of time, Charles reversed the attainder, but the family estates remained with Lord Cottington. As Castlehaven retained some portion of his property in Ireland, he consequently betook himself thither to nurse the remnant of his fortunes; and at the outbreak of the rebellion immediately

¹ Carte, vol. ii. p. 219.

volunteered his services to the State. The Justices would, however, neither employ the Papist earl nor protect his cattle and goods from pillage by the rebels, while they categorically refused to give him a safe conduct to England. Raked by the fire of both parties, he thus lived in no enviable plight at Maddistone and Dublin, until he was committed to the Sheriff's safe keeping. Restraint of any kind was irksome, but, in October, the prospect of being transferred to the Castle roused him to meditate the means of escape. It happened that some time previously he had nursed and befriended one of Ormonde's troopers. Unlike the treacherous saddler, this man cherished a keen sense of Castlehaven's kindness, and now showed his gratitude by making all necessary arrangements for the Earl's flight. Carrying a saddle, and wearing a soldier's uniform, Castlehaven was thus enabled to steal unsuspected out of the town. He had not gone far, before he was pursued; but he was not overtaken, and the Justices were reduced to console themselves by burning both his houses. As the fugitive rode past Maddistone, and saw the flames devouring his ruined home, he registered a vow to throw in his lot with the Confederate Catholics.

"Whether," he says, "anger and revenge did not incline me to it as much as anything else, I cannot certainly resolve. This, I well remember that I considered how I had been used, and seen my house burning as I passed by."¹

The Irish Catholics had reason to bless the Justices' bonfire, for Castlehaven was a valuable recruit. His experience and knowledge were particularly welcome to an army of raw levies and improvised generals, and his scrupulous sense of honour and real humanity did much to reconcile the more civilised portion of the community—never an unimportant section—to the Irish cause. On one occasion, before besieging the Castle of Ballyadam, he had an interview with the owner, Sir John Bowen, for the purpose of persuading him to receive a garrison. Sir John, who was accompanied by two very pretty daughters,

¹ Castlehaven, "Memoirs," p. 33.

flatly refused; but on the score of old acquaintanceship, begged Castlehaven to tell him where he intended to plant his guns and make a breach. Castlehaven having satisfied his curiosity, enquired the object of the question.

“Because,” said the castellan, swearing with some warmth, “I will cover that part or any other your Lordship shoots at by hanging out both my daughters in chairs!”¹

Castlehaven was too gallant to persevere in the siege at the expense of lovely woman. He struck his camp and marched away, ruefully seeking solace in the reflection that Ballyadam was not a place of vast importance.

The landmarks of the Irish Rebellion are incomparably less conspicuous than those of the contemporary civil wars in England. Edgehill, Newbury, Marston Moor, Naseby, are the acknowledged stages of that history. In Ireland the multitude of cross currents, the insignificance of the individual contests, the clamour of theological controversy, produce a blurred and confused picture. We are not climbing or descending clear-cut mountain ranges, but painfully struggling amongst the moss hags. In this welter of carnage and recrimination, it is, perhaps, the coming of certain personages that does service for these missing landmarks. The coming of O'Neill, the coming of Glamorgan, the coming of the Nuncio, all lead up to the tragic coming of Cromwell. It was in mid-July 1642 that the first of these events, the arrival of Owen Roe O'Neill, took place. He did not come alone. He was abundantly provided with arms and ammunition, and accompanied by a hundred skilled officers. The man himself was, however, an even greater accession to the Irish cause than his supplies or his subalterns. Unlike Muskerry and Castlehaven and the majority of the Anglo-Irish lords and gentlemen, O'Neill had no divided sympathies. He was not striving to reconcile the irreconcilable—loyalty to a sovereign on whom he was waging war, devotion to a prince pledged to despoil his

¹ Castlehaven, “Memoirs,” p. 38.

land and to oppress his Church. O'Neill was not Anglo-Irish. He was pure Celt, and his advent marks the shifting of the balance from the former to the latter side. The man himself had something of greatness, but it was the forces he represented and reflected, dim forces as yet, scarcely conscious of their power, which made him one of the most commanding figures, and well-nigh the strongest influence in the unhappy times that were to be.

O'Neill was at once elected Commander-in-Chief of Ulster in Sir Phelim O'Neill's stead. Owen's advent proved an unexpected mercy to those English prisoners of both sexes who had survived Phelim's brutal treatment. Aghast at the sufferings they had endured, the new general fed and clothed these unhappy beings and sent them back to Dundalk. He protested vigorously also against Phelim's methods of waging war on women, telling him he deserved to be treated in the same fashion as his victims. As a warning adapted to their understanding, he burnt some of the chief murderers' houses at Kinerd, declaring he would rather join the English than spare such miscreants. It is not difficult to believe that, apart from their rival claims to the headship of the sept, Owen and Phelim O'Neill's relations were subsequently less than cordial.

As Fate smiled on the Irish, so the English cause grew every day more desperate. A sum of £11,500, which reached the Dublin Treasury in June, was chiefly valuable as an earnest of future supplies. Moreover, on August the 22nd, the King unfurled his standard at Nottingham, and thenceforward, save for two inconsiderable doles, Parliament applied the proceeds of the Adventurers' Loan to defray the expenses of its own army in England. Danger should, at least, have fostered the spirit of unity in Irish counsels, but Leicester, still lingering across the Channel, was anxious rather to assert his own dignity than to aid the sole Irishman who had shown himself resolved to carry on the King's government at the cost of any personal sacrifice. The Lord-Lieutenant's sympathies were engaged to the Parliament, while Ormonde's were wholly with the Sovereign. Each, doubtless, was swayed in the

bestowal of commissions by his political proclivities, though it is evident that in the midst of a campaign, delays occasioned by reference to the absent Lord-Lieutenant were mischievous, if not dangerous. Ormonde was likewise justified in contending that Irish officers, who had borne the burden and the heat of the day, deserved to be promoted in preference to untried strangers. Coote's death made several vacancies. Yet, when Ormonde begged Leicester to encourage native loyalty, by bestowing a post on so unexceptionable a soldier as the Protestant Lord Dillon,¹ his application was curtly rejected. Nor was the refusal softened by the Lord-Lieutenant's later statement that Parliament had determined to give commands to none but Englishmen—a decision, as Ormonde pointed out, incompatible with their choice of Murough O'Brien as Vice-President of Munster. Dillon's case was not the only instance when Ormonde had cause to complain of his advice being slighted. It convinced him, however, that he must use the powers the King had given him for the furtherance of the public service, and no longer wait on Leicester's pleasure and prejudice.

These powers were more extensive than Leicester imagined, though not greater than previous Lieutenant-Generals had enjoyed.² On May the 11th Charles had granted Ormonde authority to appoint all subordinate officers, but, remembering perhaps that Parliament might take umbrage at his interference in a war assigned to their direction, the Monarch made it clear that he did not wish the matter bruited abroad. Ormonde, accordingly, was silent; and when the command of another troop was at his disposal, quietly, without awaiting Leicester's sanction, he conferred it on Dillon. The Lord-Lieutenant's³ wrath was great. Disregarding official courtesies, he wrote straight to the Justices,⁴ "in a stile," says Ormonde, "I think undeserved, but sure I am, unusuall to mee. . . . I

¹ Not Lord Dillon of Costellogh but the Earl of Roscommon's son.

² Carte, vol. v. pp. 317-8. King's Commission to Ormonde, York, 11th May 1642.

³ *Idem*, p. 336. Ormonde to Nicholas, Secretary

⁴ *Idem*, 26th July 1642.

hold it my part," the Earl continued, "to informe His Majesty, and to expect my protection from the same source I derive my authoritie." Confident of the goodness of his cause, he appealed at the same time to the Commissioners for Irish affairs. He pointed out that by the Lord-Lieutenant's own commission he had already the right of conferring places "falling void, on persons of worth and desart,"¹ but he had been "very sparing therein, forbearing to intermeddle with the commands of best estimation, till his lordship's pleasure was signified."

The army itself, no less than Ormonde, stood in urgent need of protection, since Leicester had ordered the Justices to supersede Lord Dillon then and there in favour of an unknown Major Willis. At that moment, Dillon was actually in the field, so that the disorganisation created by his removal might have been fatal to the forces. In a similar case—that of Sir Philip Perceval—the inconvenience entailed by such abrupt changes actually moved the Justices, subservient as they were, to address a warm remonstrance to Leicester. Charles's answer, dated two days before the Declaration of War,² when he probably no longer thought it worth while to propitiate Parliament, was all the Earl could desire. The King wrote that as the soldiers would not have done their part "so cheerfully, if he that commanded them had not had power to have preferred them as there should be occasion," he was determined to endorse all the appointments Ormonde had made, or might hereafter make during Leicester's absence. "And hereof will we," the royal document concludes, "that our said Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, and all others whom it may concerne, take notice, and conforme themselves accordingly." Ormonde's cause, the cause of justice and common-sense, had achieved a signal triumph. Nevertheless, had Leicester arrived in Ireland the Earl's position would have been almost untenable. Indeed, Charles was himself so uneasy at the consequences it might entail for

¹ Carte, vol. v. p. 349. Ormonde to Commissioners for the Affairs of Ireland appointed by the Parliament of England 1642.

² *Idem*, p. 354. King to Lords Justices and Commons, Stoneleigh Abbey, 20th August 1642.

Ormonde, that he furnished him with a license, which, at the worst, would enable him to take refuge in England. To mark his sense of services, which had already received Parliamentary recognition, on September the 10th, 1642, the Monarch created James Butler Marquis of Ormonde.

In truth, Ormonde required all the encouragement and support Charles could bestow, for the interval between the battle of Kilrush and the "eminent and gracious mark of honour from the King's bounteous hand"—as Ormonde described the bestowal of his marquisate—had been crowded with vexations and trials. So frequently and wilfully had opportunities of inflicting blows on the enemy been allowed to slip that Ormonde's soul was hot within him. The Justices, failing to oust the Lieutenant-General from his post, thwarted him in every direction, and since they controlled the military stores and could veto any proposition for active service, he naturally chafed at the situation. The corruption of those in high places was another grievous affliction to Ormonde.¹ The Justices were in the habit of rewarding their partisans with "custodiums," tenancies, and rents of estates or castles vacated by Irish Catholics indicted of high treason. As these houses could not be left un-garrisoned, the army was dispersed and weakened to enrich private individuals. In fact, on one occasion a relief expedition to the important strategical point of the Naas was abandoned, solely because the troops were guarding various custodiums. It is characteristic of the two men, that while Lord Lisle, who drew ample supplies from England, obtained a custodium valued at £2,000 per annum, Ormonde, whose revenues were intercepted by the rebels, never received any grant of this nature.

It cannot have endeared Ormonde to the Justices that the Irish now again gave fresh and eloquent witness of their faith in his integrity. In July, a number of Roman Catholic gentlemen assembled at Kilkenny made another attempt to come to terms with the Sovereign.² They drew

¹ Carte, vol. ii. p. 422.

² *Idem*, vol. v. p. 353. Humble Petition of the Catholics of Ireland.

up a petition beseeching Charles to proclaim a truce until some means could be devised whereby they might "safely" approach the royal presence to expound their grievances and receive his commands. The difficulty, however, of entering into direct communication with the King was great. After Reade's experiences, no envoy would trust himself in Dublin, and Lord Dillon's imprisonment showed that the risks to be encountered across the Channel were hardly less formidable. In this dilemma the Irish gentlemen¹ craved Ormonde's mediation.

"How little cause soever we have to expect any favours from your lordship," they wrote, "yet the eminent place you hold under our dread sovereign in the command of his army here, moves us to address to you the enclosed petition from the greater part of the nobility, gentry and commons of this poor kingdom to be transmitted to his sacred majestie, which in a matter of so important consequence, you cannot, in justice to us, or duty to him, refuse to do: and to retard the sending it over will be in effect to suppress it, an unworthiness far below the honour of your birth and estimation, and such as would render you guilty of all the evils that may ensue thereof."

An "ordinaire fellow,"² occasionally employed as a messenger between the marquis and Lady Hamilton, the sister, for whom Ormonde evidently entertained a specially warm affection, was entrusted with the appeal. An Irishman and a Papist, he easily "made shift to pass through the rebels," and carried out his commission in safety. It may be held that Ormonde erred on the side of punctiliousness in handing the Petition to the Justices for transmission. At any rate the pressing business, "or some other reason not known" to him, which immediately arose, compelling the postponement of the Justices' answer, should not have surprised Ormonde. His patience was, however, not inexhaustible; and at the end of a week he forwarded memorial and letter to Secretary Nicholas. It was not until later that the Justices condescended to despatch a

¹ 352 Nobility and Gentry assembled at Kilkenny to Ormonde, 1642.

² Carte, vol. v. p. 357. Ormonde to Secretary Nicholas, 13th August 1642.

copy of the petition to the King. They were reprimanded for not sending the original document, which did not finally leave their hands before the 12th of October, two months after they had received it.

These negotiations were the last public business transacted for a time by Ormonde. War had brought the inevitable accompaniment of pestilence in its train, and during the autumn of 1642 disease claimed more victims than the sword. Even Ormonde's splendid constitution paid toll to the prevalent epidemic. He fell dangerously ill, and his friends almost despaired of his life. Anxiety for his wife and children, whose plight would have been indeed pitiful had they been¹ bereft of his protection at this juncture, vastly increased his sufferings. During the years of plenty under Strafford's rule, Ormonde's estates had been heavily charged to meet Holland's exorbitant demands, and he had consequently no reserve fund on which to draw when the rebellion stopped the payment of his rents. With provisions at famine prices in Dublin, the maintenance of his family had proved no slight drain on his meagre resources. Moreover, Lady Ormonde, unlike Sir William Parsons, whose devotion to Protestantism involved no pecuniary sacrifices for its starving votaries, was throughout these evil days the Providence of her poorer brethren. The least part of her benefactions was the dole, daily distributed from "the tables in the hall" to a sad little crowd of hungry folk. Nor was her charity restricted to one class of sufferers.² In later years, all sorts and conditions of men and women rose up to call Elizabeth Ormonde blessed. A country neighbour of gentle birth, for instance, testifies that during two whole years he owed the food he ate and the clothes he wore to her bounty. Again another refugee³ gratefully records that her private purse kept his family of fourteen or fifteen souls from starvation. During her residence in Dublin, twelve English children were supported at her charge in lodgings at College Green,

¹ Carte, vol. ii. pp. 352-3.

² Hist. MSS., Ormonde, N.S., vol. ii. p. 373. Deposition of T. Davis, 1st January 1652-3.

³ *Idem*, p. 364. Deposition of Th. Roth, 24th December 1652.

carefully nurtured by "keepers" she appointed. Neither did she confine herself to providing for their material wants.¹ Twice a-week she insisted on having these poor little orphans—"her children," as she loved to call them—brought to see her, "so that in a manner she was their keeper." Ormonde, as generous as his wife, did not seek to restrict her gifts ;² but to defray her bounties, in addition to his own, and those public expenses which he had undertaken, he had perforce contracted loans at so high a rate that, as he confessed, the interest would soon exceed the original debt.³ On September the 1st, believing himself to be at death's door, after drawing up a fresh will, he therefore dictated a pathetic but manly appeal to the Sovereign. He commenced his letter with the assurance, which, in his case, was no empty protestation, that,

"nothing doth trouble me so much as the feare to be taken away out of your Majesty's service, before that I give the world a more full testimony of my faithfulness and ardent zeale in the present service."

He then explained the condition of his property,

"rent and torne from me by the furie of this rebellion, rageing now in this kingdome, and nothing left, if I should dy of this sickness, to support my deare wife and children but your Majesty's great goodness, which never failed me."

Unless Charles could in that "abundant goodness" ordain some course for the eventual payment of debts, largely contracted for the use of the state, the earl foresaw that his house and posterity must of necessity sink under the burden thereof. No two people could give more damning testimony as to the methods of the Court of Wards than James and Elizabeth Butler. Haunted by the fear of a similar calamity overtaking his eldest son, he prayed the King to allow the two guardians he had appointed for Lord Thurles—Sir Robert Poyntz and Sir Patrick Wemyss—to hold the boy's wardship in trust for his benefit. This

¹ Hist. MSS., Ormonde, N.S., vol. ii. p. 370. Deposition of Jones Wheeler, 27th December 1653.

² *Idem*, p. 372. Deposition of T. Davis.

³ Carte, vol. v. p. 358. Ormonde to King, Dublin, 1st September 1642.

arrangement, he remarked, would at least keep the debts from increasing. He also begged that at the conclusion of the war, any lands or houses in the city and suburbs of Kilkenny that paid him rent, if liable to confiscation through his tenants' fault, might be adjudged to his son and heir.

The King was not insensible to the justice of Ormonde's plea. Both requests were granted; and warrants, duly signed and sealed, despatched to Dublin, where, doubtless, they materially contributed to the earl's recovery. Ormonde's domestic tribulations did not, however, cease with his slow convalescence.

"When newly gotten out of bed," he says, "it pleased God to lay my wife in hers, whereout (for a good while) wee thought she would never rise. When she was at the very worst, my eldest boy fell desperately sick of the purples¹ and smallpox."²

Not until the last days of September, indeed, could Ormonde report that "these heavy visitations, it pleased God in mercy, justly, to shew" him, were at an end.

In sickness, as in health, the burden of Ormonde's cares was not lightened by the Justices' military policy. At one moment they would supersede an able commander in favour of an incompetent old man, on the ground of the latter being a Baronet and a Privy Councillor,³ at another they would refuse to relieve beleaguered places in order that Leicester or Lisle might reap the glory of such undertakings. With excusable irritation, the eager young soldier complains that,

"before I fell sick, all my propositions of going or sending forth uppon service were answered by the emptinesse of the store and wants in the army; but when I was fast, then provisions weare found for a three weeks' expedition which is now in execution, whereunto I wish good successe, but am very sorry to find that good designes must fall to

¹ "Purples," supposed to be scarlet fever.

² Carte, vol. v. p. 362. Ormonde to Viscount Valentia, Dublin, 29th September 1642.

³ *Ibid.*, vol. ii. p. 354.

ground because I shall not have the honour of executing them, or, at least, must stay till some other come to manage them." ¹

Ormonde was not the only eminent loyalist whose action was obstructed by the Justices that summer. Clanricarde's pacification with Galway was as little to their mind as to that of the Puritans at Westminster. The Justices encouraged Captain Willoughby to violate its articles; and the London Adventurers despatched Lord Forbes with a fleet of filibusters to the coast of Connaught. On his way to the West, his aid was vainly besought by Inchiquin, then confronted with tremendous odds. Plunder at little or no risk was Forbes's objective.² His progress was marked by the burning of loyal gentlemen's castles, and starving peasants' cabins. When he had ransacked the dwellings of the living, he desecrated the tombs of the dead. Such ghoulish outrages were not remunerative; and in September, as the town of Galway refused to surrender at discretion, he finally sailed away, leaving Clanricarde to knit together the ravelled threads of peace. Forbes's departure appeared to bring luck to the English, for, on September the 2nd, Inchiquin, with far inferior forces but strong in the aid of Lord Cork's band of valiant brethren, gained a considerable victory over the rebels at Lisscarrol.

The 24th of October 1642 is a momentous date in Irish history. On that day, the lords and gentry of the realm met at Mr Robert Shea's house in Kilkenny to organise the public administration of Ireland. The Confederate Catholics—as they were now called—repudiated any pretension to summon a regular parliament, since this was one of the prerogatives, which they were pledged to defend. They were resolved, however, that during the interval which must elapse before the King could restore peace to Ireland, their Government should not lack dignity and order; and, inspired by Anglo-Saxon traditions, they

¹ Carte, vol. v. p. 363. Ormonde to Viscount Valentia, 29th September 1642.

² *Idem*, vol. ii. pp. 314-6.

constructed their Parliament on the English model. Like the great original at Westminster, the General Assembly of Kilkenny, therefore, consisted of an Upper and Lower House. In the former, sat peers, bishops, and mitred abbots; in the latter, deputies from towns and counties. Both lords and commons had apartments devoted to their sole use, but the legislative sittings of the two chambers were held together in a common room, while the minor clergy, regular and secular, held a convocation elsewhere. Nicholas Plunket was chosen speaker, and entrusted with the regulation of debates.¹

In these early days, the laity showed no sign of submitting meekly to clerical dictation. Militant Catholics though they were, the Anglo-Irish lords did not dream of resigning impropriations or abbey lands to Mother Church. And when the Provincial of the Augustines ventured to broach the subject, he was promptly hooted out of the House.

It was significant that Magna Carta, the Common and Statute Law, in so far as not opposed to Catholicism and Irish liberties, received the same homage from the Confederate Catholics as from the Puritans, and formed the groundwork of their enactments. The Governmental machine was threefold. The first and lowest division was a county council chosen by the baronies, or, in default of baronies, by the county itself. This body decided matters cognisable by Justices of the Peace, suits for debt, and pleas for the Crown, and nominated all county officers, save the High Sheriff. Next came the Provincial Council, consisting of county delegates, who revised the County Councils' decisions, and exercised the powers vested in Judges of Assize.² The fountain of authority was the Supreme Council. This final Court of Appeal was composed of twenty-five members, selected from the principal personages, lay and spiritual, of the Confederation.³ Twelve of its members resided at

¹ Carte, vol. ii. pp. 358-9.

² Gardiner, "Civil War," vol. i. p. 117.

³ Carte, vol. ii. p. 360.

Kilkenny, while the others moved about the country as circumstances required. The Supreme Council had absolute control of all military and civil officials, and the direction of negotiations with foreign states. It heard and decided all capital, criminal, and civil causes, with the single exception of titles to land. In fact, it was at once the Irish executive and the highest judicial tribunal, the General Assembly alone having power to rescind its decrees. At its institution, the advocates of moderation were largely represented on the Supreme Council. Two of its most influential members, Lord Mountgarret and Lord Muskerry, were landowners keenly interested in the restoration of law and order. Sir Nicholas Plunket, an eminent lawyer, was one of that numerous class reluctantly forced into rebellion by the Lords Justices. In fact, the clerical extremists complained that the Councillors were almost exclusively chosen from "Ormonde's faction."¹ They declared that, besides the Marquis's great-uncle, Mountgarret, and his brother-in-law, Muskerry, another relative, Richard Bellings, had been elected merely for "his affinitie at Ormonde's beck." And, according to the same authorities, Nicholas Plunket and Gerote Ffennell who, like his forefathers before him, was physician to the House of Butler, were to be accounted "Ormonde's own creatures." Sentiment and education, racial instincts and agrarian interests, all combined to part the Anglo-Irish gentry from the men of Ulster. Only the unwisdom of their English rulers could have bridged the gulf in that ill-assorted union, the greater numbers and fiercer spirit of the northerners inevitably giving them the supremacy. With the double advent of Owen Roe O'Neill as leader, and Rinuccini as prophet, the final evolution was accomplished. The Celtic masses, the Nuncio's liegemen, stood forth to the world as the people of Ireland. Between them and the English nation and English ideals there was no place for compromise or understanding.

In September the Irish cause secured an important

¹ Gilbert, "Aphorismical Discovery," vol. i. part i. p. 39.

recruit in Lord Gormanstone's brother, Colonel Thomas Preston, a distinguished officer in the Spanish service.¹ Married to a Flemish lady, Preston had every prospect of an honourable and lucrative career in the Netherlands. But when he convinced himself that it was a question "whether there should be an Irishman or noe," he felt, as he told Clanricarde, that he could no longer resist his fellow-countrymen's appeal. He did not return empty-handed or unaccompanied to his native province; and the artillery and ammunition which he disembarked at Wexford were as welcome as the troop of officers who came to share his fortunes. In the circumstances, the Supreme Council could do no less than award the chief command in Leinster to Preston. At the same time, they confirmed Owen Roe O'Neill in that of Ulster; Colonel Garret Barry and Colonel Bourke were entrusted with the conduct of operations in Munster and Connaught respectively.

The Supreme Council did not concern itself solely with military commands. The rebellion had now lasted so long that the Confederates had a right to expect the assistance, once lavishly promised from abroad. They felt the need of accredited agents to plead their cause with Romanist princes, and proceeded, therefore, to make sundry diplomatic appointments. Luke Wadding, the Superior of the Irish Franciscans in Rome, was chosen to conduct negotiations with the Vatican, Father Matthew O'Hartigan, and Geoffrey Baron with the French Court. While the Emperor and the Duke of Bavaria, the Bishop of Liege and the Governor of the Low Countries received the representatives of Catholic Ireland.

Valuable as were contributions to their war-chest, the leaders realised that unity of action was even more imperative; and at the inception of the Council, they directed their efforts rather to this end, than to propitiating the Pope by subservience to the Ultramontane party. They decreed that landowners who had been in possession of estates before October the 1st, 1641, should

¹ Carte, vol. v. p. 384. Preston to Clanricarde, 18th January 1642.

remain undisturbed, although—as enemies or neutrals—their rents were liable to sequestration.¹ Such a measure was far from acceptable to the Ulstermen; while the scant encouragement awarded to those Benedictines who urged the expulsion of Protestants from abbey lands, was another proof that the party, then dominant in the councils of the Confederates, was determined not to allow an irreparable breach with England.

Careful as they were not to encroach on the prerogative, the fear of a scarcity of coin induced the Confederates to order a fresh issue of brass and silver coin. The workmanship of the new money was inferior to its ingenious symbolism. As might have been expected, St Patrick figured conspicuously on the effigies.² One side of the half-crown, it is true, bore a king playing on the harp, but this tribute to Monarchism was balanced on the reverse, by the Patron Saint of Ireland and his inevitable shamrock. Again, on other coins the Apostle reappeared exorcising scorpions and reptiles, with the legend—of doubtful compliment to the Irish nation—“*Quiescat Plebs.*”

The foundations of the Commonwealth being laid, the Confederates attempted once more to enter into communication with Charles. As their former appeal remained unanswered, they drew up another petition and protest against the action of the “bad party” in Ireland. To quote this remonstrance at length would be to recapitulate the miserable tale of corruption and violence, which has already filled these pages to overflowing. Let it suffice that the document is a terrible record of the policy advocated and pursued by British officials in Ireland. Strafford’s methods of improving Church revenues were hotly denounced. Sir William Parsons’s career was traced back to his cruel treatment of the Byrnes, and his fraudulent dealings in the plantations of Wicklow and Wexford. With the completion of this catalogue of woe, the business of the Assembly concluded,

¹ Gardiner, vol. i. p. 118.

² Gilbert, “Confederation,” vol. i. p. lxxviii.

and the members dispersed throughout the country to enforce the taking of the Oath of Association.¹

On their side, the puritans were equally intent on obtaining the direction of affairs in Ireland; and, in November, two Parliamentary Commissioners, Reynolds and Goodwin, arrived in Dublin, armed with £20,000, to win over the Irish army to their employers' interests. They were enthusiastically received by Parsons and Lisle, and straightway admitted to deliberations at the County Board. The soldiers, however, were not well disposed towards the delegates. They were less affected by the financial problems which, undoubtedly, had confronted the authorities at Westminster, than by their own hardships, for which they held those rulers responsible. Their long neglect rankled; and £20,000 appeared a poor exchange for the £100,000 which should have been theirs, but was now diverted to Essex's troopers. Ormonde, moreover, had all the qualities that endear a commander to his men. He was the representative of the royal cause, and that circumstance stood Charles in good stead.

Neither officers nor privates would hear of the Lieutenant-General being sacrificed to Lisle, as the English Puritans desired; and the Commissioners soon discovered that the best means of stirring up strife was to "tune the pulpits." They had a fitting instrument for this purpose in one Stephen Jerome, a preacher of the type immortalised by Samuel Butler. At 7 o'clock on Sunday mornings, therefore, the crypt of St Patrick's duly resounded to Jerome's vociferous elocution; but despite their avidity for sacred oratory, even our forefathers did not throng the crypt at that early hour, and Jerome preached to empty benches. The Justices were, however, determined to procure him a proper hearing, and he was shortly promoted to Christ Church and an audience of high dignitaries, where he gave full rein to his

¹ The oath was one of allegiance to the sovereign, the Irish Parliament, national laws, and the Roman Catholic religion. Associates were pledged to their defence, and were assured alike of protection, in case of need, or condign punishment, should they disregard the decrees of the Confederates.

peculiar style of eloquence. In company with the "idolatress," Henrietta Maria, Ormonde was specially singled out for denunciation. But to every one's surprise, the Marquis refused to take any notice of the attack. He was at all times good-humouredly indifferent to personal abuse, and a preacher,¹ whose voice was usually drowned by the laughter of the audience, can have been no formidable foe.

Ormonde's friends were more susceptible. The Justices had forbidden the Archbishop to inhibit Jerome; but Lord Howth brought the matter before the House of Lords, and, as Jerome had likewise compared Charles I. to Ahab and Rehoboam, with warm commendations of Nebuchadnezzar's piety in putting out the eyes of that royal backslider Zedekiah, the ranter's lucubrations assumed some political importance. A committee presided over by Ormonde met to sift these accusations, and Jerome was arrested; but the Justices were not to be goaded into further action; and though, encouraged by the preacher's immunity, the churches echoed to political harangues, Parsons temporised till the very morning of the prorogation. Then, and only then, when he knew it was too late to exact punishment, Mr Stephen Jerome was handed over to the mercies of the Upper Chamber, and Nebuchadnezzar's eulogist escaped scot-free.

The Justices's studied disrespect of his person had probably much to do with Charles's resolve to cancel the appointment of their patron and ally, Leicester. The Earl had at last reached Chester, and Dublin Castle was almost in view, when the King peremptorily recalled him to Oxford. After many delays, for he realised that to return on his steps was to renounce all hopes of power, he unwillingly obeyed. His forebodings were justified. Leicester never sat in Strafford's seat; but those to whom the name of Sidney is dear, must rejoice that in Ireland it is associated rather with the Elizabethan deputy, than with Sir Henry's ennobled descendant.

¹ Carte, vol. ii. pp. 378-9.

The knowledge that the Lord-Lieutenant's arrival was indefinitely postponed greatly increased Ormonde's importance in the country, and his influence with the army. The condition of the forces was truly pitiable. The rank and file received free rations, but the officers were not so fortunate, and many were face to face with starvation. In these circumstances, they were approached by Reynolds and Goodwin with a proposal to barter their arrears of pay against lands to be forfeited at the close of the war. Simultaneously, a list drawn up on the lines of the Adventurers' loan was preferred for their subscription. As was to be expected, considering its Puritan proclivities, the Council, hoping to commit the army to that policy, warmly endorsed the scheme. The Lords Justices and those civil servants, who were in sympathy with their superiors, headed the roll of subscribers.¹ Even a mess of pottage is tempting to hungry men, and their example was followed by a small number of officers, but the mystery that accompanied the pledge made by Reynolds, on behalf of the Parliament, awakened misgivings. The soldiers wished to see in writing the bond which safeguarded their interests. It was not forthcoming. They then demanded that the Justices and the Council should pledge their estates as security for Parliamentary engagements. Not unnaturally, perhaps, this petition, also, was declined. One remedy, however, remained. By dint of urgency the soldiers obtained and destroyed the book that contained the subscriptions. The episode was fatal to the commissioners' object. Far from gaining the confidence of the army, they had merely intensified the dislike and suspicion with which all ranks regarded a government of bankrupt taskmasters; and the empty-handed return of the envoy, whom the commanders had despatched to Westminster to plead their cause with the committee for Irish affairs, confirmed the forces in the determination to receive their orders rather from King Charles, than King Pym.²

On December the 17th, 1642, as Ormonde was sitting at

¹ Carte, vol. ii. p. 392.

² *Idem*, p. 396.

the Council Board he was informed that some officers wished to speak with him, and on going outside, he found they had brought him a petition for presentation to the Justices. This remonstrance, signed by such distinguished commanders as Lord Kildare, Sir Foulke Huncks, Colonel Cromwell, and Edmund Verney set forth the grievances of the army. Its authors complained of all "the extremities and strictness of a muster" enforced on starving men, who were not even vouchsafed an account of their claims, while the little pay which reached them was in debased coin. The forcible document concluded with the hope that it might be

"otherwise answered than by verbal expressions; and that, speedily, Your Lordship may make it appear there is a real care taken for a subsistence; or otherwise we, receiving so small hope of further assistance from the Parliament, Your Lordships will leave us to ourselves to take such course as shall best suit to the Glory of God, the honor of our King and our own urgent necessities."¹

Undoubtedly, there was no uncertain sound about this utterance; and its pious peroration did not reassure the Justices as to the course the army might adopt when freed from all control. In their anxiety, the Governors ordered the inhabitants of Dublin to bring half their plate to be minted down for the officers' relief, and when the Bishop of Meath declined on the score of poverty, protesting that his worldly goods consisted merely of a few old gowns, he was promptly sent to prison to encourage the spirit of liberality in others. The unlucky prelate suffered in vain. When every flagon and spoon that could be scraped together was flung into the melting pot, the total amounted only to a miserable £2,200; and the officers informed their rulers that they had no choice save to betake themselves to the "fountayne of justice and piety,"² His Most Gracious Majesty.

Thus, as 1643 was dawning, Charles learnt that both parties in Ireland made him the arbiter of their destinies.

¹ Carte, vol. v. p. 396. Remonstrances of the Officers of the Army.

² *Idem*, p. 398. Officers of the Army to Lords Justices and Commons.

Could he but induce the Confederates to accept reasonable terms, the State army, which the Parliament had raised and equipped, would be set free to do his service. It is true that if he granted liberty of conscience, Parliamentary independence, and the repeal of the Plantation Acts to the Irish Papists, the anger such concessions would arouse in Protestant England might more than counterbalance his gains. Charles recognised the peril, but as usual he thought "verbal expressions" would reconcile the irreconcilable. In the memorial which he drew up for Ormonde's guidance, he pointed out that if the abrogation of the Penal Laws could not be accomplished without apparent danger of ruin to his affairs, these laws were not so strict in Ireland, but that a lenient administration would effect that which could not be conceded in actual terms.¹ He repeated that it was impossible to repeal Poyning's Law, though he was ready to make the assent of the national Parliament obligatory for all statutes regarding Ireland passed at Westminster. The "poynt of the Irish Plantation must be very tenderly handled." The first year of his own reign was to be the limit of all retrospective land legislation. Disputes could, however be referred for settlement to a Commission sitting after the conclusion of the treaty with the Confederate Catholics. So wide a divergence of views at the outset did not augur well for peace between the belligerents; But Charles's main object was to bring about a pacification; and, with all the superb optimism of the ingrained egoist, he set himself to lay the uneasy spirits, that his own shortcomings had helped to let loose upon the unhappy kingdom.

On the 11th of January 1643, Charles issued a Commission to Ormonde, Clanricarde, Lord Moore, Sir Maurice Eustace, Mr Bourke and others to confer with, and receive the complaints of the insurgents.² Ormonde was also commanded to inform the military petitioners that the King fully appreciated their singular, constant affection.

¹ Carte, vol. v. p. 1. Memorial for the Irish Treaty.

² *Idem*, p. 408. King to Ormonde, Oxford, 8th March 1642-3.

"It pittiyeth us at our very soule," Charles declared, "that any wants should attend soe select a body of nobility, gentry, and other eminent and deserving persons." If he could not relieve them as he desired, at least, he was assured that they understood "the great obstructions not to be on our side." It was not perhaps its intrinsic merits that lent persuasion to the King's harangue. It came recommended by his opponents' faults, and by the fact that, on this occasion, Ormonde who enjoyed the army's full confidence, acted as the royal mouthpiece. Thanks to these considerations, it achieved a moderate measure of approval and was regarded as setting the seal on a good understanding between Sovereign and soldiery.

The Justices would have been strangely inconsistent had they welcomed Charles's decision to treat with the rebels.

"They and their party," Ormonde told Clanricarde, "are much troubled at the Commission, taking it for a step towards the peace of this kingdom and their ruin." The perils threatening Ireland were not, however, dispelled with their disgrace. "I much fear," he shrewdly adds, "the ambition of the clergy on the other side will stop both. The King is very strong and increases daily; the only fear is he may meet with such counsellors as will sacrifice his affairs to their own ends and safety."¹

Ormonde had every reason to believe that the Royalist party was increasing daily in strength. Vainly had Reynolds and Goodwin visited the outlying garrisons. The Parliamentary propaganda found as little favour with these troopers, as with their Dublin comrades. The King was, however, his own worst enemy. His choice of Bourke, a loyalist papist, as a commissioner, more nearly alienated the officers than all the Roundhead orations. Ormonde himself was disturbed at the incident. "I could have wished Mr Bourke had been left out of the Commission," he wrote, "such offence his being there

¹ Carte, vol. v. p. 391. Ormonde to Clanricarde, Dublin, 3rd February 1642-3.

has given to the army who were all devoted to the King.”¹ Fortunately for the Sovereign, the trust which the marquis inspired in his subordinates made them acquiesce in the appointment. Moreover, the cause of the dispute was soon laid at rest by the death of the unpopular commissioner.

The warrant for treating with the Confederates was not the only important missive addressed to Ormonde at this period, for Charles now also offered him the post of Lord-Lieutenant.

“I will not in vaine seeke for words,” Ormonde wrote in reply, “to express the thankfulness of my heart; but will rest satisfied with the duty and faith I finde there to your Majesty and all your commands, which makes me (perhaps impertinently, since I cannot pretend to the least knowledge of your affairs there) to offer it as my poor advice and humble sute to your Majesty, that as you have hitherto delayed the sending an authoritie to mee to take that charge upon mee; so you will be pleased to delay it yeat longer, if Your Majesty should not thinke fitt to lay me wholly aside for that, and imploy me where I may doe you better service and in a way more agreeable to my inclinations and abilities.”²

Ormonde’s reception of the King’s offer proves that he had been speaking the language of naked sincerity when, six months previously, he assured the jealous Lord-Lieutenant that he in no wise coveted his post. Doubtless he was wise to shun the onerous dignity. Nor was Charles yet prepared to put pressure on his unwilling servant. The marquis was therefore permitted to decline the proffered honour, but if the Sovereign allowed Ormonde to serve him in a fashion more agreeable to his inclinations, he was determined that the Parliamentary Commissioners should no longer be suffered to direct the administration. Ormonde, who had all the reluctance of an honourable schoolboy to tell tales, was yet obliged to confess that they exercised a para-

¹ Carte, vol. v. p. 391. Ormonde to Clanricarde, Dublin, 3rd February 1642-3.

² *Ibid.*, p. 432. Ormonde to King, 31st January 1642-3.

mount influence at the Council Board. Now that he had secured the services of the army, the King was no longer inclined to connive at this interference. He sternly rebuked the Justices' presumption in admitting Reynolds and Goodwin to the deliberation of the Council, and a few days later followed up the admonition with an order to arrest the Parliamentary Commissioners. Lest the Justices should fail to execute the command, a duplicate warrant was addressed to Ormonde.¹ But the pair, whose hectoring, arrogant manners had not endeared them to the good people of Dublin, had taken fright, and were already on the high seas in a royal pinnace, which they carried off as spoils of war to their employers.

On February the 3rd, Ormonde and his fellow Commissioners summoned the Confederate Catholics to a conference at Drogheda. The invitation was not received at Kilkenny with the enthusiasm which might have been anticipated from their former attitude. In fact, the military position of the insurgents had greatly improved since the meeting of the General Assembly. As Ormonde had foretold, arms and discipline were rapidly transforming the raw levies into a formidable force. During January, Birr, Bannogher, and Fort Falkland surrendered to Preston and Castlehaven ; and the scrupulous observance of the terms of capitulation enforced by the two generals did more perhaps for the Irish cause than their victories. The Confederates, however, did not base their slighting reply to Ormonde on strategical considerations. Imbued as he was with a well-founded distrust of the Roman Catholic priesthood, Ormonde had requested that the negotiations might be exclusively entrusted to laymen. This stipulation, which the Assembly declared limited their choice of agents, caused as many complaints as the proposed rendezvous. But the chief offence lay in the wording of the Justices' safe conduct. The recusants were transported with indignation at being designated as "actors and abettors" in an odious rebellion.

¹ Carte, vol. v. p. 445. King's commission to Ormonde, 23rd April 1643.

"We are not," they proudly protested, "(praise be to God) in that condition to sacrifice our loyalty to the malice of any; and it would be a madness beyond expression for us, who fight in the condition of loyal subjects, to come in the repute of rebels to set down our grievances. We take God to witness . . . we will live in the esteem of loyal subjects, or die to a man."¹

Had Parsons instead of Ormonde been in charge of the treaty, it would have been brought to an abrupt termination by this epistle. On both sides, however, moderate men were now striving to compass an agreement. Ormonde and his colleagues poured oil on the troubled waters, sending a copy of the Royal Commission to Kilkenny for the Confederates' inspection, and waiving the question of Drogheda as a meeting place. On his part, Lord Castlehaven used every argument to foster a less unyielding frame of mind in the Supreme Council. His efforts were blessed with success. The Supreme Council, though still ruffled by the aspersions cast on its loyalty, despatched a deputation of laymen to Trim to make a full exposition of grievances to the King's representatives.

Meanwhile the Justices, who had hitherto rejected Ormonde's suggestions for attacking Ross and Wexford, veered round and resolved to send an expedition to the south. The Christian desire of putting an end to the Peace Conference, and the necessity of providing for their starving soldiery at the enemy's expense, were probably the underlying motives of this sudden change of front. If the command had been entrusted to Lord Lisle, Reynolds and Goodwin would have found the funds. But Ormonde would not allow a considerable body of troops to take the field except under his orders. As the event proved, he was justified in his distrust of Lord Lisle, but from the hour when he made this declaration every obstacle was thrown in the way of his preparations, and it was not till the beginning of March that the

¹ Carte, vol. v. p. 402. Supreme Council to Lords Commissioners, 9th February.

Lieutenant-General, at the head of two thousand five hundred foot, five hundred horse, and a small train of artillery was enabled to march out of Dublin.

Ormonde spent the first week of the campaign in reducing Castlemartin, Kildare, Tully, and Tymolin, by the 12th of March arriving before Ross. Here, or rather in the neighbouring port of Duncannon, he expected to find a ship, which he had chartered in Dublin, laden with provisions for the army. If Sir Philip Perceval had been allowed to arrange her voyage, the transport would have been lying in harbour, and Ormonde could have fed his troops, but, as usual, the Justices had meddled. No ship was forthcoming at Duncannon, and consequently there was no bread or powder at Ross. Although the Governor of Duncannon, Lord Esmond, furnished Ormonde with such munitions as he could spare, and a convoy of sailors, who proved invaluable allies, by the 17th of March only four biscuits apiece remained to each soldier, while Ross, into which Preston, who commanded the River Barrow, kept pouring reinforcements, showed no sign of surrender. Ormonde had no alternative save to order a retreat, but this did not put an end to the perilous position of his army. Numerically, Preston's force was vastly superior to Ormonde's, and it was only prudence that had hitherto prevented him from coming to grips with the Marquis. On the following day, however, the British troops were forced to take a route where their overthrow appeared so assured that Preston could no longer resist the temptation of a pitched battle.¹ The engagement took place at Old Ross on March the 18th. Ormonde was quick to discern and to occupy a position which gave him the advantage of both sun and wind. This happy inspiration enabled him to score the first success. Yet there was little fault to find with the position, fortified by ditches and sheltered by a great bog, which Preston assumed. Had the Irish remained entrenched behind these natural defences, and left the burden of attack to the English, they would undoubtedly have acted the wiser part. A

¹ Carte, vol. ii. p. 431.

passive attitude was, however, always distasteful to Celtic troops; and, at this juncture, the Irish must have been in a singularly perfervid mood, since we are told that eighty valorous spirits had bound themselves under a solemn oath to vanquish or to die. These enthusiasts were easily recognised by the straw ropes they wore round their hats and waists, and by their watchword of "Jesus Maria."¹ Unhappily, they cannot have anticipated the discharge of cannon shot, which greeted their exit into the open. The sailors who worked the culverins were accomplished gunners, and one volley alone strewed the ground with dead and dying. Out of the original brotherhood of heroes eight only persevered in their wild onslaught, but if their resolution did not survive the fiery ordeal, Preston's cavalry acquitted itself well. Indeed, so close was the *mêlée*, that Ormonde mistook foes for friends, running considerable danger, while he called out to his troopers to spare their antagonists. In that first encounter, also, Lord Lisle was unhorsed and had to seek a fresh steed, and Sir Thomas Lucas, the hero of Kilrush, was severely wounded. For a moment after these misadventures to their leaders, panic seized the English. Apparently Reynold's and Goodwin's mission had not been wholly fruitless.² Most of Ormonde's horse were men of tried courage, but when they found themselves checked by a force of three to one,³ they began to misdoubt the Cavalier Marquis. The left wing remained steady. The right, stung by a sense of betrayal, in company with Lord Lisle, fled helter-skelter, never pausing till they reached the baggage waggons in the rear. Here Lord Lisle shouted lustily for a guide to show him the way to Duncannon, in his desperation offering £10 or £20 for that purpose. Fortunately for his fair name, however, none was forthcoming; and his alarm appeared so ignominious to the

¹ Gilbert, "Confederation," vol. ii. p. 257. George Crichton, Chaplain to Ormonde, Narrative.

² Cox, "Hibernia Anglicana," vol. ii. p. 6.

³ Crichton says Preston's force was 10,000 to 12,000. Carte, however, makes the antagonists' cavalry almost equal, since he puts Preston's at 650.

bystanders that one of them, a humble apothecary, Zanchie Silyard, plucked up heart to reprove the noble runaway.¹ Zanchie was seconded by Sir Richard Grenville, who clapped Lisle encouragingly on the shoulder, saying, "Come, my lord, we will yet recover it." Grenville was right. Ormonde's steadfastness was fast retrieving the day, but little Zanchie had some reason also for the sneer he addressed to Lisle, "Never while ye live, my lord"; and to his friends that stood by, "I mean his credit," said the man of drugs.

Meantime, Ormonde realised that although he had lost the services of half his cavalry, he must put a bold face on the matter and fall upon the enemy.² Ably supported by the artillery, he leapt the intervening ditch at the head of his faithful remnant, and almost before the "great shout," with which the English heralded their attack, had died away, the Irish scattered and fled, running, and, through the smoke of the gunpowder, "twinkling like the moats in the sun," says an eye-witness.³ Once, indeed, they made a faint rally, but the stand was only momentary, and even when he had crossed the Barrow, Preston did not feel himself in safety until he had broken down the bridge behind his routed force. Besides all his ammunition and his personal baggage, he lost five hundred men. Twenty killed and a few wounded comprised Ormonde's casualty list. In fact, to the British, the dangers of campaigning were less than the misery of garrison life in Dublin. On their return the Justices could make no better provision for the victorious troops than to quarter them on the half-ruined citizens. Nor could this be achieved without expelling some thousands of despoiled English, who had found a refuge in the capital. The possessors of custodiums had been allowed to enhance the price of grain by keeping back their stores. As Dublin was practically a beleaguered city, this was an error, the more unpardonable since the Justices were reduced to seizing the commodities still garnered in a few merchants' houses.

¹ George Crichton, *idem*.

² Carte, p. 433.

³ Crichton, *idem*.

In a succession of petitions the officers had pointed out that custodiums, instead of enriching private individuals, should be applied to the relief of the army; and had their advice been followed, the confiscation of the traders' wares—which struck a deadly blow at all commerce—might have been avoided. Moreover, the money thus extorted was so inconsiderable that it was merely a temporary makeshift.¹ On the 10th of April affairs reached a climax. The soldiers pursued one of the Justices as he was driving from his house to the Castle, with outcries and exclamations, and that, as the affronted worthy somewhat naïvely complained, “only because they wanted pay.” When the affrighted dignitary found shelter within the Castle walls, the mob, disappointed of their prey, wreaked their anger on the population, plundering right and left, without any respect for the sanctities of creed or nationality. As the Council pointed out, the mutiny was not only a scandal and a high dishonour, but the beginning “of the sack and ransack of the whole city, if by timely supply . . . it be not prevented.” Undoubtedly, the Government, garrison, and inhabitants of Dublin were in a parlous condition, and should have welcomed peace on moderately advantageous lines.

The subject of a pacification was meanwhile engrossing the attention of the Commissioners at Trim; and on Ormonde's return to Dublin, he received their reports for transmission to the King. The “Remonstrance of Grievances,” presented by the Confederates, gives a sombre picture of the Isle of Saints. Parsons was the villain of the piece. But Parsons could only have waxed fat and kicked in an atmosphere vitiated by bigotry and corruption. A political system, which excluded the majority of gentlemen from the benefits of education and responsibilities of public life stood self-arraigned. More terrible yet was the tale of wrongs inflicted by the Parliament of Westminster, through their creatures the Justices, on the Dominion of Ireland—wrongs that

¹ Carte, vol. ii. p. 460. Lords Justices and Councillors to the Speaker of the Houses of Parliament, 22nd April 1643.

culminated in the supreme iniquity of the Adventurers' Act. A Parliament presided over by an impartial governor, and to which Roman Catholics would have free access, was the special remedy for their ills invoked by the Confederates. They also pressed, during the first momentous session, at any rate, for the suspension of Poyning's Act; undertaking, if they obtained Charles's consent to this constitutional method of redressing their injuries, to provide him with a force of ten thousand men to fight their mutual enemies.

On the appointment of the Commission, the Justices had wished to address a formal letter to the King, deprecating any attempt to come to terms with the rebels. But the greater number of Councillors so strenuously withstood the proposal, that they deferred it to a more convenient season. That season arrived with Ormonde's expedition to Ross. During the Marquis's absence, Parsons and Borlase were enabled to carry their point, and accordingly indited a document, which Mr Gardiner describes as almost unsurpassed, in cynicism.¹ The writers descanted therein at length on their favourite topic—the ingratitude of the Irish people, and the danger that their feigned and hypocritical submission might merely result in a fresh rebellion “rendering the English but slaves to satiate their cruel malice and lust.” To the Justices, although they cavilled at the phrase, the virtual extirpation of the Irish Papists appeared a preferable solution of the political problem,² and unctuously mouthing the name of “the God of Peace,” they adjured Charles not to call a truce “till the sword have abated these rebels in number and power.” Of this curious missive Ormonde tersely remarked, “it was not for his Majesty's service.”³ He was too clear-sighted not to include the recusants' proposals in the same condemnation; and half a century later, when a Popish King ruled in Dublin, Englishmen and Protestants had only too bitter experience of the justice and toleration to be

¹ Gardiner, “History of the Civil War,” vol. i. p. 24.

² Cox, “Hibernia Anglicana,” vol. ii. appendix iv. pp. 12-13.

³ Carte, vol. v. p. 431. Ormonde to King, Dublin, 24th May, 1643.

expected from a Parliament solely composed of Irish Roman Catholics. At this juncture, indeed, the squaring of the circle presented no greater difficulties than to make peace on lines of absolute fairness to both parties. The God-given autocrat, combining Strafford's will-power and administrative abilities with Ormonde's understanding of his country and countrymen, backed, also, by the practical resources of which Oliver Cromwell alone eventually disposed, might have solved the riddle. But the man and the hour have never synchronised in Ireland.

Charles, whatever his latter-day worshippers may urge, was no altruist. He was less concerned to build up the ideal commonwealth than to secure a useful body of recruits. A truce would obviate any inconvenient cession of principles dear to the British nation, while giving the King his coveted auxiliaries. Accordingly, on April the 23rd he ordered Ormonde to negotiate a cessation with the Irish recusants.¹ The Sovereign intimated that the pacification was to last a year, and that the terms were to be as beneficial to the King's service, as Ormonde, in his wisdom, could devise. Charles did not "prescribe the particulars," remitting this care to Ormonde, whose knowledge of the army and country, he admitted, surpassed his own. A private letter, which accompanied the warrant, gives the clue to the Sovereign's motives.

"Ormonde," writes the King, "I have sent you herewith a command and power to make a cessation with the rebels, which, though it be not so formally legal as I could wish, yet I desire you to put those my commands in execution, and as soon as that is done," says Charles, becoming almost incoherent in his eagerness, "Ormonde must bring over the Irish army to Chester, as I have given this trusty bearer, Sir Patrick Wemyss, full instruction."²

Had Sir William Parsons still been titular Governor of

¹ Carte, vol. v. p. 445. King's Commission to Ormonde for cessation, Oxford, 23rd April 1643.

² *Idem*, pp. 445-6. King to Ormonde, Oxford, 23rd April 1643.

Dublin, Ormonde would have found his hard task even more arduous. Charles's growing ascendancy with the army, however, enabled him to give the Lord Justice his deserts. Parsons had so long been supreme, that his discomfiture in the matter of Reynolds and Goodwin had not taught him to walk warily. In concert with Borlase, he continued to correspond with the Parliament—a practice to which the monarch, being himself unable to provide funds for the administration, did not object, although he stipulated that he should be kept fully acquainted with the despatches that passed between Dublin and London. Parsons vowed obedience, but, before long, he imprudently supplemented his official with a clandestine communication. The secret leaked out, and sealed Parsons's fate. On the 1st of May the King dismissed Sir William from his post, appointing in his stead Sir Henry Tichburne, the brave defender of Drogheda. Borlase, being universally recognised to be a cypher, was permitted to retain office.

Although Ormonde had refused to be Parsons's successor, Sir William's fall must have been a relief to him both on personal and public grounds. Ormonde was the sole member of the Council who dared to withstand the sinister bully;¹ and the Justice being impatient of contradiction, their relations were considerably strained. In fact, after one particularly stormy debate, Ormonde, deeply offended by Parsons's language and bearing, remarked that "he was sensible how the Lord Justice stood affected towards him." Parsons took alarm, and sent Sir Philip Perceval to make his peace with Ormonde, humbly entreating that for the sake of the public service no breach might ensue between them. A few days later, however, on Ormonde's refusal to sign a nomination of which he disapproved, the quarrel flamed up anew, and it was rumoured that could Parsons procure an order from Parliament, he would not scruple to arrest and imprison the Lieutenant-General. It is characteristic of the two men that, despite their broils, when Parsons in his turn

¹ Carte, vol. ii. p. 463.

was threatened with imprisonment, he did not hesitate to appeal to the Marquis for protection, and from his acknowledgment that the "gentleness of his restraint"¹ was due to Ormonde's "special grace," it is evident that he did not appeal in vain.

During the spring of 1643, the English fortunes in Munster and Connaught appeared to be going from bad to worse. Lord Forbes could spend powder on the salutes accompanying a drunken frolic, though he had none to spare for Inchiquin's urgent necessities;² while, on the other side, Colonel John Bourke, the new Lieutenant-General of Connaught, proved himself a good soldier and an adept at winning over the gentry of that province. His best arguments, perhaps, were drawn from the persistent misconduct of Governor Willoughby, who, disregarding Clanricarde's remonstrances, harried the countryside and bombarded the town; though it was not long before Willoughby was driven bitterly to regret this profligate waste of ammunition. Properly munitioned, the fort of Galway was almost impregnable,³ but, after a brief siege on the 20th of June, powder ran short, and Willoughby was forced to surrender the most important stronghold in Ireland. In Ulster, thanks to provisions imported from Scotland, the forces of Monroe and Sir Robert Stewart were not brought to the pitch of destitution that prevailed elsewhere. In May, at Clonish, Stewart achieved a considerable success, defeating Owen Roe O'Neill, and capturing or killing many of his foreign officers. He was not, however, able to improve this victory. At the end of a week, Owen Roe was again in the field at the head of a new army, to all appearance, having only suffered a temporary reverse.

In the circumstances, Ormonde was naturally anxious to hasten a cessation. The envoys whom he selected to negotiate with the Confederates were Lord Taafe and Colonel Barry, Roman Catholic loyalists of distinction.

¹ Carte MSS., vol. ix. p. 157. Sir W. Parsons to Ormonde, Dublin, 9th February 1643-4.

² Carte, vol. ii. p. 471.

³ *Idem*, p. 483.

The choice was unimpeachable, but anxious as the Irish were to obtain the legal redress of their grievances, they were not inclined to forego the possibility of imposing terms on their enemies — a possibility brought nearer every day by the decay of the English forces. The Confederates began to realise that by avoiding pitched battles, and allowing starvation to do their work, they were within measurable distance of certain triumph. The Adventurers' Act, also, blocked the way to settlement, since it debarred Charles from exercising his prerogative of mercy. Nevertheless, a considerable section of the leaders, anticipating, perhaps, the fate that ultimately befell Ireland, were opposed to allowing the King to be crushed by the Parliament. On lines of self-interest alone—and many, moreover, were genuinely loyal to the Sovereign's person—they were desirous of contracting an alliance with Charles. And they were ready to make concessions if Ormonde would undertake to call a free Parliament together without delay.¹ Taafe, seeing that such a promise would best secure his object, gave the desired pledge, which was immediately repudiated by Ormonde. The profitable ambiguities, so dear to his royal master, had scant attraction for the Marquis. He was not hostile to a free Parliament. Indeed, no one had striven more earnestly to counteract the partial ordinances enacted by the actual Parliament of Dublin, an assembly, which no fair-minded being could regard as representative of the nation. But at this juncture, while the Confederates were masters of the principal counties and towns of the kingdom, he knew it was vain to hope for the election of a body of men who would show a semblance of toleration to the English Protestant minority, since, had the leaders desired equitable arrangements, they would have been disowned by their followers. Charles's warrant constituted Ormonde sole judge of the terms. He therefore wrote to Barry, categorically refusing to give the desired undertaking. He added that, as a preliminary to negotiations, he expected

¹ Carte, vol. ii. p. 493.

the Confederates, who were in possession of the greater part of the royal Revenues, to contribute liberally to the support of the army. Ormonde's frankness did not wreck the negotiations. The Irish were not unwilling to admit the latter demand, and, on this basis, appointed delegates to treat with the Marquis.

June was now far spent, and the British prospects grew steadily more desperate. Yet official opinion in Dublin remained vehemently opposed to any accommodation with the Confederate Catholics. An anonymous writer of high standing—probably Lord Lisle—forecasts the results of a cessation in words that reflect the gloomy view entertained in Government circles.

“The English Party of the army,” he declares “will be presently worne to nothing; the officers being almost all gone away, then the poore English who are tyed to the country will be in the power of the Irish, and so, upon the whole matter, I thinke this treaty may be concluded a civill way of cutting their throates.”¹

Confronted by such determined hostility, Ormonde thought it advisable, before proceeding further, to discuss the alternatives to a truce. On the 29th of June he handed a written enquiry to the Council, requesting his colleagues to state whether they considered a cessation dishonourable to the King, unsafe to his Protestant subjects, or dangerous to the army.² He further desired them to indicate what other course they recommended to retrieve civil and military fortunes. If both questions were answered in the affirmative, he offered to close the negotiations at his own peril.

The following day, Ormonde again emphasised his position. If a sum of £10,000, half in money and half in victuals, was forthcoming within a fortnight, he declared that he would proceed with hostilities. The Lord Mayor and the leading citizens were hastily summoned to the Council Board, and conjured to raise the loan. They

¹ Carte, MSS., vol. v. f. 514, Dublin, 21st June.

² Carte, vol. ii. pp. 495-6.

declared it was beyond their power, and as no one had any proposals to offer which met the difficulties, the next morning Ormonde started for Castle Martin, where the Catholic envoys were already assembled.

The wrangling and bargaining that now ensued must have been more wearisome to Ormonde than all the drudgery of an Irish campaign.¹ Finally, he agreed that the Confederates should retain the right of making war on all persons not recognising the cessation. The King's army, however, was not to join such punitive expeditions, and breaches of the peace were to be regarded as purely local, and as susceptible, whenever possible, of arbitration. A deputation of lay Roman Catholics was to receive safe conducts to wait upon the King in England. All women and children, and all men not guilty of crimes, or indicted of high treason, were to be set free with their goods and chattels, within seven days of the cessation. Conditionally on the collection of the King's Revenue, as heretofore practised, free commerce was permitted. These articles met the Confederates' principal demands. Nevertheless, haggling continued unabated, until the Marquis, growing hopeless, determined once more to try the fortunes of war with Preston. And much to the disgust of the delegates, who threatened to complain of his action to the King, he actually left Castle Martin to take command of a military expedition.

On his arrival in Dublin, Ormonde found that provisions were no more plentiful than when he left the capital; but he collected five thousand troopers, and, at their head, marched into King's County, where he took some small forts. Preston, however, had profited by his experiences at Ross. He was not to be decoyed into fighting, and at the end of a month, sheer starvation drove Ormonde back to Dublin.

Here, a domestic crisis in the executive engaged his attention. Charles had ordered the Lords Justices to enquire into the misappropriation of moneys and custodiams, the treasonable practices and scandalous

¹ See Carte, vol. ii. pp. 498-9.

correspondence of Parsons, and his chief confidants, Temple, Loftus, and Meredith. One and all stood accused of aiding and abetting the Parliamentary Commissioners in their endeavours to seduce the army from its allegiance.¹ The paymaster, Loftus, was likewise charged with gross peculation; and Temple's profits on wheat during a period of famine were hardly less disgraceful. To more serious crimes, Parsons had added the imprudence of openly commending the Parliament, and vilifying the King. Ormonde was one of the Commissioners empowered to report on the indictment. Already, three months previously, at the Council Board, a motion had been made for the seizure of the person and goods of the ex-Lord Justice, but, owing, as Carte believes, to Ormonde's "good nature," the culprit had escaped the penalty of his misdoings.² On this occasion, he was not so lucky, for he was committed a close prisoner to the Castle, whither he had sent so many hapless and innocent gentlemen. In his case, at least, the mills of justice ground both slowly and ineffectively, for the suit against him broke down, and one of the chief begetters of the Irish Rebellion and its incalculable evils was soon set free to enjoy his ill-earned gains.

The alliance of the Scottish Covenanters and English Parliamentarians had intensified Charles's desire to arrange a cessation with the Irish, but the obstacles to its conclusion were not removed by the arrival in July of Pietro Scarampi, the Pope's envoy. Scarampi brought 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. His advent was an undoubted gain to the clerical party, who consequently assailed the proposed truce with unprecedented bitterness. As yet, however, the Ultramontanes were not the dominant force in the Assembly. Clanricarde, Taafe, and Castlehaven still carried great weight. Their arguments eventually prevailed, and in August the conference was

¹ Carte, vol. ii. p. 504.

² *Idem*, p. 503.

resumed at Sigginstown. Here a genuinely pacific spirit was at last visible. The Irish Commissioners assented to the Marquis's previous proposals, showed themselves less insistent on the immediate dissolution of the actual Parliament, and shifted their main contention to the question of "quarters." After much discussion, however, even this knotty point was settled, and it was finally decided that each side should respectively retain the lands, towns, and castles found in their occupation on the 15th of September. Had Ormonde followed his own intuition he would have chosen an earlier date; but he allowed himself to be overpersuaded by the Justices, and the delay proved favourable to the Irish. The Confederates agreed before June the 1st, 1644, to supply the King's army with £30,000, half in coin and half in beeves. This offer clinched the bargain. It was, indeed, time that the British forces should renounce the unequal struggle, since Inchiquin had been obliged to make peace on his own account in Munster. To the very last, protests continued to pour in from the English officials. Their poverty and not their will secured their consent. But, ultimately, on September the 15th, Ormonde and the Irish Commissions affixed their signatures to a Cessation, which promised some respite to a country long harassed by the most cruel form of civil strife.

CHAPTER VIII

THE CESSATION

THE stress laid by contemporaries on the Cessation may have seemed disproportionate to a later age, inclined to regard it as a stopgap measure, self doomed to failure. The Cessation was, however, important, not only as affording a respite to Ormonde and his hard-driven forces, but as setting a term to the period when the Irish were styled and treated as rebels, who might, indeed, sue for mercy, yet could not be admitted as a party to any honourable understanding. The real proof of its importance is to be found in its unmeasured denunciation by the Puritan faction. They thoroughly appreciated the fact that it deprived them of a valuable vantage ground. Nor was that vantage ground a mere honorific delusion. For Parliament itself, in the subsequent Acts of Settlement, differentiated between the guilt of those engaged in overt acts of war, before and after the Cessation. Moreover, the Cessation is epoch-making, since it initiated that series of treaties which were to consume almost as much energy, and arouse well-nigh as much bitterness, as had, in the earlier part of the war, the drawn victories of the English, and the unprofitable conquests of the Irish. And in these dilatory bargainings the King was to find his opportunity. During the last three years he had undoubtedly been the Supreme Court of Appeal. At intervals, too, the royal oracle had spoken, but the field had mainly been left to the fighters. Now had come the turn of the diplomatists. *Abyssus abyssum invocat.* Charles responded to the call, and throughout the next four years the impress of the King's

personality is as apparent in Irish affairs, as previously it is difficult to trace. To be just, however, Charles cannot bear the sole blame for those sterile debates, those over-subtle bargainings, those tortuous intrigues which were only too surely to prepare Ireland for Cromwell's advent. The Nuncio and his Bishops, Glamorgan, and "his honour rooted in dishonour," Preston and his demoralised captains, must also be held responsible for the final undoing of the country. It is a situation of poignant irony, not the less that Ormonde, with whom to outward seeming lay the final decision, was perhaps almost the only actor in the drama whose words owned some correspondence to his thoughts, and whose deeds were not prompted by self-interest.

Such were the fruits of the Cessation. But its authors could scarcely have anticipated these results when, at the stroke of noon on the 15th of September 1643, swords were sheathed, and tragedy abruptly gave place to comedy.

Unhappily, if the situation brought about by the truce savoured of burlesque, the enmity on both sides was rather intensified. The treaty expressly stipulated that all lands should remain in the possession of whichever party—Irish or English—was in occupation on September the 15th, but the Irish had good warning, and displayed real ingenuity in enlarging their borders. At one place, a seemingly harmless stranger, who was discovered the day previously busily digging potatoes, proved on investigation to be there to establish the Irish claim to the surrounding tract of territory.¹ In another district the Roman Catholics had "men lying under all the old walls in the county" ready to start up and challenge possession at the appointed hour. Elsewhere again, the population resorted to the crude device of declaring that they had secretly embraced the Confederates' cause; although they had carefully abstained from mentioning the fact until a day or two after the 15th of September, when they suddenly fell on their unsuspecting neighbours, taking them prisoners, and seizing their horses, arms, and corn.²

¹ Hist. MSS, Egmont MSS., vol. i. p. 207.

² *Idem*, p. 190. F. Bettesworth to Sir P. Perceval, Cork, 25th October 1643.

It was perhaps natural that the Anglo-Protestants should fail to appreciate the humour of such scenes.

"This late Cessation with the Irish," writes an angry Englishman, "is like for ought I see to make our contention as hot in words for want of explanation, as it was before with swords, by which we are made more obnoxious unto them through their fraud than we have been through their force. That the Cessation will be sooner ended than the controversies that arise from it, is a received opinion amongst us."¹

Another expedient which the Irish found efficacious for ridding themselves of the English, was one that our generation has believed to be a product of the agrarian troubles of modern Ireland. It is, however, an error to imagine that Captain Boycott was the proto-martyr of a peculiarly exasperating form of compulsion. "Boycotting," which in the first instance was probably inspired by ecclesiastical examples, is merely an ancient instrument of torture accommodated to latter-day requirements. The Celts of 1643 were already adepts in the art. Thus, when all else failed, the rural inhabitants were prohibited from selling provisions to the English,

"even," as the astonished chronicler remarks, "for ready money. There was no defence against this Flail, and therefore many places were vacated by the Wardens who were starved out of them by this contrivance."²

It was vain to remonstrate with the peasantry, who alleged the orders of the Supreme Council. This may have been an exaggeration, since the Irish lords were generally anxious to redeem their pledges, but there was some justification for the rumour, when a commander like Rory Maguire issued a proclamation forbidding Irishmen of "what rank, quality, or condition soever under Penalty of Death, to visit, confer, talk, or parley with any person of, in or belonging" to a particular garrison.³

The English were not, however, alone in their com-

¹ Hist. MSS., Egmont MSS., p. 190.

² Cox, "Hibernia Anglicana," vol. ii. p. 134.

³ *Ibidem*, app. p. 73.

plaints. Through their mouthpiece, the author of the "Aphorismical Discovery,"¹ the Ultramontane faction loudly denounced the manner in which the Leinster Irish flocked to salute Ormonde in Dublin; "he being reputed happy that first went thither." According to the samewriter, the highroad to the capital resembled Martinmas Fair;

"the wayes full of beoffes, muttuns, turkisse, geese, capons and feasons, and all kinds of kitchen stuffe going to Ormonde, such gratuities and gifts of everything that abounded, most went to Ormonde and his lady, that is wonder to see."

Allowing for ecclesiastical hyperbole, it is certain that the magnates of Kilkenny regarded the Cessation as an excellent opportunity for renewing friendly relations with the King's most trusted servant. In the blackest days, Ormonde had never forgotten the dictates of humanity and kinship, and now the Confederates were glad to remember that it was clearly good policy to propitiate the future Chief Governor and his wife. And what gifts could be more welcome to that hospitable lady than the materials for restocking her long depleted larder? While, to Ormonde, the Confederates' gifts and gratuities must have been welcome as a token of goodwill, encouraging him to hope that he might retrieve some fragment of revenue from his opponents' custody. Consequently, towards the end of September he ventured cautiously to sound an old friend, a dweller in the Confederate tents, one Dr Fennell, on the subject.

"I have all this while," he said, "served my Master faithfully and according to his own direction; which way I intend to pursue to the end. Yet I have not bin neglectful of my country, and the fruits of my care of it may be felt by it when I am gone, if they will not bee their own greatest enemies.

"For my private, I have not much considered it; but if now I bee not helped out of my owne in some measure, I shall be uselesse to myselfe and my friends."²

¹ Gilbert, "Aphorismical Discovery," vol. i. part i. p. 75.

² Carte, vol. v. p. 468. Ormonde to Dr Fennell, Dublin, 30th September 1643.

Ormonde was happy in his choice of an ambassador, for although no rents could be extracted from his tenants, the Marquis was allowed to receive the proceeds of the sales and mortgages he effected with them. Sound finance these transactions were not ; but, at any rate, they enabled Ormonde and his flock of dependents to live.

If Ormonde had personal reasons for rejoicing in the Cessation, his intimate acquaintance with the condition of the country did not permit him to exult overmuch. In transmitting the official documents of the Truce to Nicholas, he warns the Secretary that the King had only "gained some time to provide for the security and settlement of his interests in this kingdom, which, without such a respite, would in all probability have run very great hazards."¹

Unless this breathing space was employed to good purpose, he predicted that by the end of the year His Majesty would be forced to accept disadvantageous terms. A serviceable body of troops was essential. Even more urgent, however, was it to keep communications open between the two countries, so that Dublin could be victualled from England. It was idle to count exclusively on Irish supplies. For, already, out of the same overburdened fund, he was obliged to discount those contributions in advance, and to provide for his discharged officers and soldiers.

Ormonde was no financial genius, but on this occasion he had accurately foreshadowed the future. Exactly a month later, Inchiquin wrote to the Marquis, saying that he considered it a great addition to his misfortunes that the State should expect "the impossible,"² at his hands. It cannot be thought, he protested, that during the six or seven weeks the Cessation had lasted, he could have fed six thousand foot and five hundred horse on a bare £500, eked out with biscuit and corn. "What help the free shipping can afford us," he tentatively adds, "I cannot

¹ Clarendon Papers, vol. ii. p. 156. Ormonde to Nicholas, Dublin, 28th September 1643.

² Carte, vol. v. p. 499. Inchiquin to Ormonde, 29th October 1643.

imagin, except I should pillage them." Clanricarde was not much better pleased. He told Ormonde: "Counsels of all kinds, except those of wisdom and forecast, have satt at Galway this long time, and nothing at all concluded that I can heare of, but to put affronts and prejudices upon me, and to allow me no quarter att all."¹

Clearly, in the opinion of two such prominent, though dissimilar, men as Inchiquin and Clanricarde, the Cessation had not inaugurated the millennium. And where Irishmen doubted, Englishmen cursed. The Cavaliers did not covet an alliance with those whom they regarded as the authors of the massacre of 1641. The Roundheads greeted the Truce with an outburst of execration, while its announcement undoubtedly drew the Commons closer to the Scots, and produced a kindlier feeling at Westminster towards the Covenant. Not unnaturally, perhaps, Ormonde bore much of the odium connected with the Cessation. Already, in June, Parliament had declared the intention of superseding him in his command, and practical difficulties alone restrained them from acting upon this vote. It was unfortunate that the "doubling ordinance," passed at the same period, was not also allowed to lapse. All subscribers to the Adventurers' Loan who chose to deposit a fourth of their original subscription became thereby entitled to double the amount of land for which they originally contracted. For unwisdom and severity combined, it would be hard to match the "doubling ordinance," even from among the Irish Acts of the Long Parliament.

The project of departure, to which Ormonde alluded in his letter to Dr Fennell, was not destined to be realised. In England counsels were divided as to its expediency. If, on the one hand, the loyalty of the Irish army, when parted from its chief, was dubious, on the other it was certain that Charles had no one in Ireland to whom he could safely delegate Ormonde's duties. Lord Digby, writing from England, summed up the situation in complimentary terms to the Marquis.

¹ Carte, vol. v. p. 500. Clanricarde to Ormonde, Portumna, 2nd November 1643.

"Without flattery, as I believe you will hear it without vanity, you are at this present such an example in the King's service as can hardly be paralleled; for att the same time that little lesse than the necessarye preservation of Ireland hath made you governor of that kingdom, you are conceived soe personally necessarye alsoe to the support of His Majesty's affairs in this, that His Majesty, nor all his ministers are not able at all to determine whether your presence be most essential in this kingdom, or in that."¹

Ireland's claims on Ormonde finally carried the day, but Charles insisted that he should henceforth assume the office and title of Lord-Lieutenant. At this juncture, as we know from his fragmentary autobiography, Ormonde regarded the post as onerous in the extreme, and although he held himself bound in honour not to decline its heavy burdens, resignation and not elation pervades the letter, in which he acknowledges these latest dignities.

"I have heretofore given Your Majesty as reall thanks," he says, "for passing mee by when you thought of an alteration in this Government; and soe shall doe when by your pleasure I am reduced to my private, or any other condition."²

Ormonde's installation as Lord-Lieutenant took place on the 21st of January 1644, when, according to the custom of the palmy days of British dominion in Ireland, a sermon was duly preached before him at Christ Church. On this occasion, the pulpit was occupied by Robert Sibthorpe, Bishop of Limerick. The text of the discourse was the last verse in Psalm lxxvii. "Thou leddest thy people like sheep by the hand of Moses and Aaron,"³ which it is said that Sibthorpe "paraphrased very elegantly," though, less fortunate than his precursors, "he never received a farthing of his Bishopric." During the ensuing years, if Ormonde had leisure to meditate on that inaugural sermon, the text must have struck him as singularly

¹ Carte, vol. v. pp. 510-11. Lord Digby to Ormonde, Oxford, 17th March 1643.

² Carte, vol. vi. pp. 19-20. Ormonde to King, January 1643-4.

³ Borlase, p. 141.

prophetic of the thankless duty, which for so long was to be his allotted task, of leading a stiff-necked generation through the wilderness.

When we read the Sovereign's instructions to the Lord-Lieutenant, it is easy to understand Ormonde's reluctance to assume office. In the first place, he was directed to obtain the Confederates' ships to transport the English army across the Channel. He was next—in some undefined fashion—to delay the departure of the Kilkenny Commissioners¹ for Oxford, and, if this proved impossible, he was to induce the Supreme Council to renounce their more extreme demands. The wisdom of the serpent and the tongue of an angel would not have been inadequate to achieve the latter purpose. But there was worse to come. Ormonde was to strain every nerve to prevent Munroe and his troops from joining the coalition of Scottish covenanters and English Parliamentarians. To attain this end, Charles suggested a variety of means, the least discreditable of which was to bribe Munroe into remaining in Ulster. Ormonde was told that he might stir up the Scots against the Cessation, and then, with the aid of liberal promises on the King's behalf, he could easily set the Confederates at their throats. Again, if the Scottish General actually set sail from Ireland, the natives might be encouraged to fall upon "the inhabiting Scots," in order to lure their former protector back to their assistance. To pay the Irish for a task so eminently congenial verged on extravagance, but if they stood upon their dues, they were to be "put in hope to get the lands." In fact, the latter course evidently appealed to Charles, for he desired that the Irish should be informed that when Munroe's force was gone, "they could in no ways so much recommend themselves to the King, nor obtain for themselves such conditions as by following of them and falling upon them."

Some years later, Inchiquin remonstrated with Ormonde on his singular reserve, remarking "that you seldom open

¹ Gardiner, "History of Great Civil War," vol. i. pp. 248-9, from Carte MSS. vol. vii. f. 188.

thoughts that trouble you to anyone, until there be a necessitie, or that it be drawn from you.”¹ Ormonde’s open countenance does not convey the impression of inveterate taciturnity, but the circumstances, in which he found himself at the commencement of his official career, may well have convinced him that only by observing an inviolate reticence could he hope to tread the tangled maze of intrigue, without dishonour to himself and danger to his administration. And, once acquired, the habit probably became second nature. At this period his letters certainly exhibit remarkable discretion and self-control in so young and untried a statesman.² Even his facile pen never betrayed him into error. He was ready, he told Digby, “to look out the fittest temptation” to keep Munroe in Ireland. “But,” he continued, “our condition is so miserable and poore that I can make noe probable offers; therefore I desire to be put in the way from that side.” In other words, Digby was to find Munroe’s purchase money. With native shrewdness, Ormonde ignored the other methods proposed for retaining Munroe, but he pointed out

“that the keeping of the Scots hence hath an appearance of present danger to Ireland, and of annoyance to England in tyme. And though perhaps their stay may at once weaken the intended invasion of England by that (the Scottish nation) and moderate the aims of this; yet if they be largely supplied, and wee not at all it may prove very dangerous to His Majesty’s interests here, and immediately destructive to his best subjects.”

Ormonde, moreover, thought it inconsistent to expect the principal Irish to come in considerable numbers to the King’s assistance in Scotland or England, leaving the Scots free to wreak their vengeance on Ireland. He would do his best to enlist them on the King’s side. But

“I hould it my duty to advise that nothing considerably prejudiciall to His Majesty heere, or there (in England)

¹ Gilbert, “Cont. Hist.,” vol. ii. part ii. p. 333. Inchiquin to Ormonde, 9th December 1649.

² Carte, vol. vi. p. 8. Ormonde to Lord Digby, Dublin, 13th January 1643-4.

be hastily granted to them upon the hope or promise of this conditionally."

Yet, if Ormonde were not inclined to promote the ignoble scheme of barter between the King and the Irish¹ at the expense of the "inhabiting Scots," he pleaded for power to grant comprehensive pardons to those Irishmen, who were willing to return to their allegiance. Justice alone would have prompted the prayer. But Ormonde proffered it on grounds more likely to find favour with the King's ministers. He urged that it would enable him to put in practice the maxim *parcere subjectis*, and that if division were once insinuated into their counsels, attempts to create fresh disturbances would meet with less success. Proposals for bestowing posts and honours on Irishmen obtained his cordial approval. Even the advancement of Irish Protestants, who had not, as he ingenuously expressed himself, "been for the extirpation of the Papist natives," would be a measure both popular and unexceptionable. He made it, however, his chief petition that no countenance should be afforded to amateur agents who promised to work wonders with the Irish. The evil wrought by these dilettante diplomatists was already manifest, and, in the light of later events, Ormonde's words are worth recalling.

"It will make the Irish think they have a nearer and more easy way to their ends, than by those in whome His Majesty hath placed his authority, and by whome he expects they should be conteyned in obedience, and made usefull to him. And if there be difficulty made to graunt those things, which such an undertaker may make them believe His Majesty is inclinable unto, though their unreasonableness in themselves, or the danger that yealding to them would bring on the King, necessitates a denyall or suspension, yet that interruption will be held by them (to be) the worke of the Governor, against whom they will then have such prejudice, that whatever he propounds will be suspected and fruitlesse."

It would have been well for Charles's fortune and fair name

¹ Carte, vol. vi. p. 7.

had he pondered these weighty, temperate words ere he set his signature to Glamorgan's fatal Commission.

If he evaded, or failed in fulfilling some portion of the royal instructions, Ormonde, at least, contrived to effect the transference of his regiments to England. The common soldiers joyfully shook the dust of Ireland from their feet, readily agreeing to take the loyal protestation which Ormonde presented to them, prior to embarkation. Indeed, troopers willing to range themselves under the royal standard were more easily found than funds for transport. The sailing masters asked exorbitant sums for the hire of their barques; and when Castlehaven's adroitness circumvented this obstacle, it was only by raising £1,000 on his own credit for the officers' pressing needs, that Ormonde could ship the companies off to sea. On landing in England, the troops were placed under Lord Byron's command; and Sir William Brereton beat a hasty retreat at their approach. The success was transient. They failed to take Nantwich, where Brereton had taken refuge. On the 25th of January, Sir Thomas Fairfax came to the rescue of the garrison, and Byron was hopelessly routed, some of Ormonde's former soldiers, regardless of pledges, deserting to the enemy in the midst of the fight. Byron drew the remnant of his forces off to Chester, where he was afterwards reinforced by another draft of recruits from Ireland. But the Irish army, for which Charles had braved the censure of his British subjects, never hereafter realised the Monarch's sanguine anticipations.

The miscarriage of the Irish regiments was no fault of Ormonde's, who had executed his directions for their despatch with more success than could have been hoped. He was less fortunate regarding other items of the royal instructions. In the spring of 1644, the Confederates' Commissioners arrived at Oxford bearing the very propositions that might, without undue expenditure of sagacity, have been foreseen. Until these were entertained, the Supreme Council, very naturally, refused to grant Charles either men or money; and the

rebuff to his pride was the harder for the Sovereign to digest, seeing that the Kings of France and Spain were freely promised levies of two thousand men a-piece.

In these circumstances, the King reverted to the practice, so strongly deprecated by Ormonde, of employing irresponsible agents. Since Strafford had written in mocking strain of his primitive artillery, and shamrock commissariat, Lord Antrim's adventures had equalled his projects in variety and number. He had suffered a long, and, probably unmerited, captivity at the hands of the Puritan faction, and only effected his escape to Owen O'Neill in the summer of 1643. At Kilkenny he was received with open arms; and, in spite of declining the oath of the association, remained in high favour with the Supreme Council. He made no secret of desiring the post of Generalissimo to the Confederate Catholics. But this avowed ambition covered a more occult purpose. Antrim thirsted to be Lord-Lieutenant; and he confidently boasted that the services he would render the King as commander of the Irish army must deserve no less a reward than the Sword of State. If the scheme was intricate, for that reason it was all the more congenial to Antrim. And certainly no alchemist was ever more cordially welcomed by despairing bankrupt, than was Antrim by Charles, when he arrived at Oxford in December. Both parties were lavish in pledges. Antrim promised the King three thousand men to invade Argyll's country, and ten thousand to serve him in England. Charles responded by promising Antrim the lordship of Argyll, when Antrim should have removed that nobleman. But although the sanguine pair had thus comfortably disposed of the bear's skin, that troublesome animal was still alive and, as an instalment of favours to come, Antrim therefore obtained a Marquisate. Thus encouraged, February saw him once more at Kilkenny, negotiating busily and noisily with the Supreme Council. Charles told Ormonde to give him all the help he could in furtherance of his design.

“For I find,” wrote the King, “that almost that whole kingdom is so much divided between your two interests that if you join in the ways, as well as in the end, for my service, you will meet with small difficulties there.”¹

The King, unfortunately, took Antrim at his own valuation; and the injunction must have filled the dutiful, but clear-sighted, Ormonde with something approaching despair. Although the Supreme Council did not share the Monarch's illusions,² they were ready to humour a courtier, who possessed the ear of King and Queen. Regarding the title of Lieutenant-General as purely honorary, they yet believed its possession would induce Antrim and the Duchess to exert their influence in high places for the benefit of the national cause; and they consequently bestowed the coveted appointment on the Marquis. They were less complaisant when the subject of Charles's levies came to be discussed. Promptly and curtly they rejected all petitions to raise and equip ten thousand men for service in England, but they had the wit to perceive the possibilities offered by the Scottish raid, and readily agreed to furnish Antrim with muskets and powder for his Ulstermen. Numerous as were his projects, this was the only one which can be said to have met with any success. There were moments, indeed, when, irritated by the obstacles he encountered, Antrim well-nigh renounced even that undertaking. But Ormonde's³ imperturbable good temper and courtesy appeased the susceptibilities of the ruffled Marquis, while it was the Lord-Lieutenant, also, who made good the deficiencies in the stores promised by the Supreme Council. Finally, in June, the little flotilla bearing Antrim's Celts put to sea, reached Isla in safety, and effected a junction with Montrose, proving of no small assistance to the latter during his Scottish campaigns.

Despite its unpromising beginnings, and the many local quarrels and protests it had at first occasioned,

¹ *Idem*, vol. v. p. 6. King to Ormonde, 12th March 1643-44.

² *Idem*, vol. iii. pp. 60-1.

³ *Carte*, vol. vi. p. 152. Ormonde to Lord Antrim, 1st July 1644.

the Cessation, save in the North, had gradually been accepted throughout Ireland. In Ulster, Munroe and his "new Scots"—as they were called—had, conformably with the Parliament's orders, announced the intention of carrying on the war against the Irish. Such a resolve pleased Charles better than Ormonde.¹ The Marquis would gladly have dispensed with these militant northerners, whom it was alike invidious for him to fight or to leave unchecked. His worst presentiments were realised when Parliament began to tamper with the new Scots. For the Commons sent the celebrated Owen O'Conally over to Ulster to induce officers and men to take the Covenant, backing their arguments with large stores of food and clothes for the ragged, starving troopers. Owen O'Conally's words did not fall on stony ground. The Scottish officers were already prepared to regard the Covenant with enthusiastic veneration, and they rapidly became clamorous to take the national oath. The English officers commanding Ormonde's regiments in those regions were at first hostile to the proposition. But they dared not exasperate Munroe, who had the advantage of them in men and ammunition, and were therefore forced to adopt a temporising attitude.

In February the Scottish government recalled some of its regiments. The general exodus that had been feared alike by the King and the Ulster farmers did not, however, take place, though the results were no happier for the royalist cause. In the spring of 1644 the country was flooded with Presbyterian ministers, who represented adherence to the Covenant as necessary to salvation, and, strenuously supported by the Puritan settlers, rendered existence almost impossible to soldiers careless of the divine call. Parliament had already made its subsidies conditional upon subscription; but popular fanaticism produced arguments of even more efficacy. It was vain for loyal colonels to prohibit its adoption. When Ormonde bade them denounce it by proclamation, they were at

¹ Carte, vol. iii. p. 69.

once disavowed by their subordinates and privates. Before the end of May only three English Commanders in the north remained unpledged to the Covenant.

During these months, although Munroe had himself embraced the Covenant, he played a neutral part. He was not considered actually inimical to the King, and less optimistic persons than Antrim hoped to win him over to Charles. But in April these fond schemes were definitely shattered. Parliament bestowed on Munroe the chief command of all English and Scottish troops in Ulster, and thereafter no more was heard of his loyalist sympathies. Indeed, while Ormonde's Scottish and English officers were engaged at Belfast in discussing the attitude they should adopt towards Munroe, he treacherously possessed himself of the town and its artillery. He would have done the same at Dundalk and the Newry, but, there, garrisons and officers were on the alert, and thanks to £300 worth of stores provided by Ormonde's private purse, they were able to resist the Scots' summons. Although, however, individual commanders refused to admit Munroe within their walls, hunger ultimately forced the English regiments to accept a compromise, and in return for supplies and various other concessions, they agreed to assist Munroe in prosecuting the War against the Irish. And they further qualified their adhesion to the General by stipulating that the alliance should be forthwith dissolved, if the King saw fit to issue orders to that effect. Thanks to this agreement, Munroe collected the largest army hitherto seen in the field, with which he conscientiously ravaged Westmeath and Longford, and massacred the wretched peasantry. The Confederates, relying on the Cessation, had not sufficient forces to oppose the combined force, and when Castlehaven and Owen Roe O'Neill achieved a junction of their troops, they were obliged to remain on the defensive, merely barring the Scots' southward march. Before long their self-restraint was rewarded. For want of rations Munroe was forced to return to his quarters, but the alarm which he had excited did

not cease with his retreat, and the Supreme Council determined to put an end to his inroads.

At this moment, the usual difficulties attending the raising of a well-disciplined Celtic force were greatly increased by internal dissensions. Instead of regarding his office as purely honorary, Antrim was determined to make his authority supreme in all military matters. On his side, Castlehaven refused obedience to Antrim's orders, and the confusion thus engendered bade fair to work havoc with the Confederate army. In the circumstances, the Supreme Council considered that they could best assuage these wrangles by bestowing the chief command of their force on the Lord-Lieutenant, whose decisions both Castlehaven and Antrim must needs respect.¹ This arrangement, they believed, would also deter many loyal Protestants from taking part against them, and might even rally a certain number to their side. At the same time they insisted that Ormonde should immediately proclaim the Scots rebels, and declare war against Munroe.

Many as had been his previous perplexities, it is doubtful whether Ormonde had, as yet, been confronted by so terrible a dilemma as that presented by this offer. In the interval that had elapsed since he wrote to Nicholas, his gloomy prognostications had been amply verified, for since the Parliament's fleet blocked the passage to Dublin, and no provisions could be imported from England, the existence of the British garrison and the population of the capital seemed dependent on the Confederates' good will. So dire, indeed, was the general poverty, that had any goods been smuggled across the Channel it is doubtful whether money for their payment would have been forthcoming. "I mention not the King's revenue," Ormonde laconically remarked, "because I believe it is already understood to be brought to nothing."² But other sources from which he had hitherto made shift to meet the "continuell cryes from people, ready to starve

¹ Carte, vol. iii. pp. 92-3.

² *Idem*, vol. vi. p. 158. Ormonde to Lord Digby, Dublin Castle, 4th July 1644.

for want of what is due to them" were now almost exhausted. Rather than pay the heavy rates imposed on them, its citizens preferred to abandon Dublin. Strafford's magazine of tobacco, which had furnished a meagre dole for privates and officers, was now swept bare. Ormonde's own credit with foreign merchants began to fail; since the tenants and neighbours, whom he had persuaded to lend him money on mortgage ("for rent," he says, "I could gett none"), as they grew less assured of peace became less accommodating. This was particularly unfortunate, as the mortgages had defrayed a considerable part of the military expenses over and above Ormonde's personal establishment,

"which I must confesse," says the Marquis, "is maintained in a higher way than was necessary for me in relation to myselfe, though much too low for the majestic I am forced to represent."

Ormonde was not in a position to dispute the Catholics' assertion that they had already overpaid their treaty obligations to the English, but he was painfully aware that if the expected convoys of supplies were withheld, the town of Dublin would be face to face with starvation. And withheld they would be, not only in Dublin, but throughout the English quarters, if Ormonde's reply to the Supreme Council was in the negative. Abundant warnings likewise reached him that in that case he could no longer count on the support of the moderates in the Supreme Council. That body had lately taken umbrage on learning—through the spies, who ever swarmed in Stuart Courts—of Ormonde's suggestion to break up their association by means of rewards and graces to individual members. If, therefore, he now rejected their ultimatum, he would find himself powerless in their counsels.

Such considerations might well have excused compliance with the Confederates' demands. But Ormonde's whole nature revolted at the thought that he, who represented the King's person,

"as immediately as any subject can, should mix his

rightful power and unblemished, though small forces, with the wild usurped authority and yet unlawful armes of the other party.”¹

Our generation may regard the feeling that animates these lines as equally inconvenient and overstrained, yet we should remember that it is the old-world equivalent of our latter-day patriotism. And whatever the ebb and flow of human beliefs, in the twentieth as in the seventeenth century, patriotism shows little sign of losing its governance of men's hearts. Loyalty was Ormonde's creed, the God of his idolatry. Its hold upon his nature was strengthened by every sacrifice it inspired. When his fidelity to the Sovereign came in question, this practical gentleman waxed as hypersensitive as any Spanish Don on the punctilio of honour; and, even technically, he could not endure that a shadow of suspicion should tarnish his unblemished devotion to the Sovereign. With unconscious pathos, he recurs to the glorious record of his house.

“I confess I consider myself,” he says, “and in myselfe, neither my life or fortune, but the honour of my family consisting chiefly in this, that from the first planting of it heere, it hath never been tainted in the cheefe of it.” He was aware that he had been unjustly “proscribed” by Parliament. “Yet I shall never by God's grace do that which may justify my proscription, though it carry an appearance of present security and future advantage.”

For all his idealism, the cavalier Marquis was, however, no blind fanatic. His good sense and shrewdness were in unison with his uncompromising principles. His modesty would not suffer him to set his own views in opposition to the knowledge of those who were probably better acquainted with English public opinion, though of the two correspondents, Ormonde gauged national sentiment more accurately than Charles. Ormonde evidently feared that Charles's instructions would embitter the Sovereign's differences with the majority of his Protestant subjects.

¹ Carte, vol. vi. p. 156. Ormonde to Lord Digby, 9th July 1644.

The young viceroy felt, and rightly felt, that English opinion was not within his immediate province. But, unlike Charles, who, earlier, in his anxiety to get the better of the Parliament, had made criminally light of Irish embarrassments, James Butler, though fighting for dear life, never lost his sense of perspective. He put the case clearly before Digby.

“I beleeve no man will think me so mad as to venture upon this high straine but by the king’s command, or soe disloyall as to doe it without his approbation; *and what scandall it may be to him to have that believed, or what hearts it may loose him in England or elsewhere, His Majesty is best able to judge. Here I doe not thinke ten Protestants would follow me, but would rise like one man against me and adhere to the Scots.*”¹

In this predicament, Ormonde could see no alternative but to defer an open rupture with the Confederates as long as possible, or, at any rate, until he could receive positive orders from the King. Consequently he addressed a counterproposal to the Supreme Council, stating that if they would find rations for his own army of six thousand foot and six hundred horse he would, unassisted, undertake to keep the peace throughout the kingdom. He added that by drawing towards the Scottish quarters in Ulster, he might detach many of Munroe’s best troopers to his own force; and he flatly refused to proclaim the latter rebels, holding that his old officers had been practically coerced into joining the Scots, and would welcome the first opportunity of returning to their allegiance. Ormonde’s perseverance in this last article cost him no little trouble. The Irish Roman Catholic Commissioners, who were now returning from England, vowed that Digby had sent the Lord-Lieutenant orders to comply with their wishes; and it may well be that the Secretary had given them some reason for the assertion. Ormonde was uneasy, for he feared that “there was something in the matter he did not understand,”² but he remained firm, determined by no act of his to render his former comrades desperate of pardon.

¹ Carte, vol. vi. p. 156.

² *Idem*, p. 154.

It was at the end of June that the Irish Commissioners returned from expounding their views to Charles at Oxford. Their journey had been distinctly unprofitable. It cannot be said that the delegates of the Supreme Council were extremists, since they numbered amongst them Lord Muskerry, Nicholas Plunket, and Geoffrey Browne. But their requisitions were of a nature that Charles, though consumed with eagerness to obtain ten thousand swordsmen, dared not grant. Before he sailed, Muskerry had applied to his brother-in-law for advice. In reply Ormonde bade him consider

“what a good exchange peace will be for warre, the name of loyall subject for that of a rebell, and happinesse for devastation and misery. And then I doubt not though you make such demands as you are appointed, you will satisfy yourselves with what the King shall thinke fitt for yow; which is my advice and I protest before God should be my practice if I weare in your place.”¹

This was unexceptionable counsel; and it may have been Muskerry's recollection of Ormonde's words that led him and his colleagues, on second thoughts, to withdraw some of their original demands. It is true that no intelligent being could have expected that they would be entertained, as they included the continuance of the Confederate Government, after a free Parliament had been called, and the revision of all titles to land, founded on confiscation, since the first year of Queen Elizabeth.² The “moderated demands” mainly resolved themselves into complete liberty for the Roman Catholic Church in Ireland, and the repeal of the Penal Laws. Equality of treatment for Papists, both in civil matters and in State offices, was also required;³ a free Parliament and the suspension of Poynings' Act during its sitting, the annulling of all legislation passed by the Dublin Parliament since the 7th of August, 1641, the vacating of royal titles found to land since 1634, and last, but not least, the organisation of trained bands. If these demands were accorded, the Confederates offered to bring over ten thousand recruits for the King's service in England.

¹ Carte, vol. v. p. 540. Ormonde to Muskerry, Dublin, 19th December 1643.

² *Idem*, vol. iii. p. 98. ³ Gardiner, vol. i. p. 334; Carte, vol. iii. p. 99.

It will at once be seen that the trained bands would have provided the Papists with a standing army, ready to second their Parliamentary champions should the "impartial Governor," and the Protestant portion of the executive prove insufficiently docile. The withdrawal of the Confederates' extreme demands regarding ecclesiastical and land legislation was therefore immaterial, since, under the system which they meant to inaugurate, the establishment of their ideals was only a question of time. In the natural evolution of things the fulfilment of Celtic and Catholic ambitions would then have been inevitable. The Anglo-Irish lords at Ormonde's "beck and affinity" would not, perhaps, have pressed their countrymen's desires overharshly. But the next few years showed that ultramontaniam and land-hunger, the two great forces that had been the Irish leaders' instruments, were now to become their tyrants. Owen Roe O'Neill and Rinuccini's compact mass of semi-barbarians, was to play the part of Frankenstein's monster to the moderate Irish gentlemen who had called it into being. The fragile withes of constitutional government would soon have been burst asunder by this new and terrible creation. And the Protestant minority, church, and possessions must all have been swept from the land.

Undoubtedly, some will regret that the divorce between the two countries was not then consummated. The territorial and religious independence of Ireland would not, however, have been assured on an enduring basis. England could not have suffered her enemies, Irish and foreign, of a lower civilisation and a hostile creed to occupy so admirable a vantage ground for striking at her vitals. Nor, even if large numbers of Celts had faced Cromwell's Ironsides across the channel, could the conflict have been aught but further protracted and infinitely embittered. It is to the shame of our country and our people that whenever Irishmen crossed pikes with Englishmen, the whole character of the most humane of civil wars underwent a hideous transformation. The marks of Anglo-Saxon brutality are

indelibly impressed on the historic landscape of Ireland. Let us rejoice that no such memories confront us in the tranquil and mellowed serenity of our own happy land.

Intolerance was not the monopoly of Irish Catholics. Two bodies of Protestant agents, one of self-styled representatives led by Sir Charles Coote, the younger, and the other of officials, summoned from Dublin by the King himself, were at Oxford to guide the royal counsels.¹ The former presented a set of demands worthy of its mentor, "a bad egg from a bad crow," as the Irish called "the Raven's" son. In enumerating these preposterous claims, Carte waxes righteously indignant, though they do not vastly differ from those advanced by the official Commissioners. The ruthless character of the conditions was only equalled by its fatuity. A mere border of territory, generally following the sea-board, but not including the principal harbours, was now all that remained under England's control in Ireland. Yet the Protestant agents demanded that the Penal Laws should be applied against recusants with a severity hitherto unknown.² The Confederates were to be stripped of arms, fortresses, and authority. The sectional Parliament of Dublin was to enjoy exclusive powers of legislating for a country and a creed it did not represent; and the Oaths of Supremacy and Allegiance were to be imposed on all its members. A Protestant army was to be maintained, and, finally, Catholics were to make good all damage caused in the war, a penalty not enforced even by the Commonwealth Government. The cruel slave-driver revealed himself unabashed in these requisitions, and, in comparison, Muskerry and his colleagues were plausible and forbearing. Vainly did the Committee appointed to deal with Irish affairs exhort the Commissioners to withdraw terms which a conqueror could scarcely have imposed. The delegates replied that no other would be acceptable to Irish Protestants, and that they were content to leave ways

¹ "Cambrensis Eversus," vol. iii. p. 93.

² Gardiner, "History of the Great Civil War," vol. i. pp. 334-5.

and means to the King and his ministers. In his exasperation, Digby vowed that such perversity must be the outcome of madness or malice; while Sir George Radcliffe,¹ Strafford's former secretary, took a yet gloomier view of their code of ethics. It must be confessed that the latter had some justification for his melancholy conclusions, for on enquiring how, failing the King's assistance, they proposed to get the remainder of the English out of Ireland, if they rejected the offers of the Confederates, he received the startling answer: "by keeping the Irish Agents in England till it is done."² With pardonable indignation, Radcliffe burst out "that he had rather advise the King to lose Ireland, than to break his faith with the Irish Agents, who came to treat with them upon his word." The rebuke was not unmerited, but it is doubtful whether it carried shame to minds demoralised by savage strife and bitter fanaticism.

Charles had little to give, which could compensate either side for that he was compelled to refuse. Indeed, the concessions he now offered were mainly those, which would have been inscribed on the Statute Book, had the Ulster massacres not forestalled the promised reforms. He refused to affirm the independence of the Irish Parliament, the sole question on which both parties were agreed. Neither would he annul the ordinances, attainders, and indictments enacted by that assembly since the year 1641. But he promised his assent to a general pardon and Act of Oblivion, if these measures were transmitted to him by the Lord-Lieutenant and the Privy Council. With regard to the Penal Laws, he took refuge in conciliatory and amiable remarks, avoiding a distinct pledge. The agents were then dismissed, and Charles began to shuffle off on Ormonde the odium of making peace between subjects whom he had found irreconcilable.

A month previously, Digby had put the situation before Ormonde with commendable frankness.

"Everyone that is faithful to the King's interests," he

¹ Carte, vol. vi, p. 109. Digby to Ormonde, 6th May, 1644.

² Cox, "Hibernia Anglicana," vol. ii. pp. 141-2.

said, "apprehendes the necessitye of a peace, both for the preservation of the Protestants in Ireland and the support of our affayres heere; but everyone alsoe is seeking, as the ape did, to pull the chestnut out of the fire with the puppy's foote, and to cast off the council of granting the Irish anything at all, to his neighbour."¹

No man can desire to discharge the functions of a cat's-paw, or "puppy's foote," and, despite his loyalty, Ormonde must have recalled the Secretary's words with some bitterness, for he pointed out to Digby that it would be hard to find Commissioners, in Ireland, who would "take upon them" to conclude what the King in person, assisted by his council and a body of picked Irish councillors found difficult. If the people of England, moreover, either from national pride, or resentment of their countrymen's sufferings, showed such reluctance to associate with the Irish, how could the English in Ireland, who had experienced those very affronts and injuries, be induced to acquiesce in a settlement, that could not be avowed across the Channel?² In reply Digby could merely urge that,

"at this conjuncture of time, it is the part of a gallant minister to serve his master in great streights and difficulties, by easing him of those burdens, that would lye heavy upon them."

Here, at last, was plain speaking; and Charles himself did not seek to put a gloss on the services he required of his Lord-Lieutenant.

"I am not ignorant," he confessed to Ormonde, "how hard a part I put upon you in transferringe to you the treatye, and the power to conclude a peace with the Irish; nor would I have you ignorant of that necessity in the condition of my affaires heere, which enforces mee to it; and therefore I have commanded Digby to informe you more at large. I shall onely say thus much to you, that I consider you as a person soe entirelye addicted to my service, as that you will not be deterred by difficulties from what may soe much conduce to it, as the easinge

¹ Carte, vol. vi. p. 119. Digby to Ormonde, Oxford, 9th May 1644.

² *Idem*, p. 153. Ormonde to Digby.

me at present of that treatye; wherein if I should doe that heere, which perhaps may be necessarye there (even to the preservation of the kingdom) it might through indisposition heere, be of dangerous consequence to the maine of my affaires. And I am very confident that you will be secured from all apprehensions touchinge yourselfe in the resolution to runne the same fortune with mee, which if it please God that it prove good, you may promise yourself such a part in, as may bee obtained by your havinge me for.—Your most assured constant friend,
CHARLES R.”¹

A more ingenuous invitation to assume the office of scapegoat can seldom have been addressed to mortal man. Nor, three short years after Strafford's doom, can the pains and penalties thereby entailed have been regarded as trivial. But King and Minister had chosen their arguments well. No appeal to his magnanimity was ever vainly made to Ormonde. In all truth, he told Digby that after the King's powerful assurances

“that my inconsiderable safety should depend upon his, there could remaine no shadow of feare in mee, unless I had a wishe to outlive the service of soe greate and goode a master, and of monarchy itself; and certainly I shall pray against such a life, as heartilye as against any death.”²

Ormonde, therefore, dutifully prepared to fit on his own back the “burdens that would lie heavy” upon the Sovereign, but his devotion did not blind him to the dangers which beset the cause of peace, many of which were of the King's own making. He avowed that he had little ground to hope that a peace honourable to the King, and offering just and reasonable satisfaction to Protestant subjects would be effected, or that the Irish would agree to a Cessation save upon terms as destructive as a new war.³ Neither did he accept without protest the envoy sent over by the King in charge of the commission for the treaty. With downright asperity, unlike his habitual deference for royal decisions, he describes the chosen

¹ Carte, vol. v. p. 7. King to Ormonde, Bath, 17th July 1644.

² *Idem*, p. 208. Ormonde to Digby, 19th October 1644.

³ *Idem*, vol. vi. p. 185. Ormonde to Digby, Dublin Castle, 30th July.

bearer, Sir Brian O'Neill, as a person "of small esteeme and not att all gracious to the English. A man with whom I dare not otherwise deale than at the stave's end."¹ Since Charles's agents were frequently entrusted with secret negotiations infinitely more delicate than their ostensible missions, Ormonde had some reason for vexation. Recently, however, the King had committed an error of judgment, which dwarfed all others. It is no exaggeration to say that Lord Inchiquin's abilities, joined to his large following, made him the most important personage on the English side in the south of Ireland. Without the title, he wielded the authority and influence of the President of Munster, and Charles owed a large number of recruits, lately shipped from that province, to his exertions. In the course of the spring, he arrived at Oxford, warmly recommended by Ormonde, and confident that he would at once be promoted to the office of President of Munster. Unluckily, Murough O'Brien had enemies at court; and Charles, who had given away the post to the Earl of Portland, refused to cancel the appointment in the Irishman's favour.² "As full of anger as his buttons would endure," Inchiquin returned to Ireland. His evident discontent alarmed Ormonde, who did all in his power to pacify him, but without success. The announcement of Lord Portland's arrival in Munster set the seal on his resolve. Inchiquin was determined to receive no orders from the new President, and in July he transferred his services to the Parliament. By way of celebrating his secession and under the pretext that they were plotting the betrayal of his garrisons, he expelled all Roman Catholic householders from Cork, Youghall, and Kinsale and seized their goods. Parliament naturally welcomed so useful an ally. His example was shortly imitated by Lord Esmond, the Governor of Duncannon, both noblemen declaring war on the Irish and causing their troops to adopt the Covenant. Thus, at a crisis

¹ Carte, vol. vi. p. 179. Ormonde to Digby, 22nd July 1644.

² *Idem*, p. 38. Arthur Trevor to Ormonde, Oxford, 19th February 1643.

when it was essential for Irish Protestants to present a united front to the enemy, Ormonde was sadly hampered by grave defections.

On September the 6th the Irish Commissioners began to discuss terms with the Lord-Lieutenant.¹ An extension of the Cessation was at once arranged, and the envoys then addressed themselves to their labours. Their main demands, comprised in seventeen articles, can be roughly catalogued under six heads, viz., an Act of Oblivion, and the annulling of all outlawries and attainders; the suspension of Poynings' Act, and the declaration of the Irish Parliament's independence; the resignation of Crown claims made to lands since 1634, with reinstatement of ancient proprietors; the enactment of the Act of Limitation of 1623-4, and the abolition of the "insupportable oppression"² of the Court of Wards. On his part, Ormonde required the surrender of all towns, castles, and ammunition detained by the Confederates, and the renunciation of their novel administration of the kingdom; payment to the King of all customs and rents due before October the 23rd, 1641, and of the remainder of the £30,000 promised at the Cessation; and the reconstruction of castles and houses, demolished contrary to articles of capitulation. He likewise demanded the restoration of Protestant clergy to their houses and churches, with an interim allowance of half the tithe corn; and that churches and cathedrals, defaced by Roman Catholics, should be restored to their original condition.

The repeal of the Penal Laws and the suspension of Poynings' Act with its corollary, Irish legislative independence, were in truth the chief points at issue. The manner of making the Act of Oblivion legal,³ the terms on which the King could afford to abolish the Court of Wards, and to cede his landed rights,⁴ were all matters susceptible of bargaining and of adjustment. It was far different with the other measures, which struck at root principles. Ormonde,⁵ indeed, affirmed that the

¹ Carte, vol. iii. p. 131.

² Gilbert, "Confederation," vol. iii. pp. 277-293.

³ Carte, vol. iii. p. 133.

⁴ *Idem*, p. 138.

⁵ Gilbert, "Confederation," vol. iii. p. 293.

suspension of Poyning's Act could only be effected by the joint legislative action of both countries. But the real impediment lay in the prejudice, which Charles confessed such a step would bring upon himself. In plain English, it must profoundly estrange Protestants from the King. It followed that if the mere suspension of a statute had this result, the declaration of the Irish Parliament's independence would be infinitely more disastrous. Ormonde could not approve, nor Charles grant, the petition. For the same reason, the King could not even declare the Acts respecting Ireland, passed since 1641 by the "pretended" Parliament of England, to be null and void. He could only undertake to protect individual Roman Catholics from injustice.

To any thoroughgoing measure of toleration the meticulous Protestant conscience was again a barrier. Ormonde took refuge in the statement that His Majesty must advise before consenting to the repeal of the Penal Laws, but he offered to suspend the High Commission Court, to withdraw the Oath of Supremacy, to issue permission by proclamation, for the private exercise of Catholicism, and to throw all offices open to Romanists.¹ Although he expressed the hope that these concessions would abundantly satisfy the Confederates, he must have known how illusory was that hope, since Roman Catholic demands already extended to the abrogation of statutes restricting Papal jurisdiction. Charles could not grant their repeal, nor, at this juncture, could he promise that the Penal Laws should become a dead letter. To various minor requests the King gave his assent, but it reflects sadly on Irish ideals that these comprised the abolition of Strafford's statutes, prohibiting ploughing by the tail and burning oats in straw.²

On their side, the Confederates assured Ormonde that they would resign the administration of the island as soon as the settlement of Irish affairs was concluded. They professed themselves willing to restore all the royal

¹ Gardiner, vol. ii. p. 163.

² Ormonde did not then actually grant their abolition, but agreed to suspend them till the meeting of a Free Parliament.

possessions, and to cancel all arrears of rent and customs due previous to August the 7th, 1641 ; but they maintained that the balance of the promised £30,000 was already overpaid. The restoration of Protestants, lay and clerical, to their estates they made dependent on reciprocal treatment. In fact, it was not until the burning questions of the Penal Laws, Poyning's Act, and the General Pardon came to be discussed that the negotiations finally broke down. It has been seen that Charles could not safely have given his assent to the two first measures. But to devise some legal means of enacting an Act of Oblivion, unstultified by exceptions, should not have passed the wit of man. Nor could this concession have had a demoralising effect on the population, since the Catholics declared themselves willing to bring to justice all murderers and malefactors.

In these circumstances, Ormonde was obliged to refer the disputed matters to the King, and, in October, a trusty band of delegates left Dublin for that purpose.¹ Ormonde was the more anxious for precise directions, since he had hitherto been left unassisted to grope his way through the negotiations. In fact, the disadvantages entailed by the persistent silence at headquarters were so serious that Ormonde was led to remonstrate warmly on the subject. Nor was the request for adequate instructions his sole petition on this occasion. He earnestly entreated permission to resign his office. He had always warned the King that it would be more difficult for one of their own countrymen to compass a satisfactory pacification with the Irish ; and his prediction was now being verified.² The Confederates, knowing that Ormonde's interests were identified with the cause of Peace, firmly believed that, in time, he would be driven to concede many points, that a stranger could refuse without risk of personal loss. His own finances, too, had come to so low an ebb that he saw the moment rapidly approaching when, for want of bread, he would either be forced to quit his post, or submit to

¹ Carte, vol. vi. p. 209. Ormonde to Digby, 17th October 1644.

² *Idem*, vol. iii. p. 139.

the insolence of Irish or Scottish foes. He humbly prayed to be spared the choice of such dishonours.

The reasons, which Ormonde advanced for his resignation, were grounded on stubborn facts; but the prospect of the invidious position he would occupy at the conclusion of the peace was, doubtless, also eminently distasteful to his candid spirit. The Penal Laws would still be inscribed on the Statute Book, though it would be his part to contrive their evasion. In such a case Strafford would not have hesitated, and there would have been no suspicion of double-dealing in his attitude, for to men like him, conscience, self-interpreted, is the Supreme Court of Appeal. Strafford felt himself endowed with the power to loose or bind, regardless of law and ordinance and public opinion. For good or ill, Ormonde was cast in a different mould. His association with the Great Proconsul had not taught him to forswear his natural instincts. Considering his birth and surroundings, he cherished an amazing, an almost disconcerting, respect for legality. With all his loyalty, he could not relish the atmosphere of ambiguity in which Charles delighted, any more than forty years later he would aid and abet James II. to override Acts of Parliament by the mere exercise of his "dispensing power."

A message from Muskerry, which reached the King at the same period, must have been less unwelcome to Charles than Ormonde's petition.¹ The growing pretensions of the clerical party in the Supreme Council could not fail to alarm Muskerry and his friends. Despite their former protestations, they consequently declared themselves ready to waive the immediate repeal of the Penal Laws, if Charles would give full security for the lives and property of Irishmen. The Sovereign's delight at the proposal was unfeigned. In characteristic fashion he sought to enlist Ormonde's participation by appealing to his sense of self-interest, pointing out, with childlike subtlety, that no better remedy could be found for the sad condition of the Marquis's particular fortunes than a

¹ Gardiner, vol. ii. p. 163.

speedy peace in Ireland, "Wherefore," he continued, "I command you to despatch it out of hand."¹ Rather than risk a relapse into war he was ready to grant any additional demands which the Irish might make, the repeal of the Penal Laws and the suspension of Poyning's Act excepted. Meanwhile, on the Roman Catholics remaining obedient, and as a proof of his gratitude, he "commanded" Ormonde not to put the Penal Laws into execution.² Further, Charles declared that when, with the help of his Irish subjects, he was restored to his rights he would consent to the abolition of the invidious statutes "by a law. But," he concluded, "all those against Appeals to Rome and Premuniry must stand."

Of Ormonde's coveted release from office there was no question. Less than ever could he be spared from a post, where soon his personality alone would intervene between the Protestants and their triumphant foes. Neither could he hope for financial assistance from the empty treasury at Oxford. Charles, however, showed a sense of his obligations by appointing a committee to examine Ormonde's disbursements for the royal service. For every thousand thus expended, the Marquis and his heirs were to receive a hundred a year secured on Crown manors. The King's good intentions were laudable, but the whole transaction confirms the axiom that high interest means bad security. It was well that Ormonde's reckless sales and mortgages of his fair domain had been prompted by no hope of gain.

Inchiquin's alliance with Parliament had not brought him the aid he anticipated. In fact a certain ridicule attached to his position since, directly after his grandiloquent declaration of war, he had been forced to solicit a truce from the Irish.³ Lord Esmond was in the same plight, and as his raids had exasperated the Confederates, he was not even so lucky as Inchiquin. On the eve of his secession, fearing that the Lord-Lieutenant's troopers might oppose his surrender of Duncannon to Parliament,

¹ Carte, vol. v. p. 9. King to Ormonde, Oxford, 18th January 1644-5.

² *Idem*, vol. ix. King to Ormonde.

³ *Idem*, vol. iii. p. 154.

he had refused succour from Ormonde. He was therefore ill-equipped to resist the Confederates' forces; and in March, after a protracted blockade, he was reduced to capitulate to Preston, dying himself a week later.

This was not the only check the Puritans received during the winter and early spring of 1645. A conspiracy fomented by Alice, Lady Moore, the widow of one of Ormonde's bravest lieutenants, and the mother of the actual governor of Dundalk, well-nigh brought about the betrayal of both that place and Drogheda to Munroe in January. It was not alone by a vast expenditure of pious cajolery that Lady Moore endeavoured to gain the adhesion of the various commanding officers. This redoubtable matron herself superintended the forging of false keys to admit Munroe into Drogheda, but, despite the masterly character of the design, at the eleventh hour, the plots were discovered and defeated, and Lady Moore was sent under guard to Dublin. Happily for her, she had to deal with a singularly gallant viceroy. Moreover, the discovery that his old friend Sir Patrick Wemyss, though cognisant of the intrigue, had kept silence for fear of injuring his wards, the children of Lady Moore, may have made that lady's sins appear almost venial in comparison. Sir Patrick had done much to bring about Ormonde's marriage, and, in return, the Lord-Lieutenant had admitted him to the closest intimacy. In fact, he had chosen Sir Patrick as guardian to the son and heir who already filled so large a place in all his ambitions, and he had frequently employed the Scotsman to carry confidential messages to the King. In the course of these missions Wemyss must have ingratiated himself with Charles, for the King and Lord-Lieutenant had vied with one another in showing Wemyss favours and good offices. Ormonde felt that Sir Patrick's concealment of the conspiracy was consequently "lesse pardonable, than the contrivance and action of others lesse obleeged."¹ But though he could not condone the knight's backslidings he did not fail to plead for him in the proper quarter.

¹ Carte, vol. vi. p. 231. Ormonde to Clanricarde, Dublin Castle, 16th January 1644-5.

"I shall beseech your lordship," he wrote to Digby, "when you finde Sir Patrick Wemyss among the delinquents, to call to minde hee is not the first trust breaker, nor I the only man soe deceived since these tymes of triall. I shall not extenuate his fault to excuse my folly in saying hee yet only appears a concealer; for, that, in him, I take to be worse, than the plotting was in another. I leave him to His Majesty's judgment, whoes pardon I most humbly begg if my mistake hath been any part of the cause that His Majesty hath misplaced his trust and bounty."¹

It was to Ormonde's credit that he pleaded Wemyss's cause with the King, for he felt he had good reason to complain of Wemyss, whose silence regarding the base treacherous plot, he told Sir R. Stewart, had endangered both his life and honour.² Charles was not, however, so placable as his Deputy desired.

"I doe particularly recommend unto you," he angrily replied, "though contrary to my nature, severitye against Sir Patrick Weames if he be found guiltye; his ingratitude being as odious as his treason. But I am far from blaming you," he adds, "for havinge misplaced obligations, havinge myselfe soe often been deceived in the same kinde."³

Ultimately, Sir Patrick was deprived of his custodiams, but does not seem to have been otherwise severely punished.

It was not merely Lady Moore's machinations that gave Ormonde cause for anxiety in the early weeks of the new year. Captain Swanley, the commander of the Parliament's naval squadron, notorious for the noyades of whole shiploads of Irish recruits captured at sea, possessed friends in Dublin ready to facilitate his seizure of the town.⁴ Ormonde had notice of the design, and took timely steps to prevent a surprise, but when his own familiar friend proved untrustworthy he must have

¹ Carte, vol. vi. p. 243. Ormonde to Lord Digby, Dublin Castle, 4th February 1644-5.

² Carte MSS., vol. xiv. p. 32. Ormonde to Sir R. Stewart, Dublin Castle, 30th March 1645.

³ Carte, vol. v. p. 12. King to Ormonde, Oxford, 24th-25th February 1644.

⁴ *Idem*, vol. iii. p. 146.

felt the Deputy's chair to be a siege perilous. In spite, too, of the successive failures of these various conspiracies, their mere existence denoted how critical were matters with regard to the Protestant party. Clearly, delicate and even dexterous handling of these sensitive spirits was desirable if an open revolt was to be averted.¹

In 1644, Ormonde had rejected the entreaties of Clanricarde and the Confederates to proclaim Munroe and his allies rebels. And, in the course of time, his persistent conciliation appeared to evoke a less hostile disposition in the Ulster forces, though, meanwhile, an evil fate seemed to attend all efforts to conclude a Pacification. On their return journey, in January, the official Irish Commissioners despatched to the King were made prisoners. It was not until March that a new envoy bearing the royal instructions succeeded in reaching Dublin, the conference being thus, perforce, adjourned till May; and during this period, and for some months longer, the condition of Ireland, north, west, and south, was far from happy.

In the beginning of April, Inchiquin's truce with the Confederates expired, but he was unable to take the field, and, entrenched behind the walls of Cork, had to look on while Castlehaven wasted the surrounding country and burned the English harvests. This state of affairs lasted until September, when Lord Broghill contrived to relieve Youghal, and Castlehaven and his force dispersed. Hitherto, Connaught had been spared the worst horrors of civil strife. The inhabitants, it is true, had suffered from Scottish raids, but these were sporadic, and not, as elsewhere, chronic evils; and, if the Confederates had accepted Ormonde's proposal to undertake the defence of the province, they could have been ended. It was not long before the Supreme Council regretted their refusal of his offer. In the autumn, the long-rumoured union between the English and Scottish forces in the north became an accomplished fact. The alliance seemed at first likely to advance the royal cause, but the alarm it created in England roused the Parliament to fresh

¹ Carte, vol. iii. p. 93.

exertions. They contrived to raise a large sum for distribution in Ulster, and despatched Sir Charles Coote as President to Connaught. The man and the money accomplished their appointed tasks. Coote arrived in June, persuaded the British regiments to join him, and marched into Connaught, spreading havoc on his way.

Anxious as Ormonde had been to avoid coming to blows with the northern soldiery, he could not permit so gross a violation of the truce, and he entrusted Lord Taafe with the task of repressing the invaders. Hundreds of countryfolk flocked to their avengers' standard, and various fortresses were stormed and cleared of their marauding crews. One of the worst of these robber strongholds was Tulske, where Captain Robert Ormesby had earned an infamous notoriety.¹ He had long set the Lord-Lieutenant's summons to surrender at defiance, coupling the refusal with gross and abominable abuse of Ormonde. The fitness of things required that the sentence of hanging, which was pronounced by his captors, should be straightway executed. But the very fact that he had grave personal grounds of complaint against Ormesby seems to have appealed to Ormonde's sense of generosity. Moreover, as he told Lord Dillon, although he was not sure whether Ormesby had been given quarter or not, he was convinced that "to put him to death in cold blood was an ill-prescription for others."² He therefore hastily ordered a reprieve, and fearing that lynch law might defeat his leniency, committed the ruffian to Clanricarde's safe keeping. There are few actions of Ormonde's which are more difficult to justify than this piece of misplaced magnanimity. The lawlessness of the English and Scottish bands called for condign punishment, and Ormesby's crimes should have put him outside the pale of forgiveness.

In narrating this episode, which belongs to the summer, we have anticipated the order of events. By the spring, public attention was naturally riveted on the peace

¹ Carte, vol. iii. p. 171.

² Carte MSS., vol. xv. p. 446. Ormonde to Dillon, 10th August 1645.

negotiations. The failure of the Treaty of Uxbridge had caused Charles to centre his aims and hopes on aid obtained from Ireland, or foreign parts. With this object, he charged Ormonde not to forfeit any assistance "for such scruples, as in less pressing condition might reasonably be stucke at by me."¹ He was good enough to remark that the security of his Protestant subjects and the preservation of his royal authority were still matters of moment, but in the case of certain specified bills he professed himself prepared to suspend Poyning's Act, and immediately to repeal the Penal Laws. Indeed, he protested he would not think this a hard bargain

"soe that freely and vigorously they (the Irish) engage themselves against my rebels of England and Scotland, for which noe conditions can be too hard, not being against conscience and honour."

At first sight, it seems that these additional powers should have enabled Ormonde to compass an immediate peace, but the fact that they were to be kept secret practically nullified their value. Owing to various delays the month of May arrived, the General Assembly commenced its meetings, the terms had to be submitted to its discussion, and Ormonde, acting on Charles's injunctions, still did not disclose the full extent of the King's latest concessions. Had he been less reserved, however, it would have been of scant avail. Some months previously, the King's proposals would have fulfilled the Confederates utmost ambitions, but all through the winter and spring the fatal ascendancy of the clerical party had been growing in strength, and already the coming of the Nuncio seemed to cast a baneful shadow over their deliberations. It is true that the suspension of Poyning's Act no longer appeared so vital a question to the Confederates, since they believed the dangers which they had formerly dreaded could be otherwise eluded. But they insisted that the promotion of Roman Catholics should be numerical rather than individual. In other words, the appointment to office of

¹ Carte, vol. v. p. 258. King to Ormonde, 27th February 1644.

every Protestant was to be balanced by that of a native Catholic to a post of equal value, regardless of qualifications and personal merit. Considering the low standard of civilisation in Ulster, it is no wonder that Ormonde should have opposed a determined refusal to this new demand, though on other matters he yielded all along the line.¹ He undertook that the Penal Laws should not be executed—and it must be remembered that Ormonde's word was no slight pledge—while he confessed that he had qualms of conscience over the wholesale fashion in which he renounced the King's financial claims. He promised Acts of Limitation, reduction of royal rents with relief to proprietors aggrieved by plantations, and—in return for a fixed revenue of £12,000 per annum—the abolition of the Court of Wards. The vexed question of removing attainders and outlawries was also settled in accordance with the Confederates' wishes. Indeed, if the concessions regarding the Penal Laws had been amplified, Ormonde's proposals would have met the demands of the laity. But, as he had long since anticipated, the clergy were ill to satisfy. They now informed the Confederate gentlemen that they would be guilty of perjury if they did not take care expressly to stipulate for the retention of abbeys and churches. This announcement created a veritable tempest. The agents charged with the negotiations regarded it as a slur on their former proceedings, and their vigorous remonstrances wrought for a less unbending mood in the priesthood. Yet in spite of all the efforts of the Moderates, it was but a Pyrrhic victory, for the "Ormondists" could only induce the clergy to waive the insertion of an article in the Treaty, by promising that it should be, *de facto*, conceded. The restitution of Church lands was thus, as Clanricarde observed, "the greate rocke, that threatens shipwreck both to His Majesty and all men's interests in this kingdom."² That sane and reasonable nobleman himself caught the prevalent scrupulosity. He confessed it was a "greate obligation and tye on his

¹ Carte, vol. iii. p. 181.

² *Idem*, vol. vi. p. 298. Clanricarde to Ormonde, 4th June 1645.

conscience!" He could find no comfort save in the reflection that, although St Ambrose refused to yield his churches to heretics, the saintly Bishop held it unlawful to resist force with force. In the seventeenth century, quotations from the Fathers were generally auguries of coming trouble. On this occasion, however, the self-same patristic lore suggested a feasible compromise to one who, like Falkland, was ever ingeminating peace. Clanricarde proposed that no provision should be made regarding Church lands in the Treaty, so that at the restoration of peace they would, in the natural course of events, revert to the Anglicans. The device was ingenious, though Ormonde could only reply

"that the rocke wee are now fallen upon touching the Churches was never till now discovered to or by mee, either by what passed in publicke or private heere or in England; soe that in that particular I have no light of instruction or power of retracting from the essence of that proposition."¹

On June the 14th, 1645, was fought the battle of Naseby, but this supreme disaster to the royal cause did not rally the Confederates to the Monarch's side. His necessity was their opportunity; and when, in June, the Kilkenny envoys reached Dublin, their demands were more exacting than heretofore. The Confederates could no longer be appeased by the repeal of those Elizabethan statutes which pressed hardly on recusants. They now claimed the abrogation of all the legislation (including the statutes of Provisors, Appeals, and Præmunire) which Catholic monarchs of old had enacted to stem the encroachments of the Bishop of Rome. They also challenged the right to examine and redress injustices, perpetrated a generation previously in Ulster, while they remained insistent on the subject of retaining all Church property. Compared with the revolution thus outlined, the concessions that Ormonde felt himself empowered to offer, appeared singularly paltry. He was forced to refer to the King, whose answer did not arrive before the envoy's departure

¹ Carte, vol. vi. p. 299. Ormonde to Clanricarde, Dublin Castle, 9th June 1645.

for Kilkenny. Neither the Lord-Lieutenant nor the Irish were, however, then left in doubt as to the King's sentiments.¹ Digby informed Muskerry that if the state of the Sovereign's

"affairs were much more desperate than it is, he would never redeem them by any concession of soe much wrong to his honour and conscience. It is for the defence of his religion principally that he hath undergone the extremityes of warre here, and he will never redeeme his crowne by sacrificing it there."

Toleration the Catholics should have, equality of treatment and opportunity in matters educational, professional, and political, but Charles would not sanction the transference of the privileges of the Anglican Church to its Roman rival.²

In almost identical phrase, the unhappy King personally announced the same resolve to Ormonde. The only advance on his previous instructions was the permission he accorded to Papists, in villages where they formed a clear majority, to own and use chapels for their devotions. But if the Irish took so unworthy an advantage of his weak condition as to force him to do that which he could not grant with a safe conscience, and rejected peace on other terms, he commanded Ormonde merely to procure a further cessation.

"If not," continued James I.'s son and pupil, "make what divisions you can amongst them, and rather leave it to the chance of warre between them and those forces you cannot bring to my assistance. I know, Ormonde," the King concluded, "that I impose a very hard task upon you, but if God prosper me, you shall be a happy and a glorious subject; and if otherwise, you shall perish nobly and generously with him and for him, who is your constant, reall, faithfull friend. C. R."

Undoubtedly, in the summer of 1645, the second of the two alternatives adumbrated by the King appeared

¹ Carte, vol. vi. p. 310. Lord Digby to Muskerry, 1st August 1645.

² *Idem*, p. 306. The King to Ormonde, Cardiff, 31st July 1645.

the more likely of fulfilment. In fact, judging from a letter written by Ormonde a few weeks later to Sir Philip Perceval, he himself anticipated no better fate than to "perish nobly and generously" with the Sovereign. Writing of himself in the third person, he says,

"the gentleman you mention . . . is resolved with what danger soever, and to the best of his knowledge to discharge the trust reposed in him; and I have heard him lately say that in the oaths hee hath taken (which are the same taken by others, who perhaps are of a differing opinion) he finds not his faith tied to the King's fortunes, but to his person and authority. Yet I have heard him alsoe say that, even in this way, he hath preserved more footing for the interest of England and been the occasion of subsistence, at least, to as many Protestants, as any that hath most bragged thereof or pretended thereunto. Withall I am sure noe man whatsoever wishes the peace of England more heartily than hee, though it were such a one as would promise noe safety to him. . . . Sir, to be short, my opinion of him is that he will rather chuse to suffer by being deserted by, than to preserve himselfe by deserting of the King, yet he is more a friend to himselfe and his than to refuse any way that may stand with honour."¹

¹ Carte, vol. vi. p. 326. Ormonde to Sir P. Perceval, 29th October 1645.

CHAPTER IX

THE GLAMORGAN INCIDENT

ALTHOUGH the situation with which Ormonde was forced to cope had hitherto been wanting neither in complications nor problems, his perplexities were now infinitely multiplied by the King's action—an action which has provided food for endless speculation and argument. I do not pretend to elucidate the mystery of the Glamorgan incident, which others far more competent than myself have failed to unravel. But no history of James Butler would be complete without some account of this curious episode, and I must therefore indicate the points that emerge from a very ocean of fog.

The preceding narrative has shown that Ormonde's policy of toleration to Catholics stopped short of any step that would make their Church hierarchy supreme in Ireland. He believed, and was assured by his legal advisers, that several of the Irish proposals only clumsily masked this design, to which he was determined to refuse his countenance. Charles's latest utterances regarding the Churches seemed to prove that he was no less resolute in this particular instance than his Lord-Lieutenant. Unlike Ormonde, however, who insisted on defining the utmost limits of his obligations, Charles would probably have preferred to leave the ugly outline blurred, trusting to luck, or, as he would have said, to Providence, to bring him out the gainer by the transaction. He knew that Ormonde alone possessed sufficient authority with the Protestant minority to carry through a pacification with the Irish rebels. Apart from gratitude, he was therefore unwilling to discard the Marquis, but, doubtless, he

sighed over Ormonde's ineradicable scrupulosity. And the Papist faction at home and abroad was not slow to impress on him, that it was mainly Ormonde's prejudices, which stood in the way of the coveted peace, and the ten thousand Irish swordsmen.

In this dilemma, the glorious optimism of Edward Somerset's¹ schemes was infallibly destined to seduce a monarch ever desirous to make the best of both worlds. The eldest son of the Marquis of Worcester, Edward Somerset, Lord Herbert, and his father were living refutations of the taunt that loyalty was incompatible with Catholicism; for Worcester had already ventured his fortune, his heir was to imperil his honour, for the Sovereign's sake. Intellectually, Lord Herbert was greatly the superior of the two men. Even if his claim to have invented the steam engine were now contested, the author of "A Century of Inventions," was something of a genius, though with the qualities, Edward Somerset had also the blemishes of the artistic temperament, and wanted the sturdy rectitude of the less brilliant Marquis of Worcester. Lord Herbert's vivid brain formed every alternative move and countermove of the game political with a rapidity that led his audience to mistake his versatility for shiftiness—an impression ever fatal to enduring ascendancy. In truth, unlike Ormonde whose chivalrous fortitude was never divorced from a virile sanity, Lord Herbert was overmastered by the intensity of his emotions, essentially noble though they were. Dowered with every charm and talent, he lacked judgment and a sense of proportion; and so endeared were his projects to him that the manner of bringing them to pass became immaterial. No one could doubt his devotion, but it was rather that of the zealous Jesuit than the gallant cavalier. Thus, to win the prelate's assent to his plans, he felt no shame in acting the sedulous slave to Rinuccini; but the chastisement that haunts insincerity did not tarry. The play turned to grim earnest, and, by his

¹ Edward Somerset, Lord Herbert, later created Earl of Glamorgan, eldest son of the Marquis of Worcester, well-known as the author of "A Century of Inventions."

very limitations, the shrewd and fierce Italian became the captain of Glamorgan's soul.

Lord Herbert's second wife was Margaret O'Brien, daughter of the Earl of Thomond, and in 1645 his interests in Ireland therefore provided Herbert with a plausible excuse for crossing to his wife's country. Nor would Charles have departed from his usual practice, had he employed one of their own faith merely to persuade the Catholic Confederates to waive demands they would not yield at a Protestant Viceroy's bidding.¹ This the King afterwards asseverated was his sole design, but it needs the robust faith of a non-juror—such as Carte—to accept the explanation. According to his own statement, Herbert hoped simultaneously to pour into England three army corps of Papists—Irish, Welsh, Flemish, and Lorrainers—numbering altogether twenty-six thousand men, and financed, at the rate of £30,000 a month, by the Pope and other Catholic princes. A treaty with the Irish was to form the first move in the elaborate undertaking. Nor was it to be divulged until Herbert could bring the King “into a posture and power to own his commands, to make good his instructions, and to reward his faithfulness and zeal therein.” Meanwhile, in order to effect the restoration of his King and his Church to their former majesty, Herbert was ready in his own words “to hazard a real exposing of myself to any expense or difficulty rather than my just design (the invasion of England by foreign mercenaries) should not take place; an effect,” he admits, “relishing more of a passionate and blind affection to His Majesty's service, than of discretion and care of myself.”

He was even prepared to remain under the ostensible ban of the royal displeasure until circumstances permitted Charles to allow full scope to that curious ethical instrument, his conscience. Herbert understood that the King would then give full religious and civil liberties to his Roman Catholic subjects and at the same time bestow the Princess Elizabeth, with an ample dowry, on his eldest son, Plantagenet Somerset. As a guarantee of this signal

¹ Clarendon S. P., vol. iii. p. 201. Glamorgan (when Marquis of Worcester) to Lord Clarendon, 11th July 1660.

favour, Herbert, moreover, received a patent of dukedom and promise of the Garter, both, however, to be held in abeyance, though he was immediately created Earl of Glamorgan, by which title he was henceforth known.

The portion of the patent, which conferred the title of Duke and the blue ribbon on Lord Herbert, was insignificant compared with other clauses in the batch of warrants he carried with him to Ireland.¹ Repetition should have staled their effect. Yet on examination, they still produce a feeling akin to stupor.

“Whatsoever you shall perform as warranted under our sign manual, pocket signet, or private mark,” runs the Commission of January the 12th, 1645, “or even by word of mouth, without further ceremony we do in the word of a King and Christian promise to make good to all intents and purposes, as effectually as if your authority from us had been under the Great Seal of England, with this advantage that we shall esteem ourself the more obliged to you for your gallantry in not standing upon such nice terms to do us service, which we shall, God willing, reward. And although you exceed what law can warrant, or any powers of ours reach unto, as not knowing what you have need of; yet, it being for our service, we oblige ourself not only to give you pardon, but to maintain the same with all our might and power.”²

As Mr Gardiner remarks these words are “perilously wide”;³ the Commission of March the 12th was equally extensive.⁴ Glamorgan was empowered to treat with the Confederate Catholics “if upon necessity any be to be condescended unto, wherein our Lieutenant cannot so well be seen in, as not fit for us at present publickly to own.”

In addition to these warrants, Glamorgan received a commission as Generalissimo of the army he proposed to levy;⁵ a power of recommendation to the office of Lord-Lieutenant, with the appointment of all subordinates,

¹ Birch, “An Enquiry into the Share which King Charles I. had in the transaction of the Earl of Glamorgan,” ed. 1756, pp. 22-7.

² *Idem*, p. 19.

³ “English Historical Review,” No. 2, 1887, p. 697. Charles I. to Earl of Glamorgan.

⁴ Birch, “An Enquiry into the Share which King Charles I. had in the transaction of the Earl of Glamorgan,” ed. 1756, p. 21.

⁵ *Idem*, p. 25.

blank patents of nobility, and a royal autograph letter for delivery to the Nuncio when he should arrive in Ireland.

The fact that the commissions were sealed with the King's pocket signet, instead of the Great Seal, enabled Royalists to describe them as forgeries. Glamorgan's character should have saved him from the reproach. He himself said that he "did not stick upon"¹ having his Commission enrolled or assented unto by the Council—which was lucky, since no English Privy Councillor would have dared to subscribe the documents. The Great Seal was in Nicholas's keeping, but Endymion Porter, a Romanist, already suspected of participating in the evolution of Phelim O'Neill's forged commission, had the charge of the Pocket Signet. He could have none of Nicholas's scruples; and, thanks to his help and, perhaps, to Glamorgan's mechanical dexterity, the warrants were sealed with rollers instead of the ordinary screw-press. Glamorgan's powers for treating with the Pope and other sovereign princes were, he declared, purposely left in blank so that later he could insert names,

"to the end that the King might have a starting hole to deny the having given me such commissions, if excepted against by his own subjects; leaving me, as it were at stake, who for His Majesty's sake was willing to undergo it, trusting to his word alone."²

It is true, as Mr Gardiner has pointed out,³ that the question of the restitution of Church property had not arisen when Glamorgan started for Ireland. And, as it happened, this was the point on which Charles manifested no inclination to yield. It may also be said that the King believed that Glamorgan understood the extent of the concessions he was ready to make; and that he preached caution to his new ambassador. But Charles was not ignorant of the difficulties of communication between Ireland and England. He must have realised that, if overtaken by a sudden crisis, and confronted with

¹ Clarendon S.P., vol. ii. p. 201. Letter from Glamorgan to Clarendon.

² *Idem.*

³ Gardiner, "Civil Wars," vol. iii. p. 34.

unforeseen problems, Glamorgan might find it impossible to obtain fresh instructions. Yet he elected to despatch a man, for whose judgment he expressly said he could not vouch, in possession of plenary powers, to treat with the very people in whose demands a fellow Catholic must necessarily be deeply interested. Can it be that so long as he could plead ignorance of the decisions taken, he had no objection to be assisted, or, as he fancied, saved, in his own despite? As Glamorgan himself admitted, Charles retained "a starting-hole" to repudiate his plenipotentiary if the concession was one that he could not finally bring himself to grant. Blindness is sometimes a valuable asset in the concerns of life. Charles's honour can only be justified at the expense of his intelligence, and if he was not a knave, neither had the mantle of the Scottish Solomon fallen upon his shoulders.

No one was more devotedly attached to the Sovereign than Sir Edward Hyde. His attitude towards the Royal Martyr is rather that of an advocate than a judge, but when the story of Glamorgan's "strange powers and instructions" came to light, his comments are noteworthy. It cannot have been Glamorgan's indiscretions he describes, when he speaks of the Commissions as

"inexcusable to justice, piety, and prudence. I fear," he tells Nicholas, "there is very much in that transaction of Ireland, both before and since, that you and I were never thought wise enough to be advised with in. Oh! Mr Secretary, those stratagems have given me more sad hours than all the misfortunes in war, which have befallen the King, and look like the effects of God's anger towards us."¹

Glamorgan set forth on his quest in March, 1645, but, owing to a series of accidents, did not disembark in Dublin till August, where he was warmly received by Ormonde. The letter Glamorgan brought from the King, though couched in cordial terms, gave no clue to the Earl's real position, and it certainly did not suggest that Glamorgan carried the gift of Ormonde's office in his pocket. The King

¹ Clarendon S.P., vol. ii. p. 337. Clarendon to Nicholas, Jersey, 23rd February 1646.

told Ormonde that as Lord Herbert had private business in Ireland (which business he desired Ormonde to further as far as was lawful) he had thought well to engage his affection and duty in advancing the cause of peace.¹ He assured the Marquis that he could confidently use and trust Lord Herbert in that, or in any other thing he might propound for his service, since there was no one in whose honesty and zeal the King reposed greater confidence. To this unrestricted testimonial a cypher postscript was however appended. "His honesty or affection to my service will not deceive you," said Charles; "but I will not answer for his judgement."

On the 11th of August the General Assembly met at Kilkenny, and thither, with Ormonde's full approbation, Glamorgan bent his footsteps. At the same time, the Lord-Lieutenant sent Lord Muskerry a summary of the royal concessions. Therein, Ormonde reiterated his previous undertaking touching the civil immunities claimed by Irish Catholics, the Act of Oblivion, and the confirmation of the "Graces." As regarded matters ecclesiastical, he engaged to abolish the High Commission Court, and all abuses connected with Anglican Episcopal administration,² so that Roman Catholics should henceforward be undisturbed in the "quiet" performance of their religious duties and worship. But he still refused to repeal the statutes against Papal jurisdiction, believing that otherwise there would be no bar to the appointment of Papists to cures, or to their occupation of cathedrals and chapels.³ In taking up this position, he may well have been influenced by the fear that the formidable minatory powers of the Roman Church would not long be restricted to the domain spiritual.

He further promised that an "equal indifferency should govern His Majesty's choice of Roman Catholics and Protestants for his service."⁴ And, in proof of his sincerity, he offered to enrol four thousand foot and six hundred Irish horse in the royal army. It cannot be pretended that these offers fulfilled Catholic and national aspirations. Yet, since the Peace would put the Con-

¹ Carte, vol. v. p. 7. The King to Ormonde, Oxford, 2nd December 1644.

² *Idem*, vol. iii. p. 191.

³ *Idem*, p. 195.

⁴ *Idem*, p. 192.

federate Catholics in practical possession of the capital, and make them the predominant party in the new Parliament, they might have been well advised to accept Ormonde's proposals, as a first instalment of their full demands. Ecclesiastics are, however, notoriously prone to carry dogmatism from the pulpit into the business of life. This was increasingly the case in the General Assembly at Kilkenny. Nor, in their protests against compromise, did the priests lack the aid of the arm of flesh; for they were powerfully supported by the Ulstermen, who put little faith in the redress of their wrongs by the prospective Parliament. Moreover, the arrival of Glamorgan sadly hampered the Ormondists in their advocacy of the Lord-Lieutenant's terms; since it fatally confirmed the Confederates in the view, industriously fostered by Henrietta Maria's circle, that greater personages than Ormonde were ready to show themselves more generous than the Protestant Lord-Lieutenant.

On August the 25th, Glamorgan wrote to Ormonde in a strain calculated to impress the latter with the belief that he was keeping well within the province assigned him by the Lord-Lieutenant. He admitted that the delays in reaping the fruits of peace were disappointing.¹ But the Confederates' intentions were so excellent, that he hoped shortly to induce them to be content with the terms that Ormonde was both willing and able to offer, and for the rest to trust to His Majesty's goodness, "when they shall have performed their duties." Nothing could sound more satisfactory. Indeed, the only fear that Ormonde could reasonably have conceived from the letter was that Glamorgan's protestations of personal devotion were over many. He assured Ormonde that he never ceased to urge home on the Confederates "the true sense they should have of their happiness in possessing such a Lord-Lieutenant, who, if they would themselves, might make them happy." As for himself, he vowed that he found cheerfulness for his task in the "admirable and real sense" he discovered in Ormonde for the King's service, "without

¹ Carte MSS., vol. v. fol. 509. Glamorgan to Ormonde, 25th August 1645.

any other ends whatsoever, a *rara avis in terris*, and not to be generally found in His Majesty's Ministers of State."

The very day he indited this effusive epistle to Ormonde, Glamorgan subscribed a document absolutely in contradiction to its assurances.¹ Certain members of the Supreme Council had been already initiated into the secret of the commission, which he now proceeded to use for Charles's benefit. He pledged the King's word that Catholics should be allowed to celebrate their rites with freedom and publicity, and that they should retain all Church property, not actually in Protestant hands. He likewise undertook that all interference with the Roman Catholic priesthood or laity by the Anglican Church Courts should cease, and that on the meeting of Parliament these several engagements should be registered in the Statute Book. At first sight, the difference between Ormonde and Glamorgan's terms may not be apparent. To the men of that time it was, however, essential. Ormonde's terms ensured a larger measure of toleration to Romanists than any state, save Holland, at that period, accorded to its dissident subjects. And it might be hoped that its moderation, by making it less unpalatable to Protestant susceptibilities, offered guarantees of permanence. On the other hand, in Glamorgan's articles, equality was seen masquerading in the guise of toleration. Naturally, it was Glamorgan's proposals that alone found favour with the priests, and he was promptly rewarded with the promise of ten thousand recruits for the King's services. Until the said army was disembarked in England, and Charles was thus enabled to acknowledge his obligations, the Commissioners further agreed that the terms should be kept secret.

It must be admitted that in four-and-twenty hours Glamorgan contrived to box the political compass. For the next day he drew up and signed a new document which practically stultified his previous handiwork. By this "defeasance," as he styled it, Glamorgan protected himself against the assumption that in accepting the

¹ Birch, pp. 67-9.

bond he had signed the day before, he intended, in any way, to impose it on the King, otherwise than as His Majesty should be pleased to elect, after receiving that pledge of the Roman Catholics' fidelity and loyalty, the ten thousand recruits.¹ Yet, until he had endeavoured, as far as in him lay, to induce the King to grant the aforesaid terms, he promised upon his word and honour not to acquaint His Majesty with the defeasance. On their side, the Confederates agreed that if Charles did not subscribe the articles, they would hold Glamorgan discharged both in honour and conscience. They only stipulated that the Earl should not mention the defeasance to any person, whatsoever, without their consent.

The mystery of the defeasance does not consist so much in Glamorgan's rapid change of front, as in the cheerful assent of the Irish Commissioners to a postscript which might easily invalidate the text of the original bond. It has been said that the defeasance was Glamorgan's tacit avowal that he had exceeded his instructions. Misgivings he must have experienced, or he would not thus have risked the estrangement of his Irish allies, but had the latter believed they stood in danger of betrayal, they could hardly have shown so accommodating a spirit. Certainly, they gave no sign of repenting their bargain, since a fortnight later they took care that the Assembly should vote the covenanted recruits. The facility with which they subscribed the defeasance rather proves that they regarded it as a mere scruple of its author; while the Earl himself, though true to his system of shielding his master, may have argued that his Commission would not have been loosely drawn, had it not been intended to cover unspecified contingencies.

Meantime, the official treaty pursued its weary way. By the Confederates' desire it was resumed in September, and Glamorgan advised Ormonde to grant the fullest concessions he was authorised to make.² Ormonde was puzzled by the Confederates' wish to renew negotiations, which seemed to have hopelessly miscarried only two

¹ Carte, vol. iii. p. 201.

² *Idem*, p. 202.

months earlier. But he readily agreed that no clause should be construed into hindering the benefit of any further favours from the King, and, at the end of November, he once more earnestly appealed to the Sovereign for fresh instructions on the religious question. Before he could receive an answer, he was joined by Lord Digby, Charles's Secretary of State.

The King's irritation had been great on discovering that the Irish Privy Councillors were offering a determined resistance to the Peace. Ormonde had told Digby that a pacification concluded without, or against, the advice of that body, would be called "no Peace, but a countenancing of the Irish by the Royal authority against the English and Protestants, who will certainly disobey if the Council disavows the Peace."¹ Legally also, there were grave objections to passing acts through Parliament, which had not first received the Council's confirmation. Charles was enraged at the thought that "compliments and respects" should hinder a Peace, which every day became of such absolute necessity, and he peremptorily commanded Ormonde to execute the directions contained in his letter of the 27th of February. As for the recalcitrant Councillors, if they gave their assent, well and good. Otherwise, Ormonde must not hazard the Peace "or soe much as an affront by their foolish refusing to concur with him!" The episode probably brought home to Charles that Ormonde's difficulties lay no less in Dublin than at Kilkenny. The Secretary of State's presence would confirm the royal mandates. His silver tongue would not only spur Ormonde into defiance of Protestant prejudice, but might also convert the Lord-Lieutenant to the royal councils of opportunism. At the end of the year Digby therefore arrived in Dublin, and, by his own account, straightway fell under Ormonde's charin.² He told Hyde:

"The Marquis of Ormonde is not only the wisest young

¹ Carte, vol. vi. p. 321. Ormonde to Digby, 18th October 1644.

² Clarendon S.P., vol. ii. p. 201. Digby to Hyde, 5th January 1645-6.

man, but the most steady, generous and virtuous person that I have ever known. I conjure you, as you love virtue and as you love me, who have so little a share of it, build carefully by your diligent application upon those grounds, which I have laid for a friendship between you."

Unfortunately for Ormonde, and for Ormonde's master, Digby was not the only eminent individual attracted by the Treaty to Ireland in the closing months of 1645. On October the 11th the Papal Nuncio disembarked in the Bay of Killmair, and on the 12th of November he made a triumphal entry into Kilkenny.

Innocent X.'s Nuncio, Giovanni Battista Rinuccini, Archbishop of Fermo, who was to exercise so great an influence on Irish history, was typical rather of the Rome of Hildebrand than of the Latitudinarian city of Olympia Pamphili. The narrowness of his views made him singularly forcible in a society, where the atmosphere was one of compromise. Austere both in morals and doctrine, he was inaccessible to any distraction from the lifelong ambition of restoring Ireland to the obedience of the Holy See. But although cast in the iron mould of bigotry, he did not lack the graces of eloquence and learning. Nor was he tainted with the avarice that has sometimes beset eminent ecclesiastics. 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. Unhappily, natures impervious to gross temptations are not always steeled against subtler allurements. The dividing line between private and altruistic considerations is often ill to draw. Regarding himself as the representative of God's Vicegerent, Rinuccini treated any resistance to his decrees as rank sacrilege; while, the suggestion of an affront, adding intensity to his resentment, gave the aspect of a moral obligation,¹ to purely egotistic rancour. In fact, the Nuncio never disentangled his individual from his ghostly personality. Thus, when he learnt that some Irishman had drunk a health to the

¹ Cox, vol. ii. p. 200.

Trinity, viz. God, Owen Roe O'Neill (Rinuccini's ally), and the Nuncio, saying that whoever would not pledge it was a heretic, instead of reproving his votary, he rewarded him with a benefice. The scandal was considerable. Yet, setting aside the fact, that the Latin race approach things sacred with a familiarity abhorrent to Northerners, Rinuccini's action did not, probably, betoken intentional irreverence. 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. This was Rinuccini's case; and the Church of Rome cannot be said to have shown her usual sagacity in deputing such an ambassador to conclude a treaty, already bristling with contentious matter. But the error, eventually recognised by the Pope himself, was due, probably, less to misconception of Rinuccini's character, than to misapprehension of the political situation. From his instructions, it is evident that the Curia anticipated the unconditional triumph of the Faith in Ireland. As little as under Elizabeth, could the Italian priesthood appreciate the strength of the opposition such a consummation would evoke in Great Britain.

Rinuccini left Rome confident of receiving a public welcome from Henrietta Maria in Paris. The Queen, however, would only give him a private audience, and as the suggestion outraged the Nuncio's pride, no meeting took place. Despite her fervent Catholicism, Henrietta Maria recognised that the conclusion of the Peace would not be advanced by the Nuncio's journey to Ireland. Under the pretext of associating him in negotiations between the Confederates and herself she endeavoured therefore to retain him in France, but the impetuous Italian was not wanting in discernment. He penetrated the Queen's motives, broke away from Paris, and sailed for Ireland in October. When within sight of haven, his ship was chased and well-nigh boarded by a Parliamentary frigate. The accident of the latter's chimney catching fire alone saved him from capture. The frigate was forced

to lie to ; and whilst the flames were being extinguished, the Nuncio gained the shore, as the Romanist Castlehaven remarks, "to the great misfortune of the Confederate Catholics, and other good wits."¹ Sir R. Cox, the Protestant historian, is equally emphatic.

"Never were people more troubled at a disappointment than were the (British) seamen ; and yet scarce any disappointment was ever more lucky, for the Nuncio afterwards renewed the fatal distinction between the old Irish and the old English."²

From the outset, indeed, it was evident that the Nuncio was imbued with ideas that must check harmonious co-operation between himself and the Anglo-Irish gentry. And it must be remembered that although they could not muster the hordes of fighters, who answered to O'Neill's summons, they yet offered the best security for a permanent administration favourable to Irish Catholics. Before he left Rome, Rinuccini declared that he would not admit a single Englishman to his train.³ In fact, his dislike of the whole nation was so well known that during the voyage, when an English sailor happened to fall overboard, one of the Nuncio's followers bade the crew "leave him alone, as he was an Englishman."⁴ To the Confederates, who habitually boasted of their English descent, the Nuncio's attitude was scarcely gratifying. Mere prejudice was not, however, the sole cause of estrangement. Rinuccini had been charged to obtain from Roman Catholic proprietors the restitution of those ecclesiastical estates, whose secularisation had not been ratified by Cardinal Pole.⁵ After the sacrifices they had made for the Faith, such demands appeared exorbitant to the Confederates. Regretfully, the Papal scribe was forced to own that although Catholic landowners "have nothing new to learn

¹ "Castlehaven Memoirs," p. 62. ² Cox, "Hibernia," vol. ii. p. 153.

³ Borlase, p. 191.

⁴ Hist. MSS., Ormonde MSS., N.S., vol. i. p. 98. Examination of T. Webb, 9th October 1645.

⁵ "The Embassy in Ireland of Monsignore G. B. Rinuccini in the years 1645-9," translated by Annie Hutton, p. xlv.

on this head, few of them of their own accord desire to adjust matters with the Church." The situation was embarrassing. In comparison, the methods applicable to heretical proprietors were refreshingly uncomplicated; for, said Rinuccini, "Protestants must be taught that if they would live with a safe and untroubled conscience they must come to terms with the Church." Verily, it was not peace, but a sword the Nuncio had brought to Ireland.

Rinuccini had scarcely been a week in the country, before he felt the aversion he had conceived for the Anglo-Irish amply justified.¹

"I could perceive," he writes, "in spite of the genuflexions of the people, and the congratulations of the nobility, that the old party (mere Irish) welcomed me as the Minister of God, the new as the treasurer of the Prince."²

On arriving at Kilkenny, his house was thronged by Ulstermen, who recognised a congenial spirit in the Minister of God; while, on the contrary, Sir Nicholas Plunket, the Speaker of the Assembly, gave Rinuccini deep offence by receiving him standing. The circumstances of daily life at Kilkenny did not tend to soothe the Prelate's ruffled feelings.

"Monsieur le Nonce," writes the French Agent, Dumoulin, "is greatly irritated to find that instead of things being cheap here, as he was told, both lodging and provisions are twice as dear as in France."³

To a man accustomed to the refinements of Italian cookery, it must have been something of a trial that beef—which he abominated—was the only food to be procured easily, and at a moderate price. Before long, also, both he and his household contracted "la maladie du pays," as Dumoulin euphemistically terms a disease, known to our forefathers under a terser and more expressive name, and generally associated with the uncleanly habits of North Britain.

¹ Hutton, "Embassy," p. 490.

² Father D'Alton, "History of Ireland," vol. ii.

³ Gilbert, "Confederation," vol. v. p. 276. M. Dumoulin to Cardinal Mazzin, Kilkenny, 14th March 1646.

It does not say much for Glamorgan's penetration that he at first believed the "unbidden guest"—as Ormonde called Rinuccini—would gladly bestow his benediction on the Treaty. He must have been quickly undeceived. Rinuccini had been instructed immediately on his arrival, "dexterously to discover" suitable means, whereby Ormonde might be induced to surrender his strongholds to the Confederates.¹ The priest found it hard to believe that a man, who had received a Catholic education in his childhood, should retain no secret sympathy for the faith of his fathers. It was, therefore, a disagreeable shock to Rinuccini to realise that both the spiritual and mundane agencies, of which he disposed, were powerless over Ormonde. Henceforward, he honoured him with a hatred in which personal mortification played as great a part as the orthodox horror for a heretic set in high places. His original distaste for the "Ormondists," the moderate section of the General Assembly, great landowners, related by ties of blood and friendship to the Marquis, was probably intensified by his dislike to Ormonde. The natural desire of these gentlemen to safeguard their properties appeared almost criminal in the Italian's eyes, since he feared it would lead to concessions in religious matters. And he was resolved that not the smallest of the Church's privileges should be put into jeopardy. When the Ormondists ventured to assert that a war with Puritans became unlawful after the latter had returned to their allegiance, he was frankly scandalised.

"As if," he cried, "mere regard for the King could qualify heresy or purge the contagion which falsehood imparts to the soul, as if the aid granted by the Vicar of God could really benefit religion, when it was employed in the service of Protestants."²

Since "no human force can weaken this Ormonde league," he himself questioned "whether the utter ruin of the King and triumph of the Parliament would not be best for Ireland."³ There was a good deal to be said in

¹ Hutton, "Embassy," pp. l.-li.

² *Idem*, p. 543.

³ *Idem*, p. 145.

favour of treating with a Sovereign, married to a Catholic wife and on friendly terms with other "Christian" princes.

"But," he reflects, "I am alarmed at the general opinion of His Majesty's inconstancy and bad faith, which creates a doubt that whatever concessions he grants, he would never ratify them unless it pleases him."

Holding these views, and strong in his double capacity of God's Minister and the Prince's treasurer, he straitly refused to ratify a treaty, based on Ormonde's acceptance of the political articles, while those relating to religion were left dependent on Charles's acceptance of Glamorgan's secret compact. Had the Nuncio arrived at Kilkenny in a state of apostolic poverty, the Confederates might have hardened their hearts against his pious exhortations. But the swords, the petronels, the ammunition, the £12,000 he brought with him, as an earnest of the subsidies awaiting obedient sons of the Church, were eloquent arguments. Hitherto also, the laity had been the chief element in the Assembly, and the appointment to benefices had rested with the Supreme Council.¹ From Rinuccini's advent onwards, this system was reversed. 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. No single member of the episcopal flock was, however, more submissive than the Earl of Glamorgan. Indeed, after the certainty he had cherished of obtaining an easy ascendancy over the Nuncio, there is something humorous in his complete subjugation.² Almost breathlessly, Glamorgan agreed to Rinuccini's requisitions. Yet they were not trifling, including, as they did, an engagement that the political Treaty should remain in abeyance until Charles ratified Glamorgan's secret compact of August the 25th, and that this confirmation should immediately follow the landing of Irish troops in England. Rinuccini further stipulated that no Protestant was again to be appointed Viceroy; that Catholic bishops were to sit in the Irish

¹ Cox, vol. ii. p. 153.

² Gardiner, vol. iii. p. 40.

Parliament ; that Catholic ecclesiastical property was to be increased ; and that the Supreme Council was to retain its jurisdiction until Charles redeemed Glamorgan's pledges. There can be little doubt that, even to obtain relief for beleaguered Chester, the King could not, at this period, have approved such terms.

On the conclusion of these negotiations, Glamorgan set forth for Dublin to make the final arrangements regarding the relief force, which he so ardently desired to send to Chester. The Supreme Council's agents were still in Dublin, and Ormonde's promise that no clause of the Treaty should be construed into hindering further concessions from the King seemed to have done much to facilitate agreement.

It was Christmas Eve when Glamorgan arrived in the capital. But he was not destined to pass the festive season in an atmosphere of peace and goodwill. On the 17th of October the Roman Catholic Archbishop of Tuam had met his death in a skirmish outside Sligo ; and the Scots, who killed him, in rifling his pockets, discovered a copy of Glamorgan's Treaty with the Supreme Council. It is strange that the Covenanters did not make their sensational revelation earlier. Not until December the 22nd did a copy of the document reach Digby. He was aghast. On the 26th of December the Privy Council was called together, and Digby, honestly convinced that Glamorgan's commission was an impudent forgery, accused the Earl of high treason.¹

The scene that ensued must have been singularly dramatic, for Glamorgan instantly retorted "that he had done nothing without the privity of the Lord-Lieutenant." When we remember the composition of the Irish Council, and the suspicions many extreme Protestants had long harboured against him, it will be seen that had Ormonde not borne a character for unblemished veracity his position would have been intolerable. His admirable self-control also stood him in good stead.

"I am not conscious," he calmly told the Privy Councillors, "to myself, that I have transacted or given way to the

¹ Gilbert, "Confederation," vol. v. pp. 3-4.

transaction of anything in the whole treaty with the Irish, which I have not communicated to you: but I may be excused if I did not acquaint you with this underhand practice, this, upon my honour, being the first time that I ever heard of it. Now my Lord," said he, applying his speech to the Earl of Glamorgan, "your asseveration and my denial leaving the truth as obscure as to this contrivance of yours, it will be expected you should alledge some circumstance that may give us a further light to look into the matter. Have you any writing under my hand, which, in prudence, you ought to have demanded, to excuse you to the King my Master?"

The Earl could only reply in the negative; and on further enquiry, it transpired that his communication to Ormonde had consisted in handing over to him a sealed paper. After a few minutes reflection, Ormonde recalled the incident. It had occurred two months previously. But Glamorgan admitted that in entrusting the document to the Marquis, he had put Ormonde on his honour not to break the seal until he returned to England, or sent him fresh directions. Happily, Ormonde was a methodical person. He was able to remind Glamorgan that, in his presence, he had locked away the packet in the right-hand drawer of his desk. Again, Glamorgan acknowledged this was so. "Then there it lies since, untouched by me, and there," said the Lord-Lieutenant, turning to the clerk of the Council, Sir Paul Davis, and handing him the keys, "you should find it." The clerk departed on his errand. And meanwhile, the Council—not unnaturally—"sat silent, full of thoughts, not being able to conjecture what this mystery might produce." At length Davis returned with the letter, which was evidently still inviolate. By Ormonde's order, the clerk broke the seal. But, to the disappointment of all present, a sheet of paper was disclosed, "covered with many hundred figures of cartwheels, pothooks, stars, demicircles and such hieroglyphics." Davis, not unreasonably, begged to be excused expounding the riddle; and Ormonde

could not refrain from smiling as he asked the Council "to assist him with their advice in so intricate a matter." The paper, passed from hand to hand, at last reached Glamorgan, who then admitted that he had forgotten to leave his cypher with the Lord-Lieutenant. The mountain had brought forth a mouse. But Ormonde did not abuse his triumph. His comments were brief.

"I hope," he told Glamorgan, "your Lordship will remember these two things, the first is, that I have performed my promise in not opening your letter; the next is that in case I had opened it, you were so ingenious as to provide that I should not be able to decipher the secrets of it."¹

Ormonde was fully cleared from any participation in underhand practice. The Council was now free to concentrate their attention on Glamorgan.

In the Earl's impeachment, Digby led the van.² The Secretary vowed that "any such pretended authority from His Majesty must be either forged or surreptitiously gained"; or, that Glamorgan must have disregarded limitations governing his commission. He wound up by asserting that the King

"to redeem his crown, his own life, the lives of his Queen and children, would not grant to the Confederates the least piece of concessions so destructive both to his regality and religion."

After such a declaration from His Majesty's Secretary of State, the Council had no choice but to arrest and commit Glamorgan a close prisoner to the Castle.

The next day the Earl underwent a searching interrogatory. Unlike Ormonde, he was the reverse of orderly, and had no definite notions as to the whereabouts of the most important documents, or the identity of witnesses. He readily undertook, however, to produce the counterpart of the original treaty, and answered questions

¹ Gilbert, "Confederation," vol. v. p. 5. ² Carte, vol. iii. p. 203.

with evident good faith. He admitted that he had made large religious concessions to the Confederates; but

“conceived he hath done nothing but what he hath warrant for, and done without intention of prejudice to His Majesty’s peace and service, or to the Protestant religion, all circumstances considered.”¹

Nevertheless, he pointed out that the articles were not obligatory on His Majesty; although later he begged to qualify this statement by adding the rider, “and yet without any just blemish on my honour, my honesty or my conscience.”

The game of battledore and shuttlecock which he played with promises and defeasances did not, indeed, alarm Glamorgan’s sense of honour, as it might that of a plainer man.² From prison he wrote to his wife:—

“I need not tell you how clear I am and void of fear, the only effect of a good conscience; and that I am guilty of nothing, that may testify one thought of disloyalty to His Majesty, or of what may stain the honour of the family I come of, or set a brand upon my future posterity.”

He did, however, protest against the insinuation that he wished to obtain the viceroyalty at Ormonde’s expense. In fact, at a later period, he eagerly explained to the Marquis that he had merely declared the King’s intention of making him Ormonde’s successor in order

“to endear myself to some, the better to do His Majesty’s service.” But, he loftily continued, “it is no meaning of mine but to keep your Excellency in, during your life, and not to pretend unto it, or anything, in discrimination of your Excellency’s honour or profit; or derogating from the true anxiety and real service which I have professed, and will ever make good towards your Excellency.”³

Glamorgan was no Antrim. The imputation that, for personal ends, he was seeking to oust a loyal fellow-servant

¹ Dirck, “Life of the Marquis of Worcester,” p. 119.

² *Idem*, p. 127. Glamorgan to Lady Glamorgan.

³ *Idem*, p. 139. Glamorgan to Ormonde, 27th September 1645-6.

from the King's service was intolerable to him. He probably never realised that in obtaining his sanction to the treaty on false pretences, he was doing Ormonde a far greater wrong.

The Council and Ormonde were meanwhile less concerned in tracing the labyrinthine coils of Glamorgan's ethics than in vindicating those of their Sovereign. They told the King that they were "stricken with most wonderfull horror and astonishment to find soe sacred a majestie soe highly scandall'd and dishonoured."¹ They protested their firm conviction that His Majesty's piety and wisdom, his care of the Protestant religion and happiness of the kingdom would never have permitted him to grant Glamorgan authority to conclude this treaty. Yet they thought prudent to put on record its consequences, which, in their opinion, imported no less than an absolute surrender of the King's Ecclesiastical supremacy in the kingdom and, in its stead, the introduction of the full Papal power to the vast prejudice of the Protestant clergy. It would also spell utter ruin to the latter, and would prove a mighty hindrance in point of profit, right and interest to very many of His Majesty's subjects, leading to as many general mischiefs in the civil as in the Ecclesiastical government. After receiving their despatch, Charles could not plead ignorance of his Privy Council's judgment.² The Council were, however, not more vehement than Digby. He vowed

"that for himself he would rather imperil the lives of his wife and sons than advise the King to yield more than was just; knowing that if the Protestants, who serve His Majesty, found him at all inclined to confirm Glamorgan's articles they would have taken him by the neck and thrown him out of the window."

It was perhaps fortunate for Glamorgan that Ormonde, and not Digby, was in command at the Castle. Otherwise in the first moments of exasperation, the Earl's treatment

¹ Carte, vol. vi. p. 335. Lord-Lieutenant and Council to King, 5th January 1645-6.

² "Embassy," p. 109. Nuncio to Pamphili, 1st January 1646.

might have been harsher. By December the 30th, however, Glamorgan had regained possession of his papers. They were handed over to Ormonde, who having sent copies of the incriminated warrants to the King, then restored Glamorgan to comparative freedom.

It would be interesting to know what, in his private capacity, Ormonde thought of Glamorgan's startling allegations. As Lord-Lieutenant, he joined the Council in stoutly protesting his disbelief in the Earl's Commission. No other attitude was consistent with his sense of duty. But he had already undergone much inconvenience from Charles's propensity for amateur diplomacy. He realised the impatience aroused by his own determination to make peace only on clear issues. He was too shrewd not to reckon up the possibilities in his disfavour. And it is worthy of note that, at a crisis calling apparently for detailed exposition of his personal views, he contented himself with the briefest of letters to the King. He referred Charles for information to the official despatch, concluding, in words, that bore, perhaps, a double meaning, "there remains nothing for mee to add, but my continued, and, to your Majesty, unprofitable profession, of my being your Majesty's most faithful and most humble subject and servant."¹

If, indeed, he let doubt enter his constant soul, Ormonde must have suffered cruelly at the thought that the King had used his loyalty as a decoy, but, whatever his conjectures, he kept silence.

In their despatch to Charles, the Council had expressed a lively fear that the writing found on the Archbishop's body must shortly be divulged. Their perplexity and trouble of mind on this score was no overstrained alarm. On the 17th of January 1646 Parliament trumpeted the dread secret to the world with effects disastrous to the King's reputation. England was at once ablaze with fury; and the popular wrath was not appeased by the reports that

¹ Carte, vol. vi. pp. 339-40. Ormonde to King, Dublin Castle, 9th January 1645-6.

travelled from France of the bargain being driven between Henrietta Maria and the Pope.¹ Sir Kenelm Digby, who conducted the negotiations with Innocent X. had undertaken, on the Queen's behalf, that Charles should abolish the Penal Laws both in England and Ireland. Funds would not be wanting for such a purpose, since the French clergy were ready to provide £150,000 for an army of invasion, that was nominally to be the King's, and practically the Pope's. The intensity of the anger evoked by these indiscretions thoroughly frightened Charles. He promptly sent an official disavowal of Glamorgan and all his works to the House of Commons. The Earl, he solemnly declared, was only commissioned to raise and bring over a body of recruits to England for the King's service.² He had no warrant either to treat without the Lord-Lieutenant's privity, or to surrender anything concerning religion or property, lay and ecclesiastical. It does not redound to Charles's credit that he once again offered to leave "the managing of the business of Ireland wholly to the houses."³

Charles always observed a greater punctilio with regard to his private, than his public conscience. He felt no scruple in handing over the country and the majority of its inhabitants to the tender mercies of their bitterest foes, but he did not wish either Ormonde or Glamorgan to think badly of him. It was essential that, without breaking with the Confederates, he should immediately and publicly disown Edward Somerset's handiwork; and the problem might have baffled a more astute politician than Charles I.

The first step was taken by Nicholas, who, poor, honest man, was ordered to expound to the Lord-Lieutenant and Irish Council the guilelessness of the beginnings of the great Glamorgan imbroglio. According to "Nicholas, his gloss"⁴ (as Charles himself described this statement), it appeared that the King had acquainted Glamorgan with his secret instructions to Ormonde regarding the repeal of the Penal Laws, believing that the Lord-Lieutenant would

¹ Gardiner, vol. iii. p. 41.

² *Idem*, p. 46.

³ *Idem*, p. 46.

⁴ "English Historical Review," 1887, vol. ii. p. 708. Charles I. and the Earl of Glamorgan, Charles I. to Henrietta Maria, 22nd March 1646.

find Glamorgan a helpful intermediary with the Roman Catholics. But he had strictly limited all commissions by the injunction to undertake nothing independently of Ormonde. It had even occurred to the King that the Council and Lord-Lieutenant might be grateful to have a personage of Glamorgan's peculiar recommendations to send to Kilkenny.¹ In fact, a desire to make things easy and comfortable to Ormonde had been "all, and the very bottome" of the amazing episode. Charles concluded by desiring that the charge against Glamorgan "be thoroughly and diligently shifted," but the words bespoke no great fervour, and the enhancing of Glamorgan's crimes was relegated to Nicholas. Thus, at a time when the King in writing to his wife admitted "that it is taken for granted that the Lord of Glamorgan neither counterfeited my hand, nor that I blamed him more than for not following his instructions,"² Nicholas was calling the Council to witness that the famous warrant was indited in a fashion strangely unlike the official style. "Your Lordships," said the Secretary, "can best judge whether it bee (at least) surreptitiously gotten if not worse; for His Majesty says he remembers it not." Charles permitted himself one particularly unworthy bit of justification. He bade Nicholas tell Ormonde that as Glamorgan's patent had not passed the Great Seal, Edward Somerset had no right to the title. Neither Worcester nor his son deserved such paltry treatment.

Distorted as was Charles's moral vision, he could not help realising that Ormonde deserved some especial explanation. Moreover, he probably divined that Glamorgan would get a more ample measure of protection from the Lord-Lieutenant than from other Protestant dignitaries in Dublin. In writing to Ormonde, he contrived therefore a double debt to pay. He justified himself to the Lord-Lieutenant, and, after a fashion not over cordial, committed the delinquent to his care.

¹ Carte, vol. vi. p. 348. Nicholas to Lord-Lieutenant and Council, Oxford, 31st January 1645-6.

² Gardiner, vol. iii. p. 47. King to Henrietta Maria, 22nd March 1645-6.

"I cannot but ad to my long letter," he wrote, "that upon the word of a Christian, I never intended that Glamorgan should treate anything without your approbation, much less without your knowledge. For besydes the injury to you, I was alwais diffident of his judgement (though I could not thinke him so extremely weake) as now to my cost I have found him ; which you may easily perceive by a postscript in a letter of myne to you that he should have delivered to you at this his last coming into Ireland ; which if you have not had, the reason of it will be worthe the knowing, for which I have commanded Digby's service, desyring you to assist him. And albeit I have too just cause, for the clearing of my honnor to command (as I have done) to prosecute Glamorgan in a legall way ; yet I will have you suspend the execution of any sentence against him until you informe me fully of all the proceedings. For, I believe, it was his misguyded zeall, more than any mallice which brought this great misfortune on him and us all. For your part, you have in this, as in all other actions, given me such satisfaction that I meane otherwais, more than by words to express my estimation of you."¹

To Glamorgan Charles wrote a few days later.

"I must clearly tell you both you and I have been abused in this business, for you have been drawn to consent to conditions much beyond your instructions, and your treaty hath been divulged to all the world. If you had advised with my Lord-Lieutenant (as you promised me) all this had been helped. But we must look forward. Wherefore in a word I have commanded as much favour to be shewn to you as may possibly stand with my service, if you will yet trust my advice (which I have commanded Digby to give you freely) I will bring you so off that you may be still useful to me ; and I shall be able to recompense you for your affection. If not I cannot tell what to say. But I will not doubt of your compliance in this ; since it so highly concerns the good of all my crowns, my own particular, and to make me still have means to shew myself your most assured friend,"² Charles Rex."

When Charles penned this characteristic epistle

¹ Carte, vol. v. p. 16. King to Ormonde, 30th January 1645-6.

² Dirck, p. 34. Charles I. to Glamorgan, Oxford, 3rd February 1645-6.

Glamorgan no longer needed to be "brought off" from the worst consequences of his "misguided zeal." On learning his imprisonment, the Supreme Council at once, and in the most threatening manner, demanded his release. It is improbable that Ormonde personally wished to put obstacles in the way. He never reposed much faith in Glamorgan's promises; but he probably felt that the Earl's detention would delay the promised succours for Chester. On the other hand, he was forced to reckon with Protestant feeling. He himself had recently made good proof of the resentment aroused, in a certain class of fanatics, by the mere fact of his treating with the Confederates. It was only by a fortunate accident, indeed, that he had escaped assassination at the hands of a body of Puritan conspirators. Seven of these men, headed by their ringleader, a sergeant in the royal army, had actually entered the court-yard and were on their way to Ormonde when the steward, Captain Ralph Capron, took alarm.¹ Fortunately, he was a strong as well as a quick-witted fellow. After a brief struggle, he disarmed the sergeant, and before the other conspirators could come to the rescue from outside, the drawbridge was raised and the would-be assassins captured. They were led before Ormonde, who soon ascertained that the sergeant alone had any clear conception of their common purpose. He openly glorified in the design of seizing the Castle, the Lord-Lieutenant and his family. For a time he would say no more, then he suddenly appeared to repent, and offered to speak privately with his Lordship. Ormonde, therefore, led him behind a curtain at the end of the gallery, where they could speak unheard. He had not, however, elicited any information when the sergeant's object was revealed. The man had no intention of turning King's evidence, but having failed to make Ormonde prisoner he was resolved to get rid of him in some other way. If in pulling his pistol out of his pocket, the cock had not caught in the leather lining, it would have gone hard with the Lord-Lieutenant. This momentary delay put Ormonde on his guard. Seizing the

¹ Gilbert, "Confederation," vol. v. p. 6.

man's wrist, he dragged him into the gallery, Captain Capron and other attendants rushed in, and the murderer's weapon was secured. It was a disagreeable surprise when it was recognised to be the property of a well-known officer in one of the royal regiments. Nothing could be extracted from the conspirators, and Ormonde was left with an uneasy impression that the plot might have wide ramifications in the army. Nor was this surmise lessened when it transpired that the percentage of arms kept loaded in the various companies was much higher than it should have been. In their alarm, some Privy Councillors entreated the Lord-Lieutenant to execute the prisoner privately, but Ormonde knew that at such a juncture it was imperative to show no timidity. The sergeant alone suffered for the attempt on the Castle; but he suffered in broad daylight, as a warning and example to other enthusiasts.

Such incidents help us to realise the difficulty Ormonde experienced in dealing with contending factions. The public protest solemnly entered by the King's representatives against Glamorgan's treaty had, however, probably done something towards soothing outraged Protestant sentiment; while the threats of the Confederates did yet more to open Glamorgan's prison doors.

Glamorgan's passionate assurances that if he was not now "nupt in the Budd, he hoped to produce such a blossome of loyalty and zeale" to the King, his Master's service, and of friendship to Ormonde, as might render his memory considerable in future ages, if not convincing to his correspondent, were not unheeded. On entering into his own recognisance of £20,000, and Lords Clanricarde's and Kildare's of £10,000, "*le peccé*," Glamorgan was enlarged from custody.¹ And on January the 24th, when the scanty winter's light had already faded, he arrived at Kilkenny, having expressly chosen that late hour, he assured Ormonde, to avoid the vanity of being received in triumph by crowds of people,

¹ Gilbert, "Confederation," vol. v. p. 25.

who were bent on manifesting their affection for his person and their joy at his release.

Glamorgan's trials had doubtless endeared him to the mass of Irish Catholics, but the whole episode had filled Rinuccini with a profound distrust of Charles's envoy. He believed that in his anxiety to arrange a treaty between the Supreme Council and Ormonde, Glamorgan might, when once his political objects were secured, throw his religious engagements overboard. By this time also, the Nuncio was aware that Sir Kenelm Digby's articles were infinitely more favourable to Catholicism than those subscribed by Glamorgan. He therefore devoted his energies to the postponement of the official treaty with Ormonde, until it could be seen whether Charles endorsed the Queen's promises. Since, over and above Glamorgan's articles, Henrietta Maria's promises included the surrender of the fortresses still garrisoned by royal troops, into Papist hands, the expulsion of Scottish and English covenanters from Ireland, and legal equality for Catholics in England, Rinuccini had some grounds for his attitude. The Ormondists, however, not only mistrusted the too flattering prospect thus unfolded, but they refused to credit his statement on the faith of a mere copy of Sir Kenelm's treaty. Glamorgan was a more facile convert to Rinuccini's eloquence. He was probably justified in telling Ormonde that the

"effects of my secret endeavours absolutely vanished, when a much more advantageous peace, offered by the munificent and powerful hand of Her Majesty drew the eyes of everybody to itself."¹

Though he must have been hypnotised out of his senses by Rinuccini, if he seriously believed that the Marquis would delegate his powers to persons whose recommendation consisted in the Nuncio's favour. Acquainted as he was with Ormonde's principles, he should have known that the Lord-Lieutenant would have thought any subsidies for the royal service too dearly purchased at that price.

¹ Birch, p. 159. Glamorgan to Ormonde, 8th February 1646.

Yet this was the proposition that in all earnestness he now pressed on Ormonde. Financial assistance was now, he pointed out, dependent on Roman Catholic good-will, so that it was imperative to avoid offence to the Nuncio. But, unfortunately, it could not be denied that the Lord-Lieutenant's high office and the difference of religion would not permit him to engage openly in the affair. Glamorgan believed, however, that it would not be "at all improper" if Ormonde chose to delegate his office to others, including Glamorgan, who, though unequal—as he modestly remarked—in other respects, was yet inferior to none in friendship and regard to His Excellency. If Ormonde could bring himself to this, he doubted not that in a few days, or even a few hours, they would obtain of the Nuncio whatever might be thought reasonable and honourable for His Majesty. Ormonde would not have been an Irishman if the gravity of the crisis had blinded him to the humorous aspect of Glamorgan's epistle. And courteous and dignified as was his answer to the Earl's considerate proposal, he could not restrain a faint suspicion of irony from creeping into his letter. After telling Glamorgan that he could not understand his allusions to the *advantageous conditions* offered by the Queen, and that he begged for enlightenment, he proceeds—

"My lord, my affections and interests are so tied to His Majesty's cause that it were madness in me to disgust any man that hath power and inclination to relieve him in the sad condition he is in; and therefore your Lordship *may securely go on* in the way you have proposed to yourself, to serve the King, *without fear of interruption from me*, or so much as inquiring into the means you work by. My commission is to treat with His Majesty's Confederate Catholic Subjects here for a peace, upon conditions of honour and assistance to him, and of advantage to them, which, accordingly, I should pursue to the best of my skill, but shall not venture upon any negotiations foreign to the powers I have received."¹

¹ Carte, vol. vi. p. 353. Ormonde to Glamorgan, Dublin Castle, 11th February 1645-6.

Ormonde's warning might well have given Glamorgan pause. Many of the members of the General Assembly, recognising the folly of extorting from the King promises that, with the best will in the world, he would be unable to keep, now strenuously opposed Rinuccini. Glamorgan, however, could see no salvation save through the Nuncio. The Earl's devotion met with an ill return. Strange to say, Rinuccini was profoundly suspicious of his enthusiastic ally. He could not rid himself of the notion that Lady Muskerry, an aunt of Glamorgan's wife, might bring potent Ormondist influences to bear on the impressionable Earl. It was not until the 16th of February, when Glamorgan signed an undertaking to obey all Rinuccini's commands "without any reluctance heartily and with pleasure,"¹ that the Italian's jealousy was appeased. This engagement was followed by another between himself and Glamorgan on one side, and the Supreme Council on the other for prolonging the Cessation until May the 1st.² In that interval the Nuncio counted on being able to secure the original of the Papal treaty with Henrietta Maria. If by that date he failed to produce the document, he agreed to allow the Confederates to conclude a peace, on such terms as Glamorgan could induce Charles to yield. Meanwhile, negotiations with Ormonde were to proceed, though the peace was not to be proclaimed until the result of Glamorgan's arrangements was revealed.³ Since the Nuncio obtained a fresh instrument from Glamorgan pledging Charles to Sir Kenelm Digby's terms, Rinuccini's concessions were rather apparent than real.

After issuing this final warrant, Glamorgan's restless spirit was diverted to the scheme of a foreign mission in which he could bring his personal influence to bear on the Pope and other Catholic sovereigns. With this object, he determined to relinquish his command of the Irish forces, destined for the English campaign, and to depute his brother to obtain Charles's sanction for his various undertakings. Convinced at last of Glamorgan's entire

¹ Birch, p. 174, 16th February 1646.

² Gardiner, vol. iii. pp. 52-3.

³ *Idem*, p. 53.

submission, Rinuccini ceased to raise obstacles to the relief of Chester by the Confederates. On February the 24th, Glamorgan was able exultantly to inform Ormonde that double the number of men originally stipulated, would shortly sail from Waterford. But their mutual joy was short lived. A week later arrived the news of Chester's surrender to Brereton, and this disaster was followed by a far more crushing blow to Glamorgan's aspirations. On March the 18th he learned that Charles had published a categorical disavowal of his treaty with the Confederates.

For a time, even Glamorgan's buoyant spirit was bowed to the dust. In the first bitterness of his disappointment he spoke of transferring his sword to the service of France. Indeed, on the strength of the royal warrants he possessed, he offered to allow Mazarin to nominate a vice-admiral and governors for various Irish ports and strongholds.¹ Despair was, however, a transient emotion with Glamorgan. Almost immediately, he reaffirmed his conviction that the royal proclamation utterly misrepresented the King's intentions, that Charles's hand had only been temporarily forced, and that a speedy justification awaited him. Nevertheless, he admitted that his power of usefulness would now be greater elsewhere; and, leaving the command of his recruits to Preston, he urged forward the preparations for his self-imposed exile. Thus did Glamorgan's magnificent schemes fizzle ignominiously out, somewhat after the fashion of a damp squib. Yet, if the Earl achieved nothing of his purpose, it cannot be said that the episode was barren of results. The Ultramontanes were confirmed in their original suspicion that, despite his protests, they would eventually succeed in screwing their own terms out of Charles. An equal distrust of the confidence to be reposed in the Defender of the Faith was strengthened in Protestants. And the initial difficulties of his service were tenfold increased for Ormonde. In fact, the lesson of public morality has seldom been so effectively enforced.

¹ Gilbert, "Confederation," vol. v. p. 275. Dumoulin to Mazarin, Kilkenny, 24th March.

CHAPTER X

ORMONDE AT BAY

THE fall of Chester rang the death knell of Charles's hopes—*forlorn hopes* at the best ; and in a letter to Digby the King showed that he realised the desperate character of the situation.¹ He bade the Secretary tell Ormonde that he believed troops from Ireland would now do him more harm than good. But he suggested that if they were not to fight his battles in England, Ormonde might employ them to good purpose in reducing Ireland to perfect obedience, thereby making of that country either the instrument of his restoration or a retreat for the King. The latter contingency no longer seemed remote to Charles. Indeed, the dwindling of his hopes found expression in the oft-quoted declaration contained in this letter, "that if I cannot live as a King I shall dye as a gentleman, without doing that which may make honest men blush for me."² Nevertheless, his desire for a permanent peace with the Confederate Catholics remained unchanged. For, as he confessed,

"If I be not beforehand bound upon my word I shall be forced (and that without contradiction) to cast that Kingdom loose for a prey either to rebels or foreigners, wherefore if it be not already, I wish this way to bind my hands lest against my judgement I doe myselfe harm."

Charles's strange capacity "to doe myselfe harm," only ceased on the scaffold, though his occult manipulation of Irish politics, in the acute phase ushered in by the Cessation may be said to have ended with the collapse of the Glamorgan adventure. It is true that he did not

¹ Carte, vol. vi. p. 357. The King to Lord Digby, Oxford, 26th March 1646.

² *Ibidem*.

hesitate to jeopardise Ormonde's best laid plans, if he saw a chance of utilising Ireland as a pawn in his game; but henceforward—with the exception of one last desperate appeal to Glamorgan—his peculiar acts of *finesse* were exercised rather on the Scots, the Parliament, and the English Army.

It must, however, be admitted that when the King ceased to intervene in current negotiations, the issues became no clearer, nor was a durable peace materially advanced. The ruin of the English administration and the downfall of the Monarchy had converted the Roman Catholic Church—and the Ultramontane section of that Church—into the dominant power of the realm. The Anglo-Irish landholders in the Supreme Council made a brave struggle to redress the balance. But it is not only in seventeenth-century Ireland that the party of moderation and compromise is at a disadvantage. Moreover, their very success in paralysing, if not destroying, English institutions was to make for their undoing. They had swept away most of the obstacles which intervened between the Roman Church and its ambitions. The priesthood could now afford to do without their aid, and during the next few years the history of Ireland is the chronicle of clerical methods, their victory, and their final overthrow.

All great movements, however, have their ebb tides, and, for the moment, it seemed as if Ormonde could count on the good-will of the Confederate Catholics. Charles's repudiation of Glamorgan's articles had convinced the Ormondists in the Supreme Council that they had less reason than ever to build great hopes on the Papal Treaty. Negotiations with the Lord-Lieutenant, whose word was a positive pledge, resumed their ancient importance, and, the Ultramontanes being temporarily under a cloud, on March the 28th, 1646, a conditional pacification embodying Ormonde's previous offers was finally signed. The King's power of granting further religious concessions was expressly reserved. The Irish undertook to send a body of ten thousand men to England, and to provide Ormonde

with a sum of £3,000 for current expenses; the publication of the treaty being deferred until the 1st of May, when the Irish hoped that Lord John Somerset would have returned, bearing Charles's assent to his brother's pledges, and when, moreover, all arrangements for shipping the Irish recruits to England would be concluded. It was agreed that non-performance of the conditions by one side would absolve the other from their undertakings.

Any truce was desirable for the exhausted country, but there is unmistakable irony in the fact that the promise of the auxiliary troops for which Charles had bartered the confidence of his Protestant subjects, came too late to be of service, as the King himself confessed in a letter—already quoted—and even then travelling to Ireland. In any case, however, the Confederates could not have fulfilled their promise, for they found that the effort to expel the Parliamentary force, which had established itself at Bunratty Castle on the Shannon, would tax all their resources. But they gave evidence of sincerity by despatching reinforcements to Montrose, and, in truth, it is possible that had Lord Digby been able to induce the Prince of Wales to take up his residence in Ireland, the presence of the heir-apparent might have done much to counteract the Nuncio's influence; but although Digby travelled successively to Scilly, Jersey, and Paris with that purpose, he was unsuccessful. The Queen was determined that the Prince should rejoin her in Paris, and a trifling subsidy from Mazarin and a disavowal by Henrietta Maria of Sir Kenelm Digby's articles were the sole fruits of the Secretary's weary pilgrimage.

During Lord Digby's absence, Charles's flight to the Scots took place, and Ormonde's hard task was not lightened by the fact that the King had taken refuge with the bitterest foe of the Irish Catholics. About the same time also, Sir Charles Coote invaded Connaught, ravaging the country up to the gates of Lord Clanricarde's domain. Nor were domestic troubles wanting to Ormonde. During the fourteen years of his marriage, the blessings invoked by the Psalmist on the God-fearing man had

been abundantly showered on him. There was no lack of olive branches round his table. Between 1632 and 1646, Elizabeth Ormonde bore her lord eight sons and two daughters. But the mortality which visited the fruitful unions of the seventeenth century, had not spared their home. Thomas, the first born, died in tenderest infancy, and Ormonde, during his viceroyalty, had already buried three little sons in Christ Church Cathedral. At that period of pestilence and famine Dublin cannot have been a healthy abode for the young. Ormonde's latest loss was, however, due to another cause. Three of his children were driving in the Lord-Lieutenant's coach near Dublin, when the horses ran away down the Phœnix Hill.¹ The nurse lost her head, and flung the youngest boy, James, out of the window. He was killed on the spot. Ormonde sought consolation in the reflection that "by God's mercy he had not been bereft of three children at once,"² but he was too affectionate a parent not to feel the blow acutely.

The Cessation, which was eventually extended beyond its original limits, brought little remission of Ormonde's political anxieties. The check to the Nuncio had been purely temporary. Rinuccini was determined to prevent the permanent establishment of peace on any terms but his own, and with no small adroitness he used his fund of ready money and his alliance with the northern army to further this end. The Ulstermen, in general, and the Creaghts, in particular, abhorred the lines on which the Confederates proposed to treat. The former saw little chance of James I.'s land settlement being revoked in their favour. The Creaghts, who followed in the O'Neill's train, and whose atrocities the Confederates were obliged to repress, viewed the Supreme Council and all its works with hatred and suspicion. Thus the Ulster force, which gloried in the self-styled title of "the Nuncio's army," was a weapon, admirably adapted to enforce Rinuccini's

¹ Carte, vol. iv. p. 692.

² *Idem*, vol. vi. p. 387. Ormonde to Clanricarde, Dublin, 30th May 1646.

schemes, and its efficiency, was doubled at this juncture by the reconciliation he brought about between Owen and Phelim O'Neill—a reconciliation, which was automatically followed by momentous changes in northern affairs.

Although the siege of Bunratty still engaged the Confederates, the Ulster army could now direct its efforts to coping with the Scots; and on the 5th of June the hostile forces came face to face on opposite banks of the Blackwater, at Benburb. The Irish were commanded by the two O'Neills, the Scots by Sir George Munroe. In numbers and enthusiasm they were almost equal. Indeed, an overweening confidence possessed the Scottish troops. Contempt for the Papist savages had become a fundamental article of their creed;¹ and Munroe, alone, seems to have experienced any misgivings. As he later informed Parliament, "all our army did covet fighting earnestly, which was impossible for me to gainstand without being reproached with cowardice." But if he yielded to their clamours, he carefully sought every vantage ground for his troops, bringing up the artillery and carefully placing the men with their backs to the sun and the wind. To ardent novices, like Lord Montgomery, these precautions appeared "vain ceremonies." Instead of making a wider curve, the young soldier, hoping to outflank Owen Roe O'Neill, dashed at a neighbouring ford, but that prudent warrior was not to be caught unawares; and Montgomery was himself outflanked and taken prisoner. Despite this reverse, however, which O'Neill hailed as a "happy presage," the battle continued to rage during four hours. Then, in the name of the Holy Trinity, Owen called to his "hearts of gold," to charge and carry the river by push of pike. In a hand-to-hand struggle the Irish pikes were the superior weapon. The heads were better shaped for a home thrust, and the handles were a foot or two longer. Moreover, on a windy day, if the British soldier wearied of his burden, he frequently made his pike yet shorter by lopping off a

¹ Gilbert, "Cont. History of Affairs," vol. i. part ii. pp. 677-8.

large piece of the staff, which as the discomfited General remarks "it is a damned thing to suffer." Seriously handicapped as they were by the inferiority of their arms, the Scottish foot, nevertheless, long stood firm. The horse broke first. The subsequent confusion was recognised by O'Neill as the psychological moment for a general charge, and, bidding the Irish "double their blows," he let loose his impatient cavalry. The wild soldiery acquitted themselves bravely. "They could not," quaintly says an eye-witness, "contain themselves like peaceable men, but swept through the ranks and captured the guns."

A terrible rout ensued. Munroe indeed escaped, though he left hat, sword, cloak, even wig, behind. Twenty-one officers were made prisoners, but a far greater number were butchered in cold blood. That man of God, the Nuncio, writes exultantly :

"every one slaughtered his adversary, and Sir Phelim O'Neill, when asked by the Colonel for a list of the prisoners, swore that his regiment had not one, as he had ordered his men to kill all without discrimination."¹

It was calculated that three thousand Scottish corpses strewed the battlefield, while O'Neill lost only seventy-two men. Had it not been for the plundering propensities of the Irish, the carnage would have been greater, but while they rifled the baggage waggons some of the Scots escaped. At last the Ulstermen's greed was satiated by the vast booty; nor can it be denied that they were ingenious bandits, for they turned even the captured colours to practical account, by cutting them up into hatbands and garters.

An episode of that memorable day gives us one of the rare flashes of romance to be found in the chronicles of the Irish war. The sons of the rival generals, Owen Roe O'Neill and Hector Munroe, two young men remarkable for similarity of appearance and stature, had long desired to measure themselves in single combat. Their ambition was now gratified; Scots and Irish standing

¹ Hutton, "Embassy," p. 174.

aside to give fair play to their respective champions. At one moment, the duel appeared to be going against Henry O'Neill; and, although the gallant youth signed to them not to interfere, his countrymen besought Owen to succour his son. But the grim commander was a pattern of chivalry.

"You baseborn rogue," he shouted to Henry, "is it possible that you soe spende the time in despatching one single man? Be sure of no relief! Either conquer or die!"¹

The stoical adjuration was not fruitless. Both combatants were unsaddled and flung to the ground. The Irishman, however, lighted on his feet, and before his dazed antagonist could recover his senses, Henry O'Neill had plunged his skene up to the very haft in young Munroe's body. The honours of the single combat, no less than those of the general engagement, thus remained with the Irish. In his amazement, General Munroe could only conjecture "that the Lord of Hosts had a controversie with us to rub Shame on our Faces, as on other armies, till once we should be humbled."²

The battle of Benburb marks the highwater tide of Irish triumphs; and it is easy to understand the consternation it created throughout Protestant Ulster. Happily for the Scots, Celtic armies seldom followed up a victory and much of Munroe's ammunition having been blown up, the Irish were better provided with tents, baggage, and provisions than powder. Still, it is possible that if O'Neill had been left master of his movements he would have swept Ulster clear of aliens. But the Nuncio, hoping, with O'Neill's assistance, to make himself the supreme arbiter of Ireland's destinies, called the victor south. He obeyed. Every species of outrage accompanied his march, Rinuccini, himself, confessing that no Tartar horde could excel the "Nuncio's army" in the art of destruction.³ Ormonde was entreated to intervene on

¹ "Aphorismical Discovery," vol. i. part i. p. 115.

² Rushworth, vol. iv. p. 400. Munroe to Parliament, 11th June.

³ Carte, vol. iii. p. 248.

behalf of those very Scots, who had so long set him at defiance. But he judged his forces inadequate to stemming the Irish flood, and he was doubtless wise.

In spite of the triumph of their fellow-countrymen at Benburb, the leading spirits of the Supreme Council showed themselves increasingly anxious to transform the Cessation into a stable peace; and they began seriously to entertain the notion of proclaiming the treaty, irrespective of Glamorgan's articles. Ormonde could at last imagine that he saw the term of his labours, when everything was once more thrown into the melting pot. Charles's reception at Newcastle had proved far different from his anticipations. He was treated as a prisoner, and a dangerous prisoner, by the Scots; and as he no longer considered himself a free agent, he had no compunction in issuing orders, which he hoped would be disobeyed. It was hardly a kingly solution of the problems that confronted him; but it was a solution which the royal martyr, heedless of the consequences it entailed, had not infrequently adopted. At the bidding of his Puritan masters, he therefore indited a letter to Ormonde, which fell like a thunderbolt at the feet of that devoted servant.

"For many reasons too long for a letter," wrote the monarch, "wee thinke fitt to require you to proceed noe further in treaty with the rebels, nor to engage us upon any conditions with them, after sight hereof."¹

Ormonde had shared the royal confidence too closely to regard this letter of June the 11th as the expression of Charles's unbiassed wishes. Although he was convinced that to break off negotiations with the Confederates at that juncture was almost equivalent to signing his own death warrant, and that of the English garrison, it was, however, impossible for him to act in direct opposition to the Sovereign's orders. No man was more ready to boot and saddle for the Valley of Death than James Butler; but he knew himself answerable for the lives of others, and therefore, before carrying out the King's latest

¹ Carte, vol. vi. p. 392. King to Ormonde, Newcastle, 11th June 1646.

orders, he set their consequences clearly before Charles.¹ In Dublin, he told him, they possessed exactly thirteen barrels of powder. The Confederates, on the other hand, had three comparatively well-equipped armies in the field. The Ulster force, in particular "doe soe hover as wee know not where they will sit down," though it was not unreasonable to suppose that O'Neill would gladly make Dublin his objective. Ormonde, therefore, concluded that as he possessed the usual powers of parley vested in the commander of the meanest fortress, Charles's prohibition to treat with rebels did not apply to the arrangement of an armistice, until the King could relieve his faithful servants. With, perhaps, unconscious irony, the Marquis remarked that it was no ordinary fort or town, "but in this case the most important piece of a kingdom, which lies as it were at the stake, and therein the preservation of His Majesty's Government and army."²

The Newcastle letter reached Ormonde on the 26th of June. On July the 4th Digby landed in Ireland, bringing messages from the King and a letter from the Prince of Wales that effectually cancelled its directions. The interval was not long, but it must sorely have tested Ormonde's powers of silent endurance.³ Digby told Ormonde that the Scots had "used Charles, according to His Majesys's own expression, barbarously." The King was debarred from all communication with his friends, and had no means of testing the truth of such intelligence as he received. He had consequently entrusted the control of affairs to the Queen and Prince, enjoining them to disregard any orders, which might be wrung from him. He adjured Ormonde to hasten the conclusion of the Peace, bidding him give credit to those commands only, that were cyphered or conveyed through the Queen and Prince; the Great Seal itself, he added, since it had fallen into his enemies' power, was to carry no authority.

Digby's statement brought conviction to Ormonde.

¹ Carte, vol. vi. p. 405. Lord-Lieutenant and Council to King, June 1646.

² *Idem*, p. 409.

³ *Idem*, p. 415. Lord Digby to Ormonde, Dublin, 4th July 1646.

The Privy Council were harder of persuasion. Vainly did Digby offer to answer with his life for the truth of his assertions.¹ The Council was obdurate. Finally Ormonde cut the Gordian knot. On July the 29th he caused a minute to be inscribed in the Council Register, stating that, in virtue of his commission, he assumed the entire responsibility for making peace.² The Privy Council yielded; and on the 29th of July, peace was solemnly proclaimed in Dublin. How much Ormonde had felt the strain is attested by the unusual tone of protest, that characterises the letter he wrote the following day to Charles.

“The hazards I have adventured by concluding this peace are great, in relation to the power of the opposite party heere and elsewhere; but that which I found most difficult, and which I cannot promise to overcome any more, was to doe a thing contrary to what the world may believe to be your will.

“I doe therefore humbly beseech Your Majesty to impose any kind of commands upon mee (bee they of never soe greate danger to mee) other than such, as either in jest or earnest may bring in question my loyalty or obedience to Your Majesty.”³

Ormonde did not exaggerate the difficulties which the Irish Commissioners had encountered in concluding the Treaty. It is true that the alarm caused by events in England, the fear of Parliamentary forces being despatched to Ireland, the poverty and exhaustion of their country, and the growing insubordination manifested by cities and provincial armies to its authority, had stimulated the Supreme Council's desire for peace.⁴ But, although the 1st of May had long since come and gone without bringing any tidings of Sir Kenelm Digby, and the Papal treaty, Rinuccini still refused to endorse any other conditions. When the Peace Commissioners, on leaving for Dublin, came to take leave of the Nuncio and ask

¹ Carte, vol. vi. p. 420. Digby's "minute," 28th July 1646.

² Gardiner, vol. iii. p. 156.

³ Carte, vol. vi. p. 421. Ormonde to the King, 3rd July 1646.

⁴ Gilbert, "Confederation," vol. vi. pp. 6-8.

his blessing, he flew into a passion crying, "nec benedico nec benedicam vobis."¹ Undeterred by his violence, the delegates proceeded on their way; but, unfortunately, the angry prelate did not long confine himself to negative methods.

It must be admitted that since he regarded the Irish situation from an exclusively religious, or rather sectarian, standpoint, Rinuccini had cause to cavil at the Peace. Nowhere was the retention of Ecclesiastical property by Roman Catholics stipulated.² The matter was referred to the Sovereign's good-will; while the power of the sword was vested in a Protestant viceroy. That loyalty to the monarch's person, which formed an integral part of the code of an Anglo-Irish gentleman, had naturally no influence upon the Italian bishop. On the contrary, he strongly urged that Ireland should place herself under the protection of some foreign prince. Nor can it be denied that he had good grounds for regarding Charles as constitutionally unreliable. After penning the disavowal of Glamorgan in January, and the Newcastle letter in June, the King, in July, again wrote to that nobleman bidding him "to pawn his kingdoms," if needs be, to effect his liberation. "Tell the Nuncio," Charles added, "that if once I come into his and your hands . . . I will do it."³ The terms granted by Ormonde, and accepted by the Supreme Council, did not bear comparison with those, for which the pawning of the three kingdoms was a polite euphemism.

On the 6th of August, a great assembly of the Roman Catholic clergy took place at Waterford. The servants proved worthy of their master. Bishops and clergy were absolutely dominated by Rinuccini, and readily voted any measures he deemed expedient. These were conceived in the true spirit of the Church militant. All adherents of the Peace they denounced as perjurers. The Commissioners, who negotiated it, they excommunicated; the towns and churches where it was acknowledged, they

¹ Gilbert, "Confederation," vol. vi. p. 5. ² Gardiner, vol. iii. p. 156.

³ Dirck, p. 174. The King to Glamorgan, 20th July 1646.

interdicted; the clergy who dared to lend it their support, they suspended. Civilians who paid their taxes at the Supreme Council's behests, and soldiers, who enforced that Council's decrees, were alike included in an equal condemnation. For, said the candid minded clerks, "in those articles there is no mention made of the Catholic religion."¹

Ormonde had foreseen that the task of persuading the nation to protect itself against the common enemy would not be light. From a letter he wrote at this period to his cousin and friend, Richard Bellings, he evidently believed that poverty would be the dragon in his path.² After assuring Bellings that the satisfaction of feeling that he had done a good part of his duty to his master and country had abundantly recompensed him for the vexations and successive hazards he had encountered in labouring to promote peace, he continued :

"I did always beleeve that money would be the greatest want in this kingdom, for of men fitt for war there are certainly a sufficient number, and there is no other appurtenance but money will purchase. But it will be expected from men with whom the question is not what the extent shall be of their lands or liberties, but whether they shall have a foot of the one, or a chaine's length of the other, that they make appeare it is money and not industry or courage to procure it that is wanting." He hoped that this would be brought home to the cities and walled towns, "that are soe staunch of their money to their friends, lest they persuade themselves into a dangerous pride." Not that he was inclined to "force, where there is room left for other meanes to worke on, but on the contrary I shall with all diligence seeke out the fairest and most indulgent wayes to be good to themselves, ever providing wee bee not found complimenting, when the sword is at our throates."

Even the intolerable exactions, exercised on their fellow-Catholics by O'Neill's army, he was ready to ascribe to

¹ Gardiner, vol. iii. p. 156.

² Gilbert, "Confederation," vol. vi. p. 66. Ormonde to Richard Bellings, Dublin Castle, 10th August 1646.

the unfortunate position in which General O'Neill found himself, destitute of means to advance and unable to preserve discipline when stationary.

"But," he concludes, "whatever it be, it will be needful soe to proportion our charge to our meanes, that how heavy soever orderly impositions are, men may enjoy the remainder of their own with quietnes!"

During the long years of his viceroyalty, the burden of financial care was never lifted from Ormonde's shoulders. Never was he relieved from the task of making bricks without straw, but, undoubtedly at this crisis, religious fanaticism was rather the factor that governed the political situation. Ormonde had to obtain his knowledge of Irish Catholic opinion at secondhand. The Supreme Council however, seems to have been equally unprepared for the startling and abnormal development of clerical influence. Neither were left long in ignorance of the state of the public mind.

At Kilkenny, Ulster King-at-Arms proclaimed the Peace to an audience of magistrates, the citizens disdain- ing to countenance the ceremony with their presence. At Waterford, he thought it wiser to follow the mayor's advice, and to leave the city with his mission unfulfilled. At Clonmel he was refused admittance, but it was at Limerick that the full storm burst on the unhappy messenger of Peace. Here, many influential merchants welcomed the herald as a harbinger of returning prosperity, and the mayor and corporation, unlike the city fathers of Waterford, were willing to support Ulster King in the performance of his duty. The populace, however, already inimical, were goaded into madness by the oratory of a certain friar, Dominick Fanning, who having armed them, him- self led the Jihad.¹ The mayor was knocked down, wounded, and haled off to prison. And as the law of nations formed no part of Dominick Fanning's creed, the herald and his companions fared badly in the ensuing riot. Vainly did they seek shelter in the mayor's house.

¹ Gilbert, "Confederation," vol. vi. p. 130.

The raging mob led by friars yelling, "Kill! Kill! Kill! I will absolve ye!" hunted the little band from room to room. Only by a stratagem, did Ulster finally escape with his life. Like himself, his pursuivants were grievously wounded and were detained in prison until the Nuncio graciously permitted their release.

Rinuccini did not merely command the services of the clergy and the rabble. In Owen Roe O'Neill he had acquired a powerful auxiliary. The Nuncio's first step, on learning the declaration of Peace, had been to send the General £4,000; and, although Ormonde strove to detach O'Neill from Rinuccini by promises of honours and emoluments, his efforts were fruitless. Preston returned ambiguous answers to both sides; but, as he had proclaimed the Peace in his camp, and was closely related to the leading Ormondists, it seemed probable that he would keep faith with the Lord-Lieutenant.

In reply to the Nuncio's invective, the Supreme Council drew up a statement which they did not, however, publish, as they preferred to send a deputation bearing the olive branch to Waterford. The mission was unsuccessful. The Nuncio and the congregation merely re-stated their demands; and the Supreme Council at Kilkenny began to feel thoroughly uncomfortable. Scared by the excommunication, their soldiers deserted daily; and as the collection of taxes is never a popular operation it was easily arrested by the first whisper of Ecclesiastical displeasure. In despair, the Supreme Council implored Ormonde to come to their assistance. They felt that his presence at Kilkenny would facilitate the arrangement of terms with the Nuncio. Ormonde thought their request only reasonable. As he had told Bellings, he did "not at all murmur that the greatest share of trouble in making good what he had done should fall to his lot," and on August the 31st, accompanied by Clanricarde and Lord Digby, he accordingly arrived at Kilkenny.

Five years had passed since James Butler had ridden forth from his old castle at the head of a handful of volunteers to the rescue of the Government. He was

then apprentice to the arts of War and Government. He returned, titular Chief Governor, having earned a reputation second to none in Ireland. Kilkenny welcomed him with every demonstration of respectful enthusiasm, while Ormonde showed his confidence in the citizens by quartering his troops at a distance. Escorted only by eight picked troopers of his guard, he made a triumphal entry into the familiar little grey town, which in his honour had made itself gay with arches and laudatory memorials of his own and his ancestors' brave deeds. He was soon to discover the worth of this pompous reception. The Butlers, it is true, rallied to their chieftain's side, but, in obedience to the edict launched by Bishop Roth against the blacksliding capital of the Confederates, the churches of Kilkenny remained rigorously closed. The strange spectacle seems to have impressed Ormonde as bordering on the ludicrous. He marvelled, he said, "that the Irish having fought for the exercise, as they pretended, of their religion in churches, should now shut themselves out of them," when they had obtained liberty of worship. Yet greater surprises were, however, in store for the Lord-Lieutenant.

Bent alike on conciliation, and on reassuring his troubled supporters, Ormonde earnestly pursued negotiations with the Waterford congregation. On the 10th of September, having arranged a meeting with some members of the nobility at Cashel, he was on his way thither, when he was met by a message from the mayor begging him to turn back, since Owen Roe O'Neill had threatened the town with destruction if it admitted the Lord-Lieutenant.¹ At the same time, Ormonde received intelligence from two different sources that the Ulster General was marching from Birr with a large force, to surprise either Dublin or Kilkenny.² Owen himself had preserved his usual reticence about his plans. But the priests were already crowing over the anticipated capture of the Lord-Lieutenant and his subjection—should he prove intractable—to nameless outrage.

¹ Gilbert, "Confederation," vol. vi. p. 134. Mayor of Cashel to Ormonde, 10th September 1646.

² Carte, vol. iii. p. 260.

Ormonde was not easily scared. And he was loth to leave Kilkenny at a juncture when his presence there might further an understanding with the clericals. Yet, as he himself said, he could not endure the thought that his "credulity" should have led his friends into danger.¹ He knew that O'Neill did not hold himself bound by the Supreme Council's treaty, while Preston's attitude was not calculated to inspire confidence. Indeed, as Lord Castlehaven pointed out, the fact of O'Neill's uninterrupted march was proof of Preston's connivance with the northern commanders. Should Ormonde linger in Tipperary, and the two generals act in concert, he must inevitably be caught between their armies. As messenger after messenger confirmed Castlehaven's forebodings, Ormonde resolved to beat a retreat, leaving Lord Digby in charge of the negotiations at Kilkenny; though so reluctant was he to turn tail, that from the embattled abbey of Kells, his first halting place after a night spent in the saddle, he sent word to the mayor and aldermen of Kilkenny that if they desired it and would abide by the Peace, he would remain and conduct the defence of the town. The Corporation were, however, now pulling down the triumphal arches with even greater fervour than they had lately shown in their erection. The fear of the northern army was upon them; they knew that Ormonde could only count on his escort of 1,500 foot and 500 horse, and their one desire was to be quit of so compromising a guest.

Ormonde's force was not only small, but was also weakened by its dispersal. The foot was stationed at Gowran, under Sir Francis Willoughby, the horse nearer Kilkenny. It was evident that not an hour should be lost in crossing the Barrow and the Liffey, if the little band meant to see Dublin again, and it was well that Willoughby understood his business. On the receipt of Ormonde's summons, he acted with extraordinary promptitude, requisitioning every cart-horse in the neighbourhood for

¹ Carte, vol. vi. p. 432. Ormonde to Clanricarde, Dublin, 23rd September 1646.

transport. Without any mishap, he duly arrived at the rendezvous at Leighlin Bridge, and the news he brought must have confirmed Ormonde in his retreat; for it now appeared that the Irish had already risen at Kilkenny, and had looted the Lord-Lieutenant's baggage waggons of linen, plate, and clothes. It was abundantly clear that Kilkenny would be no city of refuge to the English; and more than ever, Ormonde's chances of reaching Dublin depended on the possibility of crossing the Barrow at Leighlin Bridge. He must, consequently, have experienced some anxiety on learning that Colonel Walter Bagnal and a hundred Confederate troopers occupied the bridge fort. Happily, Bagnal's ethics were of the military not the clerical variety. Father D'Alton regards the colonel's action as distinctly "treasonable,"¹ but broken covenants and ambushes set for unsuspecting guests were not, apparently, to the liking of a plain soldier, unversed in casuistry. Not only did Bagnal grant a free passage to the Marquis and his troops, but he courteously offered Ormonde the hospitality of the Castle.

From the hour that Bagnal allowed Ormonde to march past his guns, the chief obstacle in the Lord-Lieutenant's route was surmounted, though there could be no slackening of the pace, until the river at Kilcullen was forded and left in the rear. Nor did it diminish the sense of danger that the powder served out to the soldiers—part of the £30,000 worth of stores paid over by the Confederates at the Cessation—proved worthless. Rapid as were O'Neill's movements, his large army could not equal the speed of Ormonde's slender force.² The English won to Kilcullen; and amidst the rejoicings of the population, who had been greatly alarmed by sinister rumours, on the 13th of September, Ormonde re-entered Dublin, with Lord Castlehaven bearing the Sword of State before him. Ormonde's misadventures had taught him the futility of depending on the Supreme Council's pledges. He saw that all power had passed from the

¹ Father D'Alton, "History of Ireland," vol. ii. p. 290.

² Carte, vol. iii. p. 264.

hands of men of the same blood and tradition as his own into those of the irreconcilable enemies of England. Henceforth, he realised that he must look elsewhere for help.

Some minds, however, are slow to recognise unpleasant aspects of the inevitable. Digby belonged to this category, and while Ormonde was hastening back to Dublin, the Secretary was hopefully propounding a scheme that should win the Nuncio's approval.¹ He undertook, on receiving an acceptance of the Peace from the Nuncio and certain of the principal bishops, to procure a secret assurance of the repeal of the Penal Laws, and the confirmation—until the meeting of Parliament—of the Roman Catholic clergy in their cures. And since Ormonde had no power to add to the articles, he proposed that this engagement should be separate from the treaty. But the Nuncio was in no accommodating mood. He believed that he had at last attained the summit of his ambitions, and he therefore disdainfully rejected Digby's overtures, stating that he and the clergy would accept nothing short of Glamorgan's terms, reinforced by certain additional clauses of the Papal treaty.

On September the 18th, Rinuccini made his public entry into Kilkenny. It was the advent of a conqueror, for he was accompanied by Preston, while O'Neill with an army 12,000 strong lay encamped outside the town. The usual sequel to an antique triumph was not wanting. Rinuccini flung almost every member of the Supreme Council into prison, and, on the 26th of September, he inaugurated a new council, of which he himself was the president. Its spirit, despite the fact that it included laymen, was purely clerical. And the world enjoyed the novel spectacle of two armies receiving their orders from a body of churchmen.

In this remodelling of the Irish administration, Glamorgan was not forgotten. Lord Muskerry being amongst the Nuncio's prisoners, the Earl was given that nobleman's command. Moreover, as an incentive to drive Ormonde out of Dublin, Rinuccini dangled the post of

¹ Carte, vol. iii. p. 265.

Lord-Lieutenant before his eyes. Glamorgan, doubtless, justified the whole proceedings to his conscience, by the fact that, in case of Ormonde's death or misconduct, he already possessed the appointment to the office;¹ and Rinuccini could hardly promise less to the devoted follower, who again swore that he would do nothing without the Nuncio's consent, that, at his bidding, he would instantly renounce the Lieutenancy, and in all things obey the Holy See. Never, on British soil, since the days of Pandulf, had the dominion of the Bishop of Rome been more strenuously affirmed.

Meanwhile, the Papist army was gathering in its thousands for the siege of Dublin. So overwhelming, in fact, did the host appear, that some of Ormonde's Catholic sympathisers expected the Marquis to accede to Glamorgan's terms. Colonel Oliver Fitzwilliam approached Ormonde in this sense, assuring him that his consent would win Preston's alliance; but Ormonde was not to be seduced.

"Sir," he wrote, "If I could have assured the clergie my lord of Glamorgan's conditions, I had not retired hither. They are things I have nothing to do with, nor will have. If they be valid in themselves they need no corroboration, if invalid, I have noe power to give them strength. I cannot believe General Preston soe regardless of his honour as to appeare in a way of hostilitie before Dublin, which weare in the highest degree to violate the loyaltie he professeth, the many assurances given me by himself and, in his behalfe, by others, and in all the honour of his profession. But if all that can be called faith betwixt King and subject, and betwixt man and man should be soe infamously layed aside, together with all hope of reconcilia-tion, nature will teach us to make the best resistance we can, and God (the sure punisher of Disloyalty and treachery at last) will bless our endeavours with success, or our suffering with patience and honour."²

Happily for human nature, the spirit that animates this letter is one that often proves communicable. Dublin

¹ Carte, vol. iii. p. 267.

² Gilbert, "Confederation," vol. vi. p. 143. Ormonde to Oliver Fitzwilliam, Dublin Castle, 26th September 1646.

was in no condition to stand a siege.¹ The magazines were bare of stores, and owing to the citizens' neglect the very trenches had fallen into disrepair. But gangs of townsmen were now organised. And the idle were put to shame by Lady Ormonde, who, at the head of a band of noble ladies, herself carried baskets of earth to rebuild the fortifications. It was more difficult to remedy the want of munitions in Dublin. Ormonde devoted a couple of thousand pounds which he had collected from his tenants during his last stay in Kilkenny, to the work of defence, but the sum was inadequate. Indeed, although it was possible that the new earthworks might temporarily arrest O'Neill, the scarcity of all provisions in Dublin made his eventual triumph certain. In these circumstances, Ormonde determined to surrender the capital to the English Parliament, rather than to the Nuncio. He saw no other means of preserving the lives and liberties of his fellow Protestants, the English laws, and the supremacy of England. Since he himself had contrived to hold Dublin against fearful odds, it was only too probable that when it was adequately manned and victualled, the town would become virtually impregnable. Then, in the Elizabethan phrase, it might well prove a convenient "back door" for the invasion of England. To us, such an alarm may appear wholly visionary. But to understand the fears that haunted our forefathers we should remember that although the bubble of Spain's military greatness was pricked at Rocroy, the world did not at once realise the change, and that neither Rome nor Spain had recanted their maxims and methods regarding national conversions. Ormonde saw that Diego della Tolle, the Spanish agent, was the Nuncio's closest ally and his most generous banker. By acting in concert, the churchman and diplomatist would experience little difficulty in discovering some prince who would at once be Ireland's titular protector, the mouthpiece of the Vatican, and the tool of Spain. For all his royalist sympathies, the cavalier Marquis preferred the rule of the Roundhead to that of Rinuccini.

¹ Carte, vol. iii. p. 268.

On the 29th of September 1646, a deputation bearing the Lord-Lieutenant's propositions left Dublin for Westminster. In return for the surrender of his garrisons, Ormonde demanded the instant despatch of a relief force of three thousand five hundred men to Ireland. He stipulated also that all Englishmen and Irishmen, both Protestants and Roman Catholics, whether previously associated with the Confederates or not, should be protected in their persons and estates, if recognised as adherents by himself and the Privy Council, and he offered either to carry on the war against the rebels in the Parliament's name or to resign. In the latter case, both he and his officers were to be indemnified for their public expenditure, protected for six months against private suits for debt, and given leave to transport themselves and their effects whither they pleased.¹ He stated, however, that these arrangements were subject to his obtaining the King's sanction to his resignation; and with that object he begged the houses to forward a letter from him to Charles.

True to the attitude he had consistently maintained, Ormonde, likewise, charged the agents to represent the difference in guilt "between the first contrivers and bloody actors of the rebellion, and those who by the torrent thereof, were afterwards engaged in it, contrary to their inclinations."² He argued that the confiscation of the original rebels' lands should amply satisfy the subscribers to the Adventurers' Loan. And he urged the wisdom of not increasing existing divisions amongst Protestants in Ireland by the enforcement of the Covenant and the prohibition of the Book of Common Prayer. The prospect of acquiring the capital, the chief harbour, and main garrisons of Ireland, without striking a single blow, was naturally not displeasing to the Puritan assembly at Westminster; though they were determined neither to suffer the Marquis to remain in Dublin, nor to entrust him with the management of the war. Ormonde must go; and they simply ignored his stipulations regarding

¹ Carte, vol. iii. pp. 269-71.

² *Idem*, p. 270.

communications with the King. Armed with these instructions, their commissioners, closely followed by transports bearing stores and soldiers, almost immediately set sail for Dublin.

If overwhelming numbers are the test of an army's efficiency, Dublin undoubtedly stood in urgent need of succour, but the Nuncio's combined force of sixteen thousand men would have been more formidable had it been less torn by intrigues and jealousies. The Leinster gentleman of Preston's large contingent despised and hated O'Neill's "mere" Irish. The Ulstermen equally abominated the "rogues in big breeches," as they termed the Anglo-Irish; and these amiable sentiments were reflected in the opinion entertained for each other by their respective commanders. Such a situation evidently demanded delicate handling, but Rinuccini's behaviour was not characterised by the tact of a countryman of Macchiavelli's. After Preston's duplicity, it was, perhaps, not unnatural that he could put little trust in that general's steadfastness of purpose, but the Bishop would have been wiser not to parade his mistrust of a commander he could not cashier, or to heap thousands of crowns on O'Neill, whilst he grudgingly doled out a few miserable "livres tournois" to Preston. The discontent thus fostered amongst the Leinster troops encouraged others besides Digby to believe that Preston could be diverted to Ormonde's side. Ormonde was less hopeful. He had gone to Kilkenny trusting Preston. The deception and the bitterness of his headlong flight still rankled in his honourable soul, but as at this juncture he could not afford to leave unassayed any issue that promised escape, he was willing that Digby and Clanricarde should try their powers of persuasion on the Irishman. How precarious Ormonde himself judged his plight to be, is shown by the fact that he strove to obtain a passage for his wife and family to the Isle of Man which still held out for the King. He failed. The skipper would only carry Lady Ormonde and her children to rebel Chester; and Ormonde preferred that they should remain and share his hazards.

When the Parliamentary Commissioners arrived before Dublin, their powers proved less ample than Ormonde had anticipated; and they themselves did not give a generous interpretation to their instructions. Seeing the city beleaguered, they imagined that necessity would bring Ormonde to his knees. But they were mistaken. Ormonde did not consider their assurances regarding the treatment of loyal Roman Catholics satisfactory, while even that awaiting certain categories of Protestants appeared dubious. Moreover, although he had made the King's assent to his resignation a fundamental article, he now discovered that Parliament had not thought fit to forward his letter to Charles. Apart from the point of honour, Ormonde's abdication involved the dissolution of the Dublin Parliament, and left the Irish Protestants without an official representative or spokesman. After discussions lasting a week, Ormonde therefore declined the Parliamentary proposals; and on their side the Commissioners refused, at any price, to allow him the loan of their stores. Yet, for all his courage, and although he was now beginning to entertain definite hopes of a treaty with Preston, he cannot have seen the Parliamentary fleet depart without a certain sinking of the heart.

If the negotiations with the Parliamentary Commissioners proved a failure in their primary object, they nevertheless assisted Digby and Clanricarde in coming to terms with Preston. Ormonde, perpetually reduced to shifts and contrivances to keep his garrison alive, was a very different adversary to a Puritan General strongly entrenched in Dublin, with England as his base of supplies. The prospect of such a change was naturally distasteful to the Irish Commander. He could not fail to realise that in these altered circumstances their mutual positions would be reversed. Other causes also fought Ormonde's diplomatic battles. The November of 1646 was a season of flood and tempest.¹ In his exasperation at the incessant rain, Ormonde spoke of the climate as "certainly retaining a greater part of the primitive curse,

¹ Carte, vol. vi. p. 452. Ormonde to Digby, 10th November 1646.

than the rest of the whole creation." He was maligning his best ally. On the Liffey the bridges were broken and whirled away. In their great camp at Lucan, the Irish, already reduced to scanty rations, suffered much from cold and wet. To the disheartened army Clanricarde's terms no longer seemed ridiculously inadequate, though, save for his proposal that they should be ratified by the Queen and Prince and confirmed by the French Government, they were identical with those which the Irish had contemptuously rejected at Kilkenny. It is true that Rinuccini did not falter in his opposition; but on November the 16th, as the Council was debating the matter, intelligence arrived of the landing of the English in Dublin. The news afterwards proved to be false, but the die was then cast. O'Neill sprang from his seat, assembled his men, and, crossing the Liffey by an improvised bridge, that very night retreated to Queen's County. The Supreme Council, followed by the Nuncio, fled with equal haste to Kilkenny. Clanricarde had apparently won the day. Preston, delivered from adverse influences, swore to observe the Peace and to join Ormonde against the disobedient. In almost any other circumstances, such an engagement must have spelt finality.¹ Indeed, it did procure a breathing space for the harassed Lord-Lieutenant, though no more. Preston had urged that Ormonde should receive Irish soldiers into his garrisons, but Ormonde strongly deprecated the admittance of notoriously untrustworthy troops within his fortresses; and the event proved he was well inspired. At the beginning of December, Preston, now acting as Clanricarde's major-general, marched upon Kilkenny, sending messages, as he went, to Ormonde to entreat help against O'Neill, who, on his side, was advancing to the Nuncio's support. We possess the letter, which, at Preston's dictation, Colonel Bagnal wrote to the Lord-Lieutenant. No petition could well be more urgent, no declaration of fidelity more absolute.²

¹ Carte, vol. iii. p. 285.

² Gilbert, "Confederation," vol. vi. p. 165. Colonel Bagnal to Ormonde, endorsed 10th December 1646.

“By command of my lord General Preston,” ran the cyphered missive, “I am instanced to desire you march hitherward on sight hereof, he being on his march to encounter the van of the northern army entered into this country. He and his army entire with the nobility and gentry of those parts being firme to join with you, to performe his undertaking; if you fail or delay you ruine us all and yourself in us.”

Ormonde had not waited for Preston's appeal. Bagnal's letter, which reached him on the 10th of December, found him already on the way to Preston at the head of some sixteen hundred men. But on that selfsame day, after having again sent an express to hasten Ormonde's coming, Preston did not think shame to enter into a solemn alliance with the Nuncio. As he himself afterwards admitted, Preston felt that he was not “excommunication proof.” Rinuccini's spiritual thunders made him deaf to the voice of honour, and the terms now proffered stilled any reproaches of conscience. He calmly informed Clanricarde that as the Supreme Council did not approve of the Peace and Ormonde refused to receive his garrisons, he considered himself relieved from his engagements. Clanricarde found it hard to retain his usual self-control when the news of Preston's betrayal reached him. He could not forbear calling him traitor—and the epithet can hardly be mended.¹

After this convincing proof of the frailty of Irish pledges, it may well be asked why Ormonde waited until the beginning of February to renew his applications to Westminster. For unsatisfactory as were the terms conceded by Parliament, they yet offered a prospect of fulfilment. It appears, however, that Ormonde wished to leave time for two eventualities. The General Assembly was to meet in January in Kilkenny, and it was just possible that the Irish laity might then mitigate the Nuncio's crude despotism. There also remained the chance that Lord Digby, who had sailed for France in December, might obtain fresh subsidies from Mazarin, or directions bearing

¹ Carte, vol. iii. p. 287.

the stamp of authenticity from King Charles. The Lord-Lieutenant ardently desired such a communication from the royal prisoner; yet he was haunted by the dread that, if the order filtered through Henrietta Maria's Court, it might assume a form which he could not execute. He saw clearly into his own conscience; but, with rare detachment, he did not wish his personal judgments to impede a pacification. Fairly and squarely he put his position in the following letter to Digby:—

“If I can but eate and keepe myself out of apparent certainty of being delivered up to some rebells, I will overcome the toyle and incredible aversion I have to shifting after this manner and will expecte a returne from you, though I should bee sett at liberty by what you have already written to the King. One thing I shall beseech you to bee carefull of, which is, to take order that the commands that shall bee directed to mee touching this people (if any bee) thwart not the grounds I have layd to myself in poynt of religion; for in that, and in that only, I shall resort to the liberty left to a subject to obey by suffering. And this I mention lest the King's service should suffer in my being scrupulous in things another would find less difficulty in. Noe man knows better than your lordship where in this particular I stick; yet I hould it not amiss to remember you that it is in what concerne any concessions that may seem to perpetuate to the Roman Catholics either churches or church livings, or that may essentially take from ours, or give to their cleargy ecclesiastical jurisdiction. For other freedoms against penalties for the quiet exercise of their religion, I am cleare of opinion it not only may, but ought to be given them; if His Majesty should finde cause to owne them for anything but rebells.”¹

Inured as he was to hardships, it cannot excite surprise that Ormonde should express an “incredible aversion” for the shifts to which he was now reduced. The private's weekly wage had been progressively diminished until it had reached 6d. in coin and 8 lbs. of bread. Trusting that the city of Dublin, when relieved of their presence, might pay a seventh of this sum, Ormonde withdrew his troops to

¹ Carte, vol. vi. p. 485. Ormonde to Lord Digby, 25th December 1646.

Westmeath, but even this pittance could not be levied in the ruined capital, and the countryside was no less poverty-stricken. The £2,000 Ormonde had brought back from his otherwise fruitless expedition to Kilkenny, and the £23,000 he had raised by mortgaging his estates were long since exhausted. Meanwhile the General Assembly had not justified the hopes entertained of its moderation. It is true that the original members of the Supreme Council returned from prison smarting under a keen sense of injury, and burning to be avenged on the Nuncio, but they were swamped by the clerical nominees who represented towns and districts under English occupation. A vote of censure on the Commissioners, who had negotiated the late Peace, was barely avoided, and the Peace itself was utterly condemned. The encroachments of the clergy waxed mightier with every day.¹ The priesthood now required that Roman Catholicism should be recognised as the established religion, not only in the Popish quarters, but throughout Ireland. And had it not been for the number of gentlemen who held abbey lands, the Nuncio would have obtained the restitution of these domains to the regulars. Although he did not yet publicly announce his resolve, Rinuccini was also fully determined to suffer none but a Catholic viceroy in Ireland. He was less reticent on the choice of a foreign protector for the nation. He entreated the Pope to assume the office; and the advisability of inviting the King of Spain or some other secular prince to accept that dignity was freely discussed by the General Assembly. In fact, considering its temper, Ormonde was fortunate to obtain any extension of the truce.

A message from Charles, which reached him at the same period, was a source of no little gratification to Ormonde. The King had charged a trusty gentleman to tell the Marquis that if he could retain his garrison in their present entire obedience, it would be acceptable to His Majesty.² "But if there were, or should be, a necessity of giving them up to another power, he should rather put them into the hands of the English than the Irish."

¹ Carte, vol. iii. pp. 292-4.

² *Idem*, p. 300.



KILKENNY CASTLE.

[*Face p. 322 (vol. i).*]

Charles, who had now been transferred to the Parliamentary Commissioners' keeping, had hopes at this juncture of coming to terms with his new masters. He could not fail to see that if Ireland was under the governance of the English Parliament, at his restoration to his full prerogative, it must once more revert to him. On the other hand, its recovery from a foreign potentate would probably be attended with serious difficulties. On the 6th of February 1647, Ormonde accordingly renewed negotiations with Parliament, offering, on the acceptance of the terms he had previously refused, to deliver up sword and garrisons to their representatives, and pressing for the speedy performance of the transaction. The Irish Privy Council and Parliament passed resolutions approving his determination, which had also the effect of bringing envoys and propositions from Kilkenny. The Irish envoys were more moderate than the propositions, for the latter merely embodied the terms already discussed in the Assembly.¹ But although personally friendly, the ambassadors were so fearful of being repudiated by their principals that they could not even be persuaded to put their overtures into writing. The folly of such behaviour was self-evident, but it must be remembered that the Supreme Council's pretensions were countenanced, if not encouraged, by Henrietta Maria's circle.² Lord Fitzwilliam, writing from the Queen's Court, informed the Supreme Council that Ormonde was to be ordered to deliver up Dublin and all other garrisons into their hands. There was no power, as yet, he admitted, for "displacing" the Marquis of Ormonde. "Yet, the Queen's Council avers, they will hold His Grace no loyal subject if, after being possessed of what is said, he sues not for surrendering up his place and Lieutenantship." Only one church in Dublin had been requested for the use of Protestants. Its concession, Fitzwilliam apologetically remarked, would be a graceful act, since, in all probability, Dublin would be the Prince of Wales's residence. The

¹ Carte, p. 301.

² C. W. Russell and J. P. Prendergast, "Report on Carte MSS.," p. 117. Viscount Oliver Fitzwilliam to Supreme Council, 9th February 1647.

Supreme Council were to give no credence to any messenger who did not corroborate these statements. And above all, Fitzwilliam pleaded,

“lose not a day’s time for any treaty but let your armies prepare, whilst you treat, to take by fair or foul means Dublin, etc. ; for His Majesty’s use, for believe it, you may safely do it, and delays breed danger. It is thought,” he insisted, “our English Court would heartily wish you had taken Dublin when you attempted it ; but lose no more opportunities, but go on roundly with your work.”

Had he seen this missive, Ormonde might well have exclaimed that a man’s foes are they of his own household.

The peculiar diplomatic methods of the Supreme Council were not unmixed evils to Ormonde. Indeed, the delays they occasioned enabled him to gain time for the arrival of the Parliamentary Commissioners in Dublin. Thanks to such episodes and the co-operation of Lord Inchiquin, who exerted himself actively in the South, Ormonde was enabled to keep the English flag flying far longer than he had judged possible.¹ He had told Parliament that he could not answer for the safety of the capital beyond March the 10th, but it was the 30th of April before the anxious inhabitants of Dublin were gladdened by the sight of the English transports entering the Bay. Parliament had been suspicious of another repulse, and the ships were not suffered to leave England until Ormonde sent his second son, Lord Richard Butler, as a hostage to Chester. On the 7th of June the Parliamentary Commissioners arrived, and on the 19th of that month the treaty was ratified.

By this agreement all Protestants were secured in their estates, and protection was given to those who had paid contributions. Free passes were granted to all

¹ Inchiquin’s successes so alarmed the Supreme Council that they seized the opportunity afforded by the advent of Winter Grant—Henrietta Maria’s envoy—to re-open parleys with Ormonde. Their terms were, however, identical with those they had already advanced ; and Ormonde’s refusal practically closed the negotiations, for they returned no answer to his counter-proposals, so that as he said “the last motion for reconciliation went from him and lay neglected and unanswered upon their hands.” (Carte, vol. vi. p. 543. Ormonde’s summary relation of Irish Affairs).

noblemen, gentlemen, or officers desiring to accompany Ormonde. Conditionally on their loyal and peaceful behaviour, Popish recusants, not having joined the rebels, were promised the enjoyment of their estates. The financial situation should not have been difficult of adjustment. When Dublin was besieged by the Nuncio's armies, Ormonde had pledged his personal security for moneys amounting to £13,877, 13s. 4d., on the understanding that the sum should be repaid before he left Dublin. In justice to his creditors, he was bound to require the repayment of a loan which had been devoted to retaining Dublin for England, but despite the entreaties of the Privy Council, he declined to ask for the reimbursement of his rents detained by Parliamentary commanders or for the arrears of his official salaries. Parliament could not, and did not, refuse to acknowledge the equity of his claim. It was arranged that Ormonde should receive £3,000 before leaving Dublin, and that of the remainder, one half should be paid on bills of exchange bearing fifteen days, and the other half on bills bearing six months' notice. When, however, it came to the production of the stipulated sums, trouble arose. As Ormonde did not receive the £3,000 before his departure from Dublin, he was obliged to leave Lady Ormonde to superintend the discharge of the various debts;¹ and to obtain the quittance of the bills of exchange, he was forced to send representatives to Holland—the great banking house of the world. At the cost of much annoyance and expense he thus procured the first £5,000. But he spent six weary months vainly petitioning Parliament for the residue. Nor would the State, probably, ever have met its obligations, had it not been that some of his creditors numbered influential friends amongst the members of the House of Commons. Even then Parliament remained in Ormonde's debt for a sum of £1,515. Ormonde's numerous enemies were fond of saying that he had been bribed into surrendering Dublin. If so, it must be admitted that he showed himself a very poor bargainer.

¹ Carte, vol. iii. p. 307.

The Lord-Lieutenant had arranged to give up the regalia on July the 28th, by which time he hoped to receive permission from Parliament to transport a large number of Irishmen to France. The permission was eventually refused ; and the delay between the surrender of Dublin and the Marquis's departure for England was not marked by courtesy on the part of the Commissioners. With almost indecent haste, on the very day the treaty was signed, they prohibited the use of the Book of Common Prayer in the churches. Contrary to their engagements, they placed guards on some of Ormonde's officers, and apprehended others.¹ On the 16th of July Ormonde thought it well to disarm their jealousy by delivering up the castle where he still lived ; and on July the 28th, accompanied to the waterside by the prayers and blessings of those who had been kept from perishing by his bounty, he embarked for Bristol. It is said that, like Hannibal, when recalled to Carthage, as he gazed on the lovely country he was leaving, he expressed the "hope that he was destined to return in such force as to efface the shame of leaving it a beggar."² The tale bears traces of the malignity of its source. A banished and a well-nigh ruined man, Ormonde's heart may well have been hot within him, not only for the wreck of his own fortunes, but for his native land, his own people, and his father's house. He had striven to save them from their fate. He had failed ; but in his failure there was no place for shame or for repentance.

¹ Carte, vol. iii. p. 309.

² Hutton, "Embassy," Nuncio's report, p. 513.

CHAPTER XI

ORMONDE'S RETURN

ACTON, Sir Robert Poyntz's house, had ever been a second home to Ormonde. It was there that he had brought his newly-wedded bride, and it was there that he now turned his steps immediately on landing at Bristol. The happy leisure of those early days passed under his uncle's roof was, however, gone, as irretrievably as the England, political and social, that he had then known.

Ormonde had lost office and power. He was denied the ordering of his patrimony, but time for repose or recreation was lacking. An early interview with the King was imperative. The Marquis disembarked in England on August the 2nd. Before the month was ended, thanks to Sir Thomas Fairfax's friendly intervention with the Parliamentary authorities, he was admitted to Charles's presence at Hampton Court.

Ormonde had reason to believe that the Pro-Catholic party in Paris had given a treasonable complexion to his surrender of Dublin, but even slander was impotent to lessen his merits in the King's eyes; to these, at least, Charles did justice, and the royal example was dutifully followed by Henrietta Maria and the Prince of Wales. Indeed the King was more than just. He was gracious—a rare occurrence, since cordiality was alien to his cold reserved nature. When Ormonde would have surrendered the Commission for the Lieutenancy, His Majesty refused it, saying, "that either the Marquis himself, or nobody should ever use it with better success."¹ Ormonde consequently found a melancholy satisfaction in lingering near the captive monarch. He took lodgings

¹ Carte, vol. iii. p. 332.

at Kingston, and frequently discussed Irish politics with the King. Hitherto, although Ormonde had enjoyed an unusual measure of the Sovereign's trust, he had never lived with him on terms of intimacy. For the first time at Hampton Court he knew, or thought he knew, the man Charles Stuart. Fuller knowledge did not, however, impair his devotion. Ever after, he took pleasure in citing the maxims of one immeasurably his inferior; and even in trivial matters he paid Charles the supreme homage of imitation. Much to the amazement of James II.'s modish young courtiers, Ormonde's costume remained modelled on that of the royal martyr. To the last day of his life, indeed, the Duke was constant not only to the habit, but also to the hat, "just as it came from the block, stiff, without a button, and uncocked,"¹ such as the First Charles wore, when, well-nigh half a century earlier, they paced together the alleys of Wolsey's stately palace.

A month later Lady Ormonde arrived in England, and Ormonde left the banks of the Thames to escort his wife to London. For six long years it may be said that Elizabeth Ormonde had never escaped from the valley of the Shadow. In that time she had lost three babes. She had done battle with pestilence and famine. Sudden death had been in the very air she breathed. In truth, she had been through the furnace, and few women could have issued more victoriously out of the long-drawn ordeal, for in the hour of peril she had never blenched, and never had she failed in charity and pity. Now she frankly rejoiced in the truce from imminent danger, sunning herself in the first pale beams of returning prosperity. It must be confessed that the dear lady's rejoicings seldom assumed a frugal aspect. Of her fondness for heaping gifts on her friends, we know something from Lady Fanshawe. "I never parted from her upon a journey," says the latter, "but she ever gave me some present."² Doubtless, Lady Fanshawe was a charming person. Moreover, Lady Ormonde declared that as they

¹ Carte, vol. iv. p. 693.

² "Memoirs of Lady Fanshawe," p. 125.

had both been born in the same room of the same house (Lady Fanshawe's father having hired Lord Dingwall's mansion for the occasion), Lady Fanshawe possessed peculiar claims on her affection. Nevertheless, we may be sure that Sir Richard Fanshawe's wife was not single in receiving turquoise and diamond bracelets, "and fasset and diamond rings" from Lady Ormonde. Nor, although she revelled in the bestowal of "keepsakes," and never failed to feed the hungry and clothe the naked, must it be imagined that the Marchioness of Ormonde was heedless of her own concerns, domestic and mundane. There was nothing of the ascetic or altruist in the excellent woman. Like the "dainty ankled Theugenis" of Theocritus, Elizabeth Ormonde very emphatically cared "for all the things that wise matrons love," which somewhat comprehensive catalogue, at this particular juncture, included a suitable coach. With her own hands, Lady Ormonde had toiled at the defences of Dublin. Such an example, she conceived, was due from the wife of the Chief Governor. Now, she was equally determined that not a jot or tittle of the decencies appertaining to their station, and compatible with their straitened fortunes, should be lacking to her lord and herself, when they took up their abode in London. The purchase of a coach ranked accordingly amongst the first preparations for their future existence which she made on leaving Ireland. Its choice she delegated to one Stephen Smith, who, it is clear, fully realised the serious nature of his responsibilities, although he found it no small problem to reconcile the scanty sum available, with his own and his patroness's standard of smartness. And he was mightily relieved when an old acquaintance, Phelps by name, formerly carriage builder to Lord Treasurer Weston and my Lord of Strafford, agreed to undertake the job and to allow "£100 for what he hath had from my Lord." Smith devoutly hoped that Phelps "would deal honestly in the business," but from the items—all of prime necessity—which he enumerates, the ordering of a nobleman's chariot in the year of grace 1647 was evidently no small business.

"Twenty pounds more," he wrote, "as Mr Kenedie tells me, is in Mr Young's hand, servant to my lady Holland, which Mr Kenedie will call to him for, and for some 20 or 30li. more, the harness excepted, your ladyship may have a very faire Coach, but the harness for 6 horses, if it be of the best sort, will cost sixscore pounds at least, as they tell me. Of the ordinary sort without gilding one may have for twenty, or of any other price, betwixt that and sixscore.

"I have nowe," he continues, "sent unto Mistress Hume a peece of velvett, a peece of scarlett, and a peece of gray cloth, with a Gould and silver frindg for my lord and your ladyship to make your choice of; that gray is to make a Coach for my lord of Newcastle. The red is in a coach already of my lord of Pembrooks, with crimson frindg of silke. If your ladyship take scarlett and silke fringe, it will be much cheaper then to make it of velvet and gold and silver fringe; for to make it of velvet with gold and silver fringe will stand in 250li. at least.

"I have likewise sent 2 great guilt nailes for the toppe of the Coach for your ladyship to make your choice of, in all which I humbly desire your directions.

"LONDON, *October 2, 1647.*"¹

In the seventeenth century, even as now, it was easier to fix a limit of expenditure than to keep within it. In a P.S., Lady Ormonde's deputy adds,

"I have put your ladyship to the charge of 2 french Gorgetts, which I had this day sent downe, had I not heard of your ladyship's resolutions hither. They are such, I hope, as your ladyship will very well like of; my lady Marquesse of Winchester gott one of them, and my lady Marquesse of Hartford an other, but I had the freindshippe to have my choice whilst their gentlewoman stood by to take what I left. Ther was but 6 that came over."

The pomps of life were not so dear to Ormonde as to Lord Dingwall's heiress. His dress, although distinguished by a certain elegant neatness, was conceived rather according to the canons of Puritan than Cavalier

¹ Carte MSS., vol. xxi. f. 476. Stephen Smith to Lady Ormonde.

taste, but, in course of time, clothes, however simple, must wear out. During the last six years the Marquis had, apparently, not bestowed a thought upon his garments. When he began to contemplate a return to England, he was forced to consider the replenishing of his neglected wardrobe. His negotiations with his tailor—for no other description applies to this correspondence—commenced in March,¹ but although William Perkins, the artist in question, was duteously anxious to execute the Lord-Lieutenant's orders, he premised that having already lost £7,000 by the "inhuman war" in Ireland, he could not risk more "cloths" there, save on the ready-money system. The mediation not only of Lord Kerry, but of that grave and learned prelate, Dr Usher, whose name reads oddly in such a connection, had to be invoked before Ormonde could get his "cloths." From Lord Kerry's letter it appears that the inhuman war had been poor Perkins's undoing.

"If you saw what I have of him these past two years," wrote the former to Ormonde, "you would pity him; he hath had £12 or £13,000 due unto him from such as your servant and such as, though they can, will not pay him what would keep him from imprisonment, in which condition he stands at this instant. Very desirous I saw him to supply your Lordship, but much troubled that your Lordship should say nothing of what was due, which I told him I believed forgotten, and I was confident he should so find, and have a noble satisfaction on his ready despatch of your Lordship's new desires, whereupon he desired me to move your Lordship in his behalf, and indeed, my Lord, I know it to be so great a charity to relieve him at this time that I wish amongst all his debtors, here and there, he may say your Lordship has been his most noble and seasonable succour."²

Lord Kerry's tact was rewarded. A week later, Perkins wrote to announce the despatch of "a black suit and cloak

¹ Hist. MSS., Ormonde MSS., N.S., vol. i. p. 112. Wm. Perkins to Ormonde, 23rd March 1647.

² *Idem*, p. 114. Lord Kerry to Ormonde, 5th April 1647.

trimmed with a fairbone lace, and a fine grey suit and cloak with points, gloves, and hat-bands suitable."¹ With the raiment went also the bill.

"Both the new and the bills for the old account for the clothes sent your Honour in 1641, which bills for the old come to £226 16s. 6d., and, by your honourable promise, was to have been paid as soon as the clothes came to your hand, but that unhappy war breaking out just at the same time hindered my payment."

The sum was not great, Perkins deprecatingly remarked,

"yet it is such as will exceedingly refresh me and mine, and rid me out of my sad condition as a prisoner. I will not multiply more importunities to your Lordship," he concludes. "I write to a man of honour, and so at your Honour's feet I cast myself, and trust there to find justice and mercy."

Such petitions, for Perkins was not single in his plaint, must have embittered Ormonde's existence at this juncture. Parliament continued to show a very discreditable indifference to its financial engagements with the Lord-Lieutenant, and, as too often happens, it was the humble creditors who paid for the State's want of faith.

A whole year later, although some portion of the debt seems to have been liquidated, the hapless tailor was forced to return again to the charge. On this occasion, he assures Ormonde that, armed with his warrant for the sum, he hoped, with the help of backstairs influence, to squeeze the remainder out of the Committee at Derby House.² Since this letter closes the series of appeals, one can only hope that he and his were at last "refreshed."

Before he had spent many days with his wife, Ormonde was recalled to Hampton Court. The last few weeks had been fruitful in negotiations, Parliament, the Scots, and the army bidding against each other for the royal prisoner's alliance. Had Charles accepted the latter's terms—known as the "Heads of Proposals"—it is possible

¹ Hist. MSS., Ormonde MSS., N.S., vol. i. p. 115. Wm. Perkins to Ormonde, 14th April 1647.

² *Idem*, pp. 118-9. Wm. Perkins to Ormonde, 11th April 1648.

that English history might have lacked one of its most dramatic scenes, and that the constitution of 1688 would have been antedated. But even if the King had been less fundamentally hostile to any limitation of his prerogative, it is doubtful whether the nation was ripe for the momentous changes adumbrated in the Heads of Proposal. Nor were the Councillors, Ormonde, Richmond, Hertford, Southampton, who, on October the 7th, by the army leaders' express sanction, gathered around Charles, inclined to put pressure on their Sovereign. In fact, it is to be feared that at this crisis Ormonde's advice was not happy. He misdoubted the sincerity of the military commanders, believing that "the overtures by the army were intended rather to facilitate the expulsion of the Presbyterian party than to procure a peace by these proposals."¹ He failed to see that if the King refused to meet Cromwell and Ireton in a spirit of compromise, they would be driven to seek elsewhere the moral support of which they stood in need to combat the impending anarchy they dreaded. Unlike Charles, the Marquis does not seem to have built great hopes on the immediate intervention of the Scots, but at the King's command he dutifully undertook the conduct of negotiations with the newly-arrived Southern agents. Lauderdale was already in London; and by the 11th of October his fellow Commissioners, Loudon and Lanark, had reached the capital. On the same day Charles dismissed the Council summoned to discuss the army proposals,² thereby convincing the soldiers that he had repudiated their terms. Ormonde was empowered to treat with the northern Commissioners, and to promise the support of English Presbyterians and Irish Royalists, towards a Scottish invasion of the country.³ That both army and Parliament should have been chary of allowing the King free intercourse with his friends, when plots such as these were its direct outcome, is hardly surprising. Secrets were notoriously ill-kept in Stuart Palaces. Some inkling of Ormonde's mission must

¹ Carte, vol. iii. p. 333.

² Gardiner, vol. iii. p. 372.

³ Carte, vol. iii. p. 333.

have reached the administration. He was not suffered to return to Hampton Court, and never was he fated to look on Charles's face again.

Thus Ormonde remained in London until Christmas Eve, seeking to adjust with the Scottish Lords the treaty, famous thereafter as the "Engagement," which was finally subscribed by Charles at Carisbrooke. A Parliamentary ordinance, banishing all malignants from the capital, interrupted the parleys. Ormonde held that the articles of his surrender should have exempted him from sharing in the general exodus of Cavaliers; and he invoked Fairfax's aid in the controversy. But Sir Thomas, "though till then extremely civil and obliging, told him plainly that he durst not undertake to mediate with Parliament for him."¹ His old acquaintances in the House of Lords were not more helpful. Indeed, they showed their alarm by advising him to begone speedily, lest a lodging should be provided for him in the Tower. Ormonde recognised that he had no option save to obey. He therefore departed for Lord Paget's house near Marlow, leaving his faithful secretary, George Lane, to acquaint the Scottish agents with this new development, and to appoint the next conference in the neighbourhood of Marlow. So small an obstacle could not baffle Lauderdale. He readily agreed to a new trysting - place, and Ormonde then set forth, accompanied by Lady Holland, who had claimed his protection for herself and her jewels, which she valued at £2,500. Peace had not restored the pristine security of travel in Great Britain. The professional gentry of the road were largely reinforced by broken Cavaliers, who had lost any honest means of livelihood they might once have possessed, while they had not forgotten their more recently acquired habits of pillage. The "reluctancy of the generous royalists" of Oxford to see their former comrades mount the hangman's ladder was not confined to the loyal city, and probably stood them in good stead. When thieves of quality fell into the hands of the Puritan justices their shrift was

¹ Hist. MSS., Ormonde MSS., N.S., vol. ii. p. 353.

short, as in the case of Hussey and Peek, whose executions "being," as he carefully tells us, only "the first or second he ever saw, struck great terror into Anthony à Wood, to the disturbance of his studies and thoughts."¹ But their capture was generally no easy matter, and in the meantime the King's lieges went in peril of their purses. Lady Holland had good cause, therefore, to tremble for her casket. All went well, however, until she and Ormonde approached Henley Wood, where they heard that some country folk returning from market had that very day been robbed, and were, further, warned that these identical highwaymen, ten in number, were still stationed a quarter of a mile up the road. Lady Holland's alarm was great; and Ormonde himself was perturbed at the thought of her valuables being staked on so unequal an encounter. He hastily made such preparations as were possible, and mounted his "led horse." Scarcely was he in the saddle, when the highwaymen came in view,

"drawn up ready to receive him and those few servants which attended him, in number not exceeding five, and having no better arms than their swords, firearms being prohibited to all Cavaliers."²

Lady Holland may well have given up her treasures for lost. But an agreeable surprise was in store for the little party.

"As they approached the highwaymen, by whom his Lordship expected to be attacked, they cried out, 'God bless your Lordship, my Lord of Ormonde, we have nothing to say to your Lordship, for you are as poor as we!' So his Lordship passed on to Marlow without any disturbance from them,"

while Lady Holland must have blessed her foresight in securing Ormonde's escort. If Hussey and Peek formed part of that band, it is difficult not to share the royalists' "reluctancy" at their ignoble end.

"Three days of jollity" were the not unfitting sequel

¹ Anthony à Wood, "Life and Times," vol. i. p. 187, 1654.

² Hist. MSS., Ormonde, vol. ii., N.S., p. 154.

to so happy an adventure. A message then arrived bidding Ormonde meet the Scottish Lords at eight o'clock the next morning in a little coppice wood between Marlow and Henley. Accordingly, Ormonde told his groom to saddle his pad by seven, adding that he would not require the attendance of any of his servants. Unluckily, Sir Henry Leigh, described by Ormonde's anonymous chronicler as "a good fellow and pleasant companion of Lord Paget's"—a portrait which scarcely tallies with our ingrained notions of the stately old Knight of Ditchley—had overheard the order, and despite Ormonde's evident desire for privacy, he swore that he would accompany the Marquis. A less quick-witted man than James Butler might have been puzzled to shake off the busybody without arousing his suspicions ; but,

"my Lord, having no mind to be encumbered with so impertinent a companion, called him aside to him, and whispered him in the ear that he would do him a great kindness to go along with him, for he was engaged fight a duel, and he wanted a second. Sir Henry immediately started, and said he begged his Lordship's pardon, for though he had a great honour for his Lordship, yet he did not love to have eyelet holes made in his body so cold and frosty a morning ; by which ingenious raillery his Lordship was rid of his troublesome spy, and with freedom met the two Lords in the coppice, who came without any attendance."¹

If the invasion of England by Duke Hamilton, which took place the following August, with fatal results to all concerned, was planned at this meeting in the little wood, the matter of discussion was undoubtedly momentous. Yet it is difficult to believe that Ormonde did not enjoy a chuckle at Leigh's expense as he urged his pad towards the coppice, where the fate of the kingdom was to be determined. The tryst was not without important consequences to Ormonde himself, for it was then resolved

¹ Hist. MSS., Ormonde, vol. ii. p. 354.

that he should return to Ireland to reorganise the Royalist forces and to effect a diversion for Hamilton.

To a man so deeply involved in plots as Ormonde, England was scarcely a healthy abode. In the circumstances, he thought it wiser to move to Acton, where the close neighbourhood of Bristol furnished opportunities for correspondence with Inchiquin, who was beginning to meditate a return to his former allies. But even Acton was not sufficiently remote from the long arm of Parliament. By the Dublin articles, Ormonde was entitled to remain twelve months in England with liberty thereafter to transport himself beyond seas, if he had not already concluded a composition for his estates with the Government.¹ For this composition Ormonde had no intention to sue. But he lingered on first in London, and then in Gloucestershire, hoping to secure for his creditors' benefit the £3,500 due to him from Parliament. On February the 15th, however, the Committee at Derby House ordered him to give a pledge that he would do nothing in disservice of Parliament during his stay in England. He could not take the required oath; and he regarded the Committee's action as a warning that he would not be left much longer at liberty. There was no need for the authorities to have recourse to a charge of treason to procure his arrest. The six months' protection from his creditors, guaranteed by his articles, was on the point of expiring; and there was little prospect of his obtaining the wherewithal to discharge his liabilities. Neither Mr Perkins nor any other of his creditors would have been a penny the better had Ormonde been laid by the heels for debt. Parliament had only to allow the law to take its course to dispose of a very troublesome opponent without violating the letter of its bond. Ormonde took the hint. He did not await the formal order of arrest, said to be on the way to Acton. He stole off to Hastings, obtained a passage to Dieppe, and about the beginning of March arrived safely in Paris.

¹ Carte, vol. iii. p. 340.

Ormonde was not the sole personage at Henrietta Maria's Court who had played a leading part in Irish affairs. Glamorgan had preceded him by some months, and had employed that interval in soliciting the Chief Governorship of Ireland. It is interesting to recall, in contrast with the Earl's present attitude, the burning assurances of devotion which, not so very long ago, he had showered on Ormonde. Indeed, apart from their quaintly highflown style, they merit quotation, if only as a commentary on the frailty of politicians' vows.

"I am on fire," he had written, "till I finde ways to expresse my selfs, it being Love with reallity that is the predominate Passion in me, and seeing noe effectuall businesse of testyfyng the same doth yet present it selfe, Give me leave to endeavour it by woords, and infallibly Knowe that I neyther have, nor can have any thing I may call mine with my life it selfe, over which your Lordship shall not have a commanding power, neyther shall I esteeme any person my friend who shall not be a servant to you. My Lord, Your Excellencies most passionatly devoted kinsman, friend and servant till death,
GLAMORGAN."¹

Bearing in mind the Earl's protestation that he would acknowledge no friend who refused to be "a servant" to James Butler, it is instructive to note that it was the wife of Glamorgan's bosom who headed the opposition to Ormonde at the Louvre. Rinuccini's warm commendations of his ally to Mazarin had availed Glamorgan but little. He was out of favour with the Queen and her chief advisers, and, despite his sanguine disposition, was forced to own that his chances of success were slender. Lady Glamorgan, like many another good wife before and since, refused to believe that her husband's conduct was responsible for his treatment. She found it more satisfactory to impute his neglect to Ormonde's machinations, and honoured the Marquis, accordingly, with a vivacious hate. Long years ago, when Lady

¹ Carte MSS. vol. xvi. f. 370 (slightly mutilated).

Glamorgan was still Lady Margaret O'Brien, and before young Lord Thurles went courting to Holland House, he had been a suitor for the hand of Lord Thomond's daughter. . But when the Marquis of Ormonde now waited upon the Countess, and, after the fashion belauded of Erasmus,¹ offered his respectful salutations, he was repulsed in the presence of the entire courtly circle with scorn, "the lady turning her face away with great disdain." In the cut and thrust of society warfare, however, Ormonde's gay and imperturbable ease made him no mean adept. "He made her a reverence, and with great presence of mind, said: 'Really, Madam, this would have troubled me eighteen years ago,' and then went on to his next acquaintance," the company covertly applauding the little passage at arms.

The coldness Glamorgan encountered at Court was probably due less to a sense of his rival's merits than to the fact that the Ultramontane party were suffering considerable reverses in Ireland. No sooner was Ormonde's departure from Dublin definitely announced, than a revulsion of feeling in his favour took place amongst the Confederate Catholics. The horror entertained for the Nuncio's General, Owen Roe O'Neill, by the gentry of Leinster and Munster was doubtless responsible for their sudden change of front. The depredations of O'Neill's Ulstermen were fast reducing the south of Ireland to a desert; while his clerical auxiliaries loudly proclaimed their intention of rooting the Anglo-Irish out of the land. To the latter, Ormonde alone appeared capable of uniting the various forces of the community opposed to the extreme Papistical and Ultramontane programme. And they also believed that if the supremacy of England was to be restored in a form acceptable to themselves, it could only be in Ormonde's person. This was no new born conviction. Already in July 1647, four days before he left Ireland, Preston and the Leinster officers had sent him a petition acknowledging their own backslidings and beseeching him not to abandon them. If only for another

¹ Carte, vol. iii. p. 341.

month, and in a private capacity, they entreated him to remain. Digby had supported the appeal,¹ but Ormonde, very sensibly, declined to retract a decision, to which their own vacillations and waywardness had so largely contributed.

"I confess," he told Digby, "I do not understand why my going hence should lay men of courage, and in the command of a yet prosperous army, open to that infallible destruction they apprehend, unless they shall be wanting to themselves and to the seasonable use they may make of it against the faction of the Nuncio and O'Neill."

Ormonde felt that he would be sacrificing himself, "perhaps fruitlessly, for those, that by the exactest rules of correspondency can challenge no more from me than my good wishes and endeavours for them of less hazard for myself."

The events that followed on Ormonde's departure were not of a nature to lessen the Confederates' regret at his loss. Ireland was a lively example of the conditions obtaining in a house divided against itself. Colonel Michael Jones, the Parliamentary Governor of Dublin, was incomparably better equipped for short raids into the interior than his Royalist predecessor. On August the 8th, 1647, he utterly defeated Preston at Dungan Hill, the slaughter that ensued contrasting forcibly with Ormonde's methods. In Munster, Inchiquin obtained yet more sanguinary successes; the storm of Cashel, even in that campaign of flame and massacre, achieved a lurid and lasting fame. In Ulster, O'Neill's absence left the coast clear to George Monk. The future Duke of Albemarle effected a junction with Michael Jones, and, together, they captured various strongholds. On the 13th of November, Inchiquin's victory at Mallow, again characteristic of the peculiar system of warfare practised by Murough of the Burnings, set the climax to an uninterrupted series of Protestant triumphs. The Nuncio, who, in the first flush of exultation over Ormonde's resignation, had confidently announced that all disaffection had entirely

¹ Carte, vol. vi. pp. 530-1. Ormonde to Lord Digby, 23rd July 1647.

disappeared, and that, at last, there was every hope of the war becoming one solely "for religion," now found he had gravely misconstrued the situation.¹

Rinuccini, in fact, was utterly unable to stem the flood of discontent that set in against his policy. The General Assembly insisted on restoring various moderate members whom he had ejected from the Supreme Council, and he could not prevent the despatch of three Commissioners to the Queen, bearing an invitation to Ireland for the Prince of Wales and instructions for the negotiations of a treaty. It is true that the Bishop induced the General Assembly to promise that the final religious settlement should be referred to the Pope, and sent his own delegates to Rome for that purpose. But with regard to the Paris envoys, he could not flatter himself that his devoted representative, Lord Antrim, would counteract the adverse influence of his colleagues, Muskerry and Geoffrey Browne, who, in February 1648, set sail for France. On the high seas the Confederate agents must have crossed Colonel Barry, sent by Ormonde on an equally important mission to the Irish Royalists. That the political situation in Ireland was not always governed by the strictest rules of logic, had received a fresh illustration in the behaviour of Lord Inchiquin. For it was almost immediately after his terrific executions at Cashel and Mallow, that he sought a reconciliation with the Irish Catholics. In truth, like many another gentleman, he was startled and dismayed by the trend of affairs in England, and especially by the vote of "no addresses." He feared the rising power of the Independents. And he resented the attempt made by the Parliamentary authorities to admit their officers to a share of responsibilities, which, he conceived, should be exclusively vested in the President of Munster.

Inchiquin therefore received Barry warmly, and, as a first step towards a coalition, bade him offer a truce to the Confederate Catholics assembled at Kilkenny. Since Inchiquin disposed of a well-drilled force, his adhesion was an immense gain to the royal cause. On April the 3rd he

¹ "Embassy," p. 313. Nuncio to Cardinal Spada, 6th September 1647.

declared openly for the King, advocated a union of the Scots and Irish on his behalf, and intimated that those of his officers, who were not prepared to follow his example, must forthwith quit the country.

So great had been the alarm of the Nuncio and the Council at Inchiquin's menacing proximity to Kilkenny that they had quite recently contemplated applying to him for a cessation, but when Rinuccini heard that Inchiquin's offer was merely a preliminary to Ormonde's return as Chief Governor, he veered round and denounced the proposal in unmeasured language. Neither Clanricarde nor Preston was affected by his eloquence; while the Supreme Council refused outright to endorse the tenet that it was unlawful to make peace with heretics. They pertinently enquired why it was less sinful to come to terms with Colonel Michael Jones, to whom Rinuccini was willing to make advances, than with the President of Munster. And on the 20th of May 1648 they proclaimed a Cessation with Inchiquin, which carried obligations of mutual assistance. The Nuncio was checkmated. He might perhaps have yielded to so general a consensus of opinion had he not feared, as he frankly admitted, that Inchiquin "would make him the laughing-stock of the Council and the sport of the heretics."¹ He therefore hurriedly left Kilkenny and launched an interdict against all places and persons adhering to the Cessation, but his ridiculous abuse of spiritual censures had cheapened these once formidable weapons.² His funds were exhausted, and, unsupported by the power of the purse, his anathemas fell somewhat flat. On May the 31st the Supreme Council formally appealed against his decrees; and, marvellous to relate, were supported by a large proportion of the clergy, regular and secular, who drew a wide distinction between an unfavourable peace and a truce which was not only advantageous, but necessary to Ireland. Rinuccini took refuge in Galway, where ill-luck pursued him. Lord Clanricarde besieged the

¹ "Embassy," p. 417.

² Carte, vol. iii. pp. 372-8.

town and extracted a renunciation of his cause from the citizens, while O'Neill, who had vainly attempted to invade the Confederates' country, was likewise forced to retreat.

Thus in the summer of 1648 the situation appeared to be shaping favourably for Ormonde's return, a course strongly urged alike by the mass of the Confederates and by Inchiquin. It is true that Antrim ardently coveted the Viceroyalty, but, although his brother commissioners joined him in the formal presentation of the Supreme Council's demands to the Queen, they dissociated themselves from him in all else. Nor was their influence lessened by the fact that they brought private offers of assistance from Taafe and Preston, the Generals commanding the Munster and Leinster armies. The envoys could make no propositions regarding the religious settlement until the Supreme Council's agents returned from Rome.¹ The secular demands were practically the same, slightly enlarged, as those they had already advocated. It cannot be said that they were unreasonable. Yet Ormonde may have been right in advising the Queen not to bind herself to their acceptance, until the Irish on their side were ready to disclose their views on the momentous subject of religion. He possessed an extensive acquaintance with the moods of the General Assembly. Whimsical as his reasoning sounds, he may consequently have been justified in arguing that if specific concessions were submitted "to the cavils of such, as for want of satisfaction in their private, and perhaps unjust, ambitions, would object against them," they would know how to poison the minds of the people, "if for no other reason,² yet because they were not new." He therefore advised Henrietta Maria to confine herself to an answer couched in the most gracious general terms that could be devised, and above all he urged that the preparations for the coming Irish campaign should be hastened.

"Afterwards," he continued, "it will be fit to consider what is really to be given to the Confederates to purchase their submission to the King's authority; and that being resolved

¹ Carte, vol. iii. p. 350.

² *Idem*, p. 353.

upon, how far it may be fit to preacquaint some of the best affected and discreetest of them therewith, as well to keep them from apprehension of being neglected, as to give them that advantage of working upon the people, which we would keep from the disaffected."

He added that he considered a close examination of the religious offers made before and since Lord Glamorgan "put himself into that affair," was highly necessary.

On May the 10th Henrietta Maria replied to the Commissioners in words that reflected Ormonde's opinions. After remarking that since the Irish were still unprepared to formulate any definite religious proposals, neither could she conclude a treaty, she promised to send a plenipotentiary to Ireland with authority to adjudicate on the matters in dispute. She pledged her word that this envoy should be instructed to "condescend to whatever might consist with justice and His Majesty's honour and interest." The Irish made no secret of their wish that the Prince of Wales should be selected for this responsible office; and there seemed, at first, some chance that their desires would be gratified. As the year went on, however, other schemes prevailed. In July, Charles joined the Naval Squadron, which had recently revolted from Parliament, and Ormonde was definitely appointed to take over the direction of affairs in Ireland.¹ The Queen sold her remaining jewels for £30,000, but only a fragment of this sum reached Ormonde. Inchiquin had impressed on him that the smallest amount he should bring over was £6,000. But by August he had only succeeded in obtaining the promise of 3,600 pistoles. Meanwhile, courier after courier kept arriving from Ireland beseeching him to hasten his coming. At last, although the money had not been paid down, Ormonde broke away, and on the 11th of August set off for Havre de Grace to rejoin the Dutch man-o'-war, sent by the Prince of Orange for his transport.² Eager as he was to be gone, he could not embark on his mission without taking a last farewell of his wife and children, then living

¹ Carte, vol. iii. p. 384.

² *Idem.*

at Caen. When he had bidden them good-bye, he proceeded to ride post to Havre, but at Dive he came across the master of a half-decked boat, carrying a cargo of cider to the same port.¹ The man vowed he would land him at his destination that evening; and Ormonde welcomed the suggestion, as he thought it would give him an opportunity to read a new book in which he was deeply interested. His retinue and friends had already preceded him, and accompanied by a single servant he accordingly went aboard. But the captain had promised more than he could perform. "The wind turned and set so cross that they were all night on the water," and by the morning the weather was tempestuous. Ormonde must then have finished his book, for he had become desperately anxious to reach Havre. Unluckily, his impatience did not inspire him happily. The master, having asked him for the correct time, Ormonde—who evidently had none of his distinguished son's nautical knowledge—assured him that it was an hour later than in fact it was. No lapse from truth was ever more swiftly avenged, though it is less edifying to note that it was the innocent captain who paid the penalty for his passenger's misdoing. Trusting to Ormonde's watch, he miscalculated the tide,

"ran upon the flats, the boat was split and the Marquis with some difficulty escaped in the cockboat, which brought him so near the shore that men waded into the water and carried him to land upon their shoulders."

It happened to be a Sunday morning, the fisherfolk were in Church and the ciderboat went to pieces for want of hands to effect her salvage. Ormonde was lucky to escape with his life.

When the Marquis arrived at Havre, he found he might well have spared another hour to his journey. His brother-in-law, Sir George Hamilton, who had remained behind to receive the Queen's last instructions and the balance of the 3,600 pistoles, was still detained in Paris. Moreover, the captain of the Dutchman refused to burden

¹ Carte, vol. iii. p. 385.

his ship with arms and ammunition, so that Ormonde was obliged to charter an additional vessel, who day by day, to his despair, saw the precious funds destined to the expedition consumed by the inevitable expenses at Havre. At last, on September the 21st, Hamilton made his appearance. Sail was hurriedly hoisted, and on the 29th of September Ormonde and the bevy of officers who followed in his train landed at Cork.¹ Here they were well received; although the welcome might have been less cordial, had it been known that, apart from four to five thousand fire-arms, all Ormonde's worldly gear consisted of thirty pistoles he carried in his pocket.² Inchiquin counselled him to pay his needy troops in promises; and, "despite his aversion to such sort of coin," Ormonde was fain to follow the advice, trusting to raise money on his own credit, or to obtain some prize money from the Fleet. It was a sorry inauguration of the great venture.

On arriving in Ireland, Ormonde instantly published a proclamation to reassure Lord Inchiquin's army and the Protestants of Munster.³ He undertook to employ his utmost endeavours to protect the reformed religion, and declared that "no distrust from former differences in Judgement," should be allowed to qualify His Majesty's gratitude towards those who now rallied to his service. At the same time he informed the General Assembly that he was proceeding to his own house of Carrick to receive their deputies and propositions. Charles, who was then engaged in the abortive negotiations of Newport, found means to warn Ormonde not to give credit to the approaching conclusion of a treaty between himself and Parliament.⁴ Ormonde was to "pursue the way he was in with all possible vigour"; while another epistle carried the injunction: "be not startled at my great concessions concerning Ireland; for that they will come to nothing."⁵ Ormonde ought certainly to have become inured to Charles's diplomatic methods.

¹ Rushworth Coll., vol. iv. 1297, 7th October 1648.

² Carte, vol. iii. p. 387.

³ Carte, vol. iii. pp. 390-1.

⁴ Carte, vol. v. p. 25. King to Ormonde, Newport, 28th October 1648.

⁵ *Idem*, p. 24. King to Ormonde, Newport, 10th October 1648.

But the mere suspicion of such intrigues was naturally irritating to the opposite party. The House of Commons were startled and incensed to learn that the Marquis had renewed his relations with the Supreme Council, and they forwarded copies of his correspondence with the Confederates to the King, requesting him to disavow his Lord-Lieutenant. The Sovereign evaded the demand. He replied that as he had already deferred the management of the Irish war to Parliament it was unreasonable to require him to make any further pronouncements on the subject; and Ormonde, unreprieved, continued his negotiations. Already, however, the situation with which Ormonde now found himself confronted did not realise the fair promises of the early summer. The General Assembly and the Nuncio, it is true, were rather more than less estranged, for the former body had come to describe Rinuccini's latest fulminations as "wicked, malicious and traitorous." This was doubtless a healthy sign; but their proclamation of his Lieutenant, Owen Roe O'Neill, as a traitor and rebel only stimulated the internecine strife, which was to make Cromwell's way smooth before him. Antrim did his best to complicate further the existing embroglio by enlisting a body of Glengarry Highlanders in the Nuncio's quarrel; though the defeat of these Scots in the beginning of October, encouraged the Assembly to defy their spiritual despot. They drew up a formal impeachment of Rinuccini's conduct in Ireland, notifying him to repair to Rome for his defence, and to intermeddle no longer with the affairs of the realm.¹

If the outlook at Kilkenny was reassuring, in the other camp the aspect of affairs was distinctly gloomy. The overthrow of Hamilton's army in August must have convinced Inchiquin's officers that they could no longer count on the co-operation of the Scottish Presbyterians. Nor was the aid of the Ulster Scots now available. The capture of General Robert Monroe and Sir Robert Stewart by Monk and Coote demoralised the loyalist re-organisation

¹ Carte, vol. iii. pp. 394-5.

of the Northern province. In the South, the majority of Inchiquin's officers remained consistently hostile to a Roman Catholic alliance; and they had no difficulty in provoking a mutiny amongst their ill-paid soldiers. Ormonde had from the first done his utmost to arrest disaffection, by engaging, on the King's behalf, to be answerable for army arrears. Nevertheless, in the beginning of November, if Inchiquin had not acted with characteristic promptitude, his cavalry would have joined Michael Jones, or even Owen Roe O'Neill. As it was, Murough O'Brien dared not employ those methods of repression to which he naturally inclined, and in order to tranquillise his Protestant troopers he was fain to invoke Ormonde's persuasive presence at Cork. He did not miscalculate the effects of the Marquis's tact and courtesy. Aided, perhaps, by the announcement of the approaching arrival of the Duke of York and the royal fleet, the Lord-Lieutenant, for the time being, achieved his purpose. The Munster army and the greater number of its Commanders were soothed into acquiescence, and the ringleaders fled to England. At the end of a fortnight, Ormonde was enabled to return to Kilkenny and renew negotiations with the General Assembly. He was received with marked respect, and, surrounded by his guards, was installed in his own castle. Never, in fact, throughout its tumultuous history had the General Assembly given evidence of a more pacific spirit, though they still demanded more than Ormonde felt justified in yielding, especially when they stipulated that his successors in the Viceroyalty should henceforward belong to their faith; but the menacing posture of affairs across the Channel, and the "Remonstrance" of the English army, carried a not unheeded warning to Irish Catholics. Moreover, the novel grace of reasonableness was fostered by the Pope's definite declaration of his inability to furnish funds for the continuance of the war.

At this time Ormonde's serious illness caused some delay in the adjustment of terms, but on January the 16th, 1649, the General Assembly finally voted the much debated Treaty. The articles of secondary importance were sub-

stantially the same as those contained in the rejected Treaty of 1646, but Ormonde now explicitly enfranchised Romanists from the control of the Anglican Church Courts and from the obligation of taking the Oath of Supremacy.¹ The independence of the Irish Parliament was also conceded, since "His Majesty will leave both Houses of Parliament in this Kingdom to make such declarations therein as shall be agreeable to the laws of Ireland."² The problem of churches and benefices held by Catholics was deferred to the period, when "His Majesty, upon a full consideration of the said Roman Catholics in a free Parliament, shall declare his future pleasure."³ But although Ormonde agreed, meanwhile, not to interfere with the present Romanist occupants, he insisted that this promise should not be construed into a definitive acceptance of their permanent establishment in churches and livings. The Peace of 1648 (O.S.) "Ormonde's Peace," as it was styled, represents therefore an important advance on his previous concessions. Nor has he escaped reproach for accepting conditions at this juncture, which he had earlier repudiated, but it is difficult to see what other course he could have adopted if he was to come to an agreement with the Confederates. Even such poor advantages as were still represented in 1646 by the possession of Dublin and the northern fortresses were no longer his. In fact, his only assets consisted of promises, while performance rested with the Confederates. He did not prefer Catholic priests to Anglican cures. He merely tolerated that which he was unable to reverse; and sought to utilise forces for the sovereign's benefit, which, in other hands, could only run to waste and strife. Vast changes had been wrought in the body politic, alike in and out of Ireland, since 1646. Glamorgan, Rinuccini, the Independents, the Scottish Presbyterians, the Army, above all, Charles himself, had rendered it impossible to put back the clock. The man who has the courage to

¹ Gilbert, "Confederation," vol. vii. p. 185. Articles of Peace, 17th January 1648-9.

² *Idem*, p. 194.

³ *Idem*, p. 186.

acknowledge existing facts and to make the best of the sorry cards Fate has dealt him, is always called an opportunist, often a knave. Ormonde was no exception to the rule, but in his eyes the situation was so entirely governed by the urgency of the King's peril and the dangers threatening all existing institutions, that he put hesitation from him. He candidly told Lord Lanerick "I shall confess that the terms must have bin something more than unreasonable that I should have stuck at after the sight of the Army's Remonstrance, which projects the totall change of our Government, and to lay the foundation of their new one in the blood of our Master and the ruin of his posterity."¹

However personally distasteful was this course, he therefore went on steadily in the sole way he believed was open to election.

Until the attainment of the Parliamentary settlement, an interim Government was needful, and its regulation gave rise to much controversy. The Confederates proposed to nominate twelve Commissioners of Trust, with powers co-ordinate with Ormonde, to levy troops and raise money in their quarters. So abhorrent was this suggestion to the Munster Army that it was the main cause of the attempted mutiny. It did not commend itself to Ormonde, but he recognised that it was inevitable. Assisted by Inchiquin, he made it as little unpalatable as could be to the latter's forces; and on their part the Confederates showed an unwontedly conciliatory spirit. At last, unity seemed achieved; and on January the 17th, 1648-9, the General Assembly, headed by Sir Richard Blake, repaired to the Castle and formally presented the Articles to Ormonde for ratification. The ceremony was imposing. Seated on a throne of State, the Lord-Lieutenant received the national representatives with due pomp. He congratulated them "on the provision made against their remotest fears of the severity of certain laws," and "on the door, and that a large one, not left, but purposely set open to give

¹ Carte MSS., vol. xxiii. p. 183. Ormonde to Lord Lanerick, 21st January 1648-9.

them entrance by their future merits to what soever of honour, or other advantage they could reasonably wish.”¹ He exhorted them to rally to the defence of venerable laws, in danger of “being trodden under by impious and, for the most part, by mechanic feet.” And he pointed out that to this, “as to all holy actions,” they should prepare themselves “with perfect charity; a charity, that may obliterate whatever of rancour a long continued civil war may have contracted in you against any that shall now co-operate with you in so blessed a work.”² With quaint good sense he continued, “and if at any time, you shall think yourselves pinched too near the bone by those taxes and levies that may be imposed for your defence; consider then how vain, how foolish a thing it will be to starve a righteous cause for want of necessary support, to preserve yourselves fat and gilded sacrifices to the rapine of a merciless enemy.”

In return for Ormonde's concessions, the Confederates had covenanted to supply him with 1,500 horse and 2,500 foot. With such a force it seemed no longer impossible to recapture Dublin, and thus to make the first move in the game, which was to restore the King to his own again. Under the influence of this cheering vision, Ormonde felt justified in inviting the Prince of Wales to Ireland and in assuring him that even if he arrived alone and penniless, his mere presence “would in all probability, strengthen the work of this Kingdom.”³ Clearly, after a weary period of depression, Ormonde was allowing himself to believe that the day of better things was at hand, when arrived the intelligence of Charles I.'s execution.

After the lapse of more than two centuries and a half, that catastrophic event still holds a solemnity and significance which no other episode in our history retains. To the men of that generation it was as if the solid earth had failed beneath their feet. We are told that the shock proved fatal to humble folk, who had never been admitted

¹ Carte, vol. iii. pp. 408-9.

² *Idem*, p. 410.

³ *Idem*, vol. vi. p. 597. Ormonde to Prince of Wales, 22nd January 1649.

to gaze on the face of the Lord's Anointed. Its effect upon his devoted followers almost defies analysis. In an age conspicuous for reverence, Digby did not hesitate to assert that "the crucifying of our Blessed Saviour, if we consider Him only in His humane nature, did nothing to equal this."¹ Its most lamentable result was perhaps the curious moral aberration observable in Cavaliers of the highest honour, who thenceforward considered themselves justified in treating all regicides as so many mad dogs to be knocked on the head by any means, fair or foul.

Into Ormonde's loyal soul the iron entered deep. Long years afterwards, when Lord Ossory, the being nearest his heart, was taken from him, in the extremity of his anguish, he could only compare that shipwreck of his love and hopes to the death of his Royal Master.

"My loss," he said, "indeed, sits heavy on me, and nothing else in this world could affect me so much, but since I could bear the death of my great and good master, King Charles I., I can bear anything else!"²

Ormonde was no poet like Montrose. It was not his to sing Charles's "obsequies with trumpet sounds." But he shared to the full the heroic Scot's aspirations "to write" the martyred Monarch's "epitaph with blood and wounds." Yet, although stirred to the very depths of his nature, it is characteristic of James Butler that amidst the universal and hysterical excitement, he distinctly realised the particular sacrifices demanded by his dedication to the avenger's task.

"My resolutions," he told Colonel Barry, "are to bear, even beyond my nature, and that I think is far, with all sorts of men, and that in their most unreasonable and irregular pretensions . . . to promote that work to which I have vowed the remainder of my life and intend to entail under a curse to my posterity, if they slacken in it."³

True to this determination, Ormonde had no sooner proclaimed Charles II., than he set himself to winning

¹ Carte, vol. vi. p. 606. Lord Digby to Ormonde, Caen, 21st February 1648.

² *Idem*, p. 607.

³ *Idem*, p. 602. Ormonde to Colonel Barry, Carrick, 17th February 1648.

over Owen Roe O'Neill and Michael Jones. In that hour of chaos, the union of men so opposed in aim as the Ultramontane chieftain and the Puritan Colonel no longer seemed impracticable. Already, in the preceding autumn, Ormonde had deputed Daniell O'Neill, the General's Royalist nephew, to his uncle. The Nuncio was, however, still in Ireland at that period, and O'Neill was not to be seduced from his allegiance. The wave of loyalty that swept over the country during the weeks following Charles's execution, convinced Rinuccini, however, that he had nothing to gain by prolonging his unprofitable sojourn in Ireland. On the 22nd of February he therefore set sail from Galway. As a legacy of trouble, before his departure, he carefully selected the most violent of his partisans for important ecclesiastical positions, and categorically refused to release from excommunication the Confederate supporters of the Peace. The vastness of the Nuncio's ambitions seldom distracted him from his personal feuds. His last act was to "bestow his malediction and curse particularly on Sir Richard Blake's house at Galway." When shortly afterwards, the terrible plague, which eventually decimated the population of Ireland, began its ravages in the very house which Rinuccini had delivered over to Satan, the Nuncio's disciples could not conceal their joy.¹ They found untold consolation for their disappointments in the thought "that it was thence that did flow, as from a channel, the divine vengeance of high power unto respective provinces of Ireland." Thus, in a manner worthy of himself, Giovanni Battista Rinuccini took his leave of a land he and such as he had found unhappy and had made a desert. Castlehaven, a Romanist himself, does not overstate the prelate's share in the national tragedy when he accuses him of being

"the cause of shedding the blood of many thousands slain in fighting his battles, . . . all which concluded with the extirpation of the Irish nation, together with the destruction of the Catholic religion in that kingdom."²

¹ "Aphorismical Discovery," part iii. p. 47.

² Castlehaven, "Memoirs," p. 105.

With the removal of the Nuncio, O'Neill straightway became more amenable to Ormonde's influence. Indeed, had the Lord-Lieutenant been in sole charge of the negotiations, he would probably have secured his cooperation. But Ormonde was hampered by the Commissioners of Trust, who refused to allow O'Neill a provincial army of eight thousand men with pay charged on the central fund. O'Neill bluntly told Ormonde that this obstacle to a complete understanding had been deliberately schemed by certain Commissioners,

"whose aversion and malice to mee and my party is such, as that they will study and devise all the wayes they can invent to hinder any settlement or union between your Excellency and us."¹

O'Neill may have been right. Certainly Ormonde would not have forfeited his invaluable alliance for a matter of 1,600 kernes. Indeed, had the Lord-Lieutenant scrupled to grant his demands, the terrible suffering of the peasantry must have overcome his last hesitations. Nicholas, Bishop of Ferns, in describing their condition, told Ormonde plainly that he must either make peace speedily with O'Neill, or, as promptly, find means to crush him.

"In case both be omitted," writes the Bishop, "if 10,000 soules shall not be starved before the last of June, I am contented to die. No man having pity or charity in his soul can without tears look upon hundreds of poor people dying with hunger, as we have seen them. The condition of the Ulster forces is so wanting as for their bread they must before eight days be owt into Connaught, Westmeath, and King's County. Besides the distraction they put on your designes they will destroy and starve all the people in their way; for they are *ignis consumens*; since their last being in Westmeath, in some Townes have died from hunger forty souls, in some thirty."²

In urging Ormonde to prevent the threatened advent

¹ Carte MSS., vol. xxiv. p. 124. O'Neill to Ormonde, 24th March 1648-9.

² *Idem*, p. 222. Nicholas, Bishop of Ferns, to Ormonde, 4th April 1649.

of these human locusts, the "Nuncio's militia," the Bishop was preaching to the converted. It was calamitous that he could not put pressure on the Commissioners. It was they who kept the purse, and the ultimate decision consequently rested with them. Apart from the miserable case of the country-folk, it was a misfortune, for other reasons, that their vote was cast against O'Neill. At that juncture, Jones was so ill-victualled that had Ormonde been able to count on Owen Roe's help, he could have possessed himself of Dublin, the key of the kingdom; but the psychological moment having been suffered to pass, never returned.

In his appeals to Colonel Michael Jones and Sir Charles Coote, Ormonde was not happier. Both men had privately deplored the King's execution; but despite the prophecies of too sanguine intermediaries, the event proved that Coote's "heart did not go along with his tongue."¹ Neither he nor Jones would throw in his lot with an army of Papists, and two months later Coote preferred to come to terms with O'Neill. Like Sir Charles, Monk also found his position well-nigh untenable, hemmed in on one side by the Ulster Celts and on the other by the old Scottish regiments, who had rallied to Ormonde. O'Neill needed powder. To the Protestant commanders, time to permit of the arrival of English reinforcements was equally vital. On the 8th of May, therefore, Monk led the way by concluding a three months' armistice with O'Neill, and undertaking, during that interval, to transmit the Irishman's proposals for a permanent peace to Parliament. Monk's example was quickly followed by Coote.²

¹ Carte MSS., vol. xxiv. p. 101. Galbraith to Ormonde, March 1648-9.

² Carte, vol. iii. p. 423.

A paper drawn up for Ormonde's instruction in January 1648-9 gives some information on the financial condition of Ireland. Darcy reports that there are three sources of revenue available.* (1) The Customs. (2) Excise. (3) Tenths of prizes. The Confederate Catholics he notes obtained "nothing of consideration from Customs." "The Port of Galway yielded from £1600 to £1800 p.a. for three and a half years to May last in ammunition at high rates, when without authority indeed against it Alderman Francis Blake (who should be called to account) intruded on it."

The Port of Limerick compounded for Customs for two years from May

* Carte MSS. vol. xxiv. p. 117. Pat Darcy to Ormonde, January 1648-9.

Meanwhile, the assessment of money on a country desolated by seven years of brutal warfare was proving no easy matter. Nor did the corruption of some commissioners and the ineptitude of others facilitate the operation, so that a large portion of the community contrived to preserve themselves, if not "fat and gilded" sacrifices, yet sacrifices for the coming day of wrath. The Commissioners, likewise, insisted on disbanding a considerable body of troops, who promptly enlisted under O'Neill; while, despite Ormonde's entreaties, the military magazines, he had carefully prepared, remained bare of stores. Inchiquin, never long suffering, on one occasion, at Limerick, seems to have completely, and perhaps designedly, lost his temper over the non-fulfilment of the citizens' financial engagements. He promised the mayor and aldermen that he would let them off the second requisition, but he threatened, if the first "lot of money" was not instantly produced, that Ormonde,

"would send Pat Purcell with 1000 men to lye upon them till the money be brought. When this sum is gotten" he suggests to the Lord-Lieutenant, "if your Lordship think fit to exact the rest, it is butt saying that the Commissioners have had soe cleare information of their abilities that they would esteeme your lenitie in this case som kinde of neglect of the public safety."¹

Inchiquin's ingenious policy, compounded equally of craft and force, doubtless sometimes met with its reward, but such methods did not commend themselves to Ormonde. Nor could he disregard Edmund Butler's pressing appeals to put a stop to the excesses of Inchiquin's troopers, whose habit of "taking all things

last by £1000 to Lord President of Munster, Waterford yielded little, Wexford and Ross less. Customs in Munster Presidency unknown to writer. Tobacco, "which draweth all the money in the Kingdom into a few hands is principally to be looked upon." Above 1,200,000 cwt. of tobacco in one port is uttered in one year and doubtless in other ports as much; at 3d. per weight it should bring in £15,000 per annum, at 2d. £10,000, at 1d. £5000 "which is more than was gott by all customs of the Confederates in any yeare since the war." Excise, Darcy advises, should be imposed strictly without permission to any towns to compound.

¹ Carte MSS., vol. xxiv. p. 125. Inchiquin to Ormonde, 24th March 1648-9.

that come in their way and paying for nothing," was not unnaturally begetting a "fowle exclamation" around Clonmel.¹ Inchiquin was politely informed that he "must take as little of his pleasure in that fine country" as possible.² Indeed, Ormonde's instructions to the same general show how earnestly he laboured to lay the foundations of discipline and sound finance in an army where these virtues had hitherto received scant homage. Perhaps the full measure of their neglect is best exemplified by the elementary nature of his maxims.

"The first part of good husbandry," he told Murough O'Brien, "must be that we pay no more men than we have abroad, and that is to be effected by frequent musters, for, if there be none, I doubt whether the officers of either party have the modestie to refuse money for absent men."

The number of officers to privates, was, moreover, "unproportionable to such a degree" that, in spite of the discontent it must arouse, he was determined to cashier a certain number of the former; while only those on active service could pretend to remuneration. Ormonde had not served his military apprenticeship under Strafford in vain. The secret of that able organiser had, however, largely consisted in his absolute control of ample funds. The country's beggarly subsidies now trickled through so many hands before they reached Ormonde, that it was small wonder he could not drill half-starved officers and troopers in the old traditions of obedience and efficiency. Originally, the Commissioners had engaged to find £60,000 by the beginning of March, but when the spring campaign should have opened, men and money were lacking, although the squabbles inseparable from Irish armaments were in full swing. It is true that Lord Taafe bore patiently his supersession as general of horse by Castlehaven; and Clanricarde, as ever, showed

¹ Carte MSS., vol. xxiv. p. 123. Edmund Butler to Ormonde, Carrick, 1648-9.

² *Idem*, p. 151. Ormonde to Inchiquin, 20th March 1648-9.

admirable self-abnegation. On the other hand, the aspirants to minor offices made no pretence to disinterestedness, and intrigues waxed apace, encouraged by the Ultramontane Party, who never lost an opportunity to foment disunion. Ormonde was a model of self-control, though even he was at last goaded beyond endurance. The climax was reached when one Hugh O'Connor demanded a troop of horse, threatening if he was not satisfied to transfer his services to the enemy. Then, at last, Ormonde gave free rein to his indignation, stoutly refusing to burden the Connaught establishment with so cynical a recruit. "I shall very unwillingly be constrained to capitulate with little Rebels," he told Clanricarde, "whatever I doe with great ones for their submission."¹ For all these various ills Ormonde believed that the young King's advent would be the sole remedy. Had Charles accepted the Marquis's invitation it is possible that James Butler would have suffered the worst disillusionment of his life. But since, from the moment of his landing, the Commissioners' powers automatically reverted to the King, the Marquis's desire for Charles's presence in Ireland requires no explanation. Prince Rupert, who, with the royal fleet, reached Kinsale in January gave Ormonde remarkably little assistance. The undermanned and ill-victualled condition of his ships made Rupert dependent on such Irish as he could enlist for crews, and on the prizes he captured for their pay. He might, however, have rendered invaluable service to Ormonde by blockading Jones in Dublin. Instead, he preferred to initiate a series of intrigues with Antrim and O'Neill, which merely detracted from the authority of the Lord-Lieutenant.

Arduous and unsatisfactory as, in reality, were Ormonde's martial preparations, they nevertheless aroused genuine anxiety throughout England. Ever since the conclusion of the Treaty of Kilkenny, the English nation's perennial alarm of a Papist invasion had been quickened into panic fear. The peace and its author were held up

¹ Carte MSS., vol. xxiv. p. 54. Ormonde to Clanricarde, 9th March 1648-9.

to obloquy, no less a writer than Milton himself giving vehement expression to the widespread indignation of the moment. When urging Michael Jones to return to his allegiance, Ormonde had coupled the name of Cromwell with that of John of Leyden—a singularly infelicitous comparison. Milton retorted by calling the Marquis a “windy railer.”¹ In pouring contumely on “the Irish exploits” of Ormonde and his ancestors, Milton was, however, as much led astray by his prejudices as his antagonist, though few governments can have possessed so magnificent a pamphleteer. But the quarrel was soon to be shifted to other fields than that of literature. By March the 23rd Cromwell was appointed to the command of the army, which was finally to end the recurrent menace of a Celtic raid on England. Three months passed, indeed, before Oliver’s preparations were completed, but the outcome was such a force as in all the previous wars had never before set sail from English harbours for Ireland.

Although Ormonde had appointed March the 4th for the general rendezvous of troops in Tipperary, the first week of May was passed before he could send Castlehaven to reduce the strong places in Leinster which still held out for O’Neill, and intercepted his march on Dublin. The correspondence that ensued between Ormonde and Castlehaven vividly illustrates the obstacles that beset the Royalist Commanders at every step. On the 9th of May, Castlehaven commenced the investment of Maryborough. “All cryes out much for monies, and in my conscience they have cause,” he told Ormonde, “being I see verie fewe come to buy of the sutlers.”² Nor was it only ready money which was wanting. Castlehaven complained bitterly that he could not order the night attack he had planned, since

“here is not one shovel or spade sent with us; our pioneers who are but fewe, not like to come to-night, being gone behind, I sent to Dunowe for small battelets, but there were none; thus you see how I am used or rather

¹ Milton, “Works,” vol. iv. p. 567, “Observations on the Peace.”

² Carte MSS., vol. xxiv. p. 417. Castlehaven to Ormonde, 12th May 1649, before Maryborough.

abused ; you have often heard me say I had rather want artillery than this small material." ¹

Such a beginning was certainly unpropitious, but worse was to come. In spite of these drawbacks, Castlehaven hoped "to make the armie do their dutys," and had intended to begin operations by battering the Castle, but, even from a safe distance, the men could not be persuaded to undertake a bombardment.

"They are all in a high mutinie," he writes, "and will not stir on my command ; I would faine have had some fagotts made" (doubtless to make fascines for the gun emplacements), "but they refuse to go to the wood ; I have bin faine to engage myself to the armie that if monies and provisions come not this night, I will march away tomorrow morning (but I know not whither) to the next inhabited countrie, to recover the army if possible."

At such a moment, Castlehaven might well have had no thoughts to spare from his own miserable plight. Such, however, was the feeling the Marquis invariably inspired in his lieutenants, that, harassed as he was, Castlehaven could yet affectionately assure Ormonde that he held him blameless for all the shortcomings of the commissariat.

"Although I speake all our other wants seeing the matter is coming to this pass, I make no doubt," he said, "but your Excellency hath done your part by issuing your commands, but through the slowness or treachery of others who were to execute them, besides the loss of the King's service, this is the greatest blow and misfortune that ever happened to myself, which hath even broken the harte of my lord, your Excellency's obedient servant."

Castlehaven was ultimately spared the disgrace he dreaded. Out of his own small store of £26 he distributed £3 to each of the seven regiments ; and, at that price, the men consented to remain and "do their dutys." It must be

¹ Carte MSS., vol. xxiv. p. 417. Castlehaven to Ormonde, 12th May 1649.

admitted that Irish soldiers, if mutinous, were also easily appeased, since £21 divided between 2,200 men works out at 2¼d. a head; while the equally frugal minded General only retained £5 to meet unforeseen contingencies. Castlehaven's object was, however, achieved, and on the 16th of May Maryborough capitulated.

It says much for Ormonde's unquenchable hopefulness that in bidding Charles to Ireland he could, in these circumstances, declare that £5,000 would make the King absolute Master of this Kingdom, "so ready most men are to return to their obedience."¹ It is true that O'Neill's alliance with the Puritans was as yet unknown to Ormonde, who, probably, also built undue hopes on Rupert's naval captures. These prizes, until Blake regained the command of the seas at the end of May, represented however by no means a despicable income²—especially in a country where £3 purchased the services of a regiment for as many days.³ Unluckily the cost of Charles's projected Irish journey and the equipment of the Palatine's vessels made a large hole in the sum available from this source. And Rupert had much ado to find £2,000 instead of the £10,000 which he had at first assigned to the Marquis.

Nevertheless, despite all difficulties, on May the 30th Ormonde and Inchiquin at last set forth on their march to Dublin. Time was all important, since the issue of the campaign and the fate of Ireland hinged on the possession of the capital. Jones's magazines were as empty as during the lean years of Ormonde's viceroyalty, and his men were daily deserting in batches. In the north, also, the soldiers were fast returning to their allegiance. Outside conditions were therefore assuming a less unfavourable aspect for Ormonde. But, like the majority of Irish commanders, he was checkmated by the foes of his own household. He had hardly taken the first three strongholds between Catherlogh, his starting-point, and

¹ Gardiner, "Commonwealth," vol. i. p. 88.

² Carte MSS., vol. xxiv. f. 204. Sir R. Fanshawe to Ormonde, 31st March 1649.

³ *Idem*, f. 454. Sir R. Fanshawe to Ormonde, 20th May 1649.

Dublin, when at the third, Castle Talbot, he was arrested by the necessity of finding £100 to keep the army in the field. Eventually ten of his officers were able between them to subscribe the requisite amount, and he then resumed his march, but owing to the delay, he lost an excellent opportunity of falling on Jones, whose position became less critical immediately afterwards, as he received a large supply of stores from England. Nor was it only financial troubles that encompassed Ormonde at this juncture. Nicholas solemnly warned him that the

“English rebels, looking upon him as the great obstacle to their conquest of Ireland, had hired at least six or eight desperate villains of their own faith for a considerable reward to assassinate him.”¹

Unlike many of his noble antagonists, Cromwell ever challenged the light of day for his deeds. Michael Jones may, however, have caught that strange moral canker which, in times past, had infected governors of Ireland, who, before they crossed the Channel, had borne the character of men of honour.

As to General Preston, it is impossible to say how far he was involved in the plot.² Perhaps he merely listened to the scheme in order to frustrate the murderers, but Rochfort, Jones's agent, firmly believed that Preston had invited Ormonde to dinner with the sinister purpose of giving the conspirators their “last opportunity.”³ He vowed, indeed, that the plan miscarried solely because Ormonde, rendered suspicious by Nicholas, refused to come without his guards.

An army ill-fed, worse disciplined, and honeycombed by treachery was not a force to be lightly adventured. Ormonde has been blamed for delaying the attack on Dublin, and, undoubtedly, he missed the moment when Jones was least able to defend the town. His dilatory tactics were probably mainly due to his conviction that English politics would not allow of the rapid arrival of

¹ Carte, vol. iii. p. 452.

² See Gardiner, vol. i. p. 88 *note*.

³ Carte, vol. iii. p. 452.

Cromwell's force in Ireland.¹ But in his decision to entrench himself with the larger portion of his troops at Finglas, Ormonde was probably also actuated by the desire to gain time for the training of his new levies. In that interval there was every likelihood that, while he interrupted Jones's supplies, Inchiquin would neutralise O'Neill and Monk's efforts in Ulster, and the latter expectation was not disappointed. During the month of June fortress after fortress surrendered to Inchiquin, the garrisons joyfully enlisting under the victor's colours. Monk vainly invoked O'Neill's aid. Drogheda, Dundalk, and Trim opened their gates to the Royalist general, but on July the 12th, the day following the capitulation of Drogheda, that triumph was counterbalanced by the departure of Cromwell to take over the Irish command. And on the 26th of July four English regiments, despatched in advance from Chester to Jones's assistance, disembarked in Dublin. It is clear that both events were something of a surprise to Ormonde, who must now have realised how grievously he had miscalculated the delays which the relief expedition would suffer.

With the English regiments came the intelligence that Cromwell had elected to make for Cork; for having secured the co-operation of Lord Broghill he could count on a warm welcome in Munster, where the name of Boyle carried great weight with all English settlers. Cromwell's landing would have threatened not only the chief harbours and towns in that district, but the royal fleet blocked up in Kinsale by the Parliamentary Squadron. And since the province was entirely denuded of troops capable of offering resistance, it was decided that Inchiquin, with his guards and a couple of regiments, should instantly march southwards.

Had Ormonde followed his own inspiration he would not have hazarded an engagement, immediately on losing Inchiquin's support.² At all times he set too much store by the opinions of other men, but on this occasion he was, also, quite legitimately influenced by the knowledge that a retreat on Drogheda or Dundalk would prove

Carte, vol. iii. p. 454.

² Murphy, "Cromwell in Ireland," p. 28.

fatal to the precarious loyalty of his Irish allies. His refusal to give battle to Jones would have been promptly followed by the desertion of large numbers of swordsmen to O'Neill, while every day that passed brought Cromwell's dreaded advent nearer. That the English should be prevented from making Dublin a base of supplies was imperative. Not without misgivings, therefore, at the Council of War held on July the 27th, Ormonde consented to initiate offensive operations on a large scale. He had already moved the greater part of the army to Rathmines, leaving Lord Dillon of Costelogh and a considerable corps at Finglas to hold the northern extremity of the semi-circular investment he sought to trace round Dublin. Rathfarnham Castle, a fortified house belonging to Sir Adam Loftus, was his first objective. It was carried on July the 28th, the victorious troops displaying a humanity rarely seen in Irish wars. Rathfarnham was, however, of secondary importance in Ormonde's calculations. The real struggle turned on the possession of a large meadow between Trinity College and Ringsend, just outside the walls. It was the sole pasturage the English cavalry could use for their horses. If they were cut off from these fields, it seemed almost certain that they must be starved out in five days. Jones was fully alive to its importance; and on July the 30th turned out all his men to withstand Ormonde's first onslaught. The besiegers were driven back, and the Lord-Lieutenant was forced to relinquish the idea of another frontal attack. He soon perceived, however, that the key to its possession lay with Baggotrath Castle, a mediæval fortalice, which owed its name and existence to a thirteenth-century Richard Bagot.¹ It had been dismantled by Jones, but Ormonde's engineers declared that a few hours' labour would convert it into a stronghold, capable of defying Jones's efforts. It would indeed serve a double purpose, for, entrenched behind its walls, the artillery could shell horses and cattle from their feeding grounds, and also prevent Jones from

¹ Baggotrath Castle stood on the site of Upper Bagot Street, near the end of Waterloo Road.

receiving any supplies by sea.¹ Thus, at last, the blockade would be complete.

The bulk of the army was quartered at Rathmines,² on the southern side of Dublin, on ground now covered by Palmerston Road and the adjacent streets, and half a mile distant from Baggotrath.³ It should have been child's play, under cover of darkness, to move a detachment from one point to another.⁴ Ormonde first carefully surveyed the ground, and then, on the night of 1st August, despatched Lieutenant-General Purcell with fifteen hundred men to fortify the ruined tower, before the dawn could disclose his intentions to the enemy. Unhappily, "somebody blundered"; or, as contemporaries freely asserted, Purcell was betrayed. For the greater part of that short night he and his men wandered about, misled by their guides.⁵ When Baggotrath was reached, only an hour remained before the sun rose. In fact, they had scarcely arrived when Ormonde, who had sat up all night writing despatches, appeared on the scene to judge of the progress the work had made.⁶ He could not mistake the critical nature of the situation. In the city below, like a wasp's nest rudely disturbed, the garrison was clustering, swarming forth angrily, yet prudently, taking cover as they came. Ormonde saw he must revise his plans. He had to choose between moving his flying column back at once, or bringing the army up to the rescue. A retreat would not only forfeit the post on which the success of the leaguer turned, but would probably prove hazardous. Ormonde therefore decided for the latter course; and summoning Purcell and Sir Thomas Vaughan, he mapped out the positions which horse and foot should occupy to oppose Jones's sally. Having settled these preliminaries, he rode back to the camp, to prepare for the impending

¹ "Battle of Rathmines," by F. Elrington Ball, Royal Society of Antiquaries of Ireland, part iii. vol. xxxii. p. 253, September 1902.

² Gardiner, vol. i. p. 101.

³ Carte, vol. iii. p. 467.

⁴ "Battle of Rathmines," by F. Elrington Ball, Royal Society of Antiquaries of Ireland, part iii. vol. xxxii. p. 253, September 1902.

⁵ It seems probable that they took the circuitous route through Dundrum.

⁶ "Battle of Rathmines," p. 254.

engagement, on his way, ordering every regiment to stand to arms. When these arrangements were finished, and he was insured, as he fondly believed, against a surprise—for he did not anticipate an immediate advance on Jones's part—he flung himself on his bed, full dressed as was his wont, to snatch a little rest before the action commenced. It was then nine o'clock. An hour later he was awakened by volley firing. He sprang up and rushed out. He had not gone a hundred yards from his tent before he recognised that Purcell's detachment was already dislodged from Baggotrath. Jones had brought four thousand foot and twelve hundred horse into the field, a force almost equal to his antagonist's. Ormonde's Celts were, however, no match for New Model troopers, and in the first charge, Sir Thomas Vaughan fell mortally wounded, his death completing the demoralisation of young soldiers, wearied and discouraged by the wanderings of the previous night. They fled helter-skelter to the hills of Wicklow, "where some of them were born, and whither they knew the way only too well."¹ In fact, Jones himself was surprised at his own triumph, and, instead of adhering to his original scheme, he then and there determined to give battle to Ormonde's entire force.

The disposition of the royal army was conceived rather for an investment than a general action. Separated from their comrades by the Liffey, Dillon and his two thousand men still remained at Finglas, guarding the Northern approaches to Dublin, and wholly unaware of the fight. The Baggotrath corps, which, roughly speaking, represented the right wing, was non-existent.² The centre or *battail* was composed of Inchiquin's foot, under Colonel Giffard's orders, and two regiments of horse, one commanded by Ormonde's brother, Richard Butler, the other by Colonel Miles Reily. The energies of the left wing, which did duty for a reserve, were absorbed by the necessity of watching the movements of a body of the enemy whose intentions could not, at first, be divined.

Had they been properly supported by Butler and

¹ Carte, vol. iii. p. 468. ² Ormonde refers to this division as the left wing.

Reily's cavalry, Inchiquin's foot might perhaps have retrieved the day. Unluckily, Reily's regiment failed Ormonde in the hour of need, and the infantry was left unprotected to bear the brunt of the attack. Nevertheless, in the beginning the foot stood firm, throwing their assailants into confusion by well-directed volleys, but, unsustained on either side, when they saw themselves in danger of being surrounded, they lost heart. Ormonde tells us "that some called for quarter, others threw down their arms, and some continued shooting."¹ Confusion, in short, reigned supreme. Ormonde was, however, determined to fight it out to the bitter end; and, when he realised the overthrow of his centre, he had recourse to the reserve which was still intact. He quickly leapt a ditch and rejoined the latter division.² But here he was equally unfortunate. Scared out of their senses, the miserable creatures fled at the sight of their own comrades, leaving Ormonde to sustain alone the charges he again and again strove to lead.³ In truth, on this occasion, the Irish made a lamentable display. Richard Butler and Colonel Grady's regiments alone showed a spirit corresponding to their commander's, Grady being killed and Butler being badly wounded.⁴ So close was the *melée* in this part that Ormonde, who was in the thick of the firing, owed his life solely to the excellence of his armour. Dead or alive, the Puritans were determined to get the Lord-Lieutenant, and Colonel Reynolds, who took Richard Butler prisoner, threatened to pistol him if he did not point out the Marquis. At that instant, Ormonde was close at hand, supported only by a "very few" of his own servants, and one or two faithful friends. Reynolds and Otway promptly charged the devoted little band, but it would appear that James Butler bore a charmed life. He set spur to his horse and escaped. Had he been captured he might have fared ill, for the carnage that ensued was terrible. Jones claimed that

¹ Walsh, "History of the Remonstrance," p. 116. Ormonde's Justification to Roman Catholic clergy, 1650.

² Carte, p. 469.

³ Borlase, pp. 221-2.

⁴ Murphy, "Cromwell in Ireland," p. 32.

he had put 4,000 human beings to the sword, and taken 2,517 prisoners. Ormonde denied that more than 600 were killed; and alleged that many of these were sutlers and camp followers,¹ but he accused Jones of butchering numbers of combatants in cold blood after promise of quarter. Since a certain proportion of the captives were deserters from Jones's garrison, and he had hung his own nephew for that cause two days earlier, the godly Colonel may have considered himself justified by the laws of war.² At any rate, he never disavowed the charge; and Parliament showed an intelligent appreciation of his services.³ Lands yielding £1,000 a year, with six of the best horses from the late King's stud, were bestowed on the victor of Rathmines. Nor was the reward extravagant. Jones had not merely preserved the best harbour and the most convenient base of supplies for Cromwell, he had dealt a crushing blow to the Confederates. Celtic armies were sometimes re-made almost as quickly as they were dispersed. The three hundred officers kept under lock and key by Jones could not be so readily replaced, and the loss of the ordnance was irreparable.

The disaster did not, moreover, quicken the halting spirit of generosity in the Confederate towns and corporations, and Jones was under no misapprehension as to the magnitude of his triumph.⁴ When, a few days later, Ormonde wrote to ask for a list of the prisoners, he succinctly replied: "My Lord, since I routed your army I cannot have the happiness to know where you are that I may wait upon you."

Irony apart, Colonel Michael Jones would have had no trouble by that time in ascertaining Ormonde's headquarters, which, for purposes of reorganisation, were fixed at Kilkenny. When, however, the Marquis left the stricken field, he rode at first straight to Ballysonan, of which he obtained possession by means of a stratagem. He had cherished some thoughts of making another

¹ Carte MSS., vol. xxv. Ormonde to King, 8th August 1649.

² Gardiner, p. 102.

³ Murphy, "Cromwell in Ireland," p. 35.

⁴ Borlase, pp. 221-2.

stand with Dillon's troops, but the evidences of panic he encountered on his twelve miles ride forced him to relinquish the scheme.¹ As he could not induce the fugitives "soe much as to looke backward," he could but entertain scant hopes of the others, "having neither money nor victuall or anything but danger and hard duty to content them." He therefore ordered Dillon's force northwards to hold Drogheda and Trim, if necessary, against Jones.

Thus ended the eventful day of Rathmines, which has sometimes been held to cancel Ormonde's claims to generalship. Where issues so great were at stake, it must be admitted that a commander, such as Cromwell, for instance, would not have permitted himself to take anything for granted. It is incredible that however swiftly he had advanced Jones would have caught Oliver unawares. Yet that wonderful genius might have been baffled by the Marquis's sorry tools, "new raised men, under expertless officers, accompanied by a general want of all things."² The situation is perhaps best summed up by a Roman Catholic historian who cannot be suspected of partiality to Ormonde.

"The defeat," says Mr Murphy, "did not prove that the troops were deficient in courage, or the Commander in ability; it only showed how little reliance can be placed in a mob, no matter how eager to fight, when opposed to a well disciplined army."³

Whatever his military talents, Ormonde, at least, never suffered from the desire to exculpate himself at the cost of others.

"I shall not goe about," he told the King, "to assigne any reason for this misfortune that may serve to lessen my share of it, hoping your Majesty will believe that as I employed my uttermost diligence and power to prevent, so I shall spare noe paines that may frustrate the advantage the enemy may make of it."⁴

¹ Carte MSS., vol. xxv. p. 121. Ormonde to Clanricarde, 8th August 1649.

² Walsh, "History of Remonstrance," p. 112. Ormonde's answer to Roman Catholic Bishops.

³ Murphy, "Cromwell in Ireland," p. 33.

⁴ Carte, "Letters," vol. ii. p. 393, Kilkenny, 8th August 1649.

CHAPTER XII

THE LAST CAMPAIGN

RATHMINES was not merely a blow to Ormonde's prestige as a general, and a terrible reverse for the Irish Cause. It marks the end of the conditions which had governed military operations in Ireland during close on ten years. Battles there had been during that period, massacres, sieges, horrors manifold, but the military operations bore the same relation to Cromwell's campaigns as the guerilla skirmishes of Carlist or Macedonian "bands" to the organised warfare of a modern army. And just as the fighting on the English side developed a deadly precision, such poor means as the Irish still possessed to hold their foes at bay were invalidated by their own action. Ireland realised that she had got her back to the wall, and she was ready to fight to the last, but unhappily it was not to her swordsmen that she turned in her dark hour. The great mass of the Irishry only felt themselves safe with the priests. And when the priest was pitted against the Puritan, victory, perforce, rested with the latter.

Vainly did Ormonde sink every remnant of personal pride, vainly did he strain every nerve to save the country in its own despite. The battle of Rathmines, where he lost the pick of his Irish force, was followed by Drogheda where he lost the flower of his English troops—the true nucleus of an effective army, and thereafter the sinews of authority were gone from him. He could only plead with those he was supposed to govern. It is perhaps not amazing that a people torn by rage and terror, and a priesthood threatened with sacrilege and death had no faith in the representative of an alien nation and a

heretic church. The pity of it all is great; while to Ormonde the next two years of struggles with racial mistrust and clerical perversity cannot have been short of martyrdom.

As yet, however, Drogheda had not succeeded to Rathmines. The outlook was forbidding, but Ormonde believed that he descried a ray of hope amid the gloom. He had reason to believe that he might at last secure the adherence of Owen Roe O'Neill. The English Council of State had always viewed the Irish Commander's propositions with scant favour, although regard for the perilous position of the "English interest" kept them silent until after the battle of Rathmines, but on August the 10th the House of Commons formally censured and repudiated Monk's Convention with O'Neill. Henceforth the Irish man was aware that he could expect neither mercy nor grace from the British Parliament, and he consequently began to respond to Ormonde's advances. Any good fortune that befell the Marquis seemed, however, instantly vitiated by a malign fate. No sooner was O'Neill in close correspondence with the Lord-Lieutenant than he fell desperately ill.¹ It was rumoured that Owen had been poisoned by a pair of russet leather boots, the gift of a Mr Plunket who, indeed, boasted of "the eminent service he had done the English by despatching O'Neill out of the world." Modern science appears incredulous of the possibility of thus conveying disease, and Plunket may have gloried in a crime he did not commit.² But, whatever its cause, so painful was the defluxion in his knee that Owen Roe found it impossible to ride, while even the motion of a litter caused him intolerable suffering. Since O'Neill alone gave unity and coherence to his motley, semi-nomadic followers, the Irish, deprived of their leader, lapsed once more into their original condition of wild guerilla tribes. O'Neill's illness was therefore a terrible blow to Ormonde. Instead of immediately obtaining the

¹ Carte, vol. iii. p. 474.

² Dr. Norman Moore informs me that the difficulty of conveying poison in this fashion is almost insuperable.

support of his new allies, it was not until October that the Ulstermen began their march to his assistance.

Meanwhile, the fate of Ireland had already been decided. On August the 15th Cromwell and his army disembarked at Dublin; and by the 2nd of September Oliver had opened his batteries on Drogheda. Hard pressed, but with his usual tireless patience, Ormonde struggled to stem the course of the inevitable. The Lord-Lieutenant could not shut himself up in a beleaguered town; but he strained every nerve to provide its commander, Sir Arthur Aston, with men, ammunition, and stores; and the two thousand foot and three hundred horse he left at Drogheda were the pick of his little army. After he had retired on Trim, Ormonde, likewise, remained in correspondence with Aston, so that almost up to the final catastrophe we are enabled to realise the hopes and fears of the devoted garrison. Aston's difficulties, it seems, were not confined to strategic problems. Before the investment was completed, he was much perturbed to discover a ladies' plot for betraying the town to Cromwell. Nor was the Commander's wrath appeased when the arch-conspirator proved to be his own grandmother, Lady Wilmot. He openly regretted that her young son, the messenger she employed, was "too small to be hanged." But he assured Ormonde, that Lady Wilmot's relationship to himself should avail her naught.

"I beseech your Excellency's express command," wrote the angry grandson, "to turn her and her malignant family out of the towne, for though she be me grandmother I shall make pouter of her, else if she play me sutch foul play."¹

Before he despatched this appeal to Ormonde it occurred, however, to Aston that he could make capital out of his venerable relative's misdeeds. "My lord," he adds, "if the enemy should now keepe my wife I have females inowe to release her."

Happily for Lady Wilmot, she had to deal with a

¹ Carte, "Report," p. 133. Sir Arthur Aston to Ormonde, Drogheda, 25th August 1649.

gallant viceroy. Although, as Ormonde told Wilmot, there was

“just occasion for her restraint,” yet “in the consideration and respect we retain for her years and quality, we consider it sufficient to confine her in our very good Lord, the Lord Moore’s country house, to debar her from occasion of giving future intelligence of that kind.”¹

Lady Wilmot had eventually good cause to bless her banishment to Mellefont. For during the sack of Drogheda, her victorious friends did not discriminate over-nicely between the merits of individuals—whatever “their years and quality.”

The tragedy of Drogheda—perhaps the only episode of Irish history minutely known to the average reader—fortunately does not come within the scope of this book. Nor is this the place to discuss its effects on Cromwell’s reputation. It has been truly said that his responsibility for the massacre is harder to forgive because therein he foreswore, not the standards of a generation brutalised by the frequency of similar scenes, but his own ideals which had hitherto been so immeasurably superior.² Ormonde had been ludicrously beside the mark in speaking of Oliver as a “new John of Leyden,” but he was justified in describing the events at Drogheda “as making as many several pictures of inhumanity, as are contained in the Book of Martyrs, or the Relation of Amboyna.”³ The element of personal bereavement entered into Ormonde’s grief. Not only did his best troops perish in the storming of the city, but his dear friend, Sir Edmund Verney, was one of the victims of the subsequent butchery. This gallant gentleman, after passing unscathed through the perils of the siege, had, strange to say, been granted quarter when he was enticed away from Cromwell’s presence, and run through the body with “a tuck.”⁴ Verney was bound by singularly close ties to Ormonde. Only recently in Paris,

¹ Gilbert, “Cont. History of Affairs,” vol. ii. part ii. p. 452. Ormonde to Sir A. Aston, Tecroghan, 28th August 1649.

² St. Loe Strachey, “From Grave to Gay,” Essay on Cromwell, p. 159.

³ Carte, vol. iii. p. 477. Ormonde to Lord Byron.

⁴ Gardiner, “Commonwealth,” vol. i. p. 121.

the two men had been painted by Egmont, and their portraits still hang on the same wall at Claydon.

A universal panic followed the fall of Drogheda ; and meanwhile the Commissioners of Trust, who represented the Confederate Catholics, would neither find the money and food of which Ormonde stood in urgent need, nor tolerate his doing so on his own account. When he attempted independent action they threatened an accommodation with the enemy.

“It is not to be imagined,” Ormonde wrote to Charles, “how great the terror is that those successes and the power of the rebels have struck into this people, who, though they know themselves designed at best to the loss of all they have, and to irrecoverable slavery, and have yet numbers enough and other competent means to oppose and, by the help of God, to prevent so miserable a fortune, are yet so stupefied, that it is with great difficulty I can persuade them to act anything like men towards their owne preservation.”

In these circumstances, Ormonde believed that Charles's presence could alone impart courage and unity to the distracted and terrorised nation, and he besought the young King to hasten his coming. The subject had already been under discussion after Rathmines. In fact, the messenger who, by the Sovereign's order, then carried Ormonde the George and Garter, was charged to obtain the Marquis's advice on the contemplated journey. But although it was more than once the subject of anxious debate, the growing influence of counsellors, who favoured the Scots, eventually brought about the rejection of Ormonde's advice.

It must be admitted that the rapidity of Cromwell's movements almost excused the “stupefied” condition of the unhappy Irish. Drogheda fell on the 12th of September. Two days later, Dundalk surrendered, and its example was instantly followed by Carlingford. On October the 11th Wexford was carried, partly by force and partly by treachery, amid scenes that recalled the worst horrors of Drogheda. The story of Wexford's downfall aptly

illustrates the difficulties with which Ormonde had to contend. A large proportion of the citizens were ardent Ultramontanes, who preferred to make terms with the victor of Drogheda rather than act in loyal co-operation with the Ormondist section of their fellow-countrymen. Both the municipality and the Governor of the fort, Colonel Stafford, while danger was distant, openly flouted the Lord-Lieutenant's warnings, stubbornly refusing to receive his reinforcements. And even when every moment became precious, they spent their time—to the neglect of all sensible precautions—in carping at Castlehaven's choice of a governor. In fact, so much did the population resent the appointment of this officer, Colonel Synott, that if Sir Edmund Butler had not opportunely appeared on the scene, they would have opened the gates to the enemy. But when Rosslaer Fort, which commanded the harbour, was abandoned without a blow being struck by its cowardly garrison, the citizens instantly passed from the extreme of arrogance to that of terror. Neither Ormonde nor Castlehaven failed them at their need, but the investment having commenced, the difficulty of introducing troops and stores into the beleaguered town became considerable. Castlehaven, however, contrived to throw fifteen hundred Ulstermen—whose ecclesiastical sympathies ensured their obtaining a welcome from the townsfolk—into the place. And Ormonde, who, perforce, had hitherto confined himself to hovering on Cromwell's flanks and cutting off his supplies, now risked an advance to the northern side of the harbour, which was still open. Here he met a deputation of city fathers, composed their differences, and appointed Edmund Butler in Synott's stead, promising to send another five hundred troopers with the new Governor. He kept his word. Butler and his men were duly ferried over. But they went to their death. Stafford, who had so strenuously refused to trust an Ormondist garrison, now revealed himself in his true colours. Without a word of warning to the luckless inhabitants, he made terms with Cromwell on his own account. The citizens did not learn the transaction until the guns of the fort

were turned on the crowded market-place. Then ensued a scene which suggests nothing so much as a hideous nightmare. In the wild stampede of hundreds of human beings striving to escape from the deadly range of the fusillade, men, women, and children were crushed and trodden under foot. Nor were the greater number of those who reached the water-side more fortunate. Many an overladen boat that afternoon sank within sight of friends and safety. Two hours after entering Wexford Edmund Butler was shot while swimming across the harbour, but at least he perished in the open, not cooped up in the seething shambles of the market-place.

It was not only Cromwell's victories that paralysed Irish initiative, neither was the spirit of disunion peculiar to Wexford. A more prosperous cause would have been wrecked by the suspicion that permeated Ormonde's camp. In the beginning of October Inchiquin's troops, the best disciplined portion of the Irish force, had given fresh signs of discontent. The mutiny was then rather assuaged than quenched, for on October the 16th the English officers and privates at Cork, rose, drove out the native garrison, and declared for Parliament. By the end of another week Inchiquin could only count on the obedience of some two hundred infantry soldiers. The mischief did not cease with these wholesale desertions. Inchiquin's own character was not such as to preserve him from mistrust. At this critical juncture, a correspondence was produced, purporting to represent his secret negotiations with Michael Jones. Inchiquin indignantly repudiated the charge; and Antrim ultimately admitted that to sow sedition in the royal army, he himself had forged the incriminating documents. But, save through this archliar's confession, Inchiquin was not fated to secure the complete vindication he sought. He did indeed make a personal appeal to Jones, entreating the Puritan General, as man to man, to clear an honourable antagonist's character from a foul aspersion. Some few days later, however, Michael Jones suddenly expired, and no further light was ever thrown on the mysterious episode.

Ormonde's difficulties did not centre solely in the Anglo-Protestant Party. The jealousy of the Commissioners of Trust, now greatly intensified by the desertion of their Protestant allies, wrought havoc in his best laid schemes. The Commissioners would only sanction the appointment of their own officers to positions of importance, and, whenever a vacancy had to be filled, a set battle between interest and efficiency invariably ensued. As Ormonde could not afford to set his pay-masters at defiance, the evil effects of this divided authority were soon apparent. That the personality of its commander forms the very essence of a stronghold's defence, was proved at Ross, a place susceptible of lengthened resistance, and amply provisioned by Ormonde. Its Governor, Sir Lucas Taafe, had apparently lost his nerve, and the fortress capitulated at the end of two days. Greater fortitude was not expected at Duncannon; but from the hour that Ormonde, disregarding Irish murmurs, superseded Colonel Roche in favour of the gallant and adventurous Colonel Wogan, matters assumed a different complexion. Duncannon was the first place where Cromwell suffered a reverse. After a bold sally of Wogan's, he struck his camp and marched away.

Oliver's rebuff before Duncannon was, however, almost discounted by the general trend of affairs in Munster. Lord Broghill's presence in the English army was worth another division to Cromwell. Family influence, a persuasive tongue, local knowledge, and a brilliant intellect were all secured to Oliver's service in the person of his new and distinguished recruit. The English settlers, who still worshipped the memory of the great Earl of Cork, readily swore allegiance to a cause identified with his ablest son; and Youghal speedily gave in its adhesion to the Commonwealth. The strict discipline maintained in the English army did much also to reconcile the county folk. Cromwell permitted no pillaging, and his camp was an excellent market for the peasants' wares. Like Wellington, Oliver appreciated the fatal effects of living on the country; while, unlike O'Neill and the

Confederates, he had £100,000 on which to draw for the expenses of the campaign. Thus in the enemy's territory, he was always well provisioned, whereas his opponents, amidst a friendly population, were habitually on the verge of starvation.

It was perhaps inevitable that as Ormonde was abandoned by the English, so he should draw closer to the Celtic party. O'Neill, to whom heaven had granted a larger measure of wisdom than to the Commissioners of Trust, did not favour half measures. Without awaiting the completion of his treaty with Ormonde, he gave practical proof of his sincerity by despatching a large body of troops to the Lord-Lieutenant's assistance. In return, Ormonde subscribed to conditions which before the tragedies of Whitehall and Drogheda he would certainly not have entertained. On this occasion, O'Neill obtained without difficulty the recognition of his right to command an army corps of six thousand foot and eight hundred horse. It was further agreed that the choice of his successor should be vested in the nobles and gentry of Ulster. These arrangements were dictated by elementary common-sense. Nor is it surprising that Ormonde should have consented to annul the grants of those estates in Ulster which had been forfeited in consequence of the rebellion of 1641. These confiscations were the work of an assembly with which he had irrecoverably broken. Such an act of grace can have cost him few scruples, but it was a distinct advance when he agreed to reinstate Irish families, as tenants,¹ on lands now held by enemies, and from which their former owners, either owing to attainder or James I.'s Plantation, had been evicted since 1603. An even greater concession, perhaps, was his acceptance of the Roman Catholic Clergy in the churches and cures, which they held in the northern province, with a promise of "reasonable contentment" to those whose livings were in their opponents' power. It cannot be denied that these two clauses entailed a "dominant Roman Catholic Church,

¹ Gardiner, vol. i. p. 139.

with a virtually independent Celtic Ulster"—a state of things Ormonde had always strongly deprecated. Yet since he honestly believed that "irrecoverable slavery" was the only alternative for Irishmen, the most austere moralist should hesitate to condemn his so-called inconsistency.

Once again, however, it was written that Ormonde's sacrifices should profit his cause but little. It is idle to speculate on the changes that might have been wrought in Ireland's destiny had O'Neill lived to throw his weighty sword into the balance against Cromwell. But in November the northern general died at Cloughouter, and was buried at dead of night, wrapped in a Dominican's habit, in the Abbey of Cavan.

Alone amongst contemporary Irish soldiers, Owen Roe O'Neill combined practical knowledge and imagination, cool judgment, and personal magnetism. His instincts were humane. To control the savagery of his untamed nomads, unhappily, did not lie within his power. Almost singly, also, among the crowd of rivals and comrades in that long and demoralising struggle, O'Neill could claim that self aggrandisement was not the mainspring of his career.

"I call my Saviour to witness," he told Ormonde in his farewell letter, "that (as I hope for Salvation) my resolutions wayes and intentions (from first to last in these unhappy wars) tended to noe particular ambitions or private interest of my owne. Notwithstanding what was or may be thought of to the contrary, but truly and sincerely to the preservation of my religion, the advancement of His Majesty's service and just liberties of this realm."¹

If we eliminate the sentence relating to the "advancement of His Majesty's Service," an ambition which could not reasonably be expected to lie very near the heart of the Spanish Colonel, there is an unmistakable ring of truth in this deathbed utterance. For that reason he

¹ Gilbert, "Cont. History of Affairs," vol. ii. part ii. p. 315. Owen Roe O'Neill to Ormonde, 11th November 1649.

deserves to be held in remembrance by those of his own race. Celtic Ireland can boast few more devoted sons than the great, taciturn soldier, whose very endeavours for her salvation were merely fated to set her deeper "in misery and iron."

O'Neill's death was a crushing blow to Ormonde's newborn hopes, but the exigencies of the situation gave him little leisure to mourn his loss. The tragedy of Wexford had held no lesson, apparently, for the citizens of Waterford. They seemed rather bent on keeping out their friends than their declared enemies; and when Castlehaven and his reinforcements appeared before the gates, they were curtly denied admission. It was not, in fact, until November the 21st, the day before Cromwell began the investment, that the Mayor and Corporation humbled themselves to ask help of Ormonde. Even then, they insisted that the relief force should consist solely of orthodox warriors, drawn from the division sent southwards by O'Neill under General Ferrall. It was no moment to stand on ceremony, for Cromwell was already in possession of Passage, the fort commanding the south-western avenues to the town. With all possible speed, therefore, Ormonde escorted Ferrall and two thousand Ulstermen to Waterford, and saw them safely lodged within its walls. The Irish climate seconded Ormonde's efforts on behalf of the beleaguered city. Torrential rain made the siege manœuvres well-nigh impossible, and disease spread apace in the English camp. Cromwell had been already contemplating a retreat. Ormonde's advance now confirmed him in this intention, and, on December the 4th, as the Lord-Lieutenant once more approached the city, bringing to its rescue a fresh body of Celts, he had the satisfaction of seeing the English army march away.

It might have been expected that Ormonde's exertions on their behalf would have reconciled the townspeople to their deliverer, but the invective levelled by the Psalmist on "horse and mule that have no understanding," would not have been inappropriate to the city fathers of

Waterford. No sooner was Cromwell out of sight than they relapsed into their chronic condition of hysterical jealousy. Indeed, one episode which illustrates their stiff-necked folly would be incredible outside the melancholy annals of this period. After Cromwell's retreat, the English garrison of Passage continued to inflict great damage on the inhabitants and trade of Waterford. Ferrall, consequently, turned his energies to surprising and capturing the fort. Unluckily, however, his design was discovered by the English; and after he had started on his quest, Ormonde, who was watching his movements from a point of vantage in the city, saw that the gallant Irishman ran great risk of being surrounded and cut to pieces. On the opposite bank of the river Suir, Ormonde had troops in abundance to effect a diversion, but it was necessary for them to traverse the city, and this the municipal authorities flatly declined to permit. In short, although Ferrall was no Ormondist, but one of their own peculiar persuasion, the Mayor and Council preferred to see him annihilated, rather than suffer the Marquis to march his men across their town to their champion's rescue. All supplications proved vain. Nor could Ormonde muster more than some fifty friends and servants. Nevertheless, at the head of this small but devoted band, he sallied forth to find that his fears were realised. Already a considerable section of Ferrall's discomfited force was slain or taken prisoners, while the remainder were in headlong flight, closely pursued by the British troopers. Ormonde's scanty numbers did not allow him to charge the vastly superior body of his opponents, but, by a skilful handling of his faithful henchmen he deluded the enemy into the belief that they themselves were being decoyed into a trap. They hesitated, detaching scouts to reconnoitre. This delay gave Ormonde time to cover the fugitives' escape. His ruse, it is true, was quickly penetrated, but he had gained his object; and "by frequent exposing of his own person" he held the enemy at bay until the last Ulsterman was safely housed within the gates.¹

¹ Carte, vol. iii. p. 516.

This unpleasant incident was followed by the categorical refusal of Waterford to allow the Confederate troops to be quartered in its neighbourhood. Ormonde was forced to recognise the hopelessness of further parleys. With a heavy heart, he bowed to the inevitable and left the town.¹ It was time he should seek a safer residence. The Nuncioists were plotting to murder his personal attendants and to imprison the Lord-Lieutenant. Indeed, at the City Council, one of the members moved a formal resolution to this effect.

Waterford was not alone in its determination to remain unburdened by the presence of Ormonde's hungry soldiery. The question of winter quarters was hard to resolve. Sir Charles Coote's reconquest of the northern towns had closed large tracts of Ulster to Ormonde's army, and in the Confederates' quarters one corporation after another refused to shelter those very defenders for whom they would most certainly clamour in the coming spring. Ormonde had no choice save to disperse his soldiery hither and thither, with the deplorable results he anticipated. Removed from their officers' supervision, the men quickly lost the little sense of discipline they had acquired. Castlehaven piteously laments² that when they came to their rendezvous after the long winter holiday

"it was like new men, half changed, and for the horse they were so haggled out in riding up and down to see their friends, that they seemed hardly able to draw their legs after, and both horse and foot with rusty arms, not fixed."

It spoke volumes for Ormonde's growing discouragement that he who had so strenuously urged the King's advent now felt constrained to withdraw his advice. He warned Charles that without a considerable sum of money³ for his own support and the maintenance of the army, he dared no longer counsel his coming to Ireland.

¹ Cox, vol. ii. p. 13.

² Castlehaven, "Memoirs," p. 47.

³ Gilbert, "Cont. History of Affairs," vol. ii. part. ii. p. 330. Ormonde to Charles II., 30th November 1649.

Considering the condition of the King's finances, such a proviso was equivalent to the renunciation by Ormonde of his dearest hopes.

A few days after writing this melancholy epistle a general meeting of the Irish clergy took place at Clonmacnoise. Antrim, who ardently coveted the Lord-Lieutenancy and was now the leader of the Ultramontane party, did not fail to stir up strife against Ormonde. He carried misrepresentation to a fine art, but, on this occasion, his envenomed shafts did not reach their mark. Emer M'Mahon, Bishop of Clogher, a true Celt, and Owen Roe O'Neill's right hand man, at the latter's death, had transferred his allegiance to Ormonde. Believing the Lord-Lieutenant to be the only man capable of rallying the various sections of the Irish community against the common foe, M'Mahon met Ormonde in a spirit of earnest candour, which the Marquis thoroughly reciprocated.¹ In fact, Ormonde declared that during the twenty years "he had to do with Irish Bishops, he never found any of them to speak the Truth or to perform their promises, but the Bishop of Clogher."² Emer was undoubtedly a useful ally. So great was his popularity with the clerical contingent from Ulster, that he actually induced the assembly to issue a declaration bearing traces of unanimity. In this manifesto the clergy exhorted their flock to sink former differences and to join in fighting an enemy, who threatened the extirpation of the faith, "the massacring and banishing the Catholic inhabitants," and the wholesale confiscation of property. The punishment of priests who promoted divisions was clearly indicated, and this declaration was followed by another proclamation announcing the termination of the dispute between the Nuncio's party and the adherents of the Supreme Council.³ Henceforward, the priesthood declared that they intended by their counsel, action, and device to advance His Majesty's rights and the good of the nation in general. The outburst of indignation

¹ Borlase, p. 254.

² *Idem*, p. 146.

³ Gardiner, vol. i. p. 145.

which this utterance elicited from Cromwell, proves how seriously he considered his success threatened by the first hint of unity on his opponents' part. His eloquence might have been less fiery had he realised that their harmony was superficial. It augured ill for peace that, at this very moment, high preferment should be awarded to a certain Friar Brennan, who, to do the Nuncio service, had well-nigh compassed the massacre of his superior and brotherhood.

Antrim's clerical allies having failed him, he had recourse to court influences. Rochfort, a lawyer, whose intrigues had largely contributed to the fall of Waterford, and a priest of the same kidney sailed for Jersey to explain the desirability of ousting Ormonde in their patron's favour. This was not the sole petition touching Ormonde's removal that Charles received.¹ The object of so much malignity, himself addressed the King on the same subject. Unlike Cromwell, he did not apparently put much faith in the edifying resolutions lately passed at Clonmacnoise. Ormonde plainly told Charles that he

“should not consider himself unhappy or prejudiced by having no more to do with a people that could be wrought on by so shallow an engine as Antrim, were not His Majesty's service in the case; but till His Majesty should think fit to recall the power he had entrusted with him, he should not willingly let it fall for their pleasure.”

Rather than become a cause of contention and ultimate ruin to the country, however, he humbly desired that His Majesty “would be pleased to send him his commands to withdraw from the Kingdom, when unavoidable necessity should drive him away.”

It is strange that, at this juncture, Ormonde should have had two competitors for his uneasy dignities. Prince Rupert, who did not lack supporters at Castle Elizabeth, was the Marquis's most favoured rival, but, in this instance, the young King's shrewdness surmounted his constitutional inability to oppose the wishes of his immediate

¹ Carte, vol. iii. p. 522.

circle.¹ Nor did he seek to conceal his dislike to the proposals, impatiently exclaiming "that he would sooner lose the kingdom than offer such an affront to the Marquis of Ormonde." Indeed, by the time the newspaper reporters of the period had got wind of the incident, the King's ejaculation was rounded off into the pious protestation: "that he would rather lose three such kingdoms as Ireland, than part with one such subject as the Marquis of Ormonde." To the Lord-Lieutenant himself, Charles wrote with the affectionate grace that was his especial charm.² He begged Ormonde to tell him what he could further do to establish his authority in Ireland. Moreover, he straightly charged the Lord-Lieutenant to withdraw himself and his powers, if the Irish could not be brought "to a right understanding and performance of their duty." After these words, even to Ormonde's scrupulous soul, the resignation of his post could no longer wear the aspect of desertion.

More fortunate than Ormonde, Cromwell had been able to provide comparatively good winter quarters for his troops. By the end of January, he was already in the field, preparing to assault Kilkenny. That city was still the centre of Confederate organisation, and thither the Commissioners of Trust had convoked deputies from all parts of the kingdom. They arrived primed by the Roman Catholic Clergy with complaints against Ormonde, but they were unable to agree on the terms of their arraignment, and, while they were disputing, Cromwell's appearance abruptly broke up the conclave. At Ennis, whither they hurried, they renewed their debates, but their deliberations remained as barren as those of Kilkenny, save that a new district was thereby infected with mistrust of Ormonde. Meanwhile, the Lord-Lieutenant, having hastily collected some five hundred foot and found horses for another hundred of his friends and attendants, "looked," according to his chronicler, "with

¹ Carte, vol. iii. p. 523.

² *Idem*, p. 524. Charles II. to Ormonde, Castle Elizabeth, Jersey, 2nd February 1649-50.

so good a countenance on the enemy that Cromwell thought fit to retire.”¹ A handful of Cavaliers, however gallant, would scarcely have caused Oliver to renounce a settled purpose. It seems more likely that he had made his advance counting on a Confederate, Colonel Tickell, who had undertaken to open the gates. The traitor’s design was, however, penetrated, and he himself promptly executed.

If Cromwell suffered a check before Kilkenny, elsewhere his arms were uniformly victorious. During the next two months, almost every stronghold south, east, and north fell to himself or his lieutenants. In that part of Tipperary, where the Commander-in-Chief directed operations, only Clonmel and Kilkenny still defied his efforts. And on March the 28th Kilkenny hauled down the royal flag, although, not before the garrison and its commander, Sir Walter Butler, had given a glorious account of their trust. Cromwell assisted in person at the siege of Kilkenny. On the 23rd of March he summoned the place. On the following day, only to be repulsed with loss, he attacked the “Irish town,” that iron-grey mass of spires, cabins, houses, and convents huddled around the old Butler stronghold. By daybreak on the 25th, Ormonde’s stables, situated between the gate and rampart, were riddled by the English artillery, and at midday the breach was wide enough for an assault. But in the gap, to-day a lawn and the haunt of cooing pigeons, who sun and preen themselves in the security of an apparently immemorial peace, the New Model troopers were confronted by soldiers every whit their match. Twice was the tide of the godly driven backwards. When the trumpets sounded the third time, the assailants refused to answer to the call. Cromwell would then and there have raised the siege, but the mayor and population had nothing of Butler’s heroic spirit, and, betrayed by his own people, Sir Walter was forced to accept the generous terms offered by Cromwell.² When the garrison marched out, Oliver told them,

“that they were gallant fellows; that he had lost more men at that place than he had in the storming of

¹ Carte, vol. iii. p. 528.

² *Idem*, p. 537.

Drogheda; and that he should have gone away without it, had it not been for the treachery of the townsmen."

Amid the general wreckage of his hopes and pride, it may have been some slight solace to Ormonde that the record of Kilkenny had proved worthy of the old memories of his home and race.

Elsewhere, since the opening of the campaign, little that was either creditable or encouraging could be chronicled. In the beginning of March, Ormonde convoked the Roman Catholic Prelates and the Commissioners of Trust to Limerick, hoping that they would persuade its refractory corporation to accept a garrison. The temporary lapse into sanity that had befallen the Bishops at Clonmacnoise had, however, long since evaporated. They were now intent on persuading Ormonde to constitute a Privy Council, which, being drawn from their ranks, would still further tie his hands. Ormonde skilfully evaded the suggestion by pointing out that the appointment of privy councillors was a royal prerogative, but meanwhile Limerick remained deaf to his appeals and arguments, showing itself as hostile as Waterford. In fact, the citizens refused Ormonde those ordinary civilities which hitherto had never been denied to the Viceroy. The officers in charge of the city guards were debarred from receiving his orders, and it was by special grace and favour that he was allowed to communicate with his own commanders outside the town.¹ When, by his directions, Lord Kilmallock, a Roman Catholic peer, quartered a handful of horsemen, for one night only, within the liberties of Limerick, the municipality threw the presumptuous viscount into prison. After a fortnight wasted in such unprofitable strivings, Ormonde, with excusable bitterness, told Clanricarde:

"I cannot yet bragg much of the success of my indevours to satisfy the little assembly that was at Limerick, though I know nothing that was possible or in any degree reasonable that I have not offered. The sickness (*i.e.* the plague) increasing at Limerick, but much more the dishonour that fell upon His Majesty,

¹ Carte, vol. iii. p. 547.

by my being under the suspicion of being the worst of Enemies, and a treacherous pretender to friendship, occasioned my removal to Loghreagh.”¹

Good reason as Ormonde had to complain of the overt opposition of Irish Catholics, to a man of his disposition the double dealing of the priesthood was even more intolerable. During his stay at Limerick certain prelates urged him to dismiss Lord Inchiquin and the few Protestant troops he still retained.² So great, they declared, was the general abhorrence for Murrough of the Burnings that he alone prevented a good understanding between the country and Ormonde. Indeed they solemnly assured him that if he would send Inchiquin away, Limerick would open its gates and heart to the Lord-Lieutenant.³ No sooner, however, did Ormonde quit Limerick than, in his turn, Lord Inchiquin received the very counterpart of these confidences. The Bishops now vowed that if he would throw in his lot with them and defy Ormonde and the Commissioners of Trust, he “should be the only man that should have all Ireland at his dispose.”⁴ They pledged their word that strong in the hereditary reverence his name inspired, Inchiquin would quickly be enabled to drive the Anglo-Saxon into the sea. Considering the time and energy they devoted to intrigue, it was somewhat ingenuous of these prelates not to foresee that Ormonde and Inchiquin might compare notes on propositions so startling. Naturally, when the two soldiers met at Logreagh, they acquainted each other with the episcopal programme. Nor could they well avoid the conclusion that it was simply and solely a design “to get rid of them both.”⁵

It was during his stay at Logreagh that Ormonde received the intelligence of Emer M'Mahon's election to the chief command of the Ulster army. For many months the Irish force of that province had been paralysed

¹ Carte MSS., vol. xxvii. p. 105. Ormonde to Clanricarde, 20th March 1650.

² Carte, vol. iii. p. 548.

³ Borlase, p. 245.

⁴ Carte MSS., vol. xxvii. p. 197. Inchiquin to Ormonde, 12th April 1650.

⁵ Borlase, p. 245.

by contentions over its leadership, while Sir George Munroe's Protestant troops were being equally estranged by the fear that the Irish would expel all Scottish planters from the country. The choice of the Bishop of Clogher did not tend to dissipate such alarms. It was impossible for Protestants to regard the selection of a Popish prelate for the supreme military command, as aught but the triumph of the priesthood. Its result was immediately seen at Enniskillen, which Munroe surrendered to Coote before he and his Scots quitted Ireland. Ormonde was on good terms with the Bishop, and believed that the Ulstermen would more readily obey a spiritual than a lay chief. Eventually, therefore, he endorsed M'Mahon's commission, though not without manifold misgivings. On grounds of expediency alone, he deplored "the fatall itch the cleargy have to govern people and command armies."¹ On wider issues, its sinister significance was equally apparent. Already, the priests, emboldened by their victory, were calling with ever-increasing vehemence for the supersession of the Protestant by a Catholic Viceroy. Neither did it seem likely that their votes would be cast for the high-minded Clanricarde, Antrim, "that shallow engine," so justly suspected of double dyed perfidy, was far more likely to be their candidate. Sick at heart, Ormonde longed to resign his office, but the proposal was strongly opposed by those friends whose loyalty deserved consideration.

"Leve not this kingdom," Castlehaven entreated, "you and your family will perish abroad; you have noe means, you are an ill shifter; you will be looked on as lost in reputation; recover the kingdom or perish; make friendship with the Bishops and Nation."²

Friendship with the Episcopal bench, at this juncture, carried somewhat one-sided benefits. Although the Churchmen had not yet succeeded in casting Ormonde out of the Isle of Saints, they were determined, at least, to isolate him from those of his own creed; and since the

¹ Carte MSS., vol. xxviii. p. 96. Ormonde to Clanricarde, 8th May 1650.

² *Idem*, vol. xxvii. Castlehaven to Ormonde, 28th June 1650.

latter went in constant peril of their lives from their Irish comrades, so-called, Ormonde could not well gainsay the request to discharge his English following. He merely stipulated that he should retain Lieutenant-Colonel Treswell to command his own bodyguard, as he had reason to know that he was threatened by treachery.¹ And on their part, three devoted gentlemen, one of them a son of Digby, Lord Bristol, refused to be driven from his side. Otherwise the men were ready to go, and, with the full approval both of Ormonde and Inchiquin, merely desired to make the best and most honourable terms with Cromwell. Colonel Daniel and Dean Boyle were therefore sent to the English camp to discuss the terms of their fellow-countrymen's exodus. Oliver would gladly have enlisted the departing troopers in his service; but since the envoys firmly declined to consider this alternative, he wisely showed an accommodating spirit, readily granting the desired conditions. By these articles, signed on April the 26th, all Protestants, English or Scots, soldier or civilians were empowered either to leave the country or to retire into Parliamentary quarters. Moreover, until the pleasure of Parliament could be ascertained, they were to retain their estates, compounding for them at the same rate as other English Protestants had lately done. Indeed, it soon became evident that the Lord-General was inclined rather to extend than to limit his favours. The "teaching of events" was never lost on Oliver Cromwell. Disease and exhaustion had greatly reduced the ranks of the splendid soldiery who so short a time ago had landed with him at Dublin. On the eve of his own departure, he began to realise that the conquest of Ireland was still unaccomplished.² He was consequently prepared to offer terms that nine months previously he would scarcely have discussed, and foreseeing that all semblance of national resistance would collapse with the retirement of Ormonde

¹ Gardiner, vol. i. p. 151.

² Gilbert, "Cont. History of Affairs," part ii. vol. ii. pp. 400-1. Michael Boyle to Ormonde, Clare, 3rd April 1650.

from the scene, he was ready to make almost any concessions to that end.

Before Michael Boyle departed on his errand, both Ormonde and Inchiquin had straitly charged him on no account to include them in the treaty. But, as the Dean told Ormonde, after he had waived aside many "opportunities and hints"¹ given him by Cromwell and Ireton, who let him understand that if "he would move anything from either general they would hearken to it," he could no longer evade the plain question: "What would your Lordship do if this party came off?" Boyle replied that he believed Ormonde and Lord Inchiquin would try to form the Irish into an army. If, however, they were met by downright disobedience he was certain that only the want of transport would keep them in Ireland. The Dean's proviso gave Cromwell his chance. He insisted that the envoy should take passes from him to his principals, passes which Boyle finally accepted on the understanding that he might keep and use them as he judged fit. These offers were accompanied by a multitude of polite speeches regarding not only Ormonde but Clanricarde. The Englishmen protested that they were not "unmindful of those many good offices" Ulick Burke had done to "poor Protestants." Nor, in justice to Cromwell, can it be denied that this consideration always coloured his views. For his own sake he was anxious to get Ormonde out of the country, but it is also possible that in his desire to come to terms with the Marquis he was also perceptibly influenced by the latter's staunch Protestantism.

"He pretends," Boyle told Ormonde, "to be a great servant of your lady, and much to pity her condition; the estate which she brought Your Lordship they openly profess shall not be given from her."

When Michael Boyle returned—secretly much pleased at having, unsolicited, secured the safe conducts—his

¹ Gilbert, "Cont. History of Affairs," part ii. vol. ii. p. 406. Boyle to Ormonde, 6th May 1650.

report of Oliver's compliments regarding Lady Ormonde did not prevent her husband from feeling some uneasiness as to the possible consequences of the Dean's diplomacy. In fact, the latter piteously complained that he got but "slender thanks" from either general. Ormonde feared the gifts of the Greeks, and he was not mistaken. It soon transpired that, on their mere issue, Cromwell had grounded a positive statement that the Lord - Lieutenant would certainly make use of the passes in the course of the next two months.¹ And in the hopes of persuading Preston to surrender Waterford, he was not ashamed to send that general a copy of the safe conduct. Preston, however, required Ormonde's confirmation of the intelligence, and thus the Marquis learnt the trick that had been played on him. He promptly obtained the original document from Boyle, and returned it to Cromwell with a letter, which may be regarded as a model of the snub courteous.

"SIR,—Dean Boyle haveing brought me a paper signed and sealed by you, seeming to bee a passe for mee to transporte myselfe beyond seas, I did much wonder from whence or for what reason it was that you ether gave or hee accepted it, since hee was directed to declare to you (if it came in question) that I had noe intention to treate with you for a passe or any other thing, and though I am yet to seeke a reason for his parte of that transaction, yet yours appears to me in Axtells letter to Generall Preston. I have by this trumpeter returned you your paper, and for your unsought courtesy doe assure you that when you shall desire a passe from mee, and I thinke fitt to graunt it, I shall not make use of it to corrupt any that commands under you.—I remaine Your humble servant

ORMONDE."²

Undoubtedly, Oliver had been guilty of a very ungentlemanly piece of sharp practice. He had, likewise, not only failed to bring his trick off, but he had been detected and rebuked in language of polite pungency by his opponent. Any one of these three reasons should have

¹ Carte, vol. iii. p. 551.

² Gilbert, "Cont. History of Affairs," vol. ii. p. 411. Ormonde to Cromwell, Logreagh, 17th May 1650.

sufficed to make him the bitter personal enemy of the Marquis, but for good or ill it was difficult to judge Cromwell's actions by the standard of ordinary humanity. Although he had condescended to the use of sorry subterfuges, he was nevertheless sufficiently great-hearted to bear Ormonde no grudge. On the contrary, he more than fulfilled his pledges with regard to Lady Ormonde; and when, at a later period, he could have sent the Marquis to the block, he took good care that he should have timely warning to escape.

The dismissal of the English troops had not satisfied the Romish Bishops. They remained equally anxious to get rid of a viceroy, who was now the last relic of heretical domination. Ormonde had no illusions as to their aims.

"The truth is," he wrote, "the clergy think that now is their time to gain what they have thus long struggled for with the blood of the abused people, an entyre sovereignty and absolute power to dispose of the kingdome as shall best like them; but they shall not have either my counsel or my connivance to their irregular and fond ambitions, soe that, unless my last letter bring that people to soe much moderation as to allow us, that are more interested in the good of the Kingdom than they and all their champions, I will either begin with them as the first enemy to be subdued, or leave them to their owne avowed destruction—soe much for that!" ends the exasperated Viceroy.¹

Now that Ormonde was in possession of Charles's permission to leave Ireland whenever he judged it advisable, he could give effect to the assertion both of his own and the royal dignity. "Illshifter" though he might be, the straitened circumstances of exile contrasted almost pleasantly with the insults and indignities to which he was daily and fruitlessly subjected. Cromwell's safe conducts he would not accept, but he bought and fitted a yacht for his transport. The lay delegates at Logreagh were, however, determined that Ormonde should not carry

¹ Carte MSS., vol. xxvii. p. 184. Ormonde to Piers Wailsh, 5th April 1650.

out his abdication. They anticipated the anarchy and confusion that must ensue on his departure; and put pressure on the prelates to amend their ways and retain Ormonde in Ireland.¹ On the 30th of April, the Assembly, consequently, promulgated a declaration couched in terms of almost unctuous devotion to the royal service. They likewise despatched a deputation to Limerick to exhort that rebellious city to receive a garrison. These symptoms of penitence and reform were not without their effect on Ormonde. He reluctantly abandoned the project of leaving Ireland, and dismissed the frigate, which it had cost him no small sum to equip.

Unhappily, the behaviour of Limerick did not compensate Ormonde for his sacrifice. A garrison of any kind the town flatly declined to admit; the citizens stipulating that the force quartered outside the walls should consist solely of northerners, commanded by such officers as they were pleased to designate. It was quite immaterial to them that this arrangement deprived Ulster of defenders. Ormonde's remonstrances were as disdainfully received, as his entreaties to be allowed to share the hazards of the siege. Dominick Fanning, who had engineered the outrage on the heralds in 1646, was now the uncrowned king of Limerick. He was bitterly hostile to Ormonde; and at his instigation "a parcel of young men" actually broke open and rifled some chests which the Marquis had consigned to the port for shipment.² But no affronts could lessen Ormonde's desire to be allowed to assure himself that the defence of so important a city was organised on a satisfactory basis. It was remarked of James Butler in later life that he was not given to "overcomplayning." The King's Government had to be carried on, and long experience had taught him that the process was not always pleasurable for the instrument of Government. He did his duty and said little, but on this occasion he could not refrain from expressing to Clanricarde something of the bitterness which filled his heart.

¹ Carte, vol. iii. p. 553.

² *Idem*, p. 555.

"There is not this day," he cried, "anything left me to hope or desire with any possibility of obteyning it, but to be admitted into a Towne infected with the Plague, unfortified and unprovided, there to give some testimony that I have been more unfortunate in the Treacherys, cowardice and unrealyable irregularitys of others then faulty in myself; and this admittance I protest to God (I desire) with more passion then I can any happyness without a possibility of such a vindication, which to be denied with soe much undeserved spite and scorne is that that touches mee more nearly than all that ever befell me, and that will put mee to as unreconcilable a distance with the contrivers as I can bee with any creatures of God's making."¹

Ormonde was not to be given the "possibility of vindicating" his reputation at Limerick. The mere suggestion of his entering the city with his little body-guard, who, it must be remembered, were all Roman Catholics, led to a riot. Fanning and his coadjutor, one Friar Wolfe, made it, moreover, a pretext for introducing into the town those Ulstermen of whose support they were assured. And together they plundered the magazines of the corn which, at his own expense, Ormonde had stored there for future emergencies. Again, Ormonde was forced to recognise that it was vain to kick against the pricks. He withdrew, and appointed Hugh O'Neill to the governorship of the city. Limerick was more fortunate in her new commander than she deserved. His heroic, though unsuccessful, defence of Clonmel against Cromwell should have endeared him to all patriotic Irishmen, but he was too little of a fanatic to find favour with the populace of Limerick. The citizens barely tolerated their Governor, while he complained that he was treated as a cypher.

The capitulation of Clonmel on May the 10th was Cromwell's last important achievement in Ireland. On the 26th of May he set sail for England, deputing Ireton to complete his task. After Oliver's departure the long tale of surrenders continued. Tecroghan submitted on

¹ Carte MSS., vol. xxviii. p. 96. Ormonde to Clanricarde, 7th May 1650.

June the 25th, and Carlow followed its example on the 24th of July. Incomparably the most calamitous event, however, that befell the Irish cause was the overthrow of Emer M'Mahon and his troops at Letterkenny. After this defeat, and the subsequent executions of the Bishop, Henry O'Neill, and other officers, the northern army degenerated into a mere guerilla rabble. The disaster fully justified Ormonde's mistrust of surpliced soldiers. M'Mahon's entire staff had besought him to refuse the unequal contest with Sir Charles Coote, but he was deaf alike to their experience and to all ghostly warnings. As was fitting, indeed, in that supreme tragedy of the Irish race, signs and wonders were not lacking. A prophecy once uttered by "a prime saint," predicting the ruin of the Gael near Letterkenny was recalled, only to be disregarded by the headstrong prelate.¹ Nor did he give more heed to "a woman of uncommon stature, all in white," who foretold the swift death awaiting him and his people if they persisted in crossing the river.² He treated soothsayers and military council with an equal disdain. To the latter, in fact, he used such "corrosive language" that they indignantly withdrew their opposition, paying with their lives for the churchman's recklessness.³

The execution, some days after the battle, of Henry O'Neill is not the least stain that rests on the memory of Sir Charles Coote. A short year before, young O'Neill had come to Coote's relief at Derry, and the two men had then interchanged more than the courtesies usual between honourable antagonists. In spite of quarter granted, Coote now condemned his former deliverer to death. It is said that the young man did not submit to the infamous sentence without a protest. He recalled to his judge, not only the invaluable help he had afforded him, but the demonstrations of affection of which Coote had so lately been prodigal. He reminded Sir Charles that at Derry he had been "his own sweet brother Harry,

¹ Gilbert, "Aphorismical Discovery," part ii. vol. ii. pp. 84-5.

² "Aubrey's Misc.," pp. 44-5.

³ Gilbert, "Aphorismical Discovery," part ii. vol. ii. pp. 84-5.

nothing pleasing him without his presence and liking."¹ To "the Raven's" son, shame was as much a stranger as pity. He made answer very briefly: "If your Father and you have done me a courtesie, I payed you for it, and therefore doe not trouble yourself; my judgement shall pass and there is an end," and Owen's gallant son went to his death.

The battle of Letterkenny was not the only misfortune that befell Ormonde in the June of 1650. The same month witnessed the departure of Charles II. for Scotland, and his acceptance of the Covenant—probably, the greatest aggravation of Ormonde's trials that an unkind Fate could have devised. When the news arrived that the King had declared the Irish Peace of 1648 null and void, that he had rejected all suggestion of compromise with Irish Catholics, and had acknowledged his father's sinfulness and his mother's idolatry, Ormonde could not credit the announcement. Without a second's misgiving, he branded the proclamation of August the 16th as a lying forgery.

Never certainly was manifesto more unhappily timed for the furtherance of the royal cause in Ireland. On the 6th of August an assembly of the clergy took place at Jamestown. Since their conclave at Logreagh, the uninterrupted series of reverses had further alienated popular sympathies, not from the priesthood, to whose policy the disasters were largely due, but from Ormonde. Despite the slender power he, in reality, possessed, the Marquis, as the nominal head of the administration, was held responsible for the ruin that had overtaken land and people; and in condemnation of the Protestant Viceroy, the main body of the clergy was at least united. The meanest mendicant friar could count on an enthusiastic audience when descanting on the Lord-Lieutenant's treasonable projects. No accusation was too ridiculous to find credence. For instance, the priests asserted that the Marquis's intention of leaving Ireland was part and parcel of a treaty long since plotted with Cromwell, and of which the surrender

¹ "Aphorismical Discovery," vol. iii. p. 889.

of Dublin in 1648 was merely the preamble. The Commissioners of Trust might deprecate, the Anglo-Irish gentry might deplore these monstrous fables. The seed of slander fell on fertile soil. Outraged pride, superstition, fury, credulity, terror were chords that the clergy found singularly responsive to their touch.

Doubtless, there were churchmen in Ireland who were not entirely governed by the politics of their caste,¹ but iron nerves were needed to withstand a persecution of growing intensity, ranging finally from the pettiest insults to assassination. With Emer M'Mahon had perished the last influential priest, who was not impervious to the arguments of common-sense.

The nation sought a scapegoat, and they found it in Ormonde. When on August the 12th, the Bishops ordered the Lord-Lieutenant to resign his authority to certain Commissioners designated by themselves, they were undoubtedly giving utterance to the wishes of the country. But though Ormonde equally desired to obtain his freedom, he was determined not to purchase it by submission to commands he deemed insolent to himself and derogatory to the Sovereign he represented.² He left no means of conciliation untried. First, he bade the clergy to a conference, but they contemptuously ignored the invitation, refusing to leave Jamestown. Next, he wrote reminding them that it was solely at their request, and on the understanding that "they would procure him such obedience, as would carry on the war," that he had renounced his design for leaving Ireland. He added that he was aware of the great divisions in the nation under his Government; yet, as they would certainly be greater upon his departure, "he was not willing to remove out of the kingdom."

Meanwhile, the fate of Athlone was hanging in the balance, and Connaught was threatened with destruction, but both to Ormonde's remonstrances and those of the Commissioners the prelates opposed a stubborn resistance.³ Their reply to Ormonde consisted of a protest

¹ Walsh, "History of the Remonstrance," p. 585.

² Carte, vol. iii. p. 562.

³ *Idem*, p. 563.

against any further exercise on his part of the authority which he had hitherto possessed, coupled with a decree excommunicating all those guilty either of resisting his deposition, or of lending him aid.

“Remember,” ran the ghostly monition, “we have the keys of Heaven, and that from our tribunals the deadly sentence of anathema and excommunication falls upon those separated from the charity and grace of God, and that we are therefore the judges appointed by God of excommunication and matters of conscience, and be pleased to know that Cæsars themselves are within, and not above the Church.”¹

The unhappy Irish peasant was not likely to arrogate a liberty denied to Cæsars, but in other quarters the multiplication of spiritual censures had begotten a certain lassitude of the Irish episcopate’s exposition of the “Charity and Grace of God.” Thus Ormonde found that he could count on a certain number of officers, who were “excommunication proof.” When the two parties came to grips, the clerical militia were defeated, their leader the Bishop of Killaloe was captured, and would, indeed, have been promptly hung by his exasperated opponents, if Ormonde had not intervened to save the militant prelate’s life. The priests, however, were seldom in danger, their spiritual thunders more often reducing the best disposed Commanders to impotence. On one occasion, indeed, an entire regiment was brought to a stand by a single friar. No sooner did this monk seize the colours, and invoke damnation on all who should presume to march onwards, than, despite their officer’s efforts, the men with one accord flung down their arms and dispersed.² Had the fanatic’s open defiance of authority exposed him to any appreciable danger, his misguided courage would at least have deserved admiration. But the Bishop of Killaloe seems to have been the only churchman who stood in danger of being called to account for his actions. Thomas à Becket himself, Ormonde’s

¹ Clarendon S.P., vol. ii. p. 549. Explanation of Excommunication, Bishops of Raphoe, Killaloe, and Ferns to Clanricarde, 15th September 1650.

² Carte, vol. iii. p. 566.

reputed ancestor, could not have claimed greater immunity for the priestly person than that enjoyed by the least saintly clerk in the camp of the Protestant Viceroy.

On October the 13th Ormonde received a long delayed communication from the King. In the most flattering terms, Charles besought the Marquis

“to be so careful of himself as not to hazard his person any longer than he should find good reason and cause for it; and of this,” said the King, “I make you so much the judge, as I shall take it very unkindly if I find you do not withdraw yourself so timeously, as to preserve your safety for better times.”¹

Nothing could be more gracious, though Ormonde would gladly have exchanged all these compliments for the assurance that Charles had not repudiated the Peace of 1648. The same messenger brought, instead, the confirmation of a report which Ormonde had hitherto described as a malignant forgery. The prince, it is true, declared that he had only yielded to the demands of the Scottish Covenanters when he found that his life was at stake. But no excuses could palliate the wrong consented to, nay, authorised, by Charles to the Irish nation, and to those faithful servants whose every word and deed he had now deliberately stultified.

The King's acceptance of Lord Clanricarde as Ormonde's successor did much to reconcile the latter's scrupulous conscience to his own departure. Nevertheless, for the next three months, he would not abandon the attempt to find a common basis of action with the clerical party.² It must be admitted that the Bishops would have been strangely confiding had Ormonde's assertion that the Dunfermline proclamation was wrung from the King by “undue means,” reconciled them to their faithless suzerain. Undoubtedly, they had some justification for declaring that by his last utterance the Monarch “had cast the Irish nation from his protection, and thereby withdrawn his authority,” but had the weal

¹ Carte, vol. iii. p. 574.

² *Idem*, p. 578.

of that unhappy people, and not their own aggrandisement, been their true aim, they could scarcely have denied a part in the last fight for Ireland to Ormonde's devoted service. They were, however, not to be mollified. Vainly did the delegates from the General Assembly, convoked by Ormonde at Logreagh, implore them to recall the Jamestown declaration and anathema. Their decision was as little affected by a refutation of their arraignment, that Ormonde now condescended to publish. Yet the perusal of this document should have convinced any, save the most uncandid, of the frightful odds encountered by Ormonde. To the accusation, for instance, that after they had furnished him with half a million, Ormonde had allowed himself to be beaten at Rathmines, the Marquis could truthfully reply that "for all the half million," the army, when brought together, could not have marched further than Cloghreaghan, if he had not privately borrowed £800 from Sir James Preston¹—a sum, the Lord-Lieutenant remarks, which was still owing to his creditor, and by means of which a little meal, "not yet paid for neither," was obtained.

"If we are to be blamed," he continues, "it is for undertaking an Expedition so meanly provided, and which we can only answer by the necessity of attempting Dublin and those parts, before they could receive supplies out of England."

In the strange catalogue of calumnies indited by the Prelates, some were so ridiculous that they might well have been ignored,² but Ormonde probably thought it wiser not to leave a loophole for slander.

"What ancient Travellers and men of experience they were that informed the Declarers"—*i.e.* the Bishops—"that we kept a Mart of Wares, a Tribunal of Pleadings and an Inn of Play, drinking and pleasure, rather than a well-ordered camp of soldiers we know not."

Still weary and worn with the long strain of sleepless

¹ Cox, vol. ii. p. 187, 2nd October 1650.

² *Idem*, p. 198.

nights and laborious days, the Lord-Lieutenant indignantly, and somewhat boyishly, protests that

“he is content to have all the Lies in this declaration taken for truth, if it can be proved that during the three months we were in the Field, we drank twice betwixt meals, or at meals more than was fit, that we played twice at any game, though,” he prudently adds, “we account recreation no fault or unusual in well ordered Camps; or in all that time we ever took the pleasure of sleeping otherwise than in our Cloaths.”

As he claimed, Ormonde could certainly have produced more credible witnesses to his assertions than the “ancient Travellers” and “Men of Experience,” so glibly cited by his judges. But it was only too apparent that having already sentenced the heretic viceroy, his trial was a superfluity of weariness to the Prelates.

At last, however, deliverance from his clerical scourges was at hand for Ormonde. In November arrived a swift twenty-four ton frigate, the *Elizabeth* of Jersey, sent to his rescue by the Duke of York. James told Ormonde that he had despatched the boat, “to wait on you, that if the rest of the Kingdom should be lost, it may be useful to you in saving so considerable a parte hereof as yourself for some better occasion.”¹ The Duke was not alone in urging a speedy retreat on Ormonde. Charles II. again besought the Marquis “to have a care to his person,” vowing anew, that he “would not lose Ormonde for all he could get in Ireland.”² Since his powers of usefulness were gone, Ormonde himself was unwilling to linger on the scene. His sense of dignity, he told Clanricarde, forbade him to wait “until being shut out everywhere, I conclude my story like a straggling freebooter.”³ The negotiations for the appointment of his successor, however, caused some delay. Ormonde would convey his authority to none but Clanricarde, and, then

¹ Duke of York to Ormonde, 21st July 1650.

² Carte, vol. iii. p. 580. Charles II. to Ormonde, 11th November 1650.

³ Clanricarde S.P., vol. ii. p. 500. Ormonde to Clanricarde, 20th September 1650.

only on the condition that the General Assembly insured a proper measure of obedience and respect to Clanricarde. Unlike the clergy who wished to parcel out the royal authority among their own nominees, the Assembly earnestly desired to see Ormonde's powers transferred to a responsible Deputy. Yet it was not until Ormonde had actually embarked, that matters were finally adjusted. In fact, Ormonde was forced to put back to land to receive the Assembly's final answer to his terms. Even then the pledges of obedience did not appear very explicit, but, as they were the best obtainable, they were accepted by Ormonde; and Ulick Burke received his commission as Deputy.

Ormonde's work in Ireland was done, and on the 11th of December he hoisted sail for France. He did not go alone. Lord Inchiquin, Colonel Wogan, and some forty officers were his companions of exile. The martial appearance of her passengers stood the *Elizabeth* in good stead, for an Ostend privateer who reconnoitred her closely, judged it more advisable to avoid an encounter with so well armed a crew. The weather was terrific, the "waves running mountains high." And when after three weeks tossing in the Bay of Biscay, their bark at last made the harbour of Perose in Basse Bretagne, the ships in harbour, mistaking the *Elizabeth* for an enemy, received her with a cannonade. Nor were the weary passengers suffered to land, until they had sent the ship's yawl to explain the situation.

Thus after two years of ceaseless battling, was James Butler for the second time driven from his native land. He had not proved himself a military genius, but the true obstacle to victory had lain less with the failings of the general, than with the beliefs and the kinships of the man. The half-maddened Celts could not forgive Lord Ormonde his affinities of blood and creed and spirit to the hated race of conquerors. From its beginning the fight had worn the semblance of a hopeless encounter with Fate. Ormonde had been worsted. Perhaps no other outcome of such a struggle was possible. Yet it

was a defeat in which all the moral honours remained with the vanquished. It is the most sober, the most judicial of modern historians who has left it on record that: "if nobility of character combined with almost infinite patience could have availed him, Ormonde would have saved Ireland from impending ruin."¹ Speaking the language of another age, Lord Castlehaven, Ormonde's brother at arms, is no less enthusiastic. "I doubt not," he writes, "but Ormonde shall remain in story as a fixt star, by whose light others may walk in his steps."²

¹ Gardiner, vol. ii. p. 112.

² Castlehaven, "Memoirs," p. 71.

CHAPTER XIII

THE CROMWELLIAN SETTLEMENT

A NEW phase in Ormonde's career was initiated with his landing at Perose. Hitherto, whatever had been the dangers and drawbacks incident to his position, alike on the battlefield and at the Council Board, he had been paramount. In the fray he had been the leader. In debate or negotiation the ultimate decision had rested with him. True, the Commander-in-Chief's troops had frequently been far to seek. The Viceroy's authority had dwindled to the shadow of a shade. Nevertheless he had stood for a great principle—the suzerainty of England—and to the Sovereign alone he was accountable for his trust.

Henceforward, James Butler was to be merely one of His Majesty's Privy Councillors, and although he retained the style of Lord-Lieutenant, the title in existing circumstances bore as little relation to actuality as does that of a bishop *in partibus* to his nominal see. Not that Ormonde's responsibilities, since they included the care of the Merry Monarch, were at an end, though this perennial anxiety can no more have reconciled him to his position than the necessity to make his ingenuity and courtesy do duty for the revenues and influence, so notably lacking to his penniless and landless master. Great trials had already befallen Ormonde, but great trials, which are the outcome of great issues, have their compensations. The thrill that accompanies splendid hazards, the exultation of answering enthusiasms were now cruelly absent. The audience had gone. The lights were out. Happily, James Butler was of that small band of mortals whose

soul does not change with their skies. The great aim of his life might seem to be sunk fathoms deep below the haunting cares, the petty harassing details of a make-shift existence. But faith can glorify the most sordid vision, and if hope must occasionally have fled, Ormonde's faith never faltered, for in his case it was not, as so frequently happens, something to be kept carefully in a separate compartment of his mind, it was in truth the very man himself, a man, moreover, who could never degenerate into a fanatic, since his idealism was always filtered through a saving sense of humour. Thus, while many companions, who had come victoriously out of the searching experience of the Civil War, could not resist the insidious mental and moral dry-rot of exile, it was granted to James Butler to emerge from the long ordeal, not only unscathed and untainted, but the richer in understanding and the greater in heart.

In January 1651 Lady Ormonde and her family were still living at Caen, and thither Ormonde betook himself on landing at Perose. The age was not emotional, and we have no record of the meeting, but a few days later, in writing to Secretary Nicholas, Lady Ormonde gives some expression to her feelings on their reunion. Although the good lady carefully abstains from transmitting any political news, being, she modestly declares, "a personne soe little knowinge," with excusable pride she cannot resist dwelling on the fact that

"my lord did absolutely refuse to Treate or accepte anye conditions from Cromwelle's Partye; though very good ones have been offered him concerning his Estate, he not thinking it fit for him to article for the securing of his own interest, when he saw that of his Master's upon the matter lost, and himself soe unfortunate, as by others' defaults, had made fruitless all his endeavours."¹

In courage and generosity Ormonde's wife was not a whit behind her lord. Yet, since it was on her that the ordering of their household devolved, she was evidently

¹ Eg. MSS., 2534 f. 44. Marchioness of Ormonde to Secretary Nicholas, 29th January 1650-1.

somewhat dismayed to discover that "in his little consideration to what might concern his future subsistence," Ormonde had brought back only £500, which, she truly observes, "with the numbers of Persons to be maintained out of it, will be soon at an end."

It was hard for husband and wife once more to contemplate a fresh separation immediately on coming together again, but the necessity of compounding with the "unjust possessors" of her fortunes began to dawn on Lady Ormonde. It is true that she was determined to make no step in that direction "whilst there is any life or hope left in the King's affaires, or possibility that my lord can procure a livelihood for himself by any employment abroad," but already Elizabeth Ormonde foresaw that ere long she might be reduced to what, "of all things in the world is the most contrary to my inclinations."

Lady Ormonde had reason to speak anxiously of the family finances. Nor can she have counted on their being retrieved by Ormonde. "Sauf le respect que je vous dois," wrote Digby to the Marquis, "in matters of interest you are so very a goose;"¹ and the affectionate gibe was not devoid of truth. Quite recently Ormonde had again given proof of his inability to prefer his needs to those of the Sovereign. During the winter of 1649-50 he had either spent, or made himself liable for a considerable sum on the King's behalf. He might have repaid himself out of the levies assessed on the country, but as Prince Rupert was then in urgent want of money to equip the fleet, he thought it right to transfer these subsidies to the Palatine.² In bygone years, Ormonde had certainly sunk larger sums in his Master's service; but, on this occasion, he was manifestly troubled, for, as he told Nicholas, "the plain truth is that I have no other visible hope of affording support to my little Family in France than may come from this."³ He felt constrained

¹ Clarendon S.P., vol. iii. p. 365. Earl of Bristol to Ormonde, 17th September 1657.

² Nicholas Papers, vol. i. p. 169. Ormonde to Prince Rupert, Kilkenny, 25th January 1649-50.

³ *Idem*, p. 167. Ormonde to Nicholas, 25th January 1649-50.

to suggest that the King should repay to Lady Ormonde at Caen the moneys he had expended for him in Ireland. Nevertheless, it cost him so severe a struggle to mention reimbursement that, in the very act of doing so, he implored Nicholas to remember that

“my desire is that you would not acquaint His Majesty with that sad condition of theirs, till you are sure his compassion of them may bring no trouble to him for want of means to relieve them, nor damage to his service by applying to them anything that may considerably advance that.”¹

Even had he been willing to solicit help from the Queen, Henrietta Maria was not in a position to afford any pecuniary assistance. Indeed, when towards the end of January the Marquis proceeded to pay his respects at the Louvre, he found both Queen and courtiers reduced to sorry straits. Nor can it be said that the dinner of herbs was eaten with its proverbial condiments. Envy, hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness permeated the atmosphere of that unhappy little society. Undoubtedly, the contrast between Jermyn's affluence, and the destitution of the other exiles amounted to a positive scandal; and the irritation it excited was not confined to his fellow subjects. Young James of York bitterly complained that his mother “loved and valued Lord Jermyn more than all her children,”² and the Duke did not confine himself to railing against the favourite. The flame of the boy's wrath, assiduously fanned by his confidants, waxed fiercer and fiercer until he determined to sever his connection with a Court where Harry Jermyn reigned supreme. A rumour of Charles II.'s death, which reached Paris at the close of 1650, confirmed his resolution. To the Queen's unspeakable indignation, he repudiated her control and then and there posted off to Antwerp. He was supported in this ill-judged escapade by a *posse* of Prince Rupert's friends—always banded in opposition to the Queen Mother—the Lord-Keeper, Sir Edward Herbert,

¹ Nicholas Papers, vol. i. p. 168. Ormonde to Charles II.

² Miss Eva Scott, “King in Exile,” p. 311.

and Strafford's former secretary, Sir George Radcliffe. The latter found the money for the journey, but was quite unable to defray the cost of James's establishment. Thus the adventure quickly assumed an uncomfortable aspect for the mutinous and penniless youth. Moreover, although both Sir Edward Hyde and Secretary Nicholas had ample reason to complain of Henrietta Maria, they utterly refused to countenance the Duke's revolt. The King — who proved to be in excellent health — also strongly disapproved of his brother's proceedings, and was much disturbed at the thought of the further indiscretions into which James might be betrayed by his advisers. The Duke's Hegira had taken place shortly before Ormonde's advent. Charles, however, who imagined that Ormonde was already in touch with the various parties at issue, had recourse, in this dilemma, to the Marquis's good sense and tact. He wrote desiring that Ormonde should be invited to attend the Duke "as ye person in whose fidelity, wisdom and expediency we have great confidence, and we doe therefore desire our dear Brother to be very kind to him."¹

To act as buffer between a headstrong lad and an imperious and equally unreasonable lady opened up no very agreeable perspective to Ormonde. Nor was James, apparently, disposed to be "very kind" to the Marquis. Ormonde had a curious faculty for keeping outside petty squabbles. He was on terms of close friendship with Hyde and Nicholas, and yet eschewed quarrels with Jermyn. To thorough-going partisans this detachment was naturally a cause of offence.

"By the Duke of York's cold silence when you mentioned my opinion . . . I guess," wrote Ormonde to Inchiquin, that "I am rendered suspected to him as one gained to the Queen and my Lord Jermyn, and for that reason I would have no such command from the King interesting me in His Majesty's affairs, as should seem sought by me to pin myself upon him, for as I am most clear from an itch to be meddling, and from

¹ Nicholas Papers, vol. i. p. 291.

the faction of siding with parties, so I would be thought to aim at serving the King honestly and plainly without crotchets and lies.”¹

In these circumstances Ormonde was probably relieved when the difficulties attending James's journey to Paris postponed this semi-guardianship to the heir presumptive. And he doubtless esteemed himself far happier during the next few months, living in retirement with his wife and children at Caen.

But although Ormonde did not return to the Louvre until June, it must not be supposed that he was completely estranged from current politics. He does not seem to have entertained a regular correspondence with Ireland, for Clanricarde's letters contain frequent complaints of his silence, but in the three-cornered negotiation then pending between Charles of Lorraine, the Irish Executive, and Henrietta Maria he was intimately concerned.

Charles IV., Duke of Lorraine, who had been expelled from his dominions by Richelieu in 1634, was accounted one of the richest, most astute, and most successful captains of that age. When he was not fighting the battles of Spain, he lived after a homely, burgher fashion in the Low Countries, hoarding up wealth for the two illegitimate children in whom his ambitions centred. It was for their sake that he now attempted to earn the Pope's favour by championing the cause of Irish Catholicism. In his youth Charles had married his cousin Nicole de Lorraine, but, after many sentimental experiences, his heart was finally captured by Beatrix de Cusance, widow of Eugène de Cantecroix. She shared the adventures and dangers of his soldier's life, gaining the nickname of his *femme de campagne*; and with this lady, regardless of the fact that Nicole still survived, the enamoured Duke actually went through a form of marriage. Not unnaturally, the Church refused to bless this novel union; and, hitherto, all the Duke's efforts to obtain the dissolution of his first, and the recognition of his second marriage had

¹ Hist. MSS., Ormonde MSS., N.S., vol. i. p. 169. Ormonde to Lord Inchiquin, May 1651.

availed him nothing. In Ireland's needs, he thought he saw his opportunity ; and, like a knight of old, he proposed to purchase absolution by organising and financing a Catholic Crusade. Already, in May 1650, he had sent Colonel Oliver Synott to Ormonde with offers of £10,000, conditionally on receiving some port—Duncannon for choice—as security for the loan. But Synott, who declared that he had destroyed his despatches on the voyage for fear of capture, arrived unprovided with credentials ; and Ormonde declined to entertain propositions so important on his single word. The interference of a foreign prince with the internal affairs of the kingdom was eminently distasteful to Ormonde. Yet, in the forlorn state of the royal fortunes, he could not dismiss any tender of aid without investigation. He thought it well, therefore, to depute Lord Taafe to obtain the King's commands. When, however, Taafe disembarked in France, he found that Charles had left for Scotland. He was reduced to seeking the Queen Mother's instructions, and by her advice, in November, he travelled on to Brussels, there to negotiate with Lorraine himself.

Taafe could not complain of his welcome. The Duke, ever more ready to pledge his word than his ducats, abounded in protestations of amity and service for Charles II. His politeness was not thrown away upon his hearer. Eager to credit assurances that tallied with his wishes, Taafe hastily assented to terms far exceeding those authorised by the Queen. Henrietta Maria was not generally over-gifted with caution, but she had limited the transactions to the raising of a loan secured on various Irish strongholds. In his enthusiasm, Taafe went much further. He propounded a marriage between Lorraine's illegitimate daughter, who had attained the ripe age of three, and James of York. Lorraine clutched at the suggestion. He promised to endow the bridegroom—who, it must be remembered, was heir presumptive to the Crown of England—with a fleet, an army, and supplies to retrieve the kingdom of his fathers. And he offered either to command the armament in person, or to place

the troops under the orders of Taafe's friend, the Marquis of Ormonde. The Irish envoy was almost intoxicated with the triumph of his diplomacy. So kindly, indeed, did he take to matchmaking that he proceeded to sketch out another alliance. This time he was bent on betrothing young Lord Ossory to Mademoiselle de Banners, a sister of the reigning Sultana at the ducal Court. The damsel was ten years older than Ormonde's son, but Taafe probably thought that a dowry of £60,000 covered a multitude of discrepancies. Luckily for Ossory's happiness, Ormonde was not desirous to pursue the matter. He thanked Taafe for his kindness, but begged that the proposal might rest until James's future was decided.¹

Meanwhile, in the name of their friendship, Ormonde urged Taafe to lose no time in acquainting the Queen Mother with the matrimonial alliance he was setting in train. But the wise counsel was thrown away. Taafe was amply satisfied with the fashion in which James had received Lorraine's overtures and continued to spin schemes with the responsive Duke. It is true that words occasionally fell from Lorraine which denoted aims less purely unselfish; despite momentary misgivings, however, Taafe was jubilant when the Duke agreed to despatch an envoy, Etienne de Henin, Abbot of St Catherine's, to Ireland, with a sum of £5,000 as earnest of favours to come.² Even Ormonde, who mistrusted the whole venture, had then to acknowledge that at any rate "our friends in Ireland, are by £5,000 beforehand with His Highness."

In February 1651, the Abbot and his escort, George Dillon, Taafe's uncle, landed in Ireland. Clanricarde had good reason to bless any subsidy, though he was less pleased with the proposals of Lorraine and the form in which they reached him. The Duke demanded a Protectorate over Ireland, which, save in name, was indistinguishable from sovereignty. He stipulated that it should be vested in

¹ Hist. MSS., Ormonde MSS., N.S., vol. i. p. 165. Ormonde to Lord Taafe, Caen, 13th March 1650-1.

² *Idem.*

himself and his heirs; and that Limerick and Galway should at once be handed over in warranty to his representatives.¹ Moreover, he entirely ignored the Lord-Deputy, addressing his communication to the "Lords administering the Government of Ireland." Clanricarde was justified in refusing to condone such treatment. The Abbot he never received, and all Dillon's efforts to explain the treaty did not reconcile him to its conditions. He was obliged to submit the offers to an Assembly of the gentry, Prelates, and Commissioners of Trust, though he seems to have been no less surprised than incensed when he found that a large number of the clergy and laity passionately favoured the Duke's proposals. They did, indeed, salve their consciences, or rather, seek to placate the Deputy, by adding a rider that the acceptance of the treaty should be without prejudice to the Sovereign's rights or interest in the realm, but it was clear that they would not forego a chance of salvation for the sake of a phantom loyalty to a covenanting King. It likewise transpired that the Assembly had not waited to be convoked by Clanricarde. Its members had conferred with the Abbot separately and independently of the Deputy, and had practically engaged to pawn the sovereign rights of Ireland for a sum of £20,000, inclusive of the £6,000 already paid by the Abbot. They were scarcely unreasonable in desiring to be quit both of their absentee monarch and the harsh supremacy of England. Yet, even in that dark hour, £14,000 was a small price to set upon their native country.

Clanricarde, who had accepted his onerous position to keep the country for the King, was not minded to let it go on these terms. He had a hard fight, but he stuck to his flag; and, in the end, the Abbot agreed to advance £16,000 on the security of Limerick and Galway, referring the determination of all further points to the joint decision of the Duke and two Irish delegates, Sir Nicholas Plunket and Geoffrey Brown. These gentlemen who were instructed to act in conjunction with Taafe, at once

¹ Gardiner, vol. ii. pp. 113-4.

embarked for Brussels. When, however, they arrived in the Low Country they found that a march had been stolen upon them. In truth, Clanricarde had merely gained a Pyrrhic victory. For, on their part, the clergy and the cities of Ireland had deputed Nicholas, Bishop of Ferns, and Rochfort to represent them at the Duke's Court. And not only were these envoys ready to concede all that Clanricarde denied, but Nicholas refused to recognise the Agent's authority, since it was derived "from a withered and accursed hand,"¹ for so was the Catholic Deputy now regarded, as he had refused to abase himself before the clerical faction. The Prelate and Rochfort likewise assured Charles of Lorraine that if the Queen Mother, the Duke of York, and Ormonde did not give way to the free pawning of the kingdom, "they were able and ready to put all that was left of it in his hands."² The Ultramontanes did not encounter serious opposition from Plunket and Brown, who were bent on obtaining supplies at any cost. In fact, in deference to their priestly dictators, the delegates erased from their credentials those limitations to their powers, which Clanricarde had carefully inserted.

In no case was Taafe the person to make a successful stand against these strenuous gentlemen, but, at this very juncture, in obedience to a letter from the King, he had left for Paris to obtain the Queen Mother's instructions. He had a double object in his journey; the Duke of Lorraine having charged him to obtain permission for his troops to march across France to their port of embarkment for Ireland. It was evident that in the unsettled condition of the country, and to a noted enemy such a permission would not be lightly granted. Nevertheless, Lorraine fancied that Henrietta Maria might induce the Cardinal to give the required license. Neither Ormonde nor the Queen dared to incur the reproach of having neglected any chance of assistance for Ireland, and they consequently forwarded the Duke's

¹ Hist. MSS., Ormonde MSS., N.S., vol. i. p. 173. Nicholas, Bishop of Ferns, 10th to 20th July, 1651.

² Carte, vol. iii. p. 607.

application to Mazarin, though they were probably not greatly disappointed when the Cardinal utterly refused to entertain the petition. Ormonde felt that if Lorraine succeeded in transporting some five or six thousand men to Ireland it would be little profit to the royal cause. At no time would a Fortinbras have found it difficult to "shark a list of landless resolute" in Ireland. Men, had ever been a superfluity in the distressful country. Already in the days of St Patrick, they were an article of export, and now the foreign recruiting sergeant had replaced the slaver. It was not swordsmen, but guns, supplies and, above all, money, that Clanricarde needed.

Henrietta Maria and Ormonde were also at one in the unflattering, but apparently not ungrounded, estimate they had formed of the Duke of Lorraine. "They knew him to be an artful, designing man, covetous, rapacious." They did not believe that he would embark in "so chargeable and remote a business, unless he had some designs upon the Kingdom, which it was not proper for him to own, even when he was taking measures to execute them."¹ As Ormonde remarked, "the way from the office of Protector to absolute sovereignty is short and easy."² In himself, Charles of Lorraine was perhaps not very formidable; but behind the figure of the landless condottiere the Marquis saw the shadow of Spain. To gain possession of Ireland had been her secular ambition. A Roman Catholic Protector, acting as her tool and screen, might at last give her the long-coveted ingress to Ireland, and thereby let loose evils untold. If Ormonde was dubious of Lorraine as an ally, he was positive that nothing should persuade the King to delegate his authority to the Duke.

"No necessity under Heaven," he told Clanricarde, "can excuse His Majesty for doing what is so contrary to his duty as a King and to his religion as a Protestant. And it were much better that the Kingdom should fall

¹ Carte, vol. iii. p. 608.

² Clarendon S.P., vol. ii. p. 103. Ormonde to Hyde, Paris, 31st July 1651.

under the present tyranny of the rebels, without any fault or omission on His Majesty's part, than that by his own consent, with such circumstances of indignity, impiety and injustice he should resign into the hands of another Prince, with infinite scandal as it would justly give to his good subjects of his other dominions, and to all the Protestant Princes of Christendom."¹

In these circumstances, Taafe found that the propositions of which he was the bearer did not secure him a very cordial reception at the Louvre.² He was indeed lucky to obtain an audience. Henrietta Maria's liveliest wrath had been excited by Taafe's attempt to arrange a matrimonial alliance, unknown to her, between James of York and Anne of Lorraine; and no one who had played a part, however small, in that cabal escaped her anger. Inchiquin, who had been privy to the negotiations, was involved in Taafe's disgrace; and, at first, the Queen was disposed to resent the fact that Ormonde had not reported his friend's doings. She declared that Taafe and Inchiquin were "*peu accoutumés à vivre avec les rois,*" and all Ormonde's tact was called into play before they were pardoned.

Taafe was certainly not favoured by Fortune at this juncture. Having been soundly rated by the angry Queen, he returned to Brussels to divert the Duke's energies to the burning question of supplies for Ireland, but here he was no happier. During his absence the Irish delegates had taken the bit between their teeth. There was nothing they were not ready to barter, in order to buy help for their "gasping country." And shortly after Taafe's arrival, in virtue of a somewhat imaginary commission from "the Kingdom and People of Ireland," they subscribed the very terms that Clanricarde had so emphatically repudiated. Taafe refused to endorse either this document, or a so-called "submission from the Irish Nation," purporting to be addressed to the Pope,

¹ "Memoirs of the Marquis of Clanricarde," vol. i. p. 39. Ormonde to Clanricarde.

² "King in Exile," p. 306.

and imploring absolution from the Nuncio's censures. Naturally, Lord Taaffe's attitude did not endear him to his countrymen, and he failed to wring any further subsidies from Lorraine. In truth, the prince who had begun to realise that his zeal for the true faith was not making any appreciable effect in Rome, had grown a less ardent Crusader. He contented himself by sending to Clanricarde the treaty, which the Deputy, on his side, again declined to accept. Clanricarde's utterances on the subject could not be accused of ambiguity. He denounced the conduct of Sir Nicholas Plunket and Geoffrey Brown as the "highest breach of trust imaginable. The Treaty," he declared, "was opposed to the King's authority, and the subjects' duty,"¹ and he threatened to proclaim the delinquents traitors.

Despite these prohibitions, the town of Galway would gladly have embraced the treaty, had the Duke responded to the advances of its municipality, but he probably felt that a compact lacking all official sanction would be of little advantage; while, after the defeat of Worcester, James of York was no longer so eligible a husband for his baby girl. Moreover, and this consideration clinched his decision, Lorraine had finally ascertained that subsidies to Ireland would not be accepted by the Curia as a sufficient price for the dispensation of which he stood in need. Thus the whole intrigue crumbled to nothingness, although the bickerings it had aroused materially added to the difficulties of Clanricarde's position. The clergy opposed him with a bitterness that recalled their attacks on Ormonde, and Clanricarde found all his endeavours to withstand the common enemy frustrated by their lies, their violence, and their anathemas.

In July Athlone fell, and on October the 17th Limerick surrendered to Ireton. The situation was so desperate that Ormonde urged Muskerry to make terms with the English.

"The King, I am well assured," he writes, "neither desires nor expects that such as have constantly, and

¹ Cal. of Clarendon Papers, vol. ii. p. 109. Clanricarde to Irish Agents.

against all parties opposite to his interest adhered to him, should irrecoverably cast themselves into certain ruin without any present or future possibility of serving him by it." In cypher, Ormonde added, "I can wish, but I can hardly hope that all you who have power abroad and the towns, if they remain, would unite in capitulating, for that were more honourable, and more like to obtain good terms."¹

Some time elapsed before the Confederates could bring themselves to act on Ormonde's advice. Not until February 1652 did Clanricarde make formal overtures of peace to the Commonwealth authorities, and then Ludlow, who had succeeded to the Chief Command of the English Army on Ireton's death, scornfully rejected the advances. The victors knew that they were in a position to dictate their conditions, nor had they long to wait before they accomplished their purpose. Barely a month later Colonel John Fitz Patrick,² commanding in West Meath, inaugurated the long roll of surrenders. His example was rapidly followed by Roscommon on April the 3rd, and by Jamestown on the 7th of April. The Capitulation of Galway on May the 12th practically marked the conclusion of the war. Life and liberty were guaranteed to all combatants, save those who should be convicted of participation in the massacres of Englishmen and Protestants during 1641 and 1642, or who had subsequently murdered unarmed persons. Irishmen received leave to transport themselves abroad. For the clergy the terms were more severe, since residence within Parliamentary quarters was denied to all priests, regular or secular. The disposition of property was reserved for the consideration of Parliament. Clanricarde, whose noble spirit evoked sympathy even from his opponents, was allowed to retire to his English estates, but rest and peace came too late to save his life, and he died the following year.

¹ Hist. MSS., Ormonde MSS., N.S., vol. i. p. 214. Ormonde to Lord Muskerry, September 1651.

² Gardiner, vol. ii. pp. 127-8.

A certain number of Irish leaders, either to avoid banishment, or to save some fragment of their properties, chose to stand their trial in Ireland, but the majority took ship with their soldiers for France or Spain, where their bones were destined to whiten many a battlefield. In that tragic year it has been calculated that no less than 34,000 swordsmen bade farewell to their native shores. England had apparently few foes left to fear in Ireland. Death had taken a heavy toll of her sons, though pestilence and famine had dealt even more hardly with the unhappy peasantry than the sword of the Anglo-Saxon. In fact, Petty estimated that from these several causes 616,000 had perished out of a population of 1,460,000.¹ Great tracts of country were reverting to the wilderness, and hideous tales of cannibalism were only too accurately authenticated. Men may well have thought that if the vials of wrath were not soon stayed, no mortal flesh could survive to suffer and to curse. But if a glimmer of hope remained to the Irish, it was fated to be quenched in the so-called Land Settlement preparing at Westminster. The dead may carry their quarrels with them to the grave. The bitterness of wrong and spoliation is handed down, an undying heritage of hate, from generation to generation.

When Ormonde counselled Muskerry to make peace with the English and to seek his fortune abroad, he was still in ignorance of the King's fate. Those long weeks after the battle of Worcester, while Charles wandered from one priest's hole to another in England, were probably the most miserable that the little band of devoted exiles had yet experienced. It was then that Ormonde began to realise that, for all their sakes, Lady Ormonde would be obliged to compound for her property. Indeed, it was wonderful that she had so far contrived to keep a roof over their heads, and to pay for Lord Ossory's schooling at Monsieur de Camp's Academy in Paris. Nor had she merely to find bread for her children. Lady Isabella Thynne's restless spirit having involved her in difficulties

¹ Petty, "Political Anatomy," p. 25.

with the Government, she was forced hurriedly to fly from England. In the hour of adversity, none of that gallant troop of lovers who had flocked around her in the Oxford "Daphne" seem to have come to the aid of their fair Egeria. Since those early days, when war still affected an air of masquerade, many, doubtless, had found a soldier's death. In their bare, ruined manor-houses others were pinching and scraping to keep the Puritan wolf from the door. But, whatever the cause, the brilliant lady of the theorbo now found herself forsaken. "Poore Lady Isabella," writes Hyde, "it is a horrid thing that no friends in England should have charity enough to provide for her."¹ Happily for the exile, Elizabeth Ormonde was not made of the same stuff as these fairweather companions. The Marchioness was too great-hearted to allow retrospective jealousy to interfere with the obligations of friendship. She immediately bade the forlorn fugitive welcome to Caen, and in her house, for close on two years, Isabella found a safe and kindly refuge. Unable to repay her hosts in more substantial coin, Lady Isabella seems to have levied a tax for their entertainment and information on her large circle of correspondents. Undoubtedly, Aubrey's praises of Lady Isabella Thynne were not unduly flattering, and although it nowise detracts from Lady Ormonde's merit, she might well have harboured a less endearing guest.

Great as the strain must have been of ekeing out her slender store, Lady Ormonde was perhaps less to be pitied in her Norman retreat than was her lord. Ormonde, like Hyde, thought it "a more decent thing to be ragged, and starve in a vault, than on a stage."² Yet when the Queen appealed to him to come and manage the affairs of the Duke of York—who in June had once more settled in Paris—he dutifully obeyed. And for a time, the patience, which he had formerly exercised in matters of vital national importance, was laid under contribution to appease the mimic turmoils of the Louvre.

¹ Cal. Clarendon Papers, vol. ii. p. 50. Hyde to Dr Morley, Madrid, 18th March 1650.

² *Idem*, p. 76. Hyde to Lady Morton, Madrid, 8th September 1650.

The Duke of York's finances were scarcely more satisfactory than Ormonde's. Anne of Austria had promised a yearly pension of 4,000 pistoles to her nephew. But even if this little revenue had reached him punctually, the boy would have been perplexed to make both ends meet, whereas the payments of the French Treasury, at this period, were notoriously "dribbling and uncertain."¹ The office of treasurer to a penniless prince did not commend itself to Ormonde, who, moreover, mistrusted his qualifications for the post. As he ruefully remarks, "my practise in my own little business of that kind, cannot have given any reputation to my advices in the case of another."² Nevertheless, he conscientiously set to work to justify the King's expectations; and it is clear that James, at any rate, no longer found it difficult to obey his brother's injunction to be "very kind" to the Marquis. In fact, he almost immediately gave Ormonde a warrant for 5,000 guilders a year, chargeable on the tenths of naval prizes brought into the harbours of Northern France³—a gift which, unluckily, proved rather complimentary than profitable, as the Palatine's captures fell far short of the Cavaliers' sanguine anticipations.

If he was no financial genius, Ormonde did much, however, to reconcile the Queen and her headstrong son. Before Ormonde's advent, Henrietta Maria had never been upon good terms with a single councillor of weight or standing, but she seems to have been captivated by the Marquis's natural courtesy and unaffected cheerfulness, and in characteristic fashion he used his new-born influence for the general weal. Thus he was enabled to make peace between his royal mistress and those faithful servants, whom her waywardness, violence, and want of principle had estranged. Of course, like all peace-makers, Ormonde oftentimes got hard measure. He had scarcely landed before the excellent, but mistrustful Secretary Nicholas began to deplore the Lord-Lieutenant's laxity. That Ormonde

¹ "King in Exile," p. 324.

² *Idem*, p. 325.

³ Hist. MSS., Ormonde MSS., N.S., vol. i. p. 172. Warrant of James, Duke of York, 9th July 1651.

should be friendly with courtiers of Scottish sympathies, known to be "intimates" of the hated Jermyn, was a real distress to Nicholas. He devoutly hoped that "it was rather out of the sweetness of his disposition, than out of any approbation of their Presbyterian tenets."¹ Ormonde was singularly patient of rebuke and exhortation from his friends. Yet, at last, becoming restive under the virtuous Anglican's ceaseless and mournful impeachments of the royal policy,² he told Nicholas that although he would not have advised Charles to put himself into the power of the Scots, nevertheless he did not consequently feel absolved from advancing the King's service

"by counsels and assistance, even in the way chosen by him. I am much deceived," the Marquis continued, "if it hath not passed for the most orthodox doctrine with those that I take to be the most orthodox men, that in lawful commands (such certainly is the defence or recovery of their just rights) we are to yield active obedience to Papist, nay to Pagan Kings, if we be their subjects, and why not at least as well to a Presbyterian King, I know not."

In other words, "the King's Government must be carried on." These mild controversies were now, however, in the past. As week after week went by without bringing any tidings of Charles, the two friends forgot all other considerations, in their common anxiety regarding the missing Monarch. It was to Sir Edward that the Marquis unburdened himself of his grief.³ For the first time in his life, Ormonde confessed that the uncertainty of the King's safety rendered him "so confused in all his faculties," that he was hardly competent to give the advice the Secretary asked. His conviction of the absolute justice of the royal cause still made him regard despair as akin to impiety. Yet he was forced to admit that

"all imaginable trials for the recovery of the Royal interest

¹ Nicholas Papers, vol. i. pp. 224-5. Nicholas to Earl of Norwich, 6th March 1651.

² Eg. MSS., 2534 f. 50. Ormonde to Nicholas, Paris, February 1651.

³ Hist. MSS., Ormonde MSS., N.S., vol. i. p. 218. Ormonde to Sir E. Nicholas, Caen, 9th-19th October, 1651.

having been made, and failed, there remains but to hope for either a division among the rebels or some such miracle as the peace of Christendom, and then their election of the English rebels as a common enemy, even before the Turk."

Such aspirations must ever have an ugly sound. Nor do they consort with Ormonde's recent denunciations of a foreign protectorate for Ireland. It is charitable to presume that he was right in regarding himself as "confused in all his faculties." One would fain hope that in calmer moments a world in arms against his native land would have worn a less providential aspect in James Butler's eyes. Indeed, even then, he felt immediately constrained to add that both his suggestions seem like

"drowsy speculations; yet He that for our sins hath covered us with this confusion, is able in a moment to bring great things by less probable means to pass, and by His not blessing all our endeavours in so just a cause, I would fain understand a command to stand still and see the salvation He shall work for us."

That salvation was nearer than either Ormonde or his correspondent dreamt, and the rebound of the Marquis's optimistic temperament on learning that Charles had escaped from the enemies' toils was in proportion to his late despair. At that juncture, the Queen and Prince having been "pleased to take notice" of his poverty, and to excuse his attendance, Ormonde was living at Caen,¹ but on receipt of the good news he straightway rode off to Paris. How long he would stay there, or how he would pay his posting expenses back, he frankly admitted that he did not know; he preferred, he said, to commit "everything to fortune, rather than to deny himself the pleasure of kissing the King's hand."

There is something pathetic in the intensity of James Butler's joy.

¹ Ormonde MSS., vol. i. p. 178. Ormonde to Lord Inchiquin, Caen, 20th July to 3rd August 1651.

"I am not able to give much reason," he admits, "for the hopes I have that God will do great things by him (the King) and for him, but my belief is very strong that it will come to pass."¹

Hope deferred maketh the heart sick. How much more when thereto is added the slow disillusionment, which must have come to Ormonde, as he watched the transmutation of his beloved and fascinating prince into that heartless, selfish libertine, the "Merry Monarch." Happily, though he knew it not, Ormonde's loyalty to the second Charles was loyalty to his own higher self. It was devotion of the order celebrated in the famous lines—

"For Loyalty is still the same
Whether it win or lose the game
True as the dial to the sun
Although it be not shined upon."

The wit of man could scarcely have devised a more fitting epitaph for the Duke of Ormonde.

After Charles's return Ormonde was never again allowed to withdraw himself from Court. The King instantly made him a Privy Councillor, and if he did not follow, he yet always asked the Marquis's advice in matters of moment. About the same time, the Chancellor, Sir Edward Hyde, arrived from Spain and resumed the charge of the seals. Already, when he was a rising barrister and Lord Thurles was merely known as the heir to a half-ruined Irish peer, the pair had "enjoyed a great acquaintance."² Twenty years had passed since they had seen each other face to face, but the correspondence which they maintained throughout the troubles had prevented any sense of estrangement, and they now met "as old friends, and quickly understood each other so well that there could not be a more entire confidence between men." Perhaps, in any case, the strong affinities supplied by an equal integrity and sense of duty would have drawn the two together, especially in a Court, where

¹ Ormonde MSS., vol. i. p. 222. Ormonde to Lord Muskerry, Caen, 22nd October 1651.

² Clarendon, "History of the Rebellion," ed. 1888, vol. v. p. 223.

these virtues were not commonly held in honour. Undoubtedly also, their united gifts formed a happy combination. Ormonde's sweet and placable disposition was an admirable corrective to the irascibility of the choleric and gouty Chancellor. On the other hand, Hyde's business training and cultivated intellect probably supplemented the defects of Ormonde's early education. Learned, after Hyde's fashion, James Butler never was, but his unaffected pleasure in reading and travel, his mental alertness and powers of observation would have made his company delightful to one more entirely a bookworm than was the erudite statesman. Thus from the first Edward Hyde and James Butler met as friends, and friends they remained throughout their lives.

The alliance of the Chancellor and the Lord-Lieutenant, if only in a negative sense, was of distinct advantage to the King. Hyde fully shared Ormonde's belief that the Sovereign had no other alternative but to "stand still and see the salvation God would work on his behalf."¹ He strongly deprecated risking lives and prestige in the forlorn hopes, that harebrained royalists were perpetually advocating, and as it was impossible to suspect the Marquis of indifference or pusillanimity, Ormonde's support greatly strengthened his hands. Nevertheless, his relations with Hyde were not favourable to the peace which an unkind Fate seemed bent on refusing to Ormonde. The noble historian expressly states that

"the Marquis conferred his friendship on him with the more generosity, in that he plainly discerned that he should enjoy the loss of the Queen's favour by the conjunction he made with the Chancellor."²

Henrietta Maria had long detested Hyde; and the Queen's party—which comprised Jermyn, Sir Edward Herbert, the Lord-Keeper, and, eventually, Prince Rupert—envenomed the already uneasy existence of both Ormonde and Hyde. The Queen's party championed

¹ Clarendon, "History of the Rebellion," vol. v. p. 240.

² *Idem*, p. 224.

the Scots and the Presbyterian interest, while the Lord Chancellor and Hyde wished the King to restrict his dealings to the English Cavaliers. After his recent experiences, Charles was not disinclined to follow their advice. It was therefore through the committee of the "Sealed Knot" in England that he conducted his communications with the faithful. And it was almost invariably for Ormonde's leadership that the Cavaliers clamoured, when one of their many abortive plots was under discussion.

Thus, at the very parting of the ways, and on the initial question of policy, a gulf divided the two parties at the Louvre, though it was the minor incidents of daily life that introduced a truly acrid element into the hostilities waged against the Sovereign's principal advisers. Hyde, it must be owned, was the chief sufferer. It was easier to quarrel with him than with James Butler. It was likewise on the Chancellor that devolved the burden of protecting the King from the sturdy beggars of quality, who swarmed around him, when, too often, his really meritorious servants starved silently in some cold attic of the gay city. During Hyde's absence, Charles's envoys had collected £20,000 in Poland and Muscovy. But owing to the King's lamentable facility, most of the money vanished in Jermyn's handling, the remnant being "disposed of according to the modesty of the askers."¹ Never again did such royal subsidies come in Charles's way. Had they done so, Hyde would have died by inches rather than allow the renewal of such a scandal. It was, however, not only from immediate doles that Hyde strove to restrain Charles.

"Whilst there are Courts in the world," he sadly comments, "emulation and ambition will be inseparable from them; and kings, who have nothing to give, shall be pressed to promise."²

It is to Hyde's eternal credit that the Sovereign's future

¹ Clarendon, "History of the Rebellion," vol. v. p. 233.

² *Idem*, p. 245.

was no less precious to him than the present. Consequently, when any courtier was disappointed of the particular appointment, *in partibus*, on which he had set his heart, he blamed Hyde's "ill-nature," rather than the gracious spoken Monarch. In these circumstances, if much of Hyde's unpopularity overflowed on his ally, yet Ormonde, unlike Sir Edward, was not the chief stone of stumbling to the Queen's party.¹ Hyde owned that although

"all who were angry with him, were as angry with the Marquis of Ormonde, who lived in great friendship with him, and was in the same trust with the King in all counsels which were reserved from others, yet the Marquis's quality and great services he had performed, and the great sufferings he underwent for the Crown, made him above all their exceptions, and they believed his aversion from all their devices to make marriages, and to traffic in religion proceeded from the credit the other had with him."

In August 1652, Lady Ormonde left Caen to plead for her children's heritage with the Cromwellian Government. It was time that she should take steps to rescue some fragment of her estates, for on August the 12th the Act of Settlement, the direct outcome of the "act for the reduction of Ireland" passed by both Houses, and ratified by Charles I. in March 1641-2, became law. So stringent were the provisions of the new bill that it was evident that even Protestant landowners were threatened with confiscation; while it seemed doubtful whether Catholic proprietors would find room to exist in their native land. The Puritans had now entered on their Promised Land, and were nothing loth to deal with the Canaanites as biblical precedent suggested. Nor, unhappily, did the far-reaching effects of these laws cease with the rule of the law-makers. As during the remainder of his long life and administration, Ormonde could never free himself from the consequences of the so-called "Settlement," it may be well to recall the main lines of this tremendous edict.

At the close of a ten years' struggle—initiated, it must

¹ Clarendon, "History of the Rebellion," vol. v. p. 315.

be admitted, in circumstances of peculiar horror by the vanquished—England found herself confronted with two problems, which, at any period, would have taxed the capacities of any nation. She had to discharge her obligations, and to devise means to prevent the recurrence of another massacre and rebellion. With a recklessness recalling the issue of assignats by the bankrupt First Republic, Parliament had mortgaged and doubly mortgaged whole provinces to the “Adventurers.” Nor were the latter alone to be satisfied out of the spoils. The arrears of the army could, it appeared, be discharged only from the same fund, and, when the claims were investigated, the demand, naturally, far exceeded the supply. Yet the administration was bound to find some means of redeeming its pledges, and that in the most economical manner, since England had already sunk an enormous sum in the Irish campaigns. While this single argument sufficed to doom the lands of the conquered, there was another, and no less cogent, apology for a clearance of the Papist Gael in favour of the Protestant Anglo-Saxon. It was averred that every plantation had hitherto failed because it had not been sufficiently “thorow.” In his blind dogged fashion, the average Englishman had resolved that never again would he pay such a bill in lives and coin for the control of Ireland and its Catholic population. His experts assured him that this could only be compassed by sweeping the net wide. He felt, in Petty’s words, that, besides “other pretences,” he had “at least a gamester’s right”¹ to the Irish estates, and in an evil hour for generations yet unborn, he assented to a scheme which, he believed, would pay his debts, ensure permanent peace to a distracted country, and be at the same time well pleasing to God.

Incredible as it appears, the letter of the Act sentenced 100,000 human beings to death, and to the confiscation of their property.² All those who had assisted, counselled, or shared in the massacre, and the outbreak of the rebellion

¹ Petty, “Political Anatomy,” p. 28.

² Gardiner, “Commonwealth,” vol. iv. pp. 82-8 and *note*.

were comprised in this category. There was not even exemption for those who had merely contributed arms and money—subscriptions, it will be remembered, oftentimes, levied in no gentle fashion. Priests and Jesuits, who had aided and abetted the massacre and war, persons, who, not being enlisted in any regular force, had killed an Englishman, those who on proclamation of the act did not lay down their arms within twenty-eight days, besides 106 individuals, specially mentioned, were all devoted to the same fate. Three sections of Irishmen were reserved for milder treatment. The first consisted of those who were minors in 1641, or, who, being of age, had not assisted the rebels during the first year of the war. Nevertheless, if thereafter they had held high office, they did not escape banishment and confiscation, their wives and children, however, receiving the equivalent of a third of their estates, wherever Parliament pleased to appoint. Those who had enlisted in the regular Confederate forces, no earlier than November 1642, were slightly more fortunate. They received back the same proportion of their estates, relieved from the penalty of banishment, but not from that of exchanging their holdings. Mockery was added to spoliation by the clause that promised the retention of their properties to those Papist Irishmen, who could prove “constant good affection” to England during the last ten years. Since the mere fact of living within the Irish quarters—although no other refuge was available—disqualified them from advancing this plea, the apparent concession was, in truth, wholly illusory. Thereby an immense proportion of the nation was condemned to an emigration scarcely less cruel than exile. Forced to exchange his fertile patrimony in Meath or Tipperary for a barren bog or rocky mountain side in Connaught or Clare, the unhappy Irish landowner tasted the very bitterness of death.¹

The difficulty experienced by Irish Catholics, however law abiding or well disposed, in proving their constant

¹ The transplanted gentry in this category were supposed to receive the equivalent for two-thirds of their ancient holdings.

good affection, was illustrated by the case of Lady Thurles. This good lady was blessed in the possession of Oliver Cromwell's special favour and protection—the Protector personally intervening on her behalf.¹ Nevertheless, she was fated to experience how impotent were the most powerful friends when the disputed property offered a valuable prize to the Adventurers.

Lady Thurles had every right to plead constant good affection to the English Government. Her record, indeed, was not merely blameless, it was meritorious. In 1641 she had rescued divers English families from the Irish rebels, maintaining the unhappy creatures for two whole years at her own charge, and supplying them with every necessary at their departure. To the English troops quartered at Archerstown and Beakstown she sent relief; and, while they were besieged, she sheltered some fourteen non-combatants out of their garrison, "maintaining them ever since." When the commander of Archerstown was at last forced to surrender, it was with her that he, his family, and his company sought a refuge to nurse their wounds. At one time she lent £300, at another £500 to assist the English army. She had the courage to refuse oxen for transport to Owen Roe O'Neill. She was pillaged by the Irish. She welcomed an English force to garrison Thurles. She employed herself to bring about the capitulation of Cahir Castle. The Commissioners owned that they found her "a very deserving person." But as her residence had been in Irish quarters during the Rebellion, and as, according to law, they had not hitherto "adjudged a constant good affection to any whose constant residence have been in the Irish quarters," they felt themselves obliged to refer the poor lady's case to the consideration of the Lord-Deputy and Council. On the part of the latter, there was no great disposition to show her mercy; her 4,000 fertile acres was a damning fact. The Adventurers won their suit.² It was a pure

¹ Rev. J. Graves, "Early Life and Marriage of James Butler, Duke of Ormonde."

² J. P. Prendergast, "Cromwellian Settlement of Ireland," pp. 254-5.

act of grace, when this staunch old Englishwoman was dispensed, by reprieve after reprieve, from transplanting to Connaught.

In truth, Lady Thurles's fault did not consist in having lived within the Irish quarters, but in the fact that she was a Roman Catholic. Unlike their Romish countrymen, Protestants were relieved from the necessity of proving "*constant* good affection"; in their case, "good affection" being held sufficient. Failing their ability to demonstrate "good" affection, they were mulcted of a fifth of their estates, although they were not liable to transplantation. In 1654, the Protector further allowed them to compound by a pecuniary fine, while an indemnity was issued to those Munster Protestants who, after serving under Ormonde in 1648, had gone over to Parliament in 1649.

Happily, it is far easier to vote, than to enforce edicts of so widespread and ruthless a character. Between 1652 and 1654, Irishmen of all degrees battled for their lives before the High Courts of Justice, and, with a few piteous exceptions, obtained fair treatment. It was not until September 1653 that the "Act of Satisfaction" for Adventurers and soldiers made transplantation obligatory.¹ The Act of Settlement had decreed the exchange of property, but not the enforced residence of the dispossessed landowners on their new allotments. Cromwell was, however, now persuaded that the success of the English colonists depended on their concentration in particular localities, unhampered by the presence of the ancient owners of the soil. The compulsory migration of the Catholics became therefore an integral part of the Land Settlement. Ten counties, viz.—Waterford, Limerick, Tipperary, Queen's County, and King's County, Meath, West Meath, Armagh, Down, and Antrim, were selected for the joint satisfaction of the Adventurers and soldiers. In case of these proving insufficient, further districts were reserved for distribution between the military and the civilians; and as a first step towards the enterprise a survey, the "Down Survey" as it was termed,

¹ Gardiner, vol. iv. p. 93.

was set in train, being finally brought to a successful issue by the celebrated Dr Petty. To avoid recriminations it was arranged that the assignments should be made by lottery, and it was enacted that by May the 1st, 1654, the ejected Irish should remove into Clare and Connaught.

Uncompromising as was the Act of Satisfaction, it did not content a large party in the English army. Many officers were in favour of driving, not merely the gentry, but the entire Irish population into the rocks and mountains of the West. The more moderate, or more practical, inclined to retaining the labourers and small tenantry for their own service on their new domains. Unluckily, during the first critical years of the Land Settlement, the Irish Administration was mainly influenced by the former party. For it was part of Ireland's constant ill fortune that, at this juncture, her Chief Governor should be a Puritan of the harshest doctrinaire type. Like many men of mediocre intelligence, Fleetwood grew the more wedded to his projects, the more their defects were disclosed. And in October 1653 and November 1654, he issued Declarations, which largely increased the numbers of those liable to transplantation.

The price of disobedience to these drastic decrees was death or forced labour in the West Indies.¹ But no Administration can be the hangman of a people. Passive resistance is a mighty engine. The mass of the Irishry, gentle and simple, wielded it to perfection, while the bolder spirits of the community turned Tory, and carried terror into the homesteads of the alien colonists. Cromwell himself perceived that the scheme in its entirety was impracticable; and, in August 1654, Fleetwood received authority to dispense with transplantation, where he judged it advisable. Had he, even then, chosen to employ these powers, incalculable mischief would have been averted, but the forces of disintegration and upheaval once set in motion could not be lightly stayed. Cromwell's efforts to moderate him, merely irritated Fleetwood, throwing him more than ever into the arms of the extreme fanatics.

¹ Gardiner, vol. iv. pp. 96-8.

It was now evident that the amount of land available for distribution had been grossly exaggerated. Indeed, the equitable dealings of the Courts of Justice had helped to disprove the sanguine estimates, calculated on extensive attainders. Fleetwood and his Council, far from using their dispensing powers, sentenced whole classes of delinquents to removal, who by the wording of the original Act should have been exempted. Husbandmen and citizens were now often, if not always, forced to share the fate of their employers.¹ By March 1655, although the soldiers were not admitted to the actual possession of their allotments, the rents were reserved for their use. From that date onwards, began in genuine earnest the pitiable westward exodus of men, women, and children of all ages and conditions; an exodus, which has left an indelible memory of horror and outrage in the Celtic heart.

Even in that unhappy country, it was, however, impossible that Fleetwood's increasingly autocratic methods of accomplishing the clearance of the Irish should not finally awaken comment. Many of the new settlers themselves deplored the loss of useful servants and tenants. Fleetwood had, moreover, identified himself with the Baptists who, at that period, were not in favour with the Home Government.² Before he was able to achieve the ostracism of a race, he was replaced by his brother-in-law, Henry Cromwell.

The new Deputy was cast in another mould than his predecessor. Indeed, had Henry been Oliver's firstborn it has sometimes been said that the history of England would have been different. To such speculations it may be replied that Genius knows no birthright. His father's driving power, the force of genius, was denied to Henry, but he had both a natural and cultivated taste for good, sound administration and a wholesome distaste for faddists; while the unaffected interest in practical remedies, that distinguished the most mystic of our rulers, was also strongly implanted in the young Deputy. From the

¹ Gardiner, vol. iv. p. 108.

² *Idem*, p. 115.

time of his advent to power, the worst clauses of the Act were no longer enforced, and Fleetwood's additional Draconian ordinances were ignored. Under Henry Cromwell's Government, Ireland breathed once more; and, happily for the country in general, and Lady Ormonde in particular, he remained in office from September 1655 until the fall of Richard Cromwell.

Had it not been for the benevolent assurances made on her behalf to Dean Boyle by Oliver Cromwell, in circumstances such as these, Elizabeth Ormonde might well have despaired of retrieving any portion of her ancient inheritance. With her usual strong, good sense, she fully realised the situation; and when she had brought herself to compounding with the Commonwealth, it was to Oliver himself that she addressed her appeal.

"My lord," she wrote, "having by a very generall fame receved assurance of your Lordship's inclinations to make use of your power for the oblidginge of such in generall as stand in neede of protection and assistance from it, and having heard that some expretions have fallen from you that may give me hope that I in my perticuler may be thought by you not incapable of being made one of the instances of that disposition in you; I have adventured to make this address unto Your Lordship for your favour, and to acquaint you with my condition, and thereupon shall hope for your assistance with that clearnes and generosity, wherewith I have heard you have oblidgede others in a state not unlike that I am in. Your Lordship may please to understand that there descended to me an estate by inheritance in Ireland, which together with the rest of my Lord's fortune, is now by war and pestilence verry much depopulated and not like to be, without much trouble, profitable for a long time; yet out of this estate it is that, by Your Lordship's permission and furtherence, I would propose to raise a subsistence for myself and children, if by Your Lordship I should be encouraged to endeavour it, and directed how most advantageously to apply myself to it; being outhewise as ignorant how to goe about it, as I am unable to compass it by tedious applications. So as from both these Your Lordship may gather how great an obligation you have in your power

to place upon me. My desire is to owe my acknowledgement in this perticuler unto Your Lordship, and to receive your pleasure with such passes for myself and necessary attendants as I shall judge fit, and that with what speed Your Lordship shall think convenient, that accordingly I may prepare myself with thankfulness herein sought from you by, noble Lord, Your Lordship's humbel servant

"E. ORMONDE." ¹

Elizabeth Ormonde had no cause to repent having made direct application to Cromwell. The Protector's conduct proved that his earlier offers had been perfectly genuine and sincere, but if he was incomparably the most powerful he was not her one well-wisher. Lord Broghill, whose talents had won him admittance to Oliver's counsels, was of considerable assistance to the Marchioness. It was, however, her own good actions that most eloquently pleaded Lady Ormonde's cause. As she had sown, so she now reaped.

"I did never observe more eminent virtues in any lady than in her are most perspicuous," wrote a leading Puritan official from Dublin. "It is hard that she, that was born to a great inheritance shall want bread for her children, because of her lord's delinquency."²

A shoal of humble admirers added their testimony to Sir Robert King's. Their unstudied narratives tell us how Elizabeth Ormonde had made her house a refuge in time of trouble for the fugitive and oppressed. They also attest the courage, and power of organisation, of this young woman, then only twenty-six, and, at the outbreak of the massacres, barely recovering from a long and dangerous illness. In truth, Tom Ormonde's mantle had fallen on his grand-daughter's shoulders. The rapidity with which she armed and launched her retainers in pursuit of "scabbadgers," who had raided a neighbour's herds and flocks; the circuitous march she herself executed to rescue

¹ "Original Letters and Papers of State," addressed to Oliver Cromwell, Political Collections of J. Milton, ed. by I. Nickolls, London, 1743, p. 86, Caen, 1st May 1653. (I have modernised some of the spelling.)

² Ormonde, Hist. MSS., N.S., vol. i. p. 266. Sir Robert King, Commissioner of Revenue to William Basil, 6th October 1652.

some forty Englishmen abandoned at Clonmel,¹ "which absolutely were men lost, but for her great care of them," her imperious levy of friends, relatives, and servants to convoy the refugees by river from Carrick to Waterford, had all been conceived and carried out in a manner that recalled the old earl's shrewd and virile spirit. But her brief incursion into the province military never diverted her energies from the more habitual channels of womanly solicitude. In the whole vast feudal pile of Kilkenny, there were not two rooms unappropriated to the housing of the fugitives and their goods. In fact,

"she commanded her own servants out of their own chambers and beds, therewith to accommodate the said distressed English." And ever she bade these servants "to be as observant and careful of them, as of herself and her children."²

It would argue ill for humanity if these poor folk, who had crept to Carrick or Kilkenny, "some of them naked, others hiding their nakedness with thumbropes of straw, or hay, and some with old rags, which the Irish, in derision had cast to them," could have forgotten the blessedness of that gracious charity. In the day of her need it was their evidence that strengthened the hands of Elizabeth Ormonde's friends.

Many as were her advocates, and powerful as were her protectors, some time, however, elapsed before Lady Ormonde's petition was granted. It was without the leave of Parliament that the Commissioners for Ireland had set aside Dunmore House, near Kilkenny, with £2,000 per annum for her use and that of her children;³ and it was not until the 1st of February 1653 that she received back her own, on the express condition that no portion of the revenue should be diverted to the delinquent Marquis. Finally, on August the 22nd, 1653, she was furnished with the necessary papers of recommendation to the Irish

¹ Hist. MSS., Ormonde MSS., N.S., vol. ii. pp. 368-9.

² *Idem*, vol. ii. p. 511. Attestation of Thomas Davis, 1st June 1652-3.

³ Ormonde MSS., N.S., vol. ii. p. 374. Order of Parliament.

administrators, and was enabled to pursue her journey to Dublin. Thus her arrival in Ireland took place when the cruel fate awaiting Irish landowners first began to be fully disclosed. If it was a gloomy period for many of her kith and kin, Lady Ormonde came to Ireland, however, in a happy hour for her brother-in-law, Lord Muskerry.

During the troubles of 1641 no one, with the exception of Lady Ormonde, had been more instrumental in rescuing and assisting English refugees than this gallant gentleman. At the end of the war he capitulated in due form; and then, on Ormonde's advice, took service in France, transporting thither a certain number of his fellow countrymen. As he believed his articles guaranteed immunity, he now unwarily ventured back to Ireland in search of new recruits, but he was instantly seized and brought to trial, running no little danger of falling a victim to malicious misrepresentations. So great was the general sense of his peril, that in Paris a circumstantial story was circulated of his being acquitted, only to be again arrested, condemned, hanged, drawn, and quartered. Although they had been arrayed on different sides, Muskerry was one of Ormonde's dearest friends. In fact, many years later, the Duke of Ormonde declared that his brother-in-law was the sole person "from whom he never did, nor ever would, have concealed the greatest secret of his soul."¹ The period of suspense that elapsed before the report of Muskerry's execution could be disproved was consequently unspeakably painful to Ormonde, and "the poor Lord-Lieutenant's" grief moved Hyde to more than ordinary commiseration.

It was in the midst of this crisis that Lady Ormonde arrived in Dublin; and, much to her relief, found that she could still count on the good offices of Sir Gerard Lowther, one of the judges of the High Court of Justice, who, in earlier days, had "conceived a great reverence" for the Viceroy's wife. When she visited the Judge, he acquainted her with the charges that would be urged

¹ Carte, vol. v. p. 182. Ormonde to Lady Clancarty, Moore Park, 8th August 1665.

against the prisoner, and "dictated the answers Muskerry should give and the defence he should make at his trial. These directions had a happy effect, and the Lord was honourably acquitted,"¹ a result he certainly owed to his sister-in-law.

Lady Ormonde was less prompt in securing justice for herself than for her kinsman. Months passed by before the Land Commissioners consented to examine the schedule of lands and rents assigned for her maintenance; and then it transpired that the income they produced fell far short of the promised £2,000 per annum. The contribution assessed thereon by Government was enormous. In some instances, this tax swallowed up half the rent, in others, it was in the proportion of £39 to £50.² The tenants were so discouraged that many were preparing to throw up their leases. Nor could she tempt them to make any outlay on their holdings since, the estate being forfeited only for Ormonde's lifetime, she could not grant long leases. Meanwhile, the destruction of the timber and the decay of the farm buildings threatened her with absolute ruin. That she should ultimately have surmounted all these obstacles speaks volumes for Lady Ormonde's perseverance and capacity. By dint of unwearying efforts, she finally obtained the transfer to herself, in trust for Ormonde's life, of all those leases for the year, or for three, five, and seven years, which the Commonwealth had bestowed on her tenants. Moreover, the rents, for which she now became directly liable to the Government, were referred to the valuation of "indifferent persons"; so that in 1655 she found herself at last enabled to return to England, to fetch her family to live with her at Dunmore.

As little in London as in Dublin was Elizabeth Ormonde, however, fated to enjoy peace. During her residence in the capital, Cromwell, having received notice that she was involved in one of her husband's enterprises against his Government, caused all her papers to be seized, and was, indeed, on the point of arresting Lady

¹ Cart^r, vol. iii. p. 630.

² *Idem*, pp. 630-1.

Ormonde herself. Despite her innocence, it might have fared ill with her had she not found an able advocate in Lord Broghill. At her request, Broghill sought out Oliver,

“but before he could speak to him Cromwell began with his Lordship, saying in an angry taunting way: ‘You have undertaken indeed for the quietness of a fine person; the Lady Ormonde is conspiring with her husband against me, though by your procurement I have allowed her £2,000 per annum of her husband’s estate because they are sufferers in Ireland; but I find she is a wicked woman, and she shall not have a farthing of it; and I will have her carted besides.’”¹

With characteristic tact, Lord Broghill seeing Oliver in this

“fury, gave a soft answer, and told him he was sorry my Lady Ormonde had given any occasion for such a disturbance; he could not tell what to think of it, but he humbly desired to know what grounds he had for so severe a censure of the lady?”

Cromwell answered “enough,” for he had letters under her hand for it: and then threw him a letter to peruse which had been found in rifling the Cabinet. My Lord perused the letter and smiled. Cromwell asked him what he thought of it? His Lordship replied it was a mistake, for that was not Lady Ormonde’s handwriting, but Lady Isabella Thynne’s, between whom and the Lord of Ormonde there had been some intrigues. Cromwell was not in the mood, meekly, to accept Broghill’s unsupported assertion. He required documentary proofs. Luckily, these were forthcoming. Roger Boyle duly produced letters from the fair conspirator, which showed beyond doubt that it was she, and not Elizabeth Ormonde, who had penned the incriminating epistles. The godly might not have been edified had they known that when the demonstration was complete, Oliver’s “anger was turned into a

¹ “Memoirs of Roger, Earl of Orrery,” pp. 47-9.

merry drollery"— with the most happy results to Lady Ormonde.

Although Lady Ormonde was not sent to the Tower, her eldest son, Lord Ossory, was less fortunate. During the spring of 1655, the many abortive royalist plots culminated in the disastrous Penruddock rising. Throughout the country the Cavaliers paid in discomfort and repression for their leaders' folly; Ossory, in particular, being singled out for vicarious punishment. It appears that Daniel O'Neill, one of the organisers of the insurrection, anticipating the danger to which Ormonde's heir might be exposed in case of its failure, had endeavoured to persuade Ossory and his brother, Lord Richard Butler, to leave London for Acton. But the youths vowed that their uncle's manor house "was too melancholy a place, where they would have nothing to do." And the cheerful, gregarious Irishman "liked their reasons so well,"¹ that he forebore to press counsels of prudence. When, therefore, Cromwell was assured that if no specific charge could be brought against Ossory, he was yet "conversant among dangerous men, and confided in by them as one that would expose his life for the King on the first occasion," there was no difficulty in effecting his arrest.²

Doubtless, Ossory's sympathies were wholly royalist, but his absence in Ireland with his mother, and his absorption in study, had hitherto allowed him little opportunity or leisure for plotting. Like many parents whose own education has been neglected, Ormonde and his wife were determined that their children should have no cause to reproach them for carelessness on that score. Despite their poverty, both at Caen and in Paris, Lord Ossory had been placed under excellent masters. To their tuition he had admirably responded. He loved knowledge; and when he attained his majority, and was free to amuse himself, his gratified friends reported "that he shuts up his door at 8 o'clock in the evening and studies till midnight."³ For all his love of learning, it

¹ Nicholas Papers, vol. ii. p. 223. O'Neill to Nicholas, London, 1655.

² Carte, vol. iv. p. 597.

³ *Idem*, vol. iii. p. 631.

would, however, have been rash to conclude that Ormonde's firstborn could confine himself to a student's life. It was no less to keep him from being "conversant with dangerous men," than to complete his education, that Lady Ormonde arranged that he should visit Italy and the Holy Land. For this journey Cromwell had readily granted the necessary passports, and when the young man came to pay his respects he had given no sign of displeasure, but after the events in Wiltshire he was too astute to allow so valuable a hostage as Ormonde's heir to slip through his fingers.

When the guard arrived at Wild House to secure Ossory, he was not at home, and Lady Ormonde must have possessed peculiar powers of persuasion, for on her promise that he should be forthcoming the next morning, they actually marched away.¹ Meanwhile, a friend, Mr Stephen Ludlow, sought out Ossory, and having explained the situation, urged him to make his escape abroad on a vessel, which was ready then and there to put to sea. Elizabeth Ormonde had, however, no mind that her son should cause her to break her word. Her wishes and arguments carried the day; and betimes the next morning, Ossory went off to wait on the Protector at Whitehall. Here he remained in the drawing-room, vainly pleading for a hearing. His request was not granted. He never had speech with the Protector. At three o'clock in the afternoon, his suspense was ended by the arrival of Baxter, who informed him that he was "commanded to provide him a lodging in the Tower"; and without more ado he was hurried off in a hackney coach to his uncheerful destination.

Hitherto, save in that momentary fit of anger, the Protector had treated Lady Ormonde with singular favour, but having got Ossory safely under lock and key he was determined not to let him out. Lady Ormonde's written entreaties for her son's release proving ineffectual, she waited on Cromwell, assuring him upon "forfeiture of her life, if he were guilty, of her son's innocence, and desiring

¹ Carte, vol. iv. p. 597.

to know his crime and accusers.”¹ The Protector seems to have replied in a lighter and more gallant strain than we are accustomed to associate with his utterances. He begged her to excuse him in that respect, and told her that he had more reason to be afraid of her than anybody. She was a person of undaunted spirit, and replied with great assurance in a full drawing-room, hundreds being present, that she desired no favour, and thought it strange that she who was never concerned in any plot, nor ever opened her mouth against his person or Government should be represented to him as so terrible a person. “No, Madam,” said the astonishingly polite Protector, “that is not the case, but your worth has gained you so great an influence upon all the commanders of our party, and we know so well your power over the other party that it is in your Ladyship’s heart to act what you please.” She answered—doubtless with secret irritation—“that she must construe it as a civil compliment; but that, and a shrug, was all that she could get from him for a good while.”

To this attitude of almost exaggerated politeness Cromwell scrupulously adhered in all his dealings with Lady Ormonde. Never did he refuse her an audience; and when she left his presence, it was remarked that, contrary to his practice with other great personages, he invariably escorted her back to her chair or coach. Nevertheless, some time elapsed before her petition was granted. Indeed, it was not until Ossory fell dangerously ill of an ague in October, that his mother obtained permission to remove him to a healthier locality. After a six months’ residence in the Tower, the young man probably found Acton less dull; and for the next six months he lived there in company with his mother, but his recovery was slow and unsatisfactory. The doctors urged a complete change of scene, and on this plea he ultimately obtained permission to go abroad. Before receiving his passports he was, however, obliged to give bonds in £5,000 to Sir John Barkstead, Lieutenant of the Tower,

¹ Carte, vol. iii. p. 632.

that he would not, either directly or indirectly, contrive aught to the prejudice of the Protector or his Government.¹ Ossory did not go alone. Lady Ormonde thought the opportunity favourable to put her second son beyond Oliver's reach; and, disguised as Ossory's servant, Lord Richard Butler travelled in his brother's train. The journey was safely accomplished. After a short stay in Flanders, the young men settled in Holland, carefully avoiding the exiled King's Court, lest they should compromise the mother who was watching over their inheritance at home.

Thus, in 1657, Elizabeth Ormonde at length found herself free to carry out her original intentions. With all her children she removed to Dunmore and resolutely set herself to the appointed task of retrieving her estates, diligently "applying herself to tillage and country life."² To such labours she was bred, and she became increasingly interested in the beautifying and improvement of her lands. It may well have been during this enforced retreat, that she planted the fourfold "walks" of ashes—the tree indigenous to Tipperary—and the "tufts of trees sprinkled up and down on the smoothest of green lawns," which, a century later, excited John Wesley's admiration, when he visited Dunmore. It is surely no small achievement to have laid out a park, which that most travelled of Gospellers described as the "most delightful place" he had seen in all his wanderings, whether in England, Holland, or Germany.³ And it is pleasant to think that during those arduous years Elizabeth Ormonde had at least the solace of a craft, which has never lost its primal grace and charm.

¹ Cal. Clarendon Papers, vol. iii. p. 354. Copies by Ossory, 1st and 2nd August, 1657, (1) Cromwell's warrant, (2) Barkstead's certificate.

² Carte, vol. iii. p. 633.

³ *Wesley's Journal*, edited by A. Birrell, p. 189, 15th June 1750.

CHAPTER XIV

THE EXILE : PARIS, COLOGNE

FROM 1652 to 1654 Ormonde remained in attendance on Charles in Paris, and when the King left France, he followed him throughout the wanderings which so unexpectedly terminated in the Restoration. Elizabeth Ormonde's lot had certainly not been cast in pleasant places, but in comparison with her lord, she may be said to have been almost happy. Probably the years spent in Paris were the most irksome to the Marquis. Not only was he subjected to grinding poverty, but quarrels and disunion helped further to embitter the straitened existence of the exiles. In the words of the most illustrious of banished men he did not only prove how "salt doth taste another's bread," but he was also weighed down by the *compagnia malvagia e scempia*, to which he was condemned.

In these untoward conditions, it was perhaps Ormonde's ineradicable cheerfulness that proved of most avail to him and the Chancellor.

"For gnarling sorrow hath less power to bite
The man that mocks at it, and makes it light."

The Marquis deplored the King's indifference to the unabashed fashion in which every busybody and sycophant, who wanted to curry favour with the Queen, and Lord Jermyn, "flouted" the Monarch and his trusted advisers, openly canvassing their most secret designs,¹ but such passages were less intolerable to Ormonde than to Hyde

¹ Nicholas Papers, vol. i. p. 295. Nicholas to Sir E. Hyde, 15th-24th April 1651.

or Nicholas. The shrewd kindness of James Butler's outlook on human nature was a sovereign charm to bear him through these trials. To see men, not as trees walking, but as they are in truth and verity, fashioned on the twin anvil of character and circumstance is to perceive no less their apology than their shortcomings. Ormonde possessed this clarity of vision in ample measure, and, possessing it, he found escape from the suspicion and mistrust, that encompassed and poisoned the existence of his companions. Thus, when one Coke, a royalist agent, was accused of betraying the secrets of the party, and was incurring its unstinted maledictions, Ormonde announced that, as the wretched creature was said to have been tortured, or at least threatened with the rack, he reserved judgment until conclusive proofs of treachery were obtained.

“For though I know him not, yet being in those merciless hands, I have so much compassion for him, as leads me to charitable construction of what may have been frightened out of him.”¹

Again, when that “grand atheist,” Hobbes, was sent away from Court, it was reported that the Marquis of Ormonde was “very slow in signifying the King's commands” to the philosopher.² The orthodox probably had just cause for offence. The “hecteros” ways of the clergy had not endeared the counsels of intolerance to Ormonde. He openly avowed that he could not believe that “the merciful God hath so limited his salvation as passionate and interested men have done.”³

It was well for James Butler that he had the help of a mercurial temperament, a brave spirit, and a lenient judgment, for mere material comfort was ill to find. In the summer of 1652 the misery of the royalists was

¹ Carte, “Letters,” vol. i. p. 472. Ormonde to Nicholas, Caen, 16th May 1651.

² Nicholas Papers, vol. ii. p. 284. Nicholas to Sir E. Hyde, Hague, 8th-18th January 1652.

³ Carte, “Life of Ormonde,” vol. v. p. 183. Duke of Ormonde to Lady Clancarty, Moore Park, 5th August 1665.

aggravated by the troubles of the Fronde. Anarchy reigned in Paris. At the Pont Neuf, the mob massed in force, refusing passage to the coaches of great ladies, unless the fair inmates joined in their gross, and often obscene, vituperations of "le Mazarin."¹ Charles had friends and relatives in both camps, but his attempt, at Louis's request, to mediate with the Duke of Lorraine, then encamped with his six thousand troopers and their attendant crowd of human riff-raff and stolen beasts, at Villeneuve, St Georges, was bitterly resented by the party of the Princes', who ascribed the retreat of their faithless ally to the English King's interference.² Unluckily for the exiles, the Paris populace endorsed opinions, which the Duc de Beaufort, Gaston d'Orléans, and the Grand Condé did not conceal. During the greater part of June, the Louvre was besieged by a frantic mob. In July, the Queen was forced to retreat to St Germain. Nor did she and Charles return until more normal conditions prevailed in Paris. By the winter, Englishmen could again show themselves in the streets without running the risk of being lynched. This was, naturally, no small relief, but otherwise, peace did not mend matters greatly for most of these poor gentlemen.

The £6,000 per annum allowed to his impecunious cousin of England by the King of France barely sufficed to provide for Charles and the Duke of Gloucester. The King's servants were obliged to cater for themselves to the best of their ability. Not only was Ormonde reduced to go afoot, "which was no honourable custom"³ in the Paris of that day, but he was thankful to put himself *en pension* at a pistole a week; and, judging from Hyde's revelations, that pistole was more frequently due than paid.

"I am sure," says the latter in an oft-quoted epistle, "the penury is not to be imagined. It is verry true I do not know that any man is yet dead for want of bread, which really I wonder at; I am sure the King

¹ Lavissee, "Histoire de France," vol. vii. p. 55.

² "King in Exile," p. 354.

³ Carte, vol. iii. p. 626.

owes for all he hath eaten since April (three months previously), and I am not acquainted with one servant of his who hath a pistole in his pocket; five or six of us eat together one meal a day for a pistole a week, but all of us owe for God knows how many weeks to the poor woman who feeds us. I believe my lord of Ormonde hath not had 5 livres in his purse this month, and hath fewer clothes," Hyde continues severely to the complaining Nicholas, "of all sorts than you have, and yet I take you to be no gallant."¹

"There is a degree of poverty," says Cowper, "that has no disgrace belonging to it; that degree in which a man enjoys clean linen and good company."² Certainly Ormonde never knew the lack of agreeable and even diverting conversation, but Cowper's first condition must have been harder of attainment, since Hyde swore that both he and the Marquis were in want of shirts as well as shoes.³ In these circumstances, although Ormonde was no fop, real ingenuity on his part was required to avail himself—without being put to the blush—of the eagerly proffered hospitality of his French acquaintances. In fact, one visit was signalled by an incident, which only narrowly escaped being tragic.

On this occasion, Ormonde had spent some days at a castle near St Germain with a French nobleman, who had conceived a great liking for him. The visit was wholly pleasurable, until arrived the moment for Ormonde to take his departure and to resolve the momentous problem of "vails." At this juncture, Ormonde's entire worldly stock consisted of 10 pistoles. Yet, faithful to the code of the contemporary Englishman, on his departure he handed over his little fortune to the Maître d'Hôtel for distribution amongst the household. The sacrifice consummated, the Marquis then rode away to Paris, sadly "ruminating" as he went on his position,

¹ Clarendon S.P., vol. iii. p. 174. Hyde to Nicholas, Paris, 27th June 1653.

² "Cowper's Letters," ed. E. V. Lucas p. 2. William Cowper to Clotworthy, Rowley, 2nd September 1762.

³ Cal. Clarendon P., vol. ii. p. 331. Hyde to Nicholas, 3rd April 1654.

and pondering how he could raise a small supply for his urgent needs.¹ From these gloomy meditations he was aroused by his servant, who announced that his late host was following him as fast as coach and horses could bring him. Ormonde instantly stopped, alighted, and

“advanced to embrace him with great affection and respect. But he was strangely surprised to find a coldness in the nobleman, which forbade all embraces till he had given satisfaction in a point, which had given him great offence. He asked the Marquis if he had reason to complain of any disrespect, or other defect, which he had met with in the too mean, but very friendly entertainment which his house afforded.”

The astonished Marquis could only reply that nowhere had he made a more charming visit. He could not understand why his host should imagine the reverse. Then the truth came out. Ormonde's benefactions had, it seems, contented no one. The servants had accused the Maître d'Hôtel of partiality, and that in a fashion so indiscreet that their clamorous remonstrances had reached their master's ears. Now, in that golden—but alas! remote—age, Frenchmen regarded the bestowal of tips as a monstrous breach of decorum and good manners. Consequently, when Ormonde's host learnt the cause of the uproar, he held himself to have been personally and deliberately insulted. Straightway he ordered his coach, possessed himself of the 10 pistoles, and posted off in pursuit of his guest. He informed Ormonde that he had been guilty of treating his house

“as an inn,” and that “it was the greatest affront that could be offered to a man of quality; that he paid his own servants well, and had hired them to wait on his friends as well as himself; that he considered him a stranger, that might be unacquainted with the customs of France and err through some practice, deemed less dishonourable in his own country; otherwise, his resent-

¹ Carte, vol. iii. pp. 627-8.

ment would have prevented any expostulation ; but as the case stood, after having explained the nature of that affair, he must either redress the mistake by receiving back the 10 pistoles, or give him the usual satisfaction of men of honour for an avowed affront."

Naturally, Ormonde had no desire to fight a duel with the friend who, unwittingly, had solved the problem of existence. He thankfully pocketed the rejected gift, and went on his way with a lighter heart.

Ormonde's intimacy with the society of *la cour et la ville* was not limited to its mundane section. His sisters, Lady Mary Hamilton and Lady Muskerry, had placed their children at Port Royal, and owing, doubtless, to this circumstance, Ormonde was brought into contact with the inmates of that celebrated house.¹ Indeed, at that period, Port Royal gave shelter to a whole colony of Irish exiles. Ormonde's niece, the lovely Miss Hamilton, well known to readers of the "Grammont Memoirs" was a pupil of the sisters. Another relative, Father Callaghan, was numbered amongst those erudite solitaries, the Messieurs de Port Royal, whose association with Pascal has made them illustrious. Thus, Ormonde, although a Protestant, had unusual facilities for making himself acquainted with the devotion and wise almsgiving practised under the auspices of Port Royal ; and when some provision for the Irish refugees crowding into France became a matter of intense anxiety to himself and his royal master, it was to Father Singlin, the director of the community and his lay agent, Monsieur Bernier,² known by the honourable title of "le Procureur Général des Pauvres," that Ormonde addressed his appeal. By the King's command, he recommended "le déplorable estat de ses sujets Catholiques"³ to their compassion, assuring them that Charles regretted the loss of kingdom and power "beaucoup moins pour la gloire et le (*sic*) grandeur que les suivent, que pour ce que en estant

¹ Ste. Beuve, "Port Royal," vol. ii. pp. 104-5.

² *Idem*, p. 283.

³ Ormonde MSS., N.S., vol. i. p. 298. Ormonde to Monsieur Bernier and Monsieur Singlin, Spa, 18th-28th July 1654.

dépouillé, il se trouve destitué des moins (*sic*) de secourir et venger ses sujets contre l'inhumanité de leurs oppresseurs." It evidently cost Ormonde no little trouble to compose a letter in French—"if French it may be called," as he himself candidly observes.¹ Nevertheless, he was evidently in earnest when he assured Singlin that he preferred to commit solecisms in writing of "une affaire si digne de votre piété et si proportioné à mes sentiments, que de failir ou d'emprunter la main d'autre."

Although Ormonde had plenty of friends amongst the large circle of his French acquaintances, he favoured none of the alliances, which, from time to time, were mooted between ladies of that nation and the royal brothers of England. To the Queen Mother and her poverty-stricken Court, a rich marriage commended itself as the easiest expedient for ministering to their common needs. It was a matter of common knowledge that the Duc de Longueville's daughter would bring a princely revenue to her husband. On these terms, James of York was resigned to a bride, whose stature was both dwarf-like and deformed, and Henrietta Maria waxed positively enthusiastic about the match. Hyde thought himself astute for basing his opposition to the scheme on the plea that it was unfitting to give a wife to the heir-presumptive, while the Sovereign remained single. He deprecated its being "in any woman's power to say that if there were but one person dead, she would be Queen."² But the sole result of this argument was that Henrietta Maria forthwith set to work to betroth Charles to the "Grande Mademoiselle" and her millions. The difference in age and religion, and the unpopularity such a marriage would excite in England, made this second proposal no less distasteful to Ormonde and Hyde. Once more they felt themselves constrained to protest, and consequently were viewed "as men of contradiction." They were therefore much relieved when both the projected alliances miscarried for reasons entirely

¹ Ormonde MSS., N.S., vol. i. p. 268. Ormonde to Sir G. Hamilton, Spa, 18th-28th July 1654.

² Clarendon, vol. v. p. 249.

independent of their influence. At a later period, Digby, Lord Bristol, did his utmost to further a marriage between his adored Egeria, the Duchesse de Chatillon, and Charles. On this occasion, however, the councillors had the Queen Mother on their side in the contention ; and it was always less unpleasant to run counter to the King's inclinations than to those of his surroundings.

It was not only in their opposition to projects matrimonial, that Ormonde and Hyde stood shoulder to shoulder. During the winter of 1653 the hatred inspired as much by Hyde's virtues as by his failings, culminated in a desperate effort to drive him from public life. Some time previously, Charles's former secretary, Robert Long, had been dismissed in circumstances which gave him a right to hold himself aggrieved. It was rather the Queen than Hyde that he had to thank for his disgrace ; but it was on the Chancellor that Long burned to be avenged. Sir Richard Grenville, who also cherished an ancient feud against Sir Edward Hyde, was easily enlisted in the enterprise. Grenville was not timid, and readily undertook to acquaint the King with the reasons that some persons "of great quality" gave for believing that Hyde "was, and too long hath been, a mischievous traitor."¹ The Confederates then explained that Hyde was actually in Cromwell's pay, and in support of this startling statement they avouched the testimony of Massonnett—once writing-master to the King—who offered to produce a maidservant, who, in her turn, would swear to having ushered the Chancellor into Oliver's presence at Whitehall.

Charles had not the faintest doubt of the integrity of Hyde, who could account for every day between his return from Spain and his arrival at Court, but feeling it due to a faithful servant to put an end to injurious reports, Charles charged Ormonde to institute a full enquiry. In reply to the Marquis, Grenville quoted the utterances of a certain Sir Edmund Wyndham and of our old friend, Bishop Bramhall, then established at Antwerp, and engaged in the somewhat

¹ "King in Exile," p. 471.

unpastoral task of collecting the royal tenths on naval prizes. It is clear that the exciting possibility of detecting the impeccable Chancellor in treason had led the Bishop to speak unadvisedly with his lips, but he had no more positive knowledge of the matter than Wyndham. The Prelate was, indeed, somewhat scared by the great fire his idle chatter had kindled. Nor was his alarm ungrounded, as the easy-going Sovereign was now thoroughly incensed. By his command, Ormonde wrote to Sir Richard Grenville that the King found all his allegations very weak and deficient to the ends for which he offered them, "and would with that neglect have silenced them and passed them by," had Grenville not made his information a defamatory libel by divulging it to several persons.¹ This was not only an injury to the Chancellor, requiring high reparation, but a great disservice to the King, by rendering a person, so highly trusted by him, liable to contempt and distrust. It was, therefore, the King's pleasure that Sir Richard should abstain from presenting himself at Court.

After so signal a discomfiture, it might be supposed that the conspiracy—for conspiracy it was—must collapse, but the party vowed to compass Hyde's destruction was too numerous and powerful to submit tamely at the first reproof. This time, the train was laid by two of the most disreputable courtiers, Lord Gerard and Colonel Bampfylde, the latter of whom eventually developed into one of Cromwell's secret agents. Their wild accusations were reduced into a semblance of order by the Lord-Keeper, who sat up all night to accomplish the welcome task. On the occasion of this fresh investigation, which, at Hyde's request, took place before the Council, Ormonde was, of course, present. But facts pleaded too eloquently on the Chancellor's behalf for Hyde to need the advocacy of his friends. Indeed, eager malignity never coined a crazier cock-and-bull story, while it was subsequently discovered that the accusers had been bribed. It is a mournful commentary on the intellectual condition of

¹ Cal. Clarendon Papers, vol. ii. p. 279. Ormonde to Sir. R. Grenville, Paris, 29th May 1653.

Henrietta Maria and the Lord-Keeper that they could countenance so gross an absurdity. Much as he detested Hyde, Prince Rupert was too intelligent to support the charge.

The Queen showed her bias by appearing—contrary to her custom—at the Council Board, where, according to her eager fancy, “Sir Edward was already devoured,”¹ but she must have been disappointed when, at the end of two long sittings, “Parturiunt montes and produced a headless story.” Charles was righteously indignant. Neither was he appeased by the Lord-Keeper’s suggestion that, as, in the absence of Long’s witnesses, the charge was merely non-proven, the Chancellor should meanwhile be forbidden the royal presence. With unusual asperity, Charles stigmatised the accusation “as false and wicked,”² intimating that to have brought “so foul and foolish” an accusation against Hyde was a sufficient reason why he would never trust Robert Long again. The King, moreover, sent for Hyde, and in the presence of the Queen and the Privy Councillors, declared his regret not to be “in a condition to do more justice than to declare him innocent.”

Again, one would think that this pronouncement should have shut all discreet mouths, but the Lord-Keeper, Sir Edward Herbert, was too angry to be prudent. Baulked in his first designs, he shifted the ground of attack. He now asseverated that he could produce “a person of honour,” who would testify that Hyde had aspersed the King “in such a manner, and so deprived him in point of his honour, that he was not fit to sit there.” The person of honour proved to be no other than Lord Gerard. The scandal resolved itself into a jeremiad of the Chancellor’s touching the young Sovereign’s disinclination to business, and his “too much delight in pleasures.” The time and place of this monstrous scandal were duly specified. A year previously, during a royal outing, Gerard and Hyde had remained in the King’s coach, while Charles rode off “to

¹ Nicholas Papers, vol. ii. p. 357. Lord Hatton to Nicholas, Paris, 30th December 1653.

² Clarendon, vol. v. p. 326.

see a dog set a partridge." Hyde, so Gerard swore, had taken that opportunity to blacken the King's character. A lie that is half the truth is, as we all know, ever the hardest to fight. Remembering the frequent homilies, wherewith he had regaled the Merry Monarch, Hyde, not unnaturally, became a "little out of countenance." On the other hand, his mentor's confusion amply atoned to Charles for the tedium he had endured. He cut short the Chancellor's majestic explanations by remarking that he verily believed that Sir Edward had used the exact words reported, yea, and "much more," to his face. Further, Charles acknowledged that he was aware that he did not "enough delight in his business, which was not very pleasant, but he was well satisfied of the Chancellor's affection and took nothing ill he had said." As shrewd old Lord Hatton remarked, "one would thinke Mr Chancellor had hired those persons thus weakly to accuse him, that he may come off with more honour, and give him more credit with His Majesty."¹

The Chancellor had undoubtedly scored a triumph. Nevertheless, it was with profound relief that six months later, he and Ormonde bade farewell to the Louvre and its intrigues. For some time past, Charles had been struggling to effect his exodus from Paris. The usual lack of funds had been the impediment, but now, being within measurable distance of an alliance with Cromwell, Mazarin saw the advantages of assisting the penniless Monarch to his wishes, although, even then, the Cardinal could not resist driving a bargain, which Shylock might have envied. On June the 30th, however, matters financial being adjusted, the King, accompanied by Ormonde, set forth to meet the Princess Royal at Spa.

Had Cromwell's treaty with the States not closed Holland to Charles, he would doubtless have gladly settled in the neighbourhood of this devoted sister. A convenient residence, where, as he told his English correspondents, he could "sit still," until the hour struck to venture his

¹ Nicholas Papers, vol. ii. p. 40. Lord Hatton to Nicholas, 2nd January, 1653-4.

person "in a reasonable and well found undertaking," was hard to find.¹ But during one happy month he dismissed this and all other troublesome considerations from his mind. Spa was renowned for merry makings, and the young King threw himself wholeheartedly into its round of gaieties. At the end of that time, an outbreak of smallpox quickened his decision. One of the princess's maids-of-honour caught the dreaded malady and died. The royal pair, affrighted, fled to Aachen, where Charles was rejoined by Sir Edward Nicholas, to whom he immediately entrusted the signet.

So hearty was the King's reception at Aachen, that he thought seriously of establishing himself among its friendly burghers, but with closer acquaintance Charlemagne's city did not gain on the wanderers' affections. Ormonde's generation was not squeamish about smells, but the reek of rotten eggs, which still pervades the "Kurort,"² became intolerable to the Englishmen. Cologne proved to have superior attractions; and it was there that Charles ultimately decided to take up his abode.

The approach of winter found Charles installed in a commodious mansion within the City of the Eleven Thousand Virgins. The Diet of the Empire had granted him a small subsidy. The faithful in England had shown themselves generous, and the Cardinal seemed disposed to pay his allowance regularly. The ordering of the King's household was deputed to the Chancellor; and, under his governance, Charles's expenses, including board wages for all the royal servants, from the highest to the lowest, did not exceed 600 pistoles a month. With pardonable pride, Clarendon tells us that "as this method in the managery gave the King great ease, so it contented and kept the family in better order and humour than could reasonably have been expected." In the worthy economist's eyes, the merits of Cologne were probably enhanced by the scant opportunities it afforded for squandering pocket money. This was no small mercy, for, despite supplies from

¹ Clarendon, "History of the Rebellion," vol. v. p. 348.

² *Idem*, p. 354.

German princes and English subjects, the King was too poor to keep a coach. He consoled himself by perambulating the broad city walls which were the pride of Cologne. Indeed, it may have been in the "fair avenues of great elms,"¹ bordering the ramparts, that Charles acquired the habit of those long and rapid walks, which in later years proved so great a weariness to his courtiers at Windsor and St James'.

Peace of a relative kind, and such pale happiness as the exile knows, must, at last, have seemed within Ormonde's grasp. But the lull was brief. A short time before the King's departure from Paris, the family circle at the Louvre had been augmented by the advent of the Duke of Gloucester, recently set free by Cromwell. The Princess Royal would gladly have kept the boy under her wing at the Hague, but the Queen Mother, who had not seen him since his infancy, would not be gainsayed her son's company. And when Charles left France, she pleaded to retain him. Knowing his mother's religious fervour, of late vastly stimulated by the zeal of her new confessor, that notable convert, Abbot Montague, Charles hesitated to leave the Prince in her care. Henrietta Maria, however, pledged herself not to interfere with the boy's faith, alleging, truly enough, that she had never done so in the case of the King or the Duke of York. On his side, Charles was obliged to acknowledge that he was not in a position to give his brother the educational advantages which he would enjoy in Paris, while Henry's maintenance would severely tax his meagre resources. Nor should it be forgotten that, in the seventeenth century, a boy of the Duke's age was more learned in controversial dogma than any modern young man of twice his years outside a theological college. This had been particularly the case with Prince Henry. The atmosphere of Lord Leicester's household, where he was nurtured, had been strongly Protestant, and it was supposed that his tutor, Mr Lovell, could be trusted to keep the lad true to this early teaching. All these reasons

¹ Clarendon, "History of the Rebellion," vol. v. p. 356.

should have reassured Charles. Yet he could not entirely rid himself of misgivings, and, with characteristic shrewdness, he enjoined the Duke on no pretence to allow himself to be drawn into disputations. For the Duke's guidance, the King also drew up an entire programme of religious offices and instructions. And he further impressed on Prince Henry that although the Queen had promised not to tamper with his conscience, yet, if she forgot her promises, he was to remember that the obedience he owed his mother did not extend to religious matters.

The event proved that Charles's intuitions were more trustworthy than the Queen's oaths. Hardly was he beyond reach, when Henrietta Maria, aided by her director, proceeded to lay siege to the boy's conscience. Fanaticism, pure and simple, is seldom wholly responsible for the crimes laid to its charge. Undoubtedly, Henrietta Maria believed that her child would best consult his soul's welfare by turning Papist, but, incidentally, she was convinced that the operation would mend his fortunes. He had but to embrace her faith and "mind his books," and Holy Church would grudge no benefices or gifts to Cardinal Henry of Gloucester. If such was the Queen Mother's view, it can easily be imagined that interested motives were not alien to the courtiers who surrounded the Duke. It seems only too probable that Lord Jermyn, Lord Percy, and Sir John Berkeley, the Duke of York's chief adviser, acquiesced in the Queen's design, because they anticipated that it would redound to their benefit. In fact, it was rumoured that Watt Montague had promised them the lion's share of the ecclesiastical revenues, which were to be heaped on the Duke, while the princely proselyte himself was "to be kept as a schoolboy."¹ As to his other protectors, Lovell was, later, loudly accused of cowardice. He certainly declined to offend Montague by reading the Book of Common Prayer in his pupil's bedchamber, but, had he set the Queen Mother at defiance, he would straightway have

¹ Nicholas Papers, vol. ii. p. 135. Lord Hatton to Nicholas, Paris, 27th November 1654.

been dismissed, and even his feeble support would have been lost to the Duke. As to James of York, who had shown no little energy where his own supposed dignity was concerned, he now proved singularly submissive to the Queen's wishes.

In these circumstances, if the "sweet Duke" had yielded to the cajolery and menaces brought to bear on him, no one could have blamed the boy. The youngest Stuart prince had, however, something of those sterling qualities, which a generation before had endeared his namesake to the English nation. The last sad interview with his father, when Charles I. had charged him never to turn Papist or Puritan, had made an indelible impression on the child. Apart from memories and training, he was also too intelligent not to perceive that his conversion would be worth an "army to Cromwell." The Queen and Watt Montague were soon forced to acknowledge that their undertaking was not so easy as they had dreamed. Sterner measures were invoked. The Prince was removed from his Protestant tutor and attendants, surrounded by spies, and interned in Mr Crofts's house at Pontoise. This step was a preliminary to his removal to the Jesuit College at Clermont, a plan, ultimately, only frustrated by a lucky accident.

Before leaving Paris, Charles had instructed Sir George Radcliffe to "overlook the Duke, and to advertise the King if anything were amiss." A chance visit to an acquaintance, Father Spruile, at Clermont, revealed to Radcliffe that the hour had come for his intervention. He found Spruile's cell occupied by masons and carpenters, who, as a talkative father informed him, were preparing the apartment for the Duke of Gloucester's reception. Radcliffe was aghast. He had recently made his peace with Henrietta Maria, and did not wish to run counter to her wishes. If his conscience, however, had permitted him to disregard his obligations, from the moment he consulted Lord Hatton, this course was no longer possible. The staunch old lord, whose comparatively ample income gave him an exceptional position amongst the English

exiles, was determined at any costs to keep his master's son out of the Jesuits' clutches.¹ It was no empty boast when Hatton told Nicholas that in that cause, "if the hazard of my life and the neerest unto me contribute unto it, we will freely lay them down." He instilled a portion of his own resolution into Radcliffe; and together they contrived both to fortify the solitary little hero in his resistance, and to inform the King of the mischief afoot.

Whatever his real indifference to the tenets he professed, Charles was sufficiently quickwitted to realise that his brother's conversion to Romanism would fatally affect his chances of ever ruling over Protestant England. Nor did his Councillors allow him to forget the issues involved. Since it was evident that his sign manual carried little weight, a representative, whose authority could not be questioned, had promptly to be found. The good fortune of the Stuarts willed that the Marquis of Ormonde should be available for this purpose. It was the beginning of November, when the disquieting intelligence reached Cologne. At that season, the habitually lamentable condition of the roads was further aggravated by the fact that they were beset by soldiery straggling home to their winter quarters. Sorely troubled though he was, Charles hesitated to expose Ormonde to these risks, but the Marquis was urgent, and, having obtained explicit and peremptory directions from the Sovereign, he set forth on his quest.

Ormonde soon discovered that the dangers of the way had not been overestimated. Anxious as he was to press on, he was obliged to choose a circuitous route. He was wise. The shorter road through Sedan was obstructed by the Prince of Condé's troops. Moreover, the unhappy peasantry, maddened by oppression and pillage, had risen, and, faithful to the mediæval traditions of Jacques Bonhomme, gave no quarter to unwary gentlemen who fell into their hands. So notorious, indeed, were the perils of the journey that the postmasters refused to hire their

¹ Nicholas Papers, vol. ii. p. 112. Lord Hatton to Nicholas, Paris, 6th November 1654.

horses, until the Marquis deposited the full value of the steeds.¹ Ormonde was, however, no novice in the act of riding across an enemy's country; and, despite delays and obstacles, on November the 20th, he arrived safely in Paris—much to the consternation of the Catholic Cabal. He was none too soon. Four days later, and the gates of Clermont would have closed on Henry of Gloucester.

Ormonde's first care was to seek an audience with the Queen. Henrietta Maria could not refuse herself to the King's ambassador, though the interview that followed the presentation of his credentials, must have taxed even Ormonde's patience. The revival of a Romanist prophecy that Henry IX. would restore what Henry VIII. had destroyed, was perturbing English Protestants. Charles himself was not insensible to the dangers he might run if his heir turned Catholic, and, in writing to his mother, he had touched on this subject. To Henrietta Maria this argument seemed, naturally, not only folly, but wilful folly, and she indignantly told Ormonde that "she believed otherwise, and that it was put into his (Charles's) head by others."² Ormonde's personal experience of Papist intrigues had made him less incredulous. The danger, he maintained, was not to be slighted, and he "believed she would be loath to answer for the designs some Roman Catholics might have." And when the Queen replied: "there was no such example," he was "so bold," he confesses, as to "mind her of Henry III. of France." "But," she triumphantly retorted, "*he* was a Catholic"—to which Ormonde answered that it was so much the more a pertinent example to a Protestant prince.

When the discourse shifted from theory to facts, agreement was no nearer. The Queen's conception of truth was peculiar. She unhesitatingly affirmed that she had merely engaged to use no violence to Prince Harry. And on Ormonde quietly remarking that the "discharging of Mr Lovell, the sending the Duke to the

¹ Cal. Clarendon Papers, vol. ii. p. 423. Ormonde, Liège, 13th November 1654.

² *Idem*, pp. 428-9. Ormonde to King, Paris, 27th November.

country, where none could have free conference with him, and the purpose of sending him to the Jesuits, could not but be held to be a very austere compulsion," she floundered deeper into self-contradiction. Ormonde was all suavity, but he utterly declined to admit that Lovell had desired to be relieved from his duties; and the Queen was ultimately forced to retract this statement. In her discomfiture, she abruptly closed the audience, actually assuring Ormonde that "she would think over what was said." If the words were fair, her treatment of Jermyn gave the real clue to her feelings. For, failing to find a vulnerable spot in Ormonde's carriage and reasoning, she relieved herself by turning on her favourite, with the exclamation: "Allez! Allez! vous êtes un impertinent!"¹

Henrietta Maria had intimated that as the Duke would be returning to Paris in a couple of days, Ormonde need not trouble to visit him at Pontoise. The Marquis was too tactful to discuss the matter, but he was determined to leave nothing to chance; and the next day found him there, cheering and encouraging the recluse. Ormonde owned that he was astonished at the "pertinence and method" of the boy's discourse.² He was no less touched to find that so great was Henry's "duty and affection" to his somewhat careless eldest brother, "that no arguments are to be feared but such as may seem to bear an advantage to the King." In consequence of Ormonde's visit to Pontoise, the Duke was allowed to return to Paris and to Mr Lovell's charge, though his tribulations were not ended. Secure in the consciousness of the Queen Regent's support, and aware that Ormonde's impecunious condition would make it well-nigh impossible for him to provide for the Prince, Henrietta Maria now unmasked her batteries. She told her son that he must elect once and for all between her religion and herself. Thus challenged, Prince Harry answered that he was

¹ Nicholas Papers, vol. ii. p. 158. Lord Hatton to Nicholas, Paris, 1st January 1654-5.

² Cal. Clarendon S. Papers, vol. ii. pp. 428-9.

“extremely afflicted to find the King’s and Queen’s commands so opposed that he could not obey both, but that the former were more suitable to his inclinations and his duty.”¹

If the Duke still retained any hope that his mother would prove kinder than her threats, he was speedily disillusioned. Henrietta Maria told him that

“she would no more own him as her son, commanded him out of her presence, forbid him any more to set his foot in her lodgings, and told him that she would allow him nothing but his chamber to lie in, till Ormonde”—to whom she sarcastically advised him to apply—“should provide for him.”

Moreover, when he knelt for her blessing she utterly refused it. At daybreak, Ormonde was summoned to the assistance of the forlorn little martyr. The first step was to find him a shelter, and Ormonde rejoiced to obtain the promise of Mr Crofts’s house; and, meanwhile, the Duke, who was deeply affected by the Queen’s refusal of her blessing, determined to make another attempt to induce his mother to rescind at least this portion of her condemnation. It was Sunday morning, and the Queen’s passage through the Courts of the Louvre on her way to mass gave him his opportunity. Once more, and in the humblest guise, the good child renewed his prayer, only, again, to be sternly repulsed. As he was still smarting under the first bitterness of that denial, he was approached by Abbot Montague, eager to ascertain what had passed,² but this was more than the Prince could bear. With pardonable indignation he told the arch mischief-maker: “What I may thank you for, Sir, and it is but reason that what my mother said to me, I should now say to you: ‘be sure I see your face no more.’” So saying, Harry Stuart turned on his heel, and straightway betook himself to prayers at Sir Richard Brown’s Chapel.

¹ Cal. Clarendon Papers, vol. ii. p. 433. Ormonde to King, Paris, 2nd December 1654.

² Carte, vol. iii. p. 642.

Although the various parties to the quarrel spent much of that eventful Sunday in their several churches, it is to be feared that they did not all derive due spiritual benefit from their orisons. From her devotions at the Carmes, Henrietta Maria returned in a distinctly bad temper. And, as she could not goad him out of his attitude of grave and respectful dissent, it did not restore her equanimity to find Ormonde at the Louvre, awaiting a final explanation. Before he could open his lips, she greeted him with the announcement that "now he knew his answer."¹ Ormonde was, however, determined that the King's ambassador should not accept so unceremonious a dismissal even from the Queen Mother. He replied that he was to receive his answer immediately from herself, and that what had passed between her and the Duke was no answer to him. He was then categorically informed that Henrietta Maria "would take no more care" for the Duke. Plainly her decision was irrevocable. The Queen had disowned her child. Ormonde seems to have felt that further arguments were vain, and he contented himself with a formal request for leave to go to the King, to which the Queen, like a peevish school-girl, snapped back that "he should not have her leave for anything, but she would not hinder him from doing what he pleased."

Amidst his many embarrassments, Ormonde had thought himself assured of a refuge for the Duke in Mr Crofts's house. The next morning he was undeceived. Bennet arrived with the news that the Queen had forbidden Crofts to receive Prince Harry. Crofts professed himself "much troubled"; but he could only bow to the royal decree. Ormonde's perplexity was great. None of the Queen's dependents were willing to brave her displeasure by opening their doors to the princely outcast. Already, on the previous day, Ormonde had been "at a loss" to find a dinner for the young prince.² On Sunday

¹ Cal. Clarendon S. Papers, vol. ii. p. 434. Ormonde to King, Paris, 2nd December 1654.

² Carte, vol. iii. p. 642.

evening, the boy's horses had been summarily turned out of the Queen's stables; and, on Monday morning, the Duke's bed was stripped of sheets. Ormonde could no longer doubt that the Queen had every intention of making her compulsion truly "austere."

At this juncture, Lord Hatton once more came to the rescue. He put his house at the Duke's disposal; and under that loyal roof Prince Henry spent the next few weeks, while Ormonde was endeavouring to find the needful funds for the journey to Cologne. This was no easy task, but thanks to his own and his friends' devotion, it was eventually achieved. Lord Hatton and Sir George Radcliffe pledged their credit. Ormonde pawned the Garter and the Parliament's jewel, which, amid all vicissitudes, he had hitherto retained. Thus the means for Prince Henry's deliverance from the Jesuits was provided. The money once secured, other preparations were pushed on. Ormonde wrote to Hyde saying that he would give up his own room at Cologne to the Duke, for whose reception it must, at once, be hung and fitted.¹ As for himself, he begged that lodgings might be found, "as near and as good as may be." On his side, the young Duke was also making arrangements for the new existence awaiting him in Germany. Ormonde and Hatton had done their best to cheer the latter's "little, great ghest." They had scrupulously shared the boy's sports; and he was apparently much gratified to have secured the companionship of the Lord-Lieutenant, and "other Privy Councillors," at his "exercises," sending a half jesting, half authoritative message to Hyde and Nicholas that he should expect no less attention from them. Remembering, perhaps, the Chancellor's figure he did, indeed, express some doubts that Sir Edward Hyde might "be lazy."² Nevertheless, Hyde was not to count on escaping a daily fencing bout. The Prince, Hatton announced, "intends to put him to it."

¹ Cal. Clarendon Papers, vol. ii. p. 434, Paris, 2nd December 1654.

² Nicholas Papers, vol. ii. p. 143. Hatton to Nicholas, 11th December 1654.

On December the 18th, Ormonde, the Duke, and his "small family" passed through the gates of Paris. To go direct to Cologne was out of the question. The Princess Royal wished to meet her brother at Tyling, which, though not the shortest way, was yet, according to Hyde, the safest road. Sir Edward charged Ormonde, however, not to allow any considerable delay. The Marquis was almost as much wanted, he swore, at Cologne as in Paris. "I am sure I cannot live without you," wrote the urgent Chancellor.¹ The King, too, was scarcely less impatient for Ormonde's return. Nor would he hear of the Marquis seeking lodgings in the town. Ormonde was to retain his room, and, in some other way, space must be found for the Duke.

Doubtless, Ormonde was equally anxious to find himself once more in his old quarters, but, in the seventeenth century, all the official passes and recommendations in the world, could not prevent a winter's journey from being fraught with discomfort. The Duke of Gloucester had to sit up the whole of one night in the Brussels toll house. The next day, he had to turn out of the coach and tramp a considerable portion of the way. Coming on the top of his late excitements, this fatigue was probably too great, and at Antwerp he broke down.² For a time, Ormonde was seriously concerned about his charge. In fact, he suggested that the King should send his physician to look after the invalid. Charles II., with all his faults, was never an unkindly brother. He instantly despatched Dr Frazer to Antwerp, and the boy was shortly pronounced convalescent, but the episode had been singularly unfortunate. From the first, Ormonde had said that "although he hoped it would be worth his money, he feared that it would be a dear expedition to the King."³ These misgivings were amply realised; for the 1,000 livres, on which the travellers had counted to defray the journey to Tyling, were now "consumed on doctors, apothecaries,

¹ Cal. Clarendon Papers, vol. ii. p. 439. Hyde to Ormonde, Cologne, 22nd December.

² *Idem*, vol. iii. p. 1. Ormonde to Hyde, Antwerp, 1st January 1655.

³ *Idem*, vol. ii. p. 434. Ormonde to Hyde.

and on a fortnight's stay" at Antwerp.¹ Ormonde had not another George to pawn; and, when the Duke recovered, they were perforce obliged to remain at Antwerp, for want of funds to carry them further.

To trouble about health and money, trouble of a different kind was now further added. Ormonde was informed that, if he persisted in accompanying his princely ward across the Dutch frontier, he ran serious danger of arrest. This last alarm seems to have thoroughly exasperated the long-suffering man. He vowed that dangerous or not, he would not relinquish his plans, "for a good prison, if he compass it honestly, is no ill preferment to him."² The Marquis, however, had counted without Hyde. That excellent man had no intention of letting his friend throw away his liberty, and perhaps his life, from sheer petulance. In his anxiety, he wrote to the Princess Royal on the subject, begging her to prevent him from committing any imprudence, and slyly remarking that she might remind Ormonde "that those who put him in prison are not bound to keep him there."³ Ormonde was never inaccessible either to reason or to humour, and his next letter must have brought appeasement to his distressed friend.

"I account myself very happy," he wrote,⁴ "in the care the King and most of my fellow servants have exprest of my liberty; I pray God I may live to make it as useful to them as I heartily wish. There remains so little to us besides fredom and a good conscience, that I shall take the best care I can to preserve the one, and to attaine to the last degree I am capable of for the latter. I easily believe that there are those in Holland so assiduous searchers of occations to obleige Cromwell that, as inconsiderable a thing as my life and liberty is, they will be content to make a present to him of either,

¹ Cal. Clarendon Papers, vol. iii. p. 4. Hyde to Ormonde, Antwerp, 5th January 1654-5.

² *Idem.* Ormonde to Hyde, Antwerp, 7th January 1655.

³ *Idem.*, p. 5. Hyde to Princess Royal, Cologne, 8th January 1655.

⁴ Eg. MSS., 2535, f. 15. Ormonde to Nicholas, Antwerp, 12th January 1654.

but, if it shall please God to let me fall into any such way, I hope it will be upon some more important occasion, than the satisfying a curiosity or the making a useless visit. The Duke of Gloucester," Ormonde continues, "will not yet remove hence this 8 days, partly that he may have a confirmed health before he ventures upon such sharp weather, and partly for want of money, with which he cannot hope to be sooner furnished. I confess I cannot be weary of waiting upon him, he is so obliging and hopeful a prince, nor any way recompensed for being deprived of that happiness, but by attending on my own pleasure and recovering the company I left at Cologne, in which you have a very leading place in the affection of Your Most faithful and humble servant,

"ORMONDE."¹

One of the reasons, probably, that made Hyde so desirous of reunion with Ormonde was the fact that schemes for a general rising in England were even then being eagerly discussed at Cologne. Ormonde's advice was characteristic. He was ready, as he put it, "to try for a hanging, whenever the King pleased."² Knowing, however, that a policy of vacillation was fraught with real cruelty to the King's adherents, he implored Charles either definitely to command, or to forbid the attempt.³ At that juncture, the responsible royalist organisation, the "Sealed Knot," was adverse to a rising;⁴ though, naturally, it was the advocates of more spirited courses who found favour with a youthful monarch, mortally weary of the dull stagnation of his existence. Finally, a middle course was adopted. First O'Neill, and then Rochester were despatched across the channel to mediate between the jarring factions. These delays were unfortunate. Cromwell obtained intelligence of the conspiracy, and by arrests and precautionary measures prevented any considerable outbreak. The mere rumour of the advance of his troops sufficed to disperse royalist gatherings in Yorkshire and at

¹ (The spelling and punctuation of this letter is corrected.)

² Cal. Clarendon Papers, vol. iii. p. 12. Ormonde to Hyde, Antwerp, 5th February 1655.

³ Gardiner, vol. iii. p. 277.

⁴ Cal. Clarendon Papers, vol. iii. p. 13. Ormonde to Hyde, 12th February 1655.

Newcastle. In Wiltshire, it is true, Penruddock achieved a momentary success, but it proved a costly triumph, since it merely resulted in the death of various gentlemen, and an aggravation of the royalists' condition throughout the country.

Meanwhile, Charles went into hiding at Middleburgh, waiting for the call to England that never came. He was escorted there by Ormonde, who eventually returned to Cologne for that express purpose. To baffle pursuit, the pair stole away from the electoral city in the early morning, attended by a single groom to tend their horses. At the worthy Dutchman's — "Baronet Kinninson," as the Englishmen called him — who had undertaken to shelter Charles in Zealand, the same secrecy was observed.¹ It must have been a dismal time to the two men. Bad news kept flocking in upon them; while Ormonde had all the anxieties of a terribly responsible position. It was essential that the King's whereabouts should be shrouded in mystery. But coped up in this semi-captivity, Charles was evidently bored to death. Indeed, much as the Marquis desired to avoid recognition, he was grateful when an English couple of good family, with a young daughter, turned up at Kinninson's house. Ormonde told Hyde that he could not avoid the necessity of trusting them, and at any rate the daughter, "though little more than a girl, makes Mr Jackson's (the King's) confinement more supportable."² Ormonde had probably no cause for alarm from the untimely visitors. Charles Stuart never ran much risk of betrayal from the fair sex. His walks at dusk exposed him to far greater risks. On one of these strolls he came face to face with a certain Herbert Price, who, at the spy, Henry Manning's, instigation, had been seeking to discover the royal hiding-place. Luckily, Price was no traitor, only a tiresome busybody, bent on having a part in any enterprise that might be going. He obeyed Charles's positive commands to keep

¹ Clarendon, "History of the Rebellion," vol. v. p. 372.

² Cal. Clarendon Papers, vol. iii. p. 26. Ormonde—under signature of I. Pickering—to Hyde, 30th March 1655.

silence on the meeting and withdrew from Zealand without bringing Manning into contact with Charles.¹ Neither Ormonde nor the King had any idea how narrowly they had skirted very real danger, for Manning's true character was yet unknown. Had they realised the position, Ormonde's satisfaction, when he brought his master back in safety to Cologne, would have been even more heartfelt.

¹ Clarendon, "History of the Rebellion," vol. v. p. 387.

CHAPTER XV

EXILE : THE ENGLISH ADVENTURE

HYDE was not fated long to enjoy the society of his friend, for in June Ormonde set forth, once more, on his travels. On this occasion, he went to visit the Duke of Neuburgh. Few German princes had shown greater sympathy for the banished King than Philip William, Duke of Neuburgh. Not only had he sumptuously entertained Charles at Düsseldorf, but both at Vienna and the Vatican he had used his influence to the utmost on the King's behalf. The fear of giving umbrage to the Protector had hitherto prevented the Court of Spain from according any encouragement to Charles, but if Oliver cast in his lot with the rival power of France, it was probable that the Spanish Government would no longer ignore a prince, who, exile though he was, could nevertheless lend valuable assistance. When Ormonde visited the Duke of Neuburgh the Anglo-French Treaty was not concluded, and the destination of Penn's fleet was still uncertain. The Marquis knew, however, that the English Armada was bound for the West Indies. He anticipated that an attack on Spanish dominions must drive the King of Spain into open hostilities with Cromwell; and he therefore urged Neuburgh to explain to that monarch the advantages to be derived from Charles's friendship. It would be easy for the King of England, he assured the Duke, to stir up disaffection amongst the English crews; and Charles could also divert ten thousand loyal subjects from the French to the Spanish ranks. The Duke of Neuburgh responded warmly to Ormonde's appeal. But

negotiations with Madrid were notoriously dilatory; and, until the alliance between Cromwell and Mazarin was an acknowledged fact, it would have been unwise to make any definite proposition to Philip IV.¹ The Most Catholic King and the Protestant Protector might very well have made up their quarrels at Charles Stuart's expense. For the moment, therefore, Ormonde and Neuburgh reluctantly contented themselves with setting affairs in train, and mapping out their future course of action.

After his return from this mission, Ormonde was almost immediately despatched to Holland to escort the Princess Royal back to Cologne. One day, during this expedition, the weather being very hot, he bethought himself that it would be pleasant to have a swim in the Rhine. Having deposited his clothes in a boat, with his servant, he accordingly plunged into the stream. For some reason, however, the man forsook his charge, and while he was absent two peasants entered the craft and rowed off with Ormonde's garments to the opposite bank. Undismayed, the Marquis swam over in their wake and recovered his possessions, but it then became necessary to navigate himself back again; and so strong was the current he had just breasted, that he was carried far down the stream, "was put to his shifts and got to the shore with difficulty."² Nowadays we are apt to look on a man of forty-six as in the full prime of life. In the seventeenth century it was far otherwise. Ormonde's feat was therefore esteemed no mean proof of that "clever strength" he still retained, unimpaired by all the hardships he had undergone, the most precious heritage transmitted to him by generations of marcher lords.

Neither the King nor Princess Mary was content to spend the summer within the walls of Cologne. In the month of September, attended by Ormonde, they visited the Fair of Frankfurt, then one of the great annual festivities of Christendom, pausing on their way at the little Courts of Coblenz and Mainz. At the two latter places, the princely hosts generously defrayed "all scores,"

¹ Carte, vol. iii. p. 651.

² *Idem*, p. 646.

but at Frankfurt there was no one to assume the office of paymaster, and a gift of venison, "half baked, and half stinking," sent by Prince Rupert, cannot have gone far to solve the problem of housekeeping. This was the more unlucky, since although amusement was the ostensible cause of the pilgrimage, Ormonde suspected that it had in truth been prompted by "want of money."¹ He sought consolation in the report that the necessity of a loan would force the Protector to summon a Parliament. "I am confident," wrote Ormonde, "it was that sent us to Frankfurt faire, and why it may not send him to a wors place, I know not."² Such contingencies were, however, remote, and meanwhile Frankfurt cannot have been an economical residence. The purchase of Morley's "Monasticon," which Ormonde proudly reports to Hyde was probably the most modest item of the travellers' budget, though it was duplicated for the King's especial benefit. Ormonde told Hyde that he had persuaded Charles "to buy another to lie by him, which may give him thoughts of restoring what is necessary when he can do it, and such thoughts may be no ill way of coming to the means,"³ a remark which, at that juncture, when the air was thick with Vatican negotiations, would be startling were it not addressed by one stout Protestant to another.

But if Charles suffered the "Monasticon" to lie by him, it is to be feared that at this moment he was absorbed in more frivolous occupations. Before the royal party had been twenty-four hours at Frankfurt, Ormonde reported that they had already seen the Jews Synagogue, the Fair and a play, and "to-morrow," he added, "we shall be at a Lutheran Service. Monsters here are none that I can hear of, nor puppet plays, and what else can be worth our stay?"⁴ To the poor Marquis, the breathless hunt after novelties, entailed by waiting on youthful princes, seemed more

¹ Cal. Clarendon Papers, vol. iii. p. 59. Ormonde to Hyde, Frankfurt, 29th September 1655.

² Nicholas Papers, vol. iii. p. 61. Ormonde to Nicholas, Frankfurt, 25th September 1655.

³ Cal. Clarendon Papers, vol. iii. p. 59. Ormonde to Hyde, 25th September 1655.

⁴ Nicholas Papers, vol. iii. p. 61, 25th September 1655.

exhausting than any athletic feats. It may be, too, that the melancholy spectacles he had witnessed on the journey had unfitted him for a round of gaiety and frolic. "The dismal effects of war," visible throughout the rich Rhineland were such, he confessed to Hyde, "as make him pray God to find them some other means of getting home in His good time."¹ Indeed, it was only when restoration to the peaceful monotony of Cologne seemed imminent, after ten days of perpetual dissipation, that Ormonde recovered something of his native cheerfulness. And in ordering the supper that was to celebrate their return, he tells the Chancellor, "If Cromwell bee not dead, see there bee a good peece of beefe; if he bee, chickens may serve."²

The year 1655, which had been inaugurated by Ormonde in anxious watchings at Prince Harry's bedside, was destined to close in no pleasant guise. After the collapse of the English risings, even if the fact had not been carefully brought to his notice from England, Charles could no longer doubt that a grave leakage of State secrets was taking place at Cologne. Naturally, the Cavaliers were indignant, hinting that they would hesitate, henceforward, to jeopardise their lives for a Sovereign owning such indiscreet confidants. Charles's usual gay indifference was not proof against these charges. He returned from Middleburgh in an "agony" of suspicion, tortured by the dread that the traitor might prove to be a member of his intimate circle. It must therefore have been an untold relief when the mysterious miscreant disclosed himself as that very unimportant person, Henry Manning. Yet it was months before the suspense was ended, and his guilt was brought home to the culprit.

This "proper young gentleman," as Clarendon calls him, had been received with open arms by the Cavaliers of Cologne. Perhaps, it could scarcely have been otherwise, since he came of a family of unimpeachable loyalty, for his father had fallen fighting for the King at Alresford

¹ Cal. Clarendon Papers, vol. iii. p. 59. Ormonde to Hyde, Frankfurt, 25th September 1655.

² *Ibidem*, p. 60. Ormonde to Hyde, 29th September 1655.

—where Henry Manning, himself, had been grievously wounded. It must also be admitted that Manning was an adept in the art of ingratiating himself with the companions of the moment. He eagerly discharged the tavern scores of the needy “good fellows,” who swarmed in the precincts of the little Court. Hyde nourished hopes of the conversion of a Romanist, who so sedulously attended the Anglican offices. And the King, himself, had a smile and nod for the young gallant, who regularly after dinner or supper brought him the “London Diurnal.” Manning’s gross imprudence was the sole cause of his ruin. He lied on too magnificent a scale, forgetting that the Chancellor must possess the means to sift his statements. Very foolishly, he gave himself out as Lord Pembroke’s agent. Yet Hyde learnt that he had been turned out of the earl’s service for dishonesty.¹ This discovery aroused suspicions; and, on further enquiry, it appeared that, for a gay worldling of no known occupation, Manning’s correspondence was singularly bulky and systematic. His letters were intercepted and “administered matter of great amazement.” They were not the latest gossip of the town, but the bulletin of an accredited spy to the Commonwealth. It is true that the intelligence which Manning furnished was sometimes fictitious. The plots described, the plotters denounced, were frequently the offspring of his own brain. He was deceiving both Cromwell and Charles. Since, however, he wove his romance around well-known partisans of the banished Sovereign, his ingenious fancy might have proved deadly to many a quiet gentleman. It was futile to hope—as apparently he did—that this double treason would buy his pardon from Charles.

On the 5th of December, Henry Manning was arrested at his lodgings, his cyphers were seized, and he himself brought before a tribunal composed of Ormonde, Lord Culpepper, and Nicholas.² Amongst other statements, he had informed his correspondent that the “roast was

¹ Clarendon, “History of the Rebellion,” vol. v. p. 388.

² Nicholas Papers, vol. iii. p. 178. Manning’s Examination, *idem*, p. 181.

ruled" at Cologne by his two first judges and Hyde, while he specifically accused all three of endeavouring to compass the Protector's murder. On cross examination, however, he confessed that he knew nothing concerning any of the particulars he had mentioned; nor had he had information or discourse on the subject with any one, but had "wholly invented and conveyed" the charges, "as seeming most of them, if real, of great concernment."

Manning's crime was one which Lord Ormonde, in spite of his natural leniency, could not condone. The culprit's greed for gold might have brought many a worthy cavalier to the scaffold. Despite his protestations, it was by no means certain, indeed, that in the past he had not contributed to the ruin of various unhappy royalists. His sentence was a foregone conclusion. The sole perplexity of his judges regarded the feasibility of its execution. The Elector of Cologne objected to Charles's exercising his rights of justiciary within his dominions. The Duke of Neuburgh was more accommodating. One December morning, Manning was led by Sir James Hamilton—Ormonde's brother-in-law—and Nick Armourer across the border of the Duchy of Juliers, into a wood, and there pistolled.

Manning has not been single in accusing James Butler of plotting the Protector's death. Nor, unfortunately, can Mr Gardiner's utterances on the subject be as peremptorily dismissed as the wretched spy's "invented, conveyed," and recanted statements.¹ The years 1655-7 were prolific in royalist conspiracies, in which Oliver's assassination was the prelude to a foreign invasion and a Cavalier rising. Father Peter Talbot, Sexby, Wildman, and Captain Titus were the chief authors or promoters of these designs. Since all important plans were submitted to Ormonde he could not be ignorant of the schemes a-foot, but it is to be noted that he never seems to have reposed much faith in Father Talbot. In fact, on one occasion, he forwarded a letter to Hyde which the King had received from the Father with the remark that "it is an extraordinary piece

¹ Gardiner, vol. iv. p. 226.

and is the prologue to some mystery, against which the King's greatest security will be to keep himself from meddling with it."¹ One would fain hope that the "extraordinary piece" referred to a murder plot, but it is only right to add that if a letter of a later date from the Marquis to Talbot be rightly interpreted, it openly discusses the terms Charles was ready to offer to be quit of his arch-enemy. Talbot, says Ormonde,

"may confidently assure Wildman that the money shall be deposited in such a manner that the reward may be sure when the work is done, but the King will not send it beforehand to London, nor consent that it be distributed under pretence of gaining persons to effect the business, unless satisfied in himself, or by some trusted person, that distribution is rational. No one can doubt the King's willingness to make the bargain; nor can it be suspected that he will leave any real attempt unrewarded."²

It must, of course, be remembered that the Cavaliers, doubtless wrongfully, were persuaded that Charles's life was the object of sinister intrigues on Cromwell's part. It may also be pleaded that the attempts against the Protector were generally timed for occasions when, being surrounded by his guards, the projected ambushade rather resembled a skirmish. Nevertheless, it is impossible to pretend that there was not an intrinsic difference between such surprises and a fair fight. Nor is it a valid excuse that, in all ages, many noble spirits have allowed themselves a curious latitude on the subject of tyrannicide. With the men of the seventeenth century, nurtured on Biblical and classical traditions, this was particularly the case. Oliver stood to the Cavaliers for the typical tyrant, the destroyer of King, Church, and Constitution. By his own deliberate act, the usurper had put himself outside the law of God and man. We must deplore, but we cannot wholly wonder at their attitude. The determination to use any means to sweep away the single being

¹ Cal. Clarendon Papers, vol. iii. p. 149. Ormonde to Hyde, Bruges, 26th July 1656.

² *Idem*, p. 388. Ormonde to Father Talbot, 30th November 1657.

who alone bars the way to just Government is an aberration of the moral sense that dies hard. It flourishes under conditions, in which its existence is more inexplicable than those to which the royalist conspiracies owed their origin. The "strange engines to cut off Oliver Cromwell," could, at least, be trained solely on the Lord Protector.¹ They would not, like the "machine infernale" of the Place de l'Opéra, or the bomb of the Anarchist, have scattered death and mutilation amongst a harmless crowd.

Yet, when all is said, it is but poor comfort that Ormonde probably suffered his fine sense of honour and uprightness to be warped by his abhorrence of Cromwell. That, in common with all his party, he regarded Oliver as having subscribed his own doom by the murder of the Lord's Anointed, does not prevent regret that Ormonde should have condoned illegitimate methods. He cannot, it is true, be charged with having sinned either against the ideals of his contemporaries or of those to whom the higher ethics of a gentler age should have taught another creed. But it must remain grievous that we cannot absolve James Butler from the imputation of having fallen below his own standard of righteousness.

From the consideration of such dark measures, it is a relief to turn to the lawful diplomacy, in which Ormonde's energies were henceforward to be largely expended. During the closing months of 1655, Oliver's foreign policy wrought considerable alterations in Charles's position. As Neuburgh and Ormonde had anticipated, the Protector's breach with Spain and his subsequent alliance with France created a revulsion of feeling on Charles's behalf at Madrid. In the spring of 1656, the King, attended by Ormonde, went incognito to Brussels to negotiate the terms of his co-operation with the ministers of the Most Catholic King. The authorities at Brussels, the Viceroy, and Fuensaldaña, the Commander-in-Chief, were, at first, indisposed to welcome Charles's proposals. They were largely influenced by Don Alonso de Cardenas, formerly

¹ Cal. Clarendon Papers, vol. iii. p. 203. Peter Talbot to King, Brussels, 22nd November 1656.

Ambassador to the Commonwealth, whose long residence in England had embued him with no very exalted opinion of the Cavalier party and its resources. Finally, however, as it was evident that Charles's presence in the Netherlands must attract thither many of his countrymen, then serving in the French army, it was agreed that he should take up his quarters quietly at Bruges.

Pending the settlement of a formal agreement between the two sovereigns, the Spaniards undertook that if a favourable opportunity presented itself, and he could secure a port for disembarkation, they would lend Charles six thousand men for a descent on England. On his part, the King engaged immediately to bring over the bulk of the Irish and Scots in the French forces to Philip IV.; and he further pledged himself, should he succeed in regaining his crown, to restore Cromwell's conquests in the West Indies, and to prevent any fresh emigration of his subjects to those parts.¹ With regard to religious matters, he swore to execute Ormonde's treaty of 1646, and to suspend, and, if possible, to repeal the Penal Laws against Roman Catholics throughout the realm. On both sides, the engagements were conditional, but the Spaniards had certainly not the worst of the bargain.

Such as they were, however, the Spanish Concessions renewed the young King's hopes. He declared that he had already got more than he anticipated when he left Cologne; adding that two months ago, the assurance of these problematical benefits "would have made Hyde caper in spite of the gout."² In fact, Charles was so enamoured of his new patrons that he was determined to lose no time in acquiring their tongue; and Ormonde received orders instantly to buy him a Spanish New Testament. The King "trusted" he said, "that they would have need of that language."

If Charles and Ormonde were desirous to learn the

¹ Gardiner, vol. iv. p. 234.

² Cal. Clarendon Papers, vol. iii. p. 112. King to Hyde, Brussels, 17th April 1659.

language of their hosts, it is safe to say that at this crisis Ormonde was even more concerned with their finances than their grammar. He gratefully acknowledged that the civility of the Brussels statesmen could not have been greater had he met them on equal terms.¹ Yet he was profoundly uneasy at the monetary prospects. The short journey to Bruges was put in doubt for want of funds. If none were forthcoming, Ormonde foresaw that he and the King must stay at Brussels "in no convenient posture for a supply, but from whence it should come is left to Providence."² As for the unhappy royal household left behind in the Rhineland, it was clear that with the exception of Nicholas and the Chancellor, they "would have to lie in pawn at Cologne till the King was able to redeem" them.³ When Providence proved kinder than Ormonde had anticipated, and the move to Bruges was accomplished, fresh trouble arose—this time regarding a house for the King. But on this occasion, Lord Taragh, General Preston's son, proved a friend in need. He had inherited a mansion in the old city from his Flemish mother, and there "with trouble to the Lord, and no great conveniency to the King"⁴ Charles Stuart found a shelter. The Marquis was lodged half a mile off, loudly lamenting the cost of stabling the horses at an inn.

With the arrival of Don John of Austria to take over the Government of Flanders, matters slightly improved. Thanks mainly to his attitude, the treaty between the sovereigns was signed. Charles was promised a monthly allowance of 2,000 crowns, and a large house was hired and furnished for him at Bruges. Thither, in due course of time, the household removed from Cologne,⁵ preceded by those goods and chattels anxiously solicited by Ormonde, the hangings to cover the bare walls of Prince

¹ Nicholas Papers, vol. iii. p. 271. Ormonde to Nicholas, 27th March 1656.

² *Idem*, p. 274. Ormonde to Nicholas, 14th April 1656.

³ *Idem*, p. 272. Ormonde to Nicholas, 20th April 1656.

⁴ *Idem*, p. 276. Ormonde to Nicholas, Bruges, 26th April 1656.

⁵ *Idem*, p. 278. Ormonde to Nicholas, Bruges, 7th May 1656.

Harry's apartment,¹ and the Marquis's own cherished "trunks" of books and papers.

Upon the conclusion of the treaty, Ormonde became absorbed in the transfer of the Irish and Scottish troops from the French to the Spanish ranks. On joining the former, the Irish commanders had covenanted that their own King should retain a lien on their services. At any period at which it pleased him to recall them, they were to have the right to leave, and, receiving a month's pay, to be conducted over the frontiers.² In the early autumn, Valenciennes capitulated to the Spaniards. Among its defenders were Cormac Macarthy, Ormonde's nephew, and Sir James Darcy, another prominent Irishman. The Marquis instantly communicated to the two Commanders, the King's wishes, in which they fully acquiesced. They merely stipulated that they should personally resign their commissions to the Cardinal, and, with this object, they at once set off for Paris. Since the articles guaranteed their liberty of action, they anticipated little trouble, but they had no sooner made application for passports than they discovered their delusion. The Cardinal reluctantly gave Macarthy permission to go, but he utterly declined to part with the rank and file. His refusal profited him nothing. To a man, the Irish followed their leaders over the border, where they were formed into a corps, bearing the name of the Duke of York's regiment.

Undoubtedly, Macarthy was within his rights, but, naturally enough, Mazarin was incensed at the whole proceeding, and to prevent wholesale desertions set himself, wherever Irishmen were quartered, to denounce Charles Stuart's ingratitude and Ormonde's "infidelity and presumption." In this sense, he addressed a letter for publication to the Bishop of Dromore, who was acting as Chaplain to the Irish regiments.³ This declaration

¹ Cal. Clarendon Papers, vol. iii. p. 113. Hyde to Ormonde, 18th April 1656.

² Carte, vol. iii. p. 655.

³ Clarendon S. Papers, vol. iii. pp. 306-8, 1656.

had little more effect than is generally the case with angry epistles.¹ Its main result was to elicit a spirited reply to the Bishop from Ormonde, who would not allow the Cardinal's assertion that he had exceeded his authority to pass unchallenged.

"I know," said the Marquis, "what is due to the minister of a great King, and I am sure there is no man that shall upon all occasions treat him with more respect, but I shall then expect to be treated also like a gentleman."

Of the Cardinal's pretensions to Charles II.'s gratitude he made short work. Nor was it certainly a happy moment to parade such claims when, as Ormonde pointed out, in obedience to the demands of the "murderers of a just and lawful king," Mazarin had just driven that prince and a large portion of his family—grandchildren of Henri IV. though they were—out of France.

This pungent epistle, which Hyde said "was certainly Ormonde's own, and flowed naturally as all his letters do," seems to have earned considerable praise for the writer.² But the chief gratification to that most practical of idealists, lay probably in the fact that the Cardinal's "circumstances of calumny" were impotent to influence his fellow countrymen. As the weeks went by, so great a number of the latter poured into Flanders that they became almost an embarrassment to their penniless Monarch and his impecunious hosts. In a moment of irritation, indeed, Ormonde told Hyde that if he enlisted all the candidates who presented themselves, both he and the King would be reduced to pawning their shirts.³ Of all the recruits, perhaps, the one who came the most reluctantly was the Duke of York. He had been serving, much to his own and the Marshal's satisfaction, with Turenne and would gladly have remained under that great man's orders. Mazarin, who felt that it might be

¹ Cal. Clarendon Papers, vol. iii. p. 306. Cardinal Mazarin to Bishop of Drogheda, 3rd September 1656.

² *Idem*, p. 198. Hyde to Lord Percy, Bruges, 10th November 1656.

³ *Idem*, p. 179. Ormonde to Hyde, Bruges, 4th October 1656.

useful to set up the heir presumptive in opposition to the King, did his utmost to help James to his wishes, but Charles was peremptory, and the Duke was forced to obey his elder brother. James's disinclination to make the sacrifice, so cheerfully volunteered by the humblest Irish soldier, cannot have pleased Ormonde. When, however, James did rejoin the King, he made a favourable impression on Ormonde, who declared that the Duke "was as little troublesome as any Prince can be," a judgment on James II. which history has scarcely ratified.¹

When the negotiations between Charles and the Court of Spain were first inaugurated, Cardenas had asked Father Talbot how many dishes the King was accustomed to have on his table. Talbot answering "three or four," the Don had magniloquently promised eight.² Cardenas's successors were equally prodigal of pledges, but performance ever waited on their promises. At least, if the French pension was small, it had been regularly paid, so that Hyde was enabled to leave Cologne without owing a halfpenny. After Charles changed his pay-masters, the Chancellor never had a balance in the exchequer. The King had to pawn his George to pay Ormonde's journeys to Brussels, and when the Marquis got there, he spent weary weeks vainly striving to obtain his men's wage and equipment. By Christmas he had enrolled nine hundred stout troopers in his own regiment, but their keep was less easily forthcoming. And the Marquis himself was unable to contribute anything save good advice towards their needs, although, judging from an anecdote that has survived, his advice was not valueless. Some of the King's humbler servants were indebted to charity alone for their daily bread. It appears that amongst these same poor gentlemen was a certain Scottish knight of the name of Maxwell, who would have starved outright but for a benevolent Brussels burgher, who took him into his own house. Unfortunately, this

¹ Cal. Clarendon Papers, vol. iii. p. 308. Ormonde to Hyde, Brussels, 21st June 1657.

² *Idem*, p. 98. Father Talbot to Ormonde, Antwerp, 3rd March 1656.

"seasonable hospitality and kindness could not in all occasions keep down the Scotch gentleman's passions, he quarrelled with his honest landlord and swore he would never eat with him more. He kept his word for a whole day, fasting all that time; but it not agreeing over well with his constitution he consulted his friend the Marquis of Ormonde what he should do. 'Really,' said the Marquis, with great gravity, 'all the advice I can give in your case is to go to your lodgings, first eat your words, and then your supper.'"¹

In this uneasy condition the exiles remained throughout the summer of 1657, receiving at intervals the assurance of large subsidies, which almost invariably resolved themselves into doles of extreme exiguity. At one moment, Hyde sorrowfully predicted that in a day or two "*the silver pot must to pawn.*"² On another occasion, if Hyde, Ormonde, and Nicholas had not contrived to raise a small loan, the King himself would have been literally penniless. It was currently reported that Ormonde was on the verge of starvation, and certainly he was forced to live from hand to mouth. In fact, the sole extravagance that—incited, probably, by his love of reading—he seems to have permitted himself at this juncture was the purchase of a pair of spectacles, and such a pair!

"I have sent you," Hyde wrote to him, "a most delicate pair of spectacles, for which you owe Ogniate six gulden, which I was so taken with that I once thought of keeping them myself and telling nobody of it, if my wife had not wrangled fearfully, not for the theft but for the deformity, and the Secretary had not assured me that they are too heavy for the strongest nose."³

The cheerfulness of this letter is no exception in the correspondence of these wonderful exiles. On another occasion, Ormonde writes to Hyde:

¹ Carte, vol. iii. p. 657.

² Cal. Clarendon Papers, vol. iii. p. 321. Hyde to Ormonde, Bruges, 9th July 1657.

³ *Idem*, p. 352. Hyde to Ormonde, Bruges, 18th July 1657.

"If I did not know that you love letters better than venison, or than I my ease, I could not be persuaded as I am by Dick Beling to write at this time of the night, with a pen that would make you swear at every period. I found here a congregation of letters directed to me, I doubt not by your giving out you were to remove; to be in some degree revenged, read my Lord of Bristol's to you, and if you can sleep with that ingredient added to your medicine and the gout and the gravel, you will not need to be prescribed to hear sermons."¹

There were moments, however, when, despite Ormonde's ineradicable gaiety, the King's failings, even more than the hardships he was called upon to endure, made him write in a far different strain. One of these letters in particular is worth quoting, since it shows that although loyalty made Ormonde cloak his master's faults, he was too keen sighted to be blind to their existence.

"I must now freely confess to you that what you have written of the King's unseasonable impatience at his stay at Bruges is a greater damp to my hopes of his recovery than the strength of his enemies or the weakness and backwardness of those that profess him friendship. Modesty, courage, and many accidents may overcome those enemies and unite and fix those friends; but I fear his immoderate delight in empty and effeminate and vulgar conversations is become an irresistible part of his nature, and will never suffer him to animate his own designs, and others' actions with that spirit which is requisite for his quality, and much more to his fortune."²

At this time, Lord Bristol, whose doings afforded greater entertainment to Ormonde than to the more irascible Chancellor bulked largely in affairs. Driven from France, rather in consequence of a grudge of Mazarin's than owing to Cromwell's mandate, that singular personage had newly arrived in Flanders, and on the 1st of January 1657 was reappointed Secretary of State. His reception by Don John and the Spanish ministers was not over cordial,

¹ Cal. Clarendon Papers, vol. iii. p. 364. Ormonde to Hyde, Brussels, 22nd September 1657.

² Clarendon S. Papers, vol. iii. p. 387. Ormonde to Hyde, 27th January 1657-8.

for, during his French campaigns, Bristol had written his name in fire and blood on the face of the fertile Low Country.¹ It was there, however, that he had determined to carve out a career, and, quite unabashed, he proceeded to lay regular siege to Don John's affections. A brilliant talker, cultivated and well-read, Bristol's admirable Spanish served him less well than his knowledge of astrology. Before a week had passed, Don John condescended to ask the Englishman to draw his horoscope, and, from that day, Bristol's position was assured.

In a short time, the Earl was the chief intermediary between his Sovereign and the Spanish authorities, and at any rate Hyde could not complain that Bristol treated his office as a sinecure. Project succeeded project with bewildering rapidity, contributing almost equally to the royal postal expenses and the exasperation of the Chancellor. Bristol fully realised the effect he had on Hyde's nerves, and seems, indeed, to have found a malicious satisfaction in baiting the great man. In one letter he openly prays that God may give the Chancellor "a better temper."² In another, "God make you," he writes, "less troublesome to your friends." Ormonde remained on more peaceful terms with the Secretary of State, though he confessed that he "grew choleric" over some of Bristol's manifestly impracticable schemes.³ Nevertheless, both Hyde and Ormonde recognised that Lord Bristol's undoubted cleverness, and his knowledge of their hosts gave weight as well as a somewhat fearful interest to his counsels.

It was largely through Bristol's mediation that Charles hoped to obtain permission to take an active part in the campaign, but his entreaties and Bristol's eloquence long fell on deaf ears. Don John had no money to spare for the King of England's military outfit. Finally, however, a chance visit to the Commander-in-Chief at Dunkirk enabled the young King to gratify his desire. The

¹ Clarendon, "History of the Rebellion," vol. vi. p. 49.

² Cal. Clarendon Papers, vol. iii. Bristol to Hyde, 26th November 1656.

³ *Ibid.*, p. 204. Bristol to Hyde, 24th November 1656.

neighbouring fort of Mardyke had been recently captured by the combined forces of France and England, who, unlike their dilatory antagonists, lost no time in improving its defences. Don John, generally the most sleepy of mortals, caught fire, and swore he would demolish their labours in the course of a single night. Accordingly, he marched thither, accompanied by Charles and Ormonde.¹ The infantry headed the advance, while the cavalry, the Commander-in-Chief, and the royal party remained watching the proceedings from the rear, but Charles soon wearied of this safe position and rode forward with Ormonde to see the fighting at closer quarters. Here they could not complain of an inglorious security, for they were severely handled by the gunners, the Marquis's horse being killed under him. Nevertheless the victory was theirs. Don John stormed the works; and then retired to Dunkirk in such high good humour that he insisted on repairing Ormonde's loss by presenting him with a noble Spanish horse.

Don John's gift must have been doubly welcome, since, at this juncture, Ormonde's financial embarrassments were not lightened by the arrival of his two eldest sons on the Continent.

"I am glad," wrote the Marquis to Nicholas, "that they are on this side of the sea, though they tell me that as soon as the stock their mother gave them is spent, they must expect their further supply from me, which it will be hard for me to provide, especially at the distance they must live from me. If we could be together," he adds, "I might perhaps run on the score for them as I have done for myselfe for all I have eate, drunke, and worne since I came hither."²

Eventually, Lord Ossory established himself in Holland, while Lord Richard seems to have pursued his studies in Paris, but as it was essential that they should avoid the English Court, Ormonde was unable to put his somewhat crude economic system into practice.

¹ Carte, vol. iii. p. 658.

² Eg. MSS., 2533 f. 147. Ormonde to Nicholas 24th September 1657.

Thus beset with sordid cares, and wearied with fruitless negotiations, it was inevitable that the Marquis should long to put his fortune to the touch. It had not needed the Mardyke incident to convince him that danger for danger, he would rather risk his life for his Sovereign than for any foreign prince. Much against Hyde's wishes, he therefore volunteered to go to England, where the royalists were protesting their eagerness for action. It was necessary that some person in authority should direct their movements, and Ormonde's insistence finally overcame Charles's reluctance to expose him to danger. The King and the Chancellor, with Bristol and the Duke of York, were alone to share the secret of the Marquis's destination. It was announced that Ormonde and Sir Richard Belling were bound for the Duke of Neuburgh's dominions, in search of new recruits. And after taking a public farewell of the King, the two men did actually travel together as far as Cleves, but there they separated. Belling continued to follow the advertised route. Ormonde, meanwhile, with a trusty servant named Maurice, slipped quietly away to Holland, where Dan O'Neill was awaiting him, chartered a ship at Scheveningen and set sail for England.

It was in the first days of January 1658 that Ormonde set foot once more on English soil. Westmarch, a small hamlet some seven miles from Colchester, was the port at which the travellers disembarked. Here they spent the night, and here, at the very outset, the enterprise was nearly wrecked by the too zealous Maurice. Simple as were Ormonde's belongings, yet his "conveniences for the night" scarcely tallied with the humble character he had assumed. Maurice, however, true to the routine of a well-drilled servant, instantly unpacked and spread them out in the bed-chamber, with the result that Ormonde was well-nigh arrested then and there as a suspicious person.¹

The weather was bitterly cold, and in any other circumstances it would have been something of a hardship when, on investigation, the inn proved unable to

¹ Carte, vol. iii. p. 665.

provide a bed "fit to lie in." After the late alarm this was, however, a minor affliction to Ormonde, and instead of attempting to get any sleep, he spent the night in playing shuffleboard and drinking warm ale with four Suffolk maltsters. It appears that he had a good hand at the game; and thus he won through the long hours of darkness, till the dawn enabled him to pursue his journey to Colchester. At the latter place he got rid of Maurice, sending him back to Bruges with letters, and at Chelmsford he likewise parted from O'Neill. Ormonde was now quite alone, and probably felt the more secure. He put a nightcap on his head, a green case over his hat, fixed his portmanteau behind his saddle, and in this strange attire jogged quietly on to London.

During his stay in the capital, Ormonde had been recommended to the care of Sir Philip Honeywood, "honest Honeywood" as Clarendon calls him, and it was probably by the knight's advice that the Marquis first established himself at a Romanist chirurgeon's in Drury Lane. Despite his faith, the latter's skill had brought him a large practice, and he was generally respected; but Ormonde soon began to doubt the wisdom of having taken up his quarters in the worthy man's house. One day, over a pint of sack, he asked his landlord if he had a "priest's hole" in the house. The man answered "no"—giving as a reason that such a precaution would be useless as his house and those in the neighbouring streets were repeatedly searched. Ormonde did not wait for further information. He instantly paid his score and removed to a French tailor's in the Black Friars. He was happily inspired, for that very night Cromwell's agents thoroughly overhauled his late lodgings.

The want of judgment which characterised the Royalists' arrangements for Ormonde's safety were reflected, he soon discovered, in more vital matters. By Ormonde's own choice, on his arrival in London, he was put into communication with the circles

“of inferior rank, who made the loudest boasts of what they could do, not so much in their own persons, as by great men with whom they had credit, and by friends in their respective counties.”¹

Some eight of these gentlemen were accordingly summoned to the upper chamber of an apothecary's house near the old exchange, to meet the anonymous royal emissary. When brought face to face with Ormonde their tall talk and big professions showed a notable shrinkage. Vainly did Honeywood adjure them to state the utmost they would undertake, on their own behalf and that of their friends. They unanimously replied that they could not risk their lives, unless “a person of credit from His Majesty, as they had so often and so earnestly desired” should present himself to receive their confidences. Until then, Ormonde had preserved a strict incognito. He now immediately revealed his identity. Then ensued a scene that would, in truth, have been pure comedy had it not spelt the overthrow of the Marquis's hopes. The conspirators resembled a frightened pack of magicians, whose invocations have been unexpectedly answered by the devil in person. It was impossible for them to make any objections to the envoy chosen by the Sovereign, but with one consent, these erstwhile bold spirits began to make excuse. “Their discourses were so uncertain, and their hopes so incoherent,” that the Marquis perceived that if he was not more fortunate in other quarters he had no choice but to fly the country.

Such was the net outcome of the London cits' professions. But Ormonde had yet to test the mettle of a certain number of men of rank and position, some of whom were life-long Cavaliers, while others were old Roundheads, who had quarrelled with the present administration. At Colonel Russell's lodgings in Bedford Gardens, and Sir Richard Willis's chambers at Gray's Inn, he discussed the situation with representatives of both classes. The question of a general insurrection formed

¹ Carte, p. 661.

the main topic of these deliberations. It was universally agreed that it must be inaugurated by the seizure of some considerable town. Hull, Gloucester, Bristol, and Windsor were all suggested, merely, on one account or another, to be rejected. A more suspicious mortal than Ormonde might have observed that his host Sir Richard Willis was ever foremost in raising objections to the various schemes, but since none of the company present showed any inclination to translate words into actions, Ormonde did not divine that this seemingly ardent royalist was in the Protector's pay.

As Hull would have made an excellent starting-point for Charles's operations, the Marquis thought of reconnoitring that place in person, but on enquiry he learnt that there was no more reason to expect its surrender than that of any other stronghold. In fact, he was forced to realise that the Cavaliers would not stir unless Charles appeared amongst them at the head of a strong body of troops, a force that the Spaniards would certainly not adventure across the Channel unless they were assured of a good base for operations in England. Ormonde's wishes did not blind him to the folly of attempting an insurrection in such desperate conditions. Rather he employed himself in inculcating prudence on those Cavaliers, who were still enamoured of a spirited policy.

Ormonde had now spent a month in England. He had lingered on, hoping that Colonel Popham of Littlecote might be persuaded to throw in his lot with the royalists; for with so important a recruit Ormonde declared he "would think the work done."¹ When, however, he found that the gentleman, who had undertaken to win over the Presbyterian Colonel, did not even dare to carry an autograph letter from the King, he resolved to waste no more time in England on Popham's account. Not only was the Marquis exposed to well-nigh hourly peril in the capital, but he knew that his presence was a menace to his friends. It is true that he took all reasonable precautions, never undressing at night, and merely lying

¹ Carte MSS. Ormonde to Hyde, 5th February 1658.

down, ready for any emergency. Nor did he fail to note and explore all the approaches to and from his lodgings. Indeed, on one occasion he very nearly made trial of one of the least conventional of these exits. It was a Saturday evening, when about midnight, Ormonde suddenly became aware of hurried trappings on the stairs. At that late hour such strange comings and goings had a sinister sound. The Marquis began to contemplate a hurried flitting out of his garret window across the neighbouring roofs. Happily, however, before he commenced this aerial voyage, he cautiously reconnoitred the disturbers of the household's rest, and discovered them to be no government agents, but harmless workmen. Fearful of the penalties to which they were liable at the hands of Sabbatarian magistrates, they had been hastily removing all traces of their labours in the house before Sunday dawned.

Ormonde's alarms had proved themselves baseless, although the incident had put him out of conceit with the tailor's mansion, and he once more removed—this time to Old Fish Street. Here he had a landlady who in her younger days had been a servant at Court. She was now mainly distinguished for her powers of drinking sack, in which she rivalled her husband.¹ Ormonde had no objection to humouring the couple in this particular, and felt safer under their convivial roof than he had done elsewhere. He went by the name of Colonel Pickering, passing himself off as a discarded officer. Nevertheless, the disguise was thin for a man whose appearance was well known; and he did not put much faith in his periwig, which, moreover, he very much disliked wearing. In fact, he grew so weary of this encumbrance that he applied to Colonel Legge for a dye to make his hair black.² Thus transformed, the "white" Marquis might hope to pass unrecognised by friend or foe, but, unluckily, the compound proved as unsatisfactory as in the notable case of Mr Timothy Titmouse. For, if Ormonde's head did not

¹ Carte, vol. iii. p. 666.

² Carte MSS., vol. lxix. p. 60. Sir R. Southwell's Narrative (repeated in Carte, vol. iii. p. 666).

come out a beautiful green all over, the results were almost equally tragical and certainly more painful. Colonel Legge's recipe contained a too generous infusion of aquafortis, and the Marquis's fair locks not only emerged in a "variety of colours, but his head was scalded and gave him much trouble."

If Ormonde had been as unfortunate in his antagonists as in his methods of concealment, it is probable that he would never again have crossed the Channel. In fact, if we are to believe Lord Broghill's biographer, it was solely to Oliver Cromwell's generosity that he owed his immunity. Thanks to Sir Richard Willis, the Protector became aware of Ormonde's presence in London, but instead of ordering his arrest, he sent for Lord Broghill and informed him that "there was a great friend of his in town"¹—mentioning the very day on which Ormonde had come to London. Much, probably, to Broghill's surprise, the Protector then bade Broghill warn Ormonde that his whereabouts were known, with the natural result that the Marquis took the hint and promptly left the capital.

Apart from his vehement partisanship, it is perhaps not surprising that Carte did not adopt this version of Ormonde's escape. He believed, indeed, that it was through Sir Richard Willis that Oliver became acquainted with Ormonde's arrival in London,² and that Willis was playing a double game; bidding the Marquis avoid certain places, while at the same time he gave Oliver information of Ormonde's quarters, after he had moved to other lodgings. Thus Willis retained his connections and influence with both parties. This is not improbable, though considering the excellence of Thurloe's spies, it is difficult to believe that they would have been baffled by Ormonde's very ineffectual disguises. The truth may be that Cromwell preferred to be spared the disagreeable necessity of sending a man so generally esteemed as Ormonde to the scaffold, and that if he did not dis-

¹ "Memoirs of Roger, Earl of Orrery," vol. i. p. 47.

² Carte, vol. iii. p. 667.

courage, he yet did not quicken the activity of his agents.

In the beginning of March, therefore, after a "dangerous and troublesome passage in regard both of salt and fresh waters,"¹ Ormonde found himself once more in the pleasant land of France. He attributed his having got so far in safety mainly to the wise piloting of a certain Dr Quatermain, who had guided him to a small port in Sussex, whence he had embarked for Dieppe. In return, Ormonde recommended Quatermain for the post of physician to the King. "A sober modest man he is, I am sure," says Ormonde, cautiously adding, "and *they* say able in his profession."

If the Channel was now between Ormonde and the Commonwealth authorities, he was, nevertheless, not out of danger. Under Mazarin's administration, as Ormonde admitted, "Paris was but a degree if at all securer than London" to him; though, he continued, "whilst I can be of use, I regard that no more than I should do." Save that he had exchanged the lodgings of his Old Fish Street toppers for the pious seclusion of the Convent of the Feuillantines in the Faubourg St Jacques, where both Lady Mary Hamilton and Lady Clancarty had apartments, the conditions of his existence were unchanged. Indeed, the privacy of the latter retreat must have been more impenetrable since the hiding-place was never suspected.

Although Ormonde had strongly deprecated an unsupported rising in England, he believed that with adequate assistance from Spain its success would be assured. He rightly described his own report of the English situation as "melancholy," yet if the King landed near Yarmouth, with the forces and provisions promised by the Spaniards, Ormonde believed that he would carry that place before it could be succoured. Cromwell, he calculated, would still be occupied composing the disorders created by his late dissolution of Parliament, and "one victory," said the Marquis, "would gain the King

¹ Carte, "Letters," vol. ii. p. 123. Ormonde to Sir E. Hyde.

reputation enough to gather a force sufficient (I think) to do his own business, and (I am sure) the King of Spain's." But although the Spaniards continued to ply Charles with flattering assurances, when it came to the point, they would devote no force of theirs to so forlorn a hope. For some weeks, Ormonde remained at the Feuillantines, ready at the first word to head a descent on England, though, happily for the country, his master, and Ormonde's own fame, that summons never came. Philip's troopers were not destined to be the instruments of the Stuart restoration.

The whole English episode had been one of cruel disappointment to Ormonde, and his natural impatience was not assuaged by Hyde's letters. It is only fair to say that the Chancellor was again suffering from the gout, and being unable to extract "a dollar" from the Spaniards, sought to console himself by scolding the Marquis. Why had Ormonde, he querulously asked, "left them in the dark?"¹ If "the hope of Gloucester were off," why was Windsor Castle or Bristol not attempted? To whom had Ormonde entrusted the conduct of affairs in England? Above all, why were Popham's intentions not ascertained? As a rule, the Chancellor might have grumbled himself back to good temper, unreprieved by his victim, but the mingled monotony and strain of his confinement had told even on the Marquis's nerves, and Hyde's complaints found him in no long-suffering mood. He frankly told Sir Edward that he had read his homily "with very much admiration." He had not expected that Hyde would so soon forget the expectations which had prompted his voyage,

"and they all failing, that I had no more to do but to return, or that you could imagine I would tell you, as I did, that there appeared to me no solid, or, indeed, probable, ground for the securing of any one place if I had not spoken with all those who were the main instruments. And how could you," continues the ruffled Marquis,

¹ Carte, "Letters," vol. ii, p. 125. Hyde to Ormonde, Brussels, 15th March 1657-8.

"call this general, positive no light, or suppose it did not comprehend all particulars within my charge and view?"¹

It was easy for Royalists in England, now that the Marquis was gone, to complain of his "absence and written wonders." Had the King laid his positive commands on him to seek out Popham, he would have found his way to him "or to the Tower, or to the Bastille, for which latter," he adds, "I think I stand fair."

Perhaps by the time Ormonde's letter reached him, Hyde was in better health. Perhaps, on reflection, he felt bound to acknowledge the justice of the Marquis's remonstrance. For, if he did not apologise, he wrote urging Ormonde to hasten his return. His absence, said the Chancellor, was "wonderful inconvenient since nothing could be resolved nor (if it could be resolved) executed"² until Ormonde arrived. "God of heaven preserve you and dispose you to make haste to us" he graciously concluded.

Ormonde was fully as anxious to quit the Feuillantines as Hyde could be to secure his counsels, but the journey to Brussels was no light undertaking, since all the direct roads thither were being closely watched.³ Cromwell, perhaps repenting his lenity, or finding Ormonde more dangerous than he had supposed—had begged Mazarin to do his utmost to secure Ormonde, who, on his side, had every wish to keep clear of the Bastille. Hyde advised him to come by water down the Rhine and not to hazard landing until he reached Antwerp.⁴ Finally, however, since none of his friends dared assume the responsibility of directing his route, Ormonde cut the Gordian knot by riding straight for Lyons with his son Richard. He reached that city after a three days' journey, and, according to his usual fashion, seems to have amused himself by wandering about the town observing men and manners no less than monuments. Indeed, an anecdote

¹ Carte, "Letters," vol. ii. p. 129. Ormonde to Hyde.

² *Idem*, vol. ii. p. 36. Hyde to Ormonde, Brussels, 14th April 1658.

³ Carte, vol. iii. p. 669.

⁴ Carte, "Letters," vol. ii. p. 136. Hyde to Ormonde.

of his stay there, which has been preserved, shows what keen delight he took in any singularity of human nature.¹ It appears that his periwig was again at fault, for he sought out a hairdresser's shop to have it repaired.

“The master was a cripple, both in his hands and feet, but he said he could direct his sister to mend it, as it ought to be. The Marquis taking another peruke from him went to gaze about in the Streets; and stepping accidentally into the next church, he saw a chapel in it which was hung with the presents of several votaries who had received cures from Our Lady. Among the rest, he observed an inscription by the man he had left. When he came back to the peruke maker, he asked him about it, wondering that he should do it, being still decrepit. The man answered that he thought he was rather better and hoped that by doing honour to the Lady beforehand, he might the sooner enjoy the rest of her benefit.”

From Lyons the Marquis went to Geneva, passed through the Palatinate and down the Rhine, paying the Duke of Neuburgh a short visit at Düsseldorf. Thence it was all straight sailing, and on the 10th of May he was restored to his old friends at Brussels. He found that the burning question of the hour was the expediency of Charles's journey to Spain, the King himself having set his heart on the expedition. His wisest counsellors admitted that there was little likelihood of wringing money or assistance from Don John and the ministers at Brussels, but they doubted whether Charles would meet with greater success if he travelled to Madrid to plead his own cause. Finally Ormonde was instructed to lay the matter before that very astute person, the Cardinal de Retz, who, like the Marquis, was then an exile from his native land. Paul de Gondi had no hesitation in deciding against the project, holding that Charles, until the end of the summer campaign, should not face the certain dangers of the voyage for a very problematical gain. The scheme was therefore laid aside for the moment; and the King was consequently still at

¹ Carte, vol. iii. p. 669.

Hoogstraaten when he received the news of Oliver Cromwell's death.

Big with results as was this event, it did not have any immediate effect on the exiles' fortunes, though it encouraged Charles to make formal proposals of marriage to the Princess Royal's sister-in-law, Princess Henrietta of Orange. On this occasion Ormonde was his master's mouthpiece; and if the Marquis could have received his answer directly from the young lady herself, Charles would certainly not have met with a refusal. The old Princess Dowager, however, did not consider that a landless King was a suitable match for her daughter. Nor did she believe that the Protector's death had materially altered his prospects; and civilly but firmly she declined an offer which would have made her daughter Queen of England.

CHAPTER XVI

THE END OF EXILE

IT was not only on behalf of his sovereign that Ormonde found himself involved in matrimonial negotiations. During his residence at the Hague, Lord Ossory had fallen desperately in love with Mademoiselle Emilia de Beverweert. The young lady's father, the Governor of Sluys—a natural son of Prince Maurice of Nassau—was a personage of some importance, held in esteem by his fellow citizens, and a "particular friend of the Great de Witt." Had Thomas Butler come courting Emilia in normal circumstances, the father, no less than the daughter, must have welcomed his suit. Indeed, apart from his position as Ormonde's heir, it could not well be otherwise. The future Lord-Deputy, the Admiral that was to be, already gave ample promise of a distinguished career. He was then four-and-twenty; and, if we are to believe contemporary accounts rather than contemporary artists, was possessed of "a very handsome face, a good head of hair, a pretty big voice, well set, with a good round leg."¹ In justice to Kneller and Flatman's somewhat unflattering presentments of Lord Ossory, it must, however, be admitted that where he was concerned, few of his acquaintances were rigorously impartial. For it is evident that Ossory possessed that transcendent and indefinable gift of charm; a gift in his case the more precious, since it was the outward and visible sign of a singularly noble and generous character. His gaiety and Irish wit—he "humoured" his conversation, says Sir Robert Southwell—made him the

¹ Carte, vol. iii. p. 631.

delight of the Merry Monarch's Court. All sorts and conditions of men and women combined to sing the praises of the "universal darling of mankind," as the enamoured poet dubbed the sailor earl. The rough old sea-dog, Tromp, was "always speaking of him with raptures." The Dutchman's moral antithesis, *le Roi Soleil*, sought to attach the spirited young Irishman to his service, bidding him ask what appointments he would, and adding "*j'en feray au-delà.*" When he died, William of Orange, breaking through his habitual reserve, declared that he mourned Ossory even as a brother; while the sorrow of the "common people who adored him" was perhaps the highest tribute to Thomas Butler's useful and unselfish life.¹

In 1658, the hardworking, conscientious Deputy, the dashing admiral, the cultured diplomatist, the staunch and loyal statesman were all in the making. But it needed no prophetic vision to forecast a successful future to one at once lavishly endowed by nature with all solid qualities, and at the same time predestined to be the cynosure of ladies' eyes. No more brilliant cavalier than Emilia's swain can have sighed at the feet of the fair of the Hague. Ossory had inherited to the full his father's love and facility for field sports, and was probably a better performer on the "great horse" than the Marquis, whose opportunities of acquiring the niceties of the *manège* had been sadly limited at Lambeth. Moreover, Ossory's devotion to fencing and tennis had not diverted him from the cultivation of less athletic arts. He was a good dancer, and Madame d'Aulnoy tells us that his guitar and Spanish songs were in constant request amongst the beauties of Whitehall. Already in Holland, he played both on that instrument and the lute, as readily as he talked French and Italian, while last, but not least, what damsel of that age, the age of Scudéry, could have disdained a youth so well versed in romances

¹ "Hist. MSS. App. Rep.," vol. vii. p. 742: Marquis of Ormonde's MSS. Prince of Orange to Lord Arlington à Dremin, 18th Août 1680. Carte, vol. v. p. 590.

that "if a gallery be full of pictures or hangings he will tell the stories of all that are there described."

Unluckily, however, Monsieur de Beverweert, after the fashion of parents, was less concerned to obtain an admirable Crichton for son-in-law, than a gentleman possessed of a substantial income; and like the old Princess of Orange, the Governor of Sluys would only give his daughter to a gallant who could settle a respectable fortune on a wife. Monsieur de Beverweert was not niggardly. Emilia was to bring her husband £10,000, but, in return, Beverweert stipulated that £1,200 a year should be immediately handed over to the young couple. Considering the state of the Butler finances in the year of grace 1658, it was inevitable that, in these circumstances, the course of Ossory's love should not run smooth. Indeed, judging from his letters, mortal man has seldom traversed greater fluctuations of hope and despair, especially despair, than Ossory experienced. At that period of the world's history, a marriage of inclination was so uncommon that the correspondence he exchanged with Ormonde on the subject would, on that account alone, be something of a curiosity. Not only, however, do these effusions afford a vivid picture of the ardent and ingenuous lover, but they also reveal the singularly happy relations existing between Thomas Butler and Lord Ormonde. In all ages such a friendship is rare. Nor does it less deserve to be held in remembrance than the lifelong devotion to his first love, which it was Ossory's privilege to preserve undimmed amid the temptations of the most licentious of courts.

From the beginning, it is clear, that the Marquis did nothing to discourage his son's passion, since, in October 1658, the young man writes to his father:

"You can not imagin how greate a satisfaction it was to me to finde you not only approve but intend to assist me in the thing I most desire. I beseech you to beleeve that as I looke vpon it as the greatest argument of your kindenes to seeke my satisfaction in this busines, wherin it is so much concerned, so I shall ever shew that

gratitude and duty as never to do a thing of that nature without your consent. I that have never beleev'd there was such a thing as love befor, and that have so much geered at others for (*sic*) being it, can not but with much shame confess that I am so much overtaken with it that, if I faile in this, I shall never have a concern for any other ; but, though the trouble would be infinite if my endeavours succeed not, yet I make it my busines to prepare myself to receive either event with moderation, as much as I can ; the thing I am to desire of my mother is to know what she can doe as to my fortune. That you may the better make a proposition when you know what to ofer on my side, I have alreadie sayd something to her of my inclinations, but have not received this 2 moneths on letter from her ; there are persons of Quality that have the same design that I have, and though I flatter my self with the thoughts that I might be preferred by her, yet she professes to give in all things a intire obedience to her parents' pleasure, though never so much to her perticular dissatisfaction. I leave it to your discretion to iudge whether it would be inconvenient or no, for preventing of their making up a busines befor knowing my design, if you signified your minde to the mother, either by letter or message, in case the thing may consist with the good of boath ; in the meantime, I shall as neare as I can follow your advice in my cariage to them, and shall in this and all other perticulars endeavour to make appeare the duty and affection with which I shall ever be Yours." ¹

Ormonde lost no time in fulfilling Ossory's request. The Marquis realised that, at this juncture, a sum of ready money was a positive necessity to Lady Ormonde. It was imperative that she should discharge certain obligations on the estate ; while the education of her sons, and the marriage of her daughters would otherwise be almost impossible to compass. He knew that the Marchioness fully intended to draw on a future daughter-in-law's portion for these various objects. Nor, strange as these arrangements may appear to our generation, did Ormonde question their expediency. Could such a settlement be accomplished, he felt that it would put an end to any

¹ Carte MSS., vol. ccxiii. f. 130. Ossory to Ormonde, 24th October 1658.

opposition on his wife's part to his beloved Ossory's wishes ; and he therefore wrote Lady Ormonde a tactful letter, which held out hopes that her projects might be effected. Even when dealing with purely domestic matters, however, the Marquis did not dare to relax his usual epistolary precautions. Despite the Protector's death a free interchange of letters was still dangerous. Ormonde therefore addressed his wife as "Sir," and spoke of their son as "your nephew."

"The more," he told Lady Ormonde, "I have thought and informed my self of the condition of the parents and of the Gentlewoman, the more I am confirmd that there is no cause to exept against ether, and I am persuaded that if the match can bee brought to bee treated of, a competent portion will bee made appeare ; but how to bring that to bee applyable to the preferment of your Nephew's Mother's yonger children will bee the greatest difficulty, the custome of that country leaveing only an vse for life in the husband and secureing the principall to the children ; yet it is possible that vpon an extraordinary case this may bee dispenced with, at least I am sure it will be endeavoured, and nothing donne without the approbation of his Mother. I shall therefore desire you, if you can speake with her, to obtaine that her sence may bee speedily transmitted, and an exact estimate of the present state, and future hopes of the yong man's future, that wee may as well know what to offer as what to demaund. In the meane time, I shall consent that the yong man shall continue his conversation in the familly, where hee is well receivd, but I shall also continue my iniunction that hee keepe him self absolutely free, even in refference to the setting his heart so much vpon it, because wee have so much reason to feare the obstacle will bee on the other syde, from the insecurity they may feare fortunes in our country to bee in ; one reason there is which makes mee wish a good conclusion to it, and that is that by it a good correspondence may bee considerably promoted betweext Mr Abdy and Mr Conesby, which may in time proove of great advantage to the yong people and to their friends. It is possible that for the quiet of the yong man (who is naturally restlesse enough, and in this particular very impatient) I may admit hee should propose to her parents that hee may have their

approbation to acquaint his friends with his desires, that so hee may obtaine liberty from them to make shuch overtures as are fit in shuch cases, and from this I conceive there can come no hurt, provided hee keepe himself within those limits that will be strictly prescribed him.

“I desire to heare from you vpon this subiect with all the conuenient speede you can, and if you bee rich enough to send a discreet person on purpose, I conceive the businesse well worth it, and I can not comprehend any possible danger in it, if the person bee well chosen and instructed. It is very long since I heard from you; I pray beleeve that to be some adition to other discomforts of the life lead, by Sir, your . . .”¹

Ormonde was right in surmising that the young man was too “restless” to be long prevented from giving expression to his wishes. Like many another lover, before and since, Ossory was haunted by the dread that while the elders were parleying, some more fortunate mortal would step in and carry off the adored one. He can scarcely have received his father’s conditional assent before he hastened to burn his boats. He had discovered, he told Ormonde, that Madame de Beverweert was displeased at having received the first intimation of the matter from the young lady herself. Acting by the latter’s advice, he had therefore instantly made a declaration in due form to her mother, cunningly pretending ignorance of anything Emilia had said.

“I found the mother,” Ossory continues, “very civil in her expressions, but she sayd she could not give any answer til her husband came to town, which will be within few days. I beseech you not to take notice of this to any body, since I promised her that it should never be knowen; as I have reason to beleeve she (Emilia) has something of an esteeme for me, so I should count my self the unworthiest creature in the world, if, in case the thing failes, she should by it be preiudiced in the least point, since I am sure her vertue is such, as she would not, for all the advantage imaginable, doe or say a thing which was not within the bounds of the strictest bienséance.”²

¹ Carte MSS., vol. ccxiii. f. 154. Ormonde to Lady Ormonde, 7th November 1658.

² *Idem*, f. 162. Ossory to Ormonde, 15th November.

The same post that carried Ormonde this typical lover's effusion, must have brought a letter—conceived in a far different strain—from Mr Thomas Page, Ossory's Secretary or Governor. The worthy man was the devoted confidant of his young master, but not being in love himself, and happening to realise Lady Ormonde's intentions, he took a less roseate view of the prospect than Ossory. Moreover, he was anxious to put his own attitude in the matter on record.

“I have a thousand times represented unto his lordship,” he said, “the difficulty, or rather impossibility, of obtaining the portion for the use of himselfe or kindred, and if the Father of that family deserve his character, 'tis as easy to get ten thousand pounds out of his hands as to fetch water out of a rock with out a miracle. Besydes that, the custome of the country not to translate a considerable summe from the allyes is as sacred as for the Jewes to marry into their owne tribes. And if ten thousand pound be the extent of the portion, I doe verily believe my Lady will by no means be satisfied therewith. For when my Lord had intimated to her, as by a glance, the expectation of that summe, her Ladyship in a letter to mee (which shee commanded mee to shew him) enioynes him to desist any further addresses upon any such accompt, as hee valewes his owne interest or her satisfaction, unlesse it may be upon termes of higher aduantage to his freinds and fortune then any as yet is made knowne unto her, and in that case likewise not to engage himselfe upon any pretence whatsoever without the consent of her selfe and his other freinds. This, my Lord, is the language of my Lady, and as I desire to serve my Lord of Ossory sincerely and cordially, so I will rather perish then consent to the betraying of any of your family, especially in a case of so greate importance. My Lord of Ossory pleasing himselfe in his laudable choice and in the hopes of his acquest, desires mee to tell my Lady that hee cannot certainly tell what the portion will be, and that hee has bene informed by some that it will be much more than hee hinted, if the Lady match with the entire approbation of her freinds, as being the darling of the Mother and Father. And that the Father, being of so greate authority and credit in this country, a marriage with his daughter may importe more then the

portion, which if it could be verified in my Lord's sence and expectation (as I confesse I suspect it cannot), I should imagine that no scrupule would remaine on your Excellency's syde."¹

Undoubtedly, when arrived Lady Ormonde's reply to Ormonde's enquiries, Mr Page was justified of his tremors. It is true that love had largely entered into the highly desirable marriage, which, nearly thirty years before, Elizabeth Preston had contracted with the head of her house. Few heiresses of that date had known a more romantic wooing or a more engaging suitor; and Ormonde's sympathies with love's young dream had survived fresh and vigorous, though stern necessities of Lady Ormonde's position in Ireland, where her children's livelihood depended on the administration of a sadly encumbered estate, had, not unnaturally, restricted her vision to the practical aspect of matrimony. Writing in the same cautious fashion as Ormonde, and addressing him as "Mr James Johnson," she told him that she had shown "your friend," *i.e.* herself,²

"the proposals of a mach for hir elldest sone, and first, represented the extractione of the person, his fortune and the condistione how it stoud, as I did likewise the vertew and Beuty of the yonge gentellwoman, and the pastion that hir sone had for hir, all which beinge then left vuto hir to Consider of, I then prest, as farr as was fitt for mee, to know hir sense tharupon, which in brife was this, that as to the first, shee consequede Just cause of exseptione as to the desent of the lady's father, which, however, not perhaps the less estimedc in a Nother contrye, would make it of reproch heare; and secondlie, as to the fortune, which shee hears at the most is but tene thowsand pound, of which nethar the husband nor his parents can bee the better, more then what that intrest of soe much cane bringe, shee conseives very inconsiderable to the freeinge of an estate morgedged for noe les befor and sense the warr then twentye Thowsan Pound, besids depts

¹ Carte MSS., vol. ccxiii. f. 160. Thomas Page to Ormonde, Hagh, 15th November 1658.

² *Idem*, vol. xvi. f. 168. Lady Ormonde to Ormonde, 26th November 1658.

contracted for some years' maintenanse, and the expense of recouringe it by sute, and the yearlie rent with which it stands charged, besides two daughters yet unprovided for; which considered as shee hopes it will bee seriouslie by hir sone, and shuch of his frinds as are ther, will, shee hopes, give a stope vuto his Rueeninge of his familie to please his fancye, sense himselfe knowes that beter Maches were offered hime befor hee went to travell, and shee beleuefs, not without some resone, may still be had, more sutabell in respect of the aduantages of thar alliance then what this stranger cane bringe; soe as vpon the whole Matter, I find shee doas not for these resons aproue of this Propositione, which I thought it befitted mee to tell you, and if I haue relatede in this what may bee ethar displeasinge vuto your selfe or the yonge gentellman, I bege your pardon for it, the which I am incoridged to hope you will grant when to a person, that has actede noe furthar then what your owne comands has warented mee to, in fathfullye returninge an accompte of what I was desired, as to the best of my vnderstandinge I have now don, and shall with the same integritye acquitt my selfe, on all occations else, of your consernes as may answere the profesione of my beinge, Sir, Your fathfull, humbell servante,

J. H."

It was clearly not "the ruining of his family to please his fancy" alone which so disquieted Lady Ormonde, but also the fear that Ossory would thereby forfeit a more advantageous alliance. And when we learn that it was on a match with a daughter of Lord Southampton that she had set her heart, it is difficult not to sympathise with Lady Ormonde's disappointment; for the name of Wriothesley was a guarantee of the virtues most admired by Ossory's mother.

Lady Ormonde had given "Mr James Johnson" an unvarnished opinion of the proposed marriage. Yet uncompromising as was her language, she had not forgotten that she was writing to "my lord." With her son she was hampered by no such consideration; and in her communications with him she assumed the tone of unquestioned and supreme authority, which came so readily to the parent of that age.

“Sone, I am sorrye that I should find Cause to differ in oppinione from othar of your Frinds, as to the Mach proposede for you, and wherto I perseve you have your selfe an inclination; but knowinge somthing more of the Conditione of the Fortune that must giue you Subsistanse, and the incombranses that are vpon it, then perhapes thous at a distanse, or your selfe, Cane doe, (I) shall first represent the same to you, and then make Them and your selfe the Judges whethar the Portione mentionede, admittinge it were to bee at your Parants’ dispose, as by the laws of that Contrye it should sime it is not, could be suffisient to disingadge the Morgadges that are vpon it, beinge noe less then twentye Thowsand Pound befor and sense the warr, besides the yearlie Rent of Thirtine hundreth and fiftye pound to bee payede out of it vuto the State, as allsoe depts contractede for some years’ Mantenanse, and expense of Recouringe it, and your tow Sisters as yet vnprouided for; all which considerede will, I hope, preuent impossibilitie from beinge expectede or imposede vpon mee of allowinge a Considerabell Mantenanse, and settlinge a Joynture vpon the lady, when the Portione can not inabell mee to doe it, vulesse it were greater then it is, which together with a Nothar exseptione, which I shall forbear to mentione, knowinge it will bee Gesst at by you, I conseue in Justise you cannot expect my Consent, when the giueinge it to your disadvantage would bee to make mee not soe to you and the rest of your Brothers and Sisters, ouer whous Fortunes your well or ill dispossinge of your selfe will have influanse, and tharfor I shall vse noe othar then thes Resones to perswade you not to ingadge your selfe this way that you propose; and if that will not preveyle, you must then stand or falle by that Fortune that you Ellect for your selfe, sense it is that I find noe Resone to giue my adprobatione To, but shall (doe) my indeuours to supplye you, soe longe as you remayne a singell Man, and rather if you were in anye othar Plase then where you are, I haueinge had, I think, as a presage of some misfortune, allways an vnwillingnes of your goeing thethar, as by seuerall of my leters vuto your selfe and Mr Page may apiere, allthough I doe not accompt it soe out of anye disvallew or exseptione I have vuto the persone of the lady, but that you should haue iugagede your selfe soe farr in your affectione, as I perseue that you have done

befor you had knowne whethar this Mache could bee suttinge with your Fortune or Not, which, in prudense vuto your selfe, and Justiss vuto your Familie, ought to have Gouverned you beyond that of your Pastione, and that it may yet is the prayer and hope of your affectionat Mothar, E. ORMONDE.”¹

Naturally, this letter reduced its recipient to the lowest depths of despair. And, equally naturally, as the best way out of his troubles, the blighted lover began to consider the ways and means of getting himself shot, or knocked on the head. One Colonel Wheler, a soldier of fortune, gave Ossory an opening to this desirable end by suggesting that he should take service under the Venetian Government. Nevertheless, when he transmitted the Colonel's offers for Ormonde's consideration, Ossory retained sufficient good sense to protest “that he would govern himself in this and in all other things of any moment”² by Ormonde's judgment. Yet he could not refrain from emphasizing the merits of the new project.

“I doe with all humility,” he continued, “represent to you that if I faile in the busines befor mentioned, wherin I may expect aduantage, as well as the greatest happines that can come to me, whether or no it is not better for me in all respects to apply my self to the war, wherby I may gett a handsome liuelyhood, rather then to live idly, and in feare of being put prisoner for my meate and drinke; my mother, I am sure, can not help it, els she would have sent another kinde of supply then this, which I am not like yet to receive, though she promised me a much larger befor Easter last, at my comming away; at this instant I am troubled with the clamours of the woman at whose house I eate, besids my landeress and others; but when I receive this bit, they shall be paid. I should not have troubled you with this unpleasant narration, but that I hope you will thinke the second proposition reasonable, if I be so vnhappy as not to succeed in the first; as I have ever professed, so I shall perpetually follow, your

¹ Carte, MSS., vol. ccxiii. f. 449. Lady Ormonde to Ossory, 26th November 1658.

² Carte, MSS., vol. ccxiii. f. 170. Ossory to Ormonde. No date.

directions in these and all other perticulars, as befits Your most obedient and humble seruant."

The "clamours" of his landlady and laundress were certainly no agreeable distraction to Ossory in his woes. Nor could Ormonde afford him relief from pecuniary cares. Only a short time previously, the Abbess of the English Convent at Ghent had given Hyde a piteous account of Ormonde's brother, Colonel Richard Butler. For five months, this brave soldier had been in debt for his "diet, washing, and all manner of necessaries, without a penny in his power to pay for a letter or mending a pair of shoes."¹ Richard Butler was a devout, a saintly, Roman Catholic, and the Abbess had gladly pledged her credit on his behalf, but she could do no more; and she was well aware, she said, that, despite his "tenderness" for Richard Butler, Ormonde was equally helpless.

Yet if the Marquis could not command sufficient money either to free Ossory from his burden of debt or to satisfy Monsieur de Beverweert's requirements, his affectionate sympathy was obviously of some comfort to the young man. Indeed, Ossory's thanks to his long suffering correspondent bear the unmistakable stamp of sincerity. "It is an infinit satisfaction to me," he declares, "to see your kindnes by the desires you express to compass my happiness."² In return, he assures Ormonde that his passion has never made him forgetful of his family's welfare. In fact, he is so good as to declare that he "never wished it to the prejudice of my sisters, nor should I thinke it strange if I did that, to finde my mother against it." The consciousness of his own magnanimity makes him therefore view Lady Ormonde's attitude with pained amazement. Like every other youth in his condition, he is bent on demonstrating the eminent reasonableness of his proposals. He tells Ormonde that he wonders that Lady Ormonde

¹ Clarendon S. Papers. Mary Knatchbull, Abbess of the English Convent at Ghent, to Hyde.

² Carte, MSS., vol. ccxiii. f. 200. Ossory to Ormonde, 17th January 1659.

“will not so much as try if my interest may not suit with my inclination, especially,” adds the young Machiavelli, “when I think you are something concerned to have a proposition made, since you made me assure the Mother that it should be.”

Having—as he hopes—by this cunning touch, enlisted Ormonde’s vanity or self-respect on his side, Ossory proceeds to beseech his father to give him a letter for Madame de Beverweert. Armed with such a document, he considers that he might even broach the crucial question: “whether or no money would be parted with.” Should the reply be in the affirmative, either he or the faithful Page could then start for Ireland to bring pressure to bear on the unfortunate Marchioness. Sensibly enough, however, he considered that it would be better to entrust Page with the negotiations, “since my Mother will look upon what he says as coming from a person unconcerned.” He then recurs to his chief grievance, the alleged superiority of the matrimonial alliances awaiting his good pleasure in England. In these suggestions, his loyal spirit detects an implied slight to the “stranger,” as Lady Ormonde termed Emilia, and he resents them accordingly. None of these matches are new to him.

“My Mother,” he scornfully declares, “told me of them, and the most considerable was Mr Fretswel’s daughter, who has eighteen hundred pounds a yeare, but that he would not settell vpon her, but would engage some of it for eight thousand pounds ready mony, and if he died without children, would leave her the rest; but besids this, there is out of it one, if not tow, daughters to be provided for; another was Sir Walter Py’s daughter, who sayd he would, by disinheriting of his son, make her worth more than twenty thousand pounds, but in that he overshot himself; besids, if that were, I should never dispose of my self that way for a reason I would give you if I could speake to you, which I am sure would make you be of my opinion, as my mother also is; other things have bin endeauoured by her, but none came neare any thing, people boath fearing our alliance and beleeuing Irish fortunes littell considerable. I am just now told the post

is come, and that I haue no letters. I beseech you to send with all speed that to the mother, for I told the young woman that you intended that fauoure, and I should be sorry that I should speake more then what, she will see is true. I shall euer be, with all the Duty and affection imaginable, Your most obedient and most humble seruant."

Ormonde was merciful, and did not keep Ossory waiting for his coveted credentials. Moreover, the Marquis's letter must have been happily conceived, for Ossory told Ormonde that the Beverweerts

"took it as a great civility and the answer they send is, I think, as much as they can say. The first thing now to be done," he continues, "is to know the portion, and if it may be had according to the English fashion. I discoursed with the young woman vpon this, but as she sayd she was altogether ignorant, so she aduised me not to speake of it my selfe, but wished it rather don by another, and as it was my opinion, so it was hers, that you may from her letter take occasion to enquire that, aledging that for my quiet you would haue the thing as soon as could be determined, and if that may be that you doubt not but one return out of Irland will conclud the matter; it will be best to vrge the debts for the readie mony, rather then speake of my sisters' portions least they might thinke wee would clearly make our fortunes by hers, and you may demonstrate how good it is for the person I mary that a summe should be parted with for the freeing of our fortune, and vpon that condition, boath her ioynture and an estate vpon the children will be settled, I mean the male, and mony for others."¹

There could be no question that the wisest course was to send some skilful envoy to talk over matters with Lady Ormonde. Page was the very person for the part, but, as usual, Ossory and his well-wishers were hampered by a complete inability to meet the necessary travelling expenses. And Ossory stood alone in the optimistic view he took of this impediment. His only concern was to get Page away as quickly as possible, since he felt that his return would either mend or end his business.

¹ Carte MSS., vol. ccxiii. f. 204. Ossory to Ormonde.

"I doubt not," he airily declared, "but that I can procure so much as to defray him as far as London at least, for I have 18 pistols owing me, which if I can get payd, he shall have."¹

How the luckless Ambassador was to be wafted from London to Tipperary Ossory did not pause to enquire. But his anxiety to have his fate determined was probably increased by the knowledge that fresh plans for his establishment were brewing in England. He was properly indignant with the busybody, "litell Buck," by name, who was meddling in these designs. Ossory had sternly "desired him not to undertake so much." But since this last proposal, unlike Sir Walter Py's, could not be waived aside, he trembled lest it should increase his mother's objections to the "stranger." The young lady in question was no other, indeed, than Lord Southampton's daughter, to whom allusion has been already made. Ossory was forced to confess that it was an alliance

"I should more covet then any person in England, if I could like the young woman who I have seen often ; or if I were not so absolutely given over to this person, as it is impossible for me ever to love any other. This being, I think it were an unworthiness in me to marry a deserving person upon score of a fortune, which will not prevent both of us being miserable if there be not a mutual kindness."

Thus, throughout the spring, did Ossory ply his father with arguments. On one occasion, being apparently seized with the fear that his protestations of consideration for his sisters might be misunderstood — he quaintly adjures Ormonde

"not to thinke my inclinations less violent but more during, since they proceed more by reason than fondness, and that as I never had a virtuous love before, so I shall never be capable of having one again."²

¹ Carte MSS., vol. ccxiii. p. 216. Ossory to Ormonde, 7th March 1658-9.

² *Idem*, p. 225. Ossory to Ormonde, 18th March 1659. (This portion of the letter is quoted in Report Carte, Coll., p. 182.)

Another time the young moralist bids Ormonde remember

“that it is not riches that makes one happy, and that if one has an entire affection for one person, the thought of another, let the advantages be ever so great, cannot but be odious.”¹

Nor does Ossory confine himself to invoking ethical motives. He lays great stress on the practical, not to say utilitarian, reasons for a marriage with the Governor of Sluys’ daughter. He assures Ormonde that wishing “to live decently, and in some measure according as a person of our condition should do; among other considerations that made me prefer this woman to any in England, it was no small one that I am sure her discretion in expense would render a small fortune more considerable by well ordering of it than the double would be with one of our country, who, certainly,” he austere remarks, “are the most extravagant of any people in the world in that particular.”²

Ormonde’s love for his first-born is reflected in the perfect confidence wherewith Ossory pours out his heart to his patient hearer. Indeed the Marquis’s affection for his gallant son was no plant of sudden growth. Carte tells us that when Ossory was six years old he was presented with “a little horse, and a pair of boots to ride abroad,” and the boots arriving late the evening before his first ride, the child refused to go to bed, and spent the night walking up and down and “stamping in his new boots, to make them easy.”³ As the Marquis’s bedroom was exactly underneath that of his energetic offspring, he, in his turn, passed a somewhat disturbed night, which, however, he does not seem to have resented. The learned historian recounts this anecdote as an illustration of the “martial and active genius” displayed by Ossory from his very cradle, but to the average elder, conversant with the discipline regulating even the most emancipated

¹ Carte, MSS., vol. ccxiii. f. 212. Ossory to Ormonde, Hague, 16th March 1659.

² *Idem*, f. 234. •Ossory to Ormonde, 1659.

³ Carte, vol. iv. p. 595.

of modern nurseries, it must certainly convey another and a simpler moral — Ormonde's indulgent fondness for Thomas Butler.

Sharing thus closely Ossory's wishes, it must have been a great relief to the Marquis when Mr Page was enabled to sail for Ireland. The difficulty encountered in raising the journey money may be appreciated by the fact that, at one moment, so low were Ossory's funds that Page despaired of being able to acquit the postage on a letter to Ormonde. Indeed, he could not have done so, had he not "casually found" an old gold ring in a little cabinet.¹ Finally, however, 200 gulden were begged or borrowed, and the envoy started on his quest.

There was a general sense of disquiet in Ireland when Thomas Page arrived at Dublin. Henry Cromwell had always been on better terms with moderate Cavaliers—especially with the Ormonde family — than with the extremists of his own party, who bade fair to make all Government impossible. Until the month of May 1659, he remained Lord-Deputy, and, undoubtedly, he would have preferred to resign in favour of the Stuarts rather than of the men who had driven his brother from power: So nearly, in fact were the events of 1660 forestalled, that one night Lady Ormonde was positively informed that "all was done."² Henry Cromwell had agreed to declare for Charles II. The City of Dublin had promised to stand by him; and two thousand Northerners under Lord Ardes had engaged to march to the Deputy's assistance. At the last moment, however, some intelligence caused Henry Cromwell to change his mind, and he sailed for England, leaving his authority in the hands of the Parliamentary representatives.

The mere possibility of so sweeping a revolution showed the trend of public opinion. And, on the occasion of a lawsuit won by Elizabeth Ormonde, the population of Dublin gave striking evidence of the affection and respect

¹ Carte, MSS., "Report," p. 182. Ormonde, 17th June 1659.

² Carte, "Letters," vol. ii. p. 242. Sir E. Hyde to Ormonde, Brussels, 25th October 1659.

in which they held the royalist lady. Throughout the town, shops were closed, and the citizens trooped to the Court House to hear the verdict. "When the sentence was pronounced for her, they made extraordinary shouts, and went all to the Tavern to express their joy."

Thomas Page must have been possessed of no little eloquence, for he ended by obtaining Elizabeth Ormonde's consent to Ossory's marriage. The triumph was the greater, since the settlement entailed heavy sacrifices on her part. It is true that Monsieur de Beverweert agreed to hand over his daughter's dowry to Lady Ormonde, but the latter must have been sorely embarrassed to find £1,200 a year for the young couple for, besides paying £550 on estate mortgages, she was burdened with a rent of £1,350 to the Commonwealth, while the lands assigned to her by Parliament had been valued at £2,000 per annum only. It is to be hoped that under her supervision they had increased in value or as a result of these new arrangements the poor lady would have found herself considerably out of pocket. Probably Emilia's dowry was intended to annul a part of the interest on the mortgages; but even allowing for this and a possible rise in value of her lands, Lady Ormonde had some reason to remark that when all charges were cleared off the "surplus would afford but a very inconsiderable proportion for her to live upon, and to maintain the rest of the family."¹

In the circumstances, it speaks well for Elizabeth Ormonde's intrinsic justice and generosity that she allowed no sign of regret to survive an alliance which she had strenuously opposed. Her "despatches"—as Page termed her letters to the bride's parents—must have been couched in friendly terms, for the Governor and Madame de Beverweert received them "with all imaginable respect." Moreover, Lady Ormonde expressly begged her husband "to see that my Lord of Ossory be frequently put in mind to yield a prudent compliance to that family, whereof I

¹ Carte MSS., vol. xxx. p. 470. Lady Ormonde to Ormonde, Dunmore, 1st August 1659.

reckon him now a member, as well for his own interest as the satisfaction of his friends; and that hee be quickened in this duty by representing to him, first, hopes of honourable enterprises (with which bait his Lordship is easily taken) to which hee may be recommended in due season, by the reputation of Monsieur de Beverweert, secondly, by fears of disesteeme in case hee doe otherwise. For his Lordship begins a new calendar from the day of his marriage, and 'tis my Lady's opinion," says Page, "that wise men will take measure of his conduct and abilityes from his thenceforth ensuing behaviour."¹

It would be satisfactory to record that, on acquaintance with her daughter-in-law, Lady Ormonde became a convert to Ossory's views on the superior economic talents of Dutch housewives. But magnanimous as had been her reception of the "stranger," this was not to be. After some eight years' observation of Lady Ossory's house-keeping, Elizabeth Ormonde could only describe her "as a helpless wife."² The steadfast affection of Ossory for his Emilia was Ormonde's justification for having championed the cause of true love. Nevertheless, when we consider the many trials Elizabeth Ormonde had confronted and overcome during those troublous years of isolation, it is impossible not to pity the valiant woman's disappointment.

Page's report to Ormonde on his return to Holland was not restricted to Ossory's matrimonial concerns. From this letter we learn, amongst other items, that the form of humour generally considered peculiar to Ireland was not lacking to cheer the inmates of Dunmore. Page remarked that he had left the family there in good health, Lord John, Ormonde's third son, having just recovered from a fever. But, says the writer,³

"hee may thanke God hee escaped out of the fists of his farryer or Physician. I tell your Excellency no lye. The last yeare my Lady Elizabeth was something

¹ Carte MSS., vol. ccxiii. p. 369. Thomas Page to Ormonde, Hague, 13th October 1659.

² Carte, "Report," p. 182. Lady Ormonde to Ormonde, 1668.

³ Carte MSS., vol. ccxiii. f. 369, Hague, 13th October 1659.



THE COUNTESS OF OSSORY.

From a picture by W. King.

indisposed, and this man was sent for; hee enordred her Ladyship to eate chicken; it was told him that no chicken could be had, at any rate, in that season, where-upon hee was importunate with my Lady Ormonde that if a whole chicken could not be had, her Ladyship should endeauour to procure halfe an one, so necessary it was that my Lady Elizabeth should eate chicken. Really my Lord, I have a horror in my soule when I consider how easy it was to prostitute a life so considerable in the world as my Lord John's is like to be. If a comely aspect be a letter of recommendacion, and the character of the soule is oftentimes lively impressed in the countenance, if spirit and action accompanied with a candid and inoffensiuè humour is prayseworthy, if excellent endowments of body and mind seconded with a zeale to improoue them by a liberall education, are arguments of a glorious successe; there is as much to be sayd for my Lord John as for any young gentleman I ever saw."¹

Unfortunately, however, it would appear that education was no easier to compass in Tipperary than medical attendance.

"Lord John's only infelicity," says Page, "is that hee is backward in his studyes, which has bene occasioned by some mens ill dealing with my Lady, and I am afraid the losse will be irrecouerable as to the learned languages, because the exercises of a Cavalier will take up most part of his time. Yet what is necessary either to use or ornament for a person of his quality, may be gained out of the moderne tongues, to which hee expresses great inclinations."

It was a comfort to Page to reflect that Emilia's portion would remedy these defects, £400 in his opinion being sufficient to cover a year's expenses for the young man and a "slender retinue."

Although Lady Ormonde had signified her agreement to Ossory's marriage in the beginning of August, the nuptials did not take place until the 17th of November 1659. Lord Richard assisted at the ceremony, but

¹ Carte, MSS., vol. cexiii. f. 369b.

Ormonde, who had gone to France with Charles II., was not present at his son's wedding.

A month later, doubtless at her husband's instigation, Emilia wrote to express her gratitude to the Marquis. Lady Ossory was to prove an excellent wife to her brilliant and accomplished husband. Indeed, Ossory must have been hard to please had he not been happy, since we are credibly informed that Lady Ossory "was never out of humour." When my lord, having lost large sums at cards, returned "thoughtful," her sole care was to cheer the disconsolate gambler, "desiring him still not to be troubled, she would find ways to save it at home."¹ In these circumstances, it is not wonderful that Ossory

"never found any place or company more agreeable than what could be found at home; and when he returned thither from Court, they constantly met with open arms, with kind embraces, and with moving expressions of mutual tenderness."

The scheme of this world's governance would be even more unjust than it sometimes appears, if angelic natures did not have their limitations. Lady Ossory's qualities, it seems, were rather of the heart than of the head. Only indirectly, through her relationship to Arlington, did she further Ossory's career; and during her widowhood her influence over her children was of the slightest. It must, however, be confessed that education had not done much for Emilia. She must have left the schoolroom as "little advantaged by books" as were her parents-in-law before her. In this very epistle to Ormonde, spelling and handwriting are deplorable, a sorry contrast to the virile individuality of Elizabeth Ormonde's self-taught script. Apart from his own shortcomings in orthography, Ormonde was too sensible to pay much heed to such details; and he carefully laid by the letter in the family archives, being doubtless rather concerned with the very

¹ Carte, vol. iv. p. 594.

proper sentiments to which Lady Ossory gave expression—sentiments which proved to be no empty protestations on her part.

“Monsieur,” writes the bride, “ayant l’honneur et la satisfaction d’auoir espouse de vostre consantement et aprobaton Monsieur le conte dossiry, vostre fils, josse esperer, Monsieur, que vous aurez encor la bonté d’aprouver que j’aie celuy de vous assurer de mes tres humble respets et suplie de mesme d’estre fortement persuade de ceste verite que personne au monde n’auroy peu auoir cest honneur quy auroy plus de pasion d’obeir. et seruir et tout vostre maison que moy quy fera mon capitale de vous plaire, quy ce reputera absolument heureuse sy vous, Monsieur, d’aignez m’honorer de vostre bienuailence et soufrir que j’ay la gloire de me califier avecq toute les soumiton imaginable. Monsieur, votre tres humble et tres obisan.”¹

Ossory’s thanks had preceded those of his wife. He heartily acknowledged that it was to the Marquis’s kindness that he owed his happiness, “the only one” he fervently adds, “of this nature which I could ever esteeme so.”² Three months later, he wrote in a strain which must have been even more grateful to his father. A fresh scheme for the King’s restoration was then on foot, and Ossory did not wish Ormonde to think that domestic bliss could distract him from the call of duty.

“I am very glad,” he says, “that you are of my mind in thinking past services not sufficient to keep up a posterity in reputation. . . . As to this world and the ordinary conveniences of it, I assure you I would not change the condition your generous proceedings have brought yourself and family into for all the advantages of the other. I cannot imagine what commands I shall receive from you, but they shall not fail of success from any negligence or want of venturing on my part. I shall be ready upon four hours warning to go any journey.”³

¹ Carte MSS., vol. ccxiii. f. 471. Lady Ossory to Ormonde, La Haye, 19th December.

² *Idem*, p. 475. Ossory to Ormonde, 2nd December 1659.

³ Carte, “Report,” p. 182. Ossory to Ormonde, 12th March 1660.

Nor were these meaningless words. For Ossory had cheerfully concurred in devoting his wife's portion, not as poor Lady Ormonde had stipulated to the cancelling of estate mortgages, or to the payment of his brother's education and sister's dowry, but to that cause, which, hitherto, had only brought ruin and exile to the House of Butler.

During the long months while Ossory's happiness trembled in the balance, Ormonde had not lacked other toils and cares. From Hoogstraaten in September he had gone with Charles first to Calais and then to Rouen, there to await Sir George Booth's summons to England. The King believed that the Protector being dead, Spain and France would co-operate in his restoration. But he was fated once more to disappointment. Cardinal Mazarin and Don Luis de Haro, the Spanish Prime Minister, then busily employed at St Jean de Luz in making peace between their several countries, had no wish to be embroiled anew in fresh adventures. And it was significant that Mazarin reserved his courtesies not for Harry Bennet, Charles's representative, but for the English envoy, Lockhart. Charles, however, was not altogether friendless. The two great soldiers of the age, Condé and Turenne, opposed in all else, were yet moved by an equal desire to assist the exile. Indeed, Turenne offered Henrietta Maria to embark his own regiment and the Scots gendarmes, with munitions and arms in plenty, at the first favourable opportunity for England. When Turenne made these overtures, Ormonde happened to be in Paris on a mission of reconciliation from Charles to his mother. The Marquis knew that it was only a question of days before Sir George Booth's attempt took place, and he lost no time in collecting a small flotilla to transport the marshal's troops from Boulogne across the Channel. But on September the 5th, as the Duke of York and his French auxiliaries were going on board, Sir George Booth's overthrow became known. James would, nevertheless, have proceeded with the attempt, but Turenne was too wise to risk his soldiers on a forlorn hope. They were ordered

back to barracks, and the young Duke betook himself to Breda.

Meanwhile, after establishing friendly relations between Henrietta Maria and her son, Ormonde departed in quest of Charles to St Malo, whence he hoped they would rejoin the insurgents in England, but he had scarcely arrived at the Breton port before he was overtaken by the news of Booth's defeat. Since Booth's failure entailed the abandonment of the carefully organised plans for bringing over the fleet to Charles, it would have been madness for the King to persevere in his original intentions. Instead, he determined to go to Fontarabia, where the French and Spanish plenipotentiaries were still discussing the treaty. Attended by Ormonde, he accordingly hurried by Nantes and La Rochelle to Toulouse, but at the latter town, hearing that the peace conference was at an end, the King turned aside, and, crossing the Pyrenees, went on to Saragossa with the intention of eventually visiting Madrid. In the hope of intercepting the Cardinal on his return journey, the Marquis remained at Toulouse, "in a retirednesse," he confessed to Nicholas, "more suteable to my fortune then wholesome for my spleene."¹ "Over much complayning" was not, however, one of Ormonde's habits, and he continues:

"yet I thanke God I am in perfect health, and soe was my Master, when he went hence on the 7th of this month, and had never been indisposed in all his journey, unlesse once a little with eating too much fruit, though he would not acknowledge it. Wee wanderers have the divertisement of seeing new places to refresh the melancholy of our spirits, and wee are not subject to the complaints and sight of our friends in misery, but when wee come to gather all you have writ, wee shall have it all at once with the greater weight."

It is evident from this letter that Ormonde had expected to remain some time at Toulouse, but a couple of days later, hearing that despite all rumours to

¹ Eg. MSS., 2535 f. 456. Ormonde to Nicholas, Toulouse, 12th October 1659.

the contrary, the plenipotentiaries were still negotiating, he moved to Fontarabia where, at his urgent request, he was shortly rejoined by Charles.

The King had no cause to find fault with his reception by Don Luis de Haro. The Spaniard resigned his apartments to Charles, and treated him with the same reverence he would have shown to his own master. Don Luis also sought to arrange an interview between Charles and Mazarin, but the Cardinal was too astute to place himself in an awkward position. He utterly refused to discuss matters with the King, and would only agree to see Ormonde in the most informal manner. One autumn morning, on the sandy road to Fontarabia, as Mazarin was making his slow way to the daily conference at the Ile des Faisans, Ormonde accordingly contrived to meet the Cardinal face to face. Both men were on horseback, and as they ambled forward, Ormonde expounded the golden opportunities for intervention which the chaotic condition of England then offered. On this occasion, Mazarin did not forget that Ormonde was a gentleman. Nor did the Cardinal give the faintest sign of resenting the Marquis's pungent epistles of two years earlier. He listened with all the politeness he knew so well how to assume, warmly protesting his sympathy for Charles Stuart. But he flatly declined to undertake aught on behalf of the royal exile, and the Marquis quitted him with his previous estimate of the Italian's "pusillanimity and insincerity" confirmed anew.

This interview convinced the Englishmen that it would be waste of time and dignity to linger at Fontarabia, and four days later they set their faces northwards. In addition to the undoubted "divertisement of seeing new places to divert their melancholy," they did, however, derive one substantial benefit from their otherwise useless pilgrimage. Charles's proposal to visit Madrid had thoroughly frightened the Spaniards. Their rigorous etiquette forbade that even an uncrowned, landless king should be denied the traditional pomps of a public entry. Yet the treasury officials despaired of finding the means to defray so costly

a pageant. When Charles relinquished his project, such was their relief that they spontaneously presented him with 7,000 gold pistoles for his travelling expenses; and therewith the King had, perforce, to be content.

At Colombes, the little party made a halt in order that Charles should see the mother from whom he had so long been both parted and estranged. Thanks to Ormonde's diplomacy nothing occurred to mar the harmony of the meeting, but the Marquis was less happy in a memorandum on the political situation in England, which he drew up while at Colombes for Mazarin's edification. The Cardinal was no more to be moved by Ormonde's literary than his spoken arguments, and, after a week, the King and Ormonde took leave of the Queen and rode straight to Brussels.

It is clear from Clarendon's correspondence that the travellers returned to their old quarters in a chastened mood. The collapse of Sir George Booth's rising seemed to prove that all attempts of that nature were foredoomed to failure. Nor could Charles henceforward look for assistance outside England. His royal relatives and allies had made it abundantly evident during the last few weeks that they were profoundly indifferent to his interests. Undoubtedly, the Yuletide of 1659 cannot have appeared a festive season to the banished King and his faithful servants. Yet, had they known it, on the day of their return to Brussels, Monk's troopers were fording the Coldstream, initiating that movement which led directly to the Stuart restoration.

When the intelligence of the General's southward march reached Brussels, its full significance at first escaped the exiles. They would no longer allow themselves to hope. In fact, Hyde tells us "that it was a reproach to any man to think that any good could come out of the changes taking place in England."¹ Even Ormonde's robust optimism paid toll to the pervading depression of those days of gloom. He confessed that "although in England all of our side write as if they were pleased with the face of things," he saw "no particulars that

¹ Clarendon, "History of the Rebellion," vol. vi. p. 141.

warrant so much satisfaction.”¹ Only with an effort does he add, with regard to this same mysterious rise in the political barometer, that he hopes it may perhaps come from “a general inclination towards the King founded on as general a despair of settlement which they are better able to observe than to describe.” As it happened, almost unwittingly, the Marquis had solved the riddle. It was to this “general inclination,” the outcome of the widespread craving for a final settlement, that Charles was to owe his restoration. And before long Ormonde received an unmistakable sign that the tide was at last on the turn. Sir George Downing, Cromwell’s shrewd and trusted resident at the Hague, sent privately for Ormonde, and by proffering his own services to the King gave the Marquis the best reasons to believe that a momentous change was at hand. After this episode matters moved rapidly. In February arrived the news—brought “with incredible expedition” by an officer who had once served under Ormonde—that Monk had declared for a new Parliament.² It was the Marquis who led this herald of good tidings into the King’s presence; so that Ormonde may thus be said to have announced to Charles his recall to the throne of his fathers.

It soon became obvious both to Ormonde and Hyde that their master must leave the dominions of a monarch at war with England. It would have been fatal to the King’s fortunes had the Spaniards retained him as security for the restitution of Jamaica and Dunkirk. Accordingly, the royal party moved to Breda, where the final negotiations for Charles’s return were completed.

In the counsels of that eventful period Lord Ormonde might well have allowed himself to be exclusively absorbed. It is characteristic, however, of the terms on which he lived with his large family of brothers and sisters, that, despite the pressing business of the hour, he grudged neither time nor trouble to mediate between his sister, Lady Mary

¹ Carte, vol. iii. p. 698. Ormonde to Lord Jermyn, 31st January 1659.

² *Idem*, p. 702.

Hamilton, and her son James. Hyde's frequent references to the subject show that the young man had long desired to join his uncle's church, and it was on Ormonde that fell the unpleasant task of breaking the news to Lady Mary. Out of the vast mass of his correspondence it would be difficult to select a letter throwing more light on Ormonde's manner of regarding matters, which formed the very bedrock of the thought of that age. For tolerance and true Christianity it is scarcely surpassed by any contemporary utterance. Indeed, it is well when at any period, faith speaks in accents of such genuine loving-kindness untainted by aught of bigotry or prejudice.

First and foremost Ormonde was a gentleman. Consequently his most pressing anxiety was to assure Lady Mary that he had willingly consented to write to her, displeasing as the subject matter of his letter must be, because he wished to make it plain that he had acted in Hamilton's concerns

"with as much care of your quiet, as could consist with his in a case wherein I conceive he not only hath right, but is obleeged to governe himself by the dictates of his own conscience and reason without, and even against the consent of his Parents, and that is in the Ellection of his Religion, upon the impartiall choice and sincere profession whereof depends not only his greatest inward satisfaction and happynes in this world, but his eternall in the world to come. How he came to doubt of, and afterwards to mislike that he was bred in, I know not. I am sure I never endeavoured to withdraw him from it, or if I have anything to answer for in relation to him in that particular it is that I have not seconded those inclinations I have long observed in him to embrace the profession I am of. However it came to pass, it is about four yeares since I found him inclined to the change, he is now ready to declare, upon full satisfaction received, as I presume, from some he had reason to believe more competent advisers than I am. What I shall say is that I am as fully persuaded as I can be of anything of that nature (for to know men's hearts is peculiar to God) that he makes this change upon noe worldly inducement whatsoever, but upon a full convincement of his judgment, according to the best

and most unbiassed use he was able to make of it ; according to which he believes he cannot continue in the Communion of the Church of Rome with any hope of Salvation. I will add to this, that to my certain knowledge, he has for a long time been withheld from making public profession of the Protestant Religion, principally, if not only, by the fear of grieving and offending his father and you. But now after so long conflict between his conscience and that tenderness, finding it impossible, as he believes, to continue to please you in that particular without offending God (as certainly all those doe that profess the true Religion, whilst they believe it false) he resolved to live noe longer without the public exercise of some Religion, but to profess that, which upon the longest, the most industrious, and the most impartiall application of all his faculties to lead him to a right judgment, he believes to be the best. This being the true state of the case, as I am most confident it is, however you may be allowed to be sorry he is of another persuasion than you are, yet you cannot justly be angry with him if he continues to pay you those dutys of obedience and reverence to which Nature obleeges him, and from which no difference in opinion can absolve him, and this I am confident he will never be wanting in, but will rather be more careful than ever to please his Father and you in all you can challenge from him, since he will finde it an indispensable obligation soe to do, and layd upon him by the Religion he will have professed before this comes to your hands, though you should be severe and unkind to him for it ; but he will be much more both obleeged and disposed to it if you continue the demonstrations of your affection to him, contenting yourselves with obedience from him in all that is due to you, and not exacting it in what he neither can, nor may allow it. I hope I have said enough," the Marquis proceeds, "to pacify any hard thoughts of him you may have upon this occasion. To what I have said of my own parte, I shall add that I have all along not only given him the same advice seriously and dispassionately to examine and satisfie himself in the alteration he was about to make, as I would now doe to my owne sonne if I found him about to become of the Religion yours has left, but I have alsoe told him I shall not be kinder of him or more careful of any concernes of his, when he should be a Protestant, then I would be if he

continued a Roman Catholique, which I urge as much to justify him as myself, that wee may both stand right in your good oppinion in our several relations, he as a most dutyfull sonn and I as, my deere sister, your most affectionate brother and humble servant.”¹

In the circumstances, whatever hopes Ormonde professed, he could scarcely expect that Mary Hamilton would not be a trifle “severe and unkind” to the proselyte. In fact, but for the tragedy the episode represented to the devout inmate of the Feuillantines, it is amusing to note the uncompromising fashion in which the angry lady sweeps away all Ormonde’s lofty reasonings, to arrive at the feminine cause of her sorrow.

“I must confess,” she writes, “I was never more afflicted or surprised then when I found in your letter the unworthiness of James, who I know too well to believe from him that he had any other dislike to the religion he has left, then that he could not profess it living soe great a libertin as he did ; and the assurance he had that it would be an obstacle to his marriage with Mrs Culpeper, for whom he had this unhappy affection about four years agoe (as I can shew in his letters) and at that time did he resolve to become an apostat, rather than not have her. He has a deare bargaine of her, if she be so unfortunat as to be ingaged to him, and I am confident that she would never have much satisfaction in on(e) that has forsaked God for her. I am most certaine that it was no apprehension of being out of the way of Salvation made him thus base. He has no such tender consience, as you will finde in a little time.”²

But having thus discharged her anger on the “apostat,” Mary Hamilton is anxious that her kindly brother should not think that she includes him in the same condemnation. Piteously, she continues :

“I humbly begg your pardon for being thus bitter when I write to you, and if I have sayd anything against your

¹ Carte, vol. ccxxxii. ff. 11-2. Ormonde to Lady Hamilton, 6th May, 1660.

² *Idem*, vol. ccxiv. p. 192. Lady Hamilton Ormonde, 14th May 1660.

Religion that offends you, it was not my intention. I know you doe what you thinke is best. I pray God direct you to the right. Though you had not taken the pains to writ to me," she adds, "yet I should never have believed that you had any hand in what does soe much torment me."

Meanwhile, the last details of the King's home-coming were being resolved. Of Ormonde's rejoicing in that supreme hour, when at last his long fidelity was to find its reward, we have unfortunately no record; but he preserved the almost incoherent letter in which that usually self-controlled lady, Elizabeth Ormonde, expressed her thankfulness for their approaching reunion.

"My deare Lorde," she wrote, "I believe it will seeme strange to you to reseve an avowede address from mee, whous misfortune has bine such as besides 8 years absence, *it was made penall for mee to write or reseve letters from you.* That by the great and good Providence of God that Bondage under which the three Kingdoms, as well as myself, has suffered should bee now by His Mercye removed, and our long wisht for Blessinge of the King's restoration at the Length Establishede to uss, is such a motive of admiration and joy to all and perticularilie to me as inexpressible, and, indeede, hardlie to be contaynede within moderate bonds, soe as I suspecte myself not to write sense, though I suppose you are satisfiede that I have soe much affection for you, and dewtye to your Master that I mene well to you Both."¹

Having then explained that she had too much "reverense" for Charles to write straight to him, she tells Ormonde that she hopes he will be "so juste" to her as to assure the monarch that she would not fail to offer up prayers to heaven for his prosperity

"*until*," as she quaintly adds, "I may have the honner to kiss his hands, which I shall indeavour with all the speede I cane as what I covet beyonde all the things in this world next that of seeing you, such exception," says the good lady in her emotion, "I know to be a less compliment, but more of Truth and in that respect better."

¹ Carte MSS., vol. xxx. p. 645. Lady Ormonde to Ormonde, 11th May 1660.

When we read outpourings such as these and remember the bitter sorrows and sacrifices that lie behind the ingenuous words, it is difficult not to share the writer's exultation. The national issues of that triumphal homecoming are momentarily obscured. The long succession of disasters, shameful and terrible, stalking in the wake of the "Royal Charles," grow dim. We are less mindful of the Merry Monarch making witty copy of his adventures for the entertainment of an obsequious crowd, than of Ormonde, the true "Courtier of adversity," straining happy eyes towards the land and friends he had given up for lost. To that noble spirit the vision was to come singularly short of its promise. He had known poverty and hardship. He had courted death in many forms. Now he was to drink deep of disenchantment and calumny. His faithful heart was to learn the full meaning of ingratitude. It was well that the future was hid from James Butler. Yet for a fleeting space, while the great ship ploughed her way through summer seas, it may almost have seemed that in his person, as in some lovely fairy tale, truth and chivalry were honoured, loyalty and devotion at last were crowned.



APPENDIX TO CHAPTER I

IN April 1600, Ormonde's anxiety to come to terms with one of Tyrone's chief auxiliaries in Tipperary, Owny MacRory O'More involved him in serious trouble. The trysting place was within a few miles of Kilkenny, and thither the Earl betook himself in the company of Sir Thomas Carew and Lord Thomond. The chieftain's pacific propositions were, however, merely put forward to lure Black Thomas into the trap. When Owny's treachery was disclosed, Ormonde's companions, thanks to the greater speed of their horses, effected their escape. But the Earl, mounted on a "lytle weak hackney," was easily overpowered, dragged from the saddle, and made prisoner. But though his person was threatened—in the first moments of triumph his hat, George, and dagger being snatched from him, and one of the Irish being wounded in his defence—he did not receive any bodily hurt. Indeed, Owny and his adviser, the Jesuit, Father Archer were too intelligent not to appreciate the value of a prisoner such as Ormonde. And if there were some who advocated immediate vengeance on Elizabeth's Lieutenant-General, saner counsels prevailed; the Earl was placed on horseback, and hurried off to the Castle of Gortnacleugh in Leix. Here, though his life was safe—unless, as he warned Lady Ormonde, a rescue was attempted—he suffered no little hardship. In fact, Carew¹ declared that until Ormonde's cook was allowed to go to him with provisions from Kilkenny, the Earl "wanted bread, dranke nothing but water, and, but for one egg, could gett nothing to eate." Since "the villains themselves were ready to starve for want," they could,

¹ Journal R. Soc. of Ant., vol. iii. p. 393; Rev. James Graves, "The Taking of Ormonde," Carew to Mountjoy.

however, scarcely be blamed for their failure to provide a more generous diet. As for Ormonde's lodgings, which he shared with a *posse* of priests, he could, at this period, boast of a roof over his head. Privacy is a purely modern habit, neither desired nor practised by our fathers. But for the chieftain's avowed intention, in case of surprise, to enact the part of executioner, it was probably the least of Ormonde's trials that Owny was his bed-fellow. Father Archer, who devoted the long hours of daytime to theological disputation, was, doubtless, a more objectionable companion. For when reasoning failed, he would threaten the Earl with removal to Spain, where the persuasions of the Holy Office could be invoked to supplement his ineffectual arguments.¹ Nor were Archer's bargainings confined to the domain of things spiritual. The withdrawal of all English garrisons from Leix and the surrender of the strong places in that country to Owny were the principal conditions demanded in return for Ormonde's release. They were debated incessantly, but with little prospect of agreement between the Jesuit and his captive. For Ormonde's sense of duty and honour alike forbade him to allow the Queen's domains to be bartered away for his benefit.

The amenities of Gortnacleigh were evidently not of a high order. But, in the light of his subsequent experiences, Ormonde must have viewed his residence there with something akin to regret, for after a few weeks, Owny became so fearful of his prisoner being rescued by the English, or kidnapped into Ulster by Tyrone's bonaghts² that he adopted a nomadic life. From one cabin to another, through bogs and forests, was Ormonde dragged, never suffered to rest in any single place longer than three hours. In the heyday of youth and strength such an existence must have taxed the most robust, at sixty-eight, it was bound to have a fatal termination.

The Earl's spirit remained steadfast, but his health gave way, and he fell so dangerously ill that his gaolers began to fear he would die from sheer exhaustion. The mere anticipation of such a catastrophe wrought mightily for Ormonde's deliverance. Apart from losses pecuniary and political, Owny well knew the unpleasant results that

¹ Carte, introd. cxii.

² Bonaght, *i.e.*, Irish mercenary.

Ormonde's death, while in his custody, would entail. It was O'More and his mercenaries, not the Irish population, who were responsible for the ambushade at Carranideffe. Doubtless, the threat of an invasion of Leinster by the Queen's forces stimulated the general desire of the country-people to see Ormonde restored to his own fireside. But something must also be allowed for the half feudal, half tribal reverence, which pleaded Ormonde's cause with his Irish neighbours of high or low degree. The chiefs offered their sons as hostages for the Earl, the Irishry vowed vengeance should harm befall him. It was likewise to Tyrone's credit that he refused to make capital out of the misfortunes of a man who, although now ranged against him in open fight, had, in happier days, been a true friend. These various forms of public opinion could not be despised, even by an Irish chieftain of Owny's age and type. If Father Archer never faltered, the O'More became nervously anxious to come to terms with his prisoner.

Hitherto it had been impossible for friends to obtain private speech of Ormonde. He was never alone and even his food was narrowly inspected, lest it should contain notes or messages. What, however, no man could accomplish, a woman achieved. A certain mysterious "Honora," or "Imperia Romana,"¹ despatched by Secretary Fenton, won her way through the wilderness to Ormonde, gained his confidence by a reference to "the green silk bag with books," the property of her employer, which Ormonde recognised as a true "token," and enabled him to communicate with the English government. Ultimately, Owny agreed to accept the sons of twelve chiefs as pledges for the Earl's bond in £3,000, not hereafter to seek vengeance for his detention; and on June the 12th, three months after his seizure, Ormonde mounted his horse to ride forth a free man.² Yet, even then, when his liberty appeared secured, he was well-nigh again arrested, in common with his hostages. Owny, dreading, perhaps, Father Archer's wrath, declared he would allow none of them to depart without obtaining Ormonde's signature to a new and distinctly treasonable paper. Happily, the

¹ Soc. of Ant., N.S., vol. iii. pp. 417-8. Carew to Mountjoy, 12th April 1600.

² Bagwell, vol. iii. p. 357.

Jesuit was absent, and the Irish, anxious to be rid of their embarrassing captive, stood his friends. Knowing that Owny could read no English, they substituted a document protesting against Owny's violence. This the Earl gladly endorsed, and then was formally set free.

END OF VOL. I.

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