

HISTORIC BENBURB.

The Signal Victory Gained by the Irish Over the English.

Details of the Battle.

ARMAGH, IRELAND.

The day following the trip described in my last letter, I started out again. I had a fine black horse, furnished from the same well-equipped stables, with the same driver and the same liverly. The day was struggling betwixt a "fear and a smile," the people were busy at hay and corn—trying to save these crops from the disastrous rains of August. About three miles northwest of Armagh we turned off the main road to a bye road, and a few hundred yards farther came on a cut-away bay or marsh, environed by high ground. A brook or brackish stream runs through this marsh, and there is a bridge over which the road leads. This, I was informed by a farmer I met on the spot, is called "Bagnal's Bridge," and on this very bridge, it is said, Marshal Bagnal was shot by a young Irish sharpshooter. A little to the north stands a white thorn bush—called "Great Man's Thorn Tree"—under which, tradition says, sleeps the brave Marshal Sir Henry Bagnal, who fell as befitted a soldier. This is the spot on which the thickest of the fight took place. Near the battle-field is the "Yellow Ford," across the Callan river. On the six inch ordnance survey map of the district, the battle-field is marked by crossed swords above the words, Beale-ath-buidhe ia—"the mouth of the Yellow Ford"—1693. A strange variety of weapons were used in this battle—guns, match-locks, cross-bows, long-bows, battle-axes, swords, spears and lances. The English wore armor, but the Irish fought as usual, in linen tunics.

The result of the battle was utter rout and slaughter of the English. Camden, an English historian, says of it: "Tyronne triumphed to his heart's content over his adversary and obtained a remarkable victory over the English. And doubtless since they first set foot in Ireland, they never received a greater overthrow." O'Sullivan, another contemporary writer, asserts "that 2,500 of the queen's soldiers, 23 superior officers and a number of lieutenants, ensigns and sergeants were slain in the fight. Thirty-four military standards, twelve thousand pieces of gold, all the musical instruments, artillery and provisions were captured by the victors. Of Tyrone's troops only two hundred were slain and six hundred wounded." The battle was essentially a scientific one—a game of skill between two brave commanders and consummate tacticians, and is most interesting to analyze in detail. By it the Irish got a great store of arms and provisions, and as was natural they drank a health to their host from the hogheads of brown ale which were captured. O'Neill's name rang throughout the land as the deliverer of his country. It is hardly necessary to add that Hugh O'Neill's principal seat and stronghold was at Dungannon, and the battle of the Yellow Ford or "Bellinaboy" was only the climax of a series of wars, which together with famine and pestilence well-nigh left the land a solitude. How the Irish revived again after that terrible period (the 16th and 17th century), and not only peopled their own land, but America and other lands, is a mystery only known to God alone. I was struck by this thought while reading over "Stewart's History of Armagh," a book kindly loaned me by a gentleman of the town, Mr. A. Rouston.

Pursuing our journey we came to Blackwater town, a mile further on a village charmingly situated on the river of that name, but evidently it saw better days, for a number of wrecked mills and stores are lying around idle. As our good black horse dashed onwards, no hostile armies could be seen approaching Yellow Ford, but a much more agreeable sight was the presence of some nice country girls driving baby carriages—returning one's salute with a coquetish smile—while farmers were hauling their produce along the road. Finally, about six miles northwest of Armagh, I came on the main object of my visit—historic Benburb. Benburb means, according to some writers, "Fierce Horn," or "Terror," or "Scarecrow of the Foreigners." Now that I have seen Benburb, I must say that all the accounts I have read of it gave me only a faint idea of its striking situation. The village itself is a

handsome I have seen, with a very neat blacksmith-shop and post-office. In the centre of the village, opposite the demesne gate, the visitor is attracted by a curious looking affair with a coat-of-arms and a sun-dial, which they say was an ancient sentry box. Entering the demesne, I saw a fine red brick mansion, with a conservatory and stables attached—something like one might see in the suburbs of Chicago. The building overlooks a beautifully laid out grounds, sloping down to the steep, rocky banks of the Blackwater. This elegant residence belongs to Mr. Bruce, a wealthy Belfast distiller, who purchased a portion of the Benburb demesne from Lord Powerscourt nine years ago for £600. On it Mr. Bruce erected this fine house, and he has the grounds laid out in a manner very creditable to him. When the owner is not living here visitors are allowed through the grounds on which O'Neill's ancient castle stands without being asked any questions, but when he is at home they have to get tickets at the gate lodge. He being away, the writer strolled about with as much freedom as did Owen Roe on a memorable occasion. From the front of Mr. Bruce's dwelling fine views are obtained, including the Armagh Cathedral and an immense stretch of charming, rolly country. Away down on the very edge of the Blackwater is seen, amidst noble trees, Owen Roe's ivy-capped castle. The castle was repaired and rooted and inhabited till a short time ago, I was told by one of the workmen. The last person who occupied it was Mr. Bruce's gardener. Ah, how times have changed since the days of Benburb and Owen Roe.

Having taken a bird's-eye view of the beautiful situation and feasted long over the historic scenes around, I walked down those lovely sloping grounds to the ivied castle. Entering an ancient gateway, I saw a rather spacious court yard, beautifully laid out with walks and short cut grass. This court yard is surrounded by ancient walls—somewhat, I think, in the shape of a pentagon having port-holes all around. On one side is a nice modern cottage, built on the precipice overlooking the river—which I learned afterward was a shooting lodge erected by Lord Powerscourt. The doorways of the old castle are all newly built with cut stone. Climbing a wooden stair to a room in the castle which seemed to have been modernized and recently inhabited, I saw what a stranger would take to have been Owen Roe's easy-chair. This is a curious affair, supported on chains, in the very centre of the room, opposite a window, having ancient but stone sashes. But oh! what a view from that window! Indeed it would be hard to find a scene more peculiarly romantic. Surely, I thought, the brave O'Neill must have been inspired with it, while watching for the approach of the enemy from Armagh. Hundreds of feet below, at the foot of a precipice, runs the dark, rushing, seething, roaring, frothing Blackwater, circling round a curve in a secluded little valley, bordered by steep wooded banks. A little farther up the river tumbles over a pretty "fall" beside a mill, while the banks on the Armagh side are studded with cabins and farmhouses. On another hill, opposite the window in which this pen-picture was made, is the nice modern residence and pretty grounds of Mr. McKean, who owns the mill. At that window I lingered long, it overlooking a spot no less historic than romantic, while the winds whispered through the ivy outside—as if telling the visitor its thrilling story. I could have remained much longer, and think it very short, if I hadn't the wishes of the driver waiting at the gate to take into account—who perhaps didn't take as much interest in Benburb as did the writer. But yet another pause, and the grateful Irish sun shone out from the west, and seemed to throw a halo over that remarkably romantic, historic scene. A little to the left is a quaint-looking bridge seen spanning the river betwixt woods. One might sit here for hours and not know what to admire most—the beautiful demesne, fine modern residence, woods, precipice, teeming waterfalls, and ancient castle—all in a bunch. The canal, which connects Lough Neagh with Lough Neane, runs close beside the Blackwater here.

Needless to add that the battle of Benburb was the outcome of the "Confederation of Kilkenny" when the Irish had recourse to arms in defense of faith and country, and when the Pope sent an envoy, Bl.

All the English and... in Ireland were mustered to suppress the rising at Kilkenny. But the spirit of the nation was aroused, Owen Roe was called back from exile, and with a Spanish sword and Irish heart proved more than a match for his adversaries at Benburb. The battle was fought on the 5th of June, 1646, about two miles west of Benburb, at a place now called "Battleford Bridge." The English army of some 7,000 men was commanded by General Munroe, while the Irish troops—5,500 horse and foot—were commanded by Owen Roe O'Neill. Just before the battle O'Neill made a memorable address to his army, exhorting them in inspiring language to fight valiantly for faith and fatherland. And so they did, like true sons of Erin. The struggle was short, sharp and decisive, and all was over. The day was Ireland's, and never was a victory more signal and glorious. The English lost about 2,600 men, while the Irish loss was only about 150. The Irish captured nearly all the artillery, arms and standards of the English, besides a great quantity of tents, baggage and supplies. Munroe precipitately fled from the battle-field without his cloak or wig. Both English and Irish writers are agreed on the bravery and superior generalship of O'Neill. Ireland might be reaping the fruits of Owen Roe's victory to-day only for one thing—disensions amongst the Irish and Anglo-Irish leaders of that time. Since his day, perhaps Owen Roe has had no equal as an Irish military leader. We see in him the chief, hero, clever strategist and patriot combined. The castle of Benburb is said to have been built about 1611, when the Benburb Manor lands, comprising some 27 townlands, were made over on the Wingfield family as a "grant" from the Crown. I made a very agreeable call on Mr. McKean.

EDMUND D. WHELAN.

Under the auspices of the Bronson Club, an organization of Cleveland Catholics, a mission for the conversion of Protestants will be established in that city. It is in charge of the Paulist Fathers, and Father Kress, one of the order, will be the missionary. The mission will be in a public hall. There will be no altar, and the priest will preach in his street clothes. The permission of Bishop Ignatius F. Horstmann, of the diocese of Northern Ohio, was asked, and while he approved the plan, he first wrote to Rome for sanction. The approval of the Pope has been conveyed to Bishop Horstmann through Cardinal Ledochowski, prefect of the Propaganda.

The Secretary of Agriculture is of opinion that "wheat will not be hereafter our cereal product." He says in all probability wheat will remain at relatively low figures for all time to come except when there are failures of the crop in countries which furnish a large part of the total supply. The great competitors of the United States in the production and sale of wheat are the Argentine Republic, Australasia and Russia. The capabilities of the last named country as a bread producer are beyond computation. American farm implements and machinery are finding large sale in the empire, and permanently established agencies of the great reaping and other manufacturing concerns of the United States are located at Odessa and other important entrepôts to the wheat growing regions. The Argentine Republic already is capable of placing 50 million bushels of wheat per year on the European market, while it has only 10 millions of population, and the Argentine wheat fields average less than a hundred miles from deep water harbors. The wheat pays no appreciable inland freight to reach shipping ports, while the wheat of the United States averages quite a heavy transportation charge in reaching the seaboard. Russia likewise has the advantage of a short interior haul and speedy transportation. Mr. Morton says that corn is constantly advancing in importance because of an ever growing demand for it, growing out of its new uses, and encounters but little competition from other countries. This indicates a greater demand for export, but it must be considered in this connection that Argentine is getting ready to be a heavy competitor with us in the supply of corn to Europe.

Constant and persevering effort is the best cure for an unhealthy self-depreciation. He who thinks he can accomplish nothing, and makes no endeavor, will soon destroy whatever ability he may possess. Indolence and self-depreciation go hand in hand and act each on the other. But noble aims and steadfast industry will give a true estimate of self and its powers; and they in turn will rapidly develop a well-grounded self-confidence.

An Ohio minister sells advertising space on his church program in such a way that a response is made in a business and attractive manner.

The Church is the Kingdom of Christ. "And of His Kingdom there shall be no end." This is confirmed by the words of Christ Himself, when addressing Peter: "And I say to thee, that thou art Peter, and upon this rock I will build my Church; and the gates of Hell shall not prevail against it. And I will give to thee the Keys of the Kingdom of Heaven, and whatsoever thou shalt bind on earth shall be bound also in Heaven; and whatsoever thou shalt loose on earth, shall be loosed also in Heaven."—Matt. xvi, 18, 19.

"But if I tarry long, that thou mayest know how thou oughtest to behave thyself in the House of God, which is the Church of the Living God, the pillar and ground of truth." Our Lord makes use of no ambiguous language in the foregoing statement. If any fail to understand the direct purport of the language here used by Christ, it is because they don't want to understand it, and they may be held accountable for their failure to obey the injunctions He has given them.

Again Christ says: "And other sheep I have that are not of this fold; those also I must bring; and they shall hear my voice: and there shall be made one fold and one shepherd."—John x, 16. Where are the other sheep? The God-Man foretold that the enemy of mankind—Satan—would exercise his evil influence over a portion of the human family and lead them astray—away from the One Fold and the One Shepherd where they properly belonged. He knew that the pride and vain ambition of humanity would be acted upon by the envy of Satan, to lead from the fold of Christ some of his flock. It is the inconstant followers of those over whom Satan acquired complete control, and whom he enrolled under his fery banner of hopeless despair, to whom our Lord refers as "other sheep not of this fold." This is very clearly demonstrated by the fact that of all the heretics, from the time our Saviour was upon the earth to the present time—and they were many—their followers sought the security of the One True Fold and the protection of the One Shepherd—with the exception of the followers of Luther, Calvin, Knox and other offshoots from those heretics, and they also, in good time, will seek the saving shelter of the True Fold—the Holy Roman Catholic and Apostolic Church. But, alas, how many may be led amid the undergrowth—the entangling shrubbery of bewildering error—in the meantime?

And he is the head of the body, the Church, who is the beginning, the first born from the dead; that in all things he may hold the primacy.—Colos. i, 18. Again, "For the husband is the head of the wife, as Christ is the head of the Church." He is the Saviour of his body.—Ephes. v, 23, 24. As the Church is subject to Christ, so also let wives be subject to their husbands in all things.—Ephes. v, 24. "Husbands, love your wives, as Christ also loved the Church and delivered himself up for it."—Ephes. v, 25. "For he ever hated his own flesh, but washed and purified himself with water by the Word, that he might present the Church to himself, glorious without spot or wrinkle or any such thing."—Ephes. v, 26. "And I shall make peace with them; it shall be an everlasting covenant with them; and I will multiply them, and will set an sanctuary in the midst of them forever."—Ezech. xxxvii, 26.

We might quote proofs voluminous in support of the divine origin, infallibility and apostolicity of the Church, but the above are a few of the most compelling and particularly applicable and detailed ones.

It is a sad and painful thing to witness in the midst of a beautiful country as one of the most elegant in the world, a young man, only three years old, but who had been the leader in the study of research in this country. He was especially valuable to the community, but he has been lost.

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