## THE TRUE WITNESS AND CATHOLIC CHRONICLE. MAY 9,

## CAMERON OF LOCHIEL:

2

OB. THE RISING IN THE HIGHLANDS.

The attempt made by Prince Charles Edward Stuart in 1745 to win back the crown of his ancestors is one of the most striking of all the romances of history. Romantic it certainly was in its inception ; for "bonnie Prince Oharlie," as the Scots fondly entitled him, invaded Great Britain at the head of no more than seven followers, with the bold design of overturning the established government, which had at its back large armies and great resources both in money and war material. Romantic in its schievements also; for the few hardy Highlanders and brave Irishmen who followed the Prince's desperate fortunes took all Scotland into their keeping at a rush, twice overthrew the forces sent against them, swept down from their northern hills upon England, and actually marched over 180 miles into the heart of that country, halting only at Derby, within 127 miles of London. proclaiming their prince as king whereacever they went, and levying the public money all along in their route in his name. But, bold even to rashness as was the attempt, and marvellous as were the successes that attended it for several months, it would never have become history but for the gal. lant and chivalrous Highland gentleman, Donald Cameron of Lochiel.

He was a man of great influence among the Gaels of Scotland; being the representative of a family noted for personal prowess during many generations, at least in their own rather limited. sphere; and being, besides, of so amiable and kindly a disposition that his memory is still fondly cherished among the Highlanders, who love to call him "the gentle Lochiel," following their own fashion of borrowing a chieftain's appellation from the name of his house. From this influence the enterprise of Prince Charlie would have died in the hour of its birth, if Lochiel had decided on taking no part in it. Not a Highland chief of them all would have raised a banner or drawn a sword in the cause from which he held aloof, no matter how. strongly they might have been attached to it. It depended, then, on the adherence of Lochiel and his clan, whether the election should be made. Without him, Charles Edward might have gone as he came, doing no more than that

## "King of France with forty thousand men,

Who first marched them up the hill, and then marched down again."

Donald Comeron did join the prince's standard, and the other Highland chiefs soon came flocking around it. However, it must not be imagined that Lochiel was a vain or impulsive man, who saw in the rash project an opportunity of gratifying his own ambition by the exercise of his influence, or of ministering to his taste for martial exploits by the wide scope which an insurrection would afford him. On the contrary, he was painfully aware of the inadequacy of the means to the end proposed, and at first did everything in his power to dissuade the prince from embarking in an enterprise that had so little of hope in its aspect. It was a feeling of duty that in the end impelled him on. Charles Edward was in Lochiel's eyes his legitimate prince, whom he was bound in loyalty to obey: and however much in our day men me stigmause the principle of personal loyalty, none but the basest can withhold their admiration from those who displayed an unshrinking spirit of self-sacrifice in devotion to that principle when in their hearts they held it sacred.

How the prince overcame Lochiel's hesitation may be briefly stated. On August 5tb, 1745-the year of famous Fontenoy-Charles Edward landed at Borodale, on the Southern shore of Lochnanuagh, on the coast of Inverness-shire. Lochiel, as a leal and faithful subject, hastened to the place for the express purpose of dissuading the Prince from the pale at the sight, regarding the trifling matter as enterprise. On the way to Borodale "the gentle Lochiel" passed the house of his brother, Cameron of Fassafern, on whom he called to inform him of his intention. Fassafern, more prudent than his elder brother, advised Lochiel to communicate his reasons against the project to the prince by letter.

prince to give him my reasons in person for refusing to join his standard." "Brother," responded Fassafern, with energy, " Т

better planned, and none ever more successfully carried out than this exploit. Meanwhile Lieutenant-General Cope, in haste to

repair the mistake wrought to his cause by his erroneous strategy, had embarked his troops hat Aberdeen, meaning to come by sea to the defence of Edinburgh-a very short cut when compared with the long and rugged roads the prince's troops were compelled to traverse. But the sinewy limbs of the hardy mountaineers had been left out of his calculations, and when he landed at Dunbar on the 29th the city was already lost to his side. Nevertheless he set out confidently for Edinburgh, deem. ing his regular and well appointed troops more than a match for twice the force of half-armed irregulars that could be brought by the prince against him. The latter, on his part, was quite as confident, and set out from the city on the 36th to meet Cope on the march and give him battle. On the 1st of October, the two armies were arrayed sgainst each other at a place about seven miles from Edinburgh, and a battle ensued which is variously called Prestonpans and Gladsmuir. In the whole history of war there is nothing more astounding, and indeed ludicrous from some points of view, than this celebrated engagement. The English force, duly trained and admirably armed for the era, supported by cavalry and artillery, and posted on ground which was only approachable by a sarrow pass or over a morass, outnumbered the prince's force by some 400 men. The Highlanders, on the other hand, had been got together only during the five or six previous weeks, knew little or nothing of discipline, had but a limited number of muskets among them, had not the advantage of even a single piece of cannon, whiln many of them, besides, were compelled to put up with such make shifts for weapons of war as bludgeons and scytheblades tied on to pitchfork handles. Yet the first line of the prince's army, of itself, captured the enemy's artillery with a rush ere the cannoniers had time to give them more than five discharges. put two regiments of cavalry to a disgraceful flight, and, after a single discharge, threw down whatever muskets they had among them, drew their great broad-swords-their claymores-and with a mighty shout dashed helter-skelter, target on arm and claymore in hand, on the regular infantry drawn up against them in hostile array. In five minutes the battle was at an end. The loss on the prince's side was trivial-35 killed and 70 or 80 more or less wounded; but with the exception of some 300 infantry who escaped by flight, and the cavalry, who had turned tail previously. Cope's army was annihilated. Men, money, arms baggage, guns, mortars, all fell into the hands of the Highlanders.

Lochiel and his Cameronians must have been distinguished greatly in this brief but decisive fray, for they were selected to be the advance guard on the triumphant return march to Edinburgh. In less than three hours after the battle the chivalrous chieftain and his gallant clan swept proudly through the city gates, their bagpipes screaming "The March of the Cameron Men," and themselves displaying in triumph the colours they had taken from Cope's dragoons.

This victory made Charles master of Scotland, with the exception of two or three fortified places which he had not as yet the means to reduce.

Having had his father proclaimed king in almost every town, by the Scotch title of King James the Eighth, the prince, under the guidance of O'Sullivan, determined on an irruption into England. Some time was spent in organizing his irregular levies into at least the semblance of an army; and at length, on the 119th of November, which a force under 5,000, he crossed the border into Cumberland. As the clans set foot on English soil, they drew their claymores, and flourished them in the air with shouts of exultation. Lochiel, too, drew his, but being careless in the enthusiasm of the moment. he cut his hand; and many of the clansmen grew an ill omen, because the first blood drawn within the borders of England was not only Highland blood, but the blood of their beloved chieftain, their "gentle Lochiel."

Undismayed by any sign or portent, O'Sullivan, asons against the project to the prince by letter. who was the real headpiece of this adventure, "No," answered Lochiel, "I think it due to my pressed on to Carlisle, the first foilified town that lay on his route. The artillery he had with him to his aid, and, raising him up, besought him with was much too light to make a ready breach; but his address to the know you better than you know yourself. If the opened trenches as if he meant to make a formal siege of the place, but carefully forbore to fire a single gun, lest the garrison might learn how ill prepared he was to reduce it speedily. His formal preparation so alarmed the defenders that within four days they surrendered the town with all its stores in arms, ammunition, horses, plate, and a year The march through England from this forward was a continued triumph. Preston received the prince with joy; Manchester went into ecstacies of jubilation on his account. But though thousands on thousands of Englishmen flocked around Charles, and gave noisy vent to their feelings of satisfaction at his coming, in multitudinous shouts and hurrahs, yet when arms were offered to them, to enable them to assist the cause they professed to have at Jacobites had the courage to take up arms for Charles, and these were incorporated as the " regiment of Manchester," under the command of Colonel Townley, a member of the steadfast Catholic family of Lancashire, from whom the present Lady O'Hagan sprang. Hoping for better success elsewhere, O'Sullivan still marched southward. Two armies, each more than double the number of that which he virtually led, were closing around him from different points; and it required the most consummate martial skill to avoid a collision with one or other of them. joined; "I will share the fate of my prince, and so But the Kerry general's genius triumphed over every difficulty; and at length, having outmancouvred the Duke of Cumberland-the same who was so well beaten at Fontenoy-on the 15th of December he entered Derby with colours flying 120 miles of London, most of the Scottish chiefs not care whether Charles wrested the English throne from the grasp of George the Second. What they aimed at was the overthrow of the Union between England and Scotland; and they were anythe English Jacobites, who had all through behaved in a cowardly way. A council of war was held in Derby on the 16th, and the Scots expressed themselves so strongly in favor of an immediate return to their own country, that, notwithstanding Charles's vehement opposition to the project, it was finally determined to retrace their steps. O'Sullivan and the other Irish officers persuaded the prince to acquiesce in the arrangement by pointing out to him how unlikely it was that the Scots would fight well if they followed his standard unwillingly; and on this shrewd representation Charles at length reluctantly gave way. An incident relating to Lochiel during this famous march is a good illustration of the unscrupulous way in which the English Hanoverians discredited their foes and endeavoured to excite strong prejudice against them. One evening, when the chief of the Camerons entered the lodgings assigned to him, his landlady, an elderly woman, threw herself at his feet, with uplifted hands and tears in her oyes, and begged him to take her life, but to spare her two children. "The genile Lochiel" was

could scarcely be in her senses, and asked her to could scarcely be in her senses, and alled her to explain her meaning. Whereupon she, astonished in inrn at his aminble dempanour, informed him that is was admited everywhere that Highlanders ate children, for their ordinary food, Loohish simply assured her that they would not infure her or her children, or any person whatever. She studied his face intently for some minutes, and then called alond," Come out, children'! the gentleman won't cat you ;" and going to a press she liberated two youngsters who had therein been concealed, and who in great affright threw themselves at his feet

57

By the 30th of December the prince's little force had crossed the Esk into Scotland. When we remember that the expedition into England lasted some six weeks, that it was undertaken in the worst season in the year, and was conducted in the teeth of two large armies, either of which ought to have been capable of annihilating the little band of perces, we have no words to express our admiration of O'Sullivan's strategio skill, or of the hardiness and daring displayed by our Gaelic brethren of the Alba. But with this incursion the sun of Charles Stuart's success began to set. On the 28th of January, 1748, indeed, he gained the important victory of Falkirk, near Stirling; but it was not nearly so complete as his former one at Prestonpans. His army was on that day about 8,000 mennearly double what it had ever been before-but the Lowland contingents fled at the very first shot leaving Lochiel and his Camerons with some of the Stuart clan to bear the brunt of fighting the whole right wing of the enemy; and despite the utmost efforts of the gallant chieftain, the few Highlanders were giving way, when a contingent ef some 400 men of the Irish Brigade-who had made their way over from France during Charles's southward march—opportunely arrived on the scene of conflict, and drove the English right before then as gallantly and effectually as at Fon-<sup>t</sup>enoy.

Notwithstanding this victory, the end was drawing near. The prince had no money left; the sup-plies sent from France and Spain, when they did not fall into the hands of the British, were com-pelled to be sent to the bottom of the see; food was almost unobtainable in the barren Highland district; and desertions from sheer starvation became things of daily occurrence. In vain did the indefatigable O'Sullivan and others of the Irish officers plan and execute with striking success a number of dashing and serviceable martial exploits. What they did was generally undone by some folly or carelessness on the part of the Highland leaders, Even Lochiel himself joined in the cry to besiege Fort William-a place of such strength as that the only result of an effort to reduce it was to harass and fatigue still further troops which had already been wearied and worn enough.

At length, on the 27th of April, the fatal night of Culloden began. Opposed to less than 5,000 halfstarved and outworn troops on the prince's side, appeared double their number of English veterans, under the Duke of Cumberland. Lochiel with his Camerons, among others, formed the right wing of Charles's army, the dispositions for which had been made by O'Sullivan with his usual ability. The night and centre broke through the English in despite of every obstacle; but the Macdonalds, on the left, refused to charge. They had been accustomed to take up position on the right wing in the Scots armies for centuries, and nothing could induce them to fight on the left. All the heroic efforts of the rest of the force were thrown away, In vain di 1 Lochiel and his clan crush upon a couple of English regiments; in vain did the MacIntoshes cleave through the English centre; the stubborn Macdonalds would not advance a foot. They preferred for a while to stand as targets for the bullets of their foes. The Duke of Perth appealed to them, but they would not make a step forward; and at length they left the field. An affecting incident is related of the chieftain, Alexander Macdonald of Keppoch. When he beheld them turn their backs in defiance of his carnest entreaties, he exclaimed. "My God I have the children of my tribe deserted me!" and with a pistol in one hand and a drawn sword in the other, he advanced alone to the enemy. He had got but a little way when a musket-shot brought him to the ground. A clansman rushed tears and prayers not to throw away his life; but Keppoch desired this faithful follower to take care

name, assisted by the O'Gradys, MacNamaras, Hogans, Delaboyds, and others, and his office had been a troublesome one at the quietest of times. But now, when the general confusion began, his difficulties grew tenfold along with them, and there was never an Irish Custos Rotulorum more hampered and thwarted by his coadjutors and officers.

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In the month of November, 1641, the cry ran through Thomond that O'Neill was coming-the real meaning of which was that the men of Tipperary had made incursions into Clare, across the Shannon, and were making creaghts, and carrying off cattle from the English settlers-and from some of the Irish betaghtas well-not having time in the hurry to make the proper distinctions ; or thinking, perhaps that such persons were friendly to the governmeat, and no better than mere English. The chief of these reivers was Mortagh O'Brien. Fitz Daniel of Armagh, in Tipperary, who obliged the Bishop of Killaloe to fly for safety to Limerick, and threatened to besiege the strong house of Castle Bank, belonging to Mr. Washington, and defended by that gentleman and his friends. At the same time came the news that Turlogh O'Brien, of Tullogmore, in the county of Clare, had brought a number of kernes from Galway to strengthen his following, and was seizing the cattle of the Englishmen, and driving them into their strongest houses and swarming together throughout the country, the most stirring and turbulent of all being the O'Briens-to the great confusion of the Lord aly Castle, on the river Fergus, against a party of Lieutenant of the province, who was the head of that formidable tribe, and was at his wit's end to manage them.

The earl now summoned all the gentry and house-holders of Clark to meet him at Inish, for the raising of a force to keep the peace. This force was soon raised, since it was composed of the followers of the chiefs then present; and it was commanded by Dermot'O'Brien, Esq., Conor O'Brien, Esq., John MacTeig MacNamara, Donough MacTeig MacNamara, Turlough MacMahon, and other Irish gentlemen. The carl then put himself at the head of the army, and marched to Castle Bank and Killaloe to prevent the incursions of the men of Duharra. He sent Dermot O'Brien across the river to Mortagh O'Brien, who had carried such a creaght into Tipperary, demanding restitution of the cattle, Mortagh refused : whereupon the earl sent a force into Duharra, who swept over a large district, and brought back some cattle which were "supposed" to have been taken from the gentlemen of Clare, This was a rough and ready mode of enacting justice, but it was the most convenient at the time, and it saved the king's lieutenant a good deal of time and trouble. The earl then turned his attention to the other namesake, Turlough, who had been complained of by John Burke for "lifting" cattle, and sent a body of horse and foot after him. But Torlough protested it was all Burke's malice and desired to be excused from waiting on the earl at present; but he would go in a short time and prove that it was Burke himself who had carried off the cattle. The troop returned with this story to earl, who saw himself at a nonplus, and not able to get his man. But he did the next best thing. He seized some of the common sort, who were accused of stealing Englishmen's cattle, and gave orders to hang them. But his officers objected in the cases of the majority of them, who had friends in the camp. There were two of catherans, however, who were strangers, and those were accordingly strung up, to the great relief of the carl's mind, seeing that he wished to do his duty and give satisfaction to all parties, the complaining Englishmen especially.

The narrative of these county Clare events is not to be read in any history of the time. It was written by one of the English castellans of that country, Mr. Cuff., who held the castle of Ballyaly situated on a small lake of the river Fergus, near the town of Ennis. Mr. Cuffe's manuscript was preserved in his own and in other families, and printed, about forty years ago, by the Camden Society of London, as an interesting illustration of the general history of Ireland at the period to which it refers. It is a very simple and unpretending record of events, but it gives one a pretty good idea of the sort of place the county of Clare must have been in the days of Sir Phelim O'Neill, when the population of all Ireland was less than that of possession of both, after killing and mortally the population of all Ireland was less than that of Pennsylvania in our own day, and the people relied more for their subsistence on the flesh of their an Englishman, who had been engaged in the

in the homesteads. They did not like the Irish love of "coshering," the familiarity of the gay Irish captains with their wives and daughters, or the wild work the kernes and galloglasses were for ever mak. ing among the servant maids in the kitchens and the dairies.

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The Englishmen fled from another grievance also. Their defenders, the O'Briens, O'Gradys, and MacNamaras, told thom they had no need of arms, since they, the Irish, would protect them. The protectors, in fact, asked for those arms ; and some-times took them to save trouble. No wonder the settlers ran from their homesteads to the few strong houses, leaving the free and easy garrison boys to shift for themselves. The latter seeing themselves so unbandsomely cut, all over the country, com-plained to the earl that the English were shirking their obligations and also carrying away with them a great quantity of excellent arms which the army had great need of. This last statement was true enough; and his lordship, who was as much exer. cised by his army as the army was by him, gave his officers permission to ask the settlers what arms they had, and take from them those they did not want for their defence. This was just the commission to suit the ideas of the O'Briens and the O'. Gradys, and they went to make inquirles accordingly. This bripgs us to the most particular part of Mr. Cuffe's manuscript, and the siege which that gentleman's friends and family sustained in Bally. Irishmen, acting ostensibly under the orders of Lord Thomond.

This castle, which had "a reasonably strong ward," contained a quantity of arms which the Irish desired to have, and the Cuffes and their English friends resolved to keep. The later knowing what was meditated sgainst them, sent out a number of men who made a creaght of eleven cows and thirty. two sheep, and brought them in to victual the gar. rison. In February, 1641, Dermot O'Brien, one of the earl's officers, with Turlogh O'Brien and others, came before Ballyaly with a force of a thousand men, and domanded the surrender of the place. This being refused, Turlough O'Brien set his people to surround the castle and make huts and cabins to shelter them in their encampment. After this the besiegers would venture near the castle enclosure and talk at the top of their voices with the men on the wall, swearing at them, threatening them, and promising them that Sir Phelim O'Neill would be shortly among them and scatter the Sastenachs of the county of Clare to the four winds of heaven, with the blessing of God on his endeavours.

That night Sir Daniel O'Brien sent a body of men to pass the castle in the dark and take post in the haggard; and they succeeded in doing so; by which means they made it perilous for any of the garrison to venture out for water. In the morning the men on the walls could see that the Irish had intrench. ed themselves within patronel shot of the castle, and planted their big "goon." This piece of artil-lery, five inches in the bore, was five feet long, and made a terrible show in the eyes of Andrew Chapl. ing and his friends; but it was not balf so bad as it looked, being made of leather, "which was little better than balf tanned." The Irish charged this "goon" with great ceremony, and, at the proper time, turned it off with a blazing sod of turf; but it did not answer their expectation; the powder broke out at the hinder end, and the bullet stayed within. The garrison breathed again. The battery terrified them no longer. The enemy's shot at their "spick holes" did as little damage; but their own musketry hit and killed several of those sent on a forlorn hope with relief to the party in the haggard who soon began to suffer for want of lood. Three men who attempted to carry a pair of guerns and a sieve to the heggard, to enable the sufferers to grind some of the corn and make flour, were shot down on the way.

Water was now grown so scarce in the castle that the garrison were obliged to boil their salt meats two or turee times in the same water, and tried to save the rain water with sheets and vessels. On Sunday, 27th February, two of the Cuffee, with a score of others, made a desperate sally, first attacking the men in the haggard, who, being few in number, were overpowered and killed ; and then, wounding the workmen, and sparing Adam Baker,

prince once sets eyes on you, he will make you do what he pleases."

But Lochiel would not be persuaded to dispense with the respect he thought due from his loyalty. He pursued his way to Borodale, and the interview between him and Charles accordingly took place. In the course of it, Lochiel pressed the prince with money, and agreed not to serve against Charles for many arguments to return to France, and reserve himself and his friends for a more favorable occasion, as he had come over, even by his own acknowledgment, without arms, money or men; but Charles had set his whole heart on the adventure, and firmly, nay, impatiently declined to sail away from Scotland. Then the chieftain made an effort in another direction, and requested Charles at least to remain in secresy until his friends had met and deliberated on the best course to pursue. To this suggestion also the prince turned a deaf car. His heart, nearly all were unanimous in declining the mind was on tire. Like a gamester in a state of perilous gifts, on the ground that they "did not desperation, he was determined to stake everything, understand fighting." Only between two and three on the one hazard. His answer to a proposal so hundred of the hundreds of thousands of English manifestly reasonable shows the temper in which Charles was:

"In a few days I will erect the royal standard, and proclaim to the people of Great Britain that Charles Stuart is come over to claim the crown of his ancestors, and to win it, or perish in the attempt. Lochiel-who, my father has often told me, was our firmest friend-may stay at home, and learn from the newspapers the fate of his prince."

At the picture thus presented, of his sovereign going alone to destruction, the loyalty of " the gentle Lochiel" was fully aroused. "No," he reshall every man over whom nature or fortune hath given me power.'

That was enough. Lochiel had given his word. On the 30th of August the Stuart standard was unfurled in the valley of Glenfinnan, with the Camerons of Lochiel and the Macdonalds of Kep-120 miles of London, most of the Scottish chiefa poch drawn up in martial array under their respec- grew dissatisfied with their position. They did tive chiefs. Such proceedings, although done, it might be said, in a corner, could not long be hidden from the Hanovarians; and in consequence a wellappointed English force under Sir John Cope moved from Edinburgh northward, with the intent thing but content to risk everything on behalf of to nip the insurrection in the bud. But among the the English Jacobites, who had all through beseven whom Charles had brought with him from France-four Irishmen, two Scots, and an Englishman-there was a vory remarkable native of Kerry, by name John O'Sullivan, formerly a colonel abroad, and now acting for Charles in the double capacity of adjutant-general and quartermastergeneral. This O'Sullivan, while nominally conceding the chief command to one or another of the Scots, was in reality the commander-in-chief; and Sir John Cope soon found to his cost that he was no match at the game of war for the able Kerryman. Cope was so utterly out-manœuvred by O'Sullivan that the prince's force, gradually but steadily increasing in numbers, was bearing down on Edinburgh, while the Hanoverlans were still up in the Highlands. On the 27th of September, 800 Highlanders, under the command of Lochiel and O'Sullivan, surprised the Scotch metropolis, seized the guards at the different gates, secured the guardhouses, and without bloodshed made themselves masters of the city. The sun of the 27th had gone down on a Hanoverian Edinburgh ; the sun of the

810 of himself, and staggered forward towards the hostile line. A second shot struck him, and he fell to earth again, to rise no more.

Hopeless disaster to the prince's arms was the result of the Macdonalds' stubbornness. The enemy were able to outflank him so thoroughly that the contest could no longer be sustained. Nevertheless, a portion of the right wing held together, and marched away in orderly retreat, bearing with them the gallant chief of the Camerons, who had been sorely wounded in the sanguinary fray.

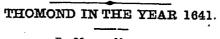
After Culloden the chances of Charles were goas beyond hope. Not the least romantic part of the whole romantic story is the narrative of his subsequent wanderings and escape to France, but into that we cannot enter now. Lochiel was unable to take any further share in his prince's perils, but had to lie concealed until his wound was healed. In due time he contrived to escape to France, where he was appointed so the colonelcy of a regiment. But he did not long survive the wreck of his clan, his hopes, and his fortunes. Death claimed the chieftain in 1748. Fitting words to describe his chivalrous character did his countryman Campbell put into Lochiel's mouth when he wrote :--

"False wizard, avaunt! I have marshalled my clan-The swords are a thousand, their bosoms are one; They are true to the last of their blood and their breath,

And like reapers descend to the harvest of death.

Though my perishing ranks should be strewed in

their gore, Like ocean-weeds heaped on the surf-beaten shore, Lochiel, untainted by flight or by chains While a kindling of life in his bosom remains, Shall victor exult, or in death be laid low, With his back to the field, and his feet to the foe; And leaving in battle no blot on his name, Look proudly to heaven from the death-bed of fame."



By MAJOR MUSKERRY.

In the memorable year 1641, the native chieftains of Ireland, knowing that the king of England was at issue with his parliament, and that the English garrisons in Ireland were weak, and half of them under the command of Irishmen, thought the time had come to get back some of those estates which former confiscations had taken from them. A number of those chieftains, with Sir Phelim O'Neill and Maguire in the North, broke out into open rebellion, and the noise of this, and especially of Maguire's attempt to seize the Castle of Dublin threw the whole population into a ferment, the English sottlers being anxious to defend themselves and hold what they had, and the Irish, in general, ready to march in any direction, and seize overything belonging to the enemy which was not either too hot nor too heavy for them.

At this time the county of Clare, was under the lieutenancy of Barnabas O'Brien, Earl of Thomond, who was very much attached to King Charles, and who, a few years subsequently, went over to England and served his majesty in the war against the parliament. The earl had been managing his gov-

duct of agriculture. Cattle represented the life and wealth of the country in peace, and was the chief 'sinews of war" in times of trouble.

Whatever the Irish movement might have been elsewhere, it was not a bloody one in Thomond, the demonstrations being mainly seizures of cattle. In December Oliver and John Delahoyd, "both es-quires," went with a great gathering and drove away the cattle of John Twisden and Thomas Randall. of Ballevany, and other Englishmen. The carl sent immediately after the Delahoyds, and had Oliver brought before him. But Oliver managed to clear himself, and the earl, in order to secure him in some way, made him a magistrate, with a power of martial law. But Mr. Cuffe says that when Oliver returned home he began to drive away the Englishmen's cattle, as before. Owen O'Loughlin, also, and his three sone, with divers others of the barony of Burren, "drove" the lands of Balecashen, belonging to Gregory Hickman, and those of Balecare, belonging to George Colpis, Esq., and many other gentlemen. The O'Gradys, also, were formidable enemies of their English neighbours. Hugh O'Grady, of Stratnegalow, made a creaght on the lands of the Hibbards, and cleared off everything that went on four legs. The earl sent a force against Hugb; but this chief had notice of their coming, and, driving his prey before him, went over the border into Connaught, till the Lord Lieutenant had ceased to follow him; after which he came back to his place, and took his beaf and mutton wherever he could find it, as before, and preserved a cheerful trust in Providence.

The Earl of Thomond, having raised and officered his forces, distributed them into several districts for the protection of the settlers ; and for the support of the "garrisons," as they were called, he made a levy of twelve pence on every townland." This, being paid reluctantly, was found insufficient, and another plan was adopted at the same time-that of billeting the men of these garrisons upon the farmers and gentry of these districts. This was the immemorial custom in Ircland, where the holders of land paid their rent in kind, and in time of war or trouble received the followers of the chief into their houses, and supported them in return for their holdings or gaballas. It was a custom that produced much discontent and many quarrels among the Irish themselves, and in the present case the Englishmen thought these billetiugs as bad as the cattle robberies. The men quartered on them were nearly all Irish, under their captains of Irish race; and it is easy to understand how they must have longed to be rid of their too familiar guardians and protectors, who would make themselves quite at home in the Englishmen's houses, and think themselves badly treated if they did not receive the most cordial kind of hospitality. The families of those English settlers were greatly annoyed by tho necessity that was upon them, and in order to get rid of it they broke up their households, and, leaving their homes, came together in some of the largest and strongest mansions. At, the same time they declared they would rather defend themselves than have the help of any of Lord Thomond's Irish com. panies or garrisons., The composers of history, learning these facts, wrote down that the settlers fied to the castles to save, their lives from the blood- consecrate Dr. Hannan, the new Archbishop of that

service of the besiegers. The destruction of these engines greatly disheartened the Irish, and they made uo more attempts on the castle, though they remained before it till the 12th of March, at which time they broke up, and went off to lay slege to another castle.

The latter was the Castle of Incheronane, the residence of Mr. Anthony Heathcot. Gileduffe O'-Shance, the O'Grady's and some Connaughtmen were those who tried to get into his holding; but he stood on the defence and sent off messengers to the Earl of Thomond, promising him a rick of wheat if his lordship would be pleased to relieve him. The earl sent Captains Dermot O'Brien and MacNamara towards Incheronane, and followed them himself with fifty English soldiers; but before he arrived the Irish had burned the rick of wheat and gone off When the carl's force had retited they came back again, and the Grady's and the Rowans fell upon a number of men sent out from the castle for fresh provisions, and killed nine of them.

A little after this the garrison of Clare Castle joined with the men of Ballyaly to set out in search of a prey. They had gone but about two miles when they met with Councell O'Herr, whereupon Thomas Cuffe killed him for a rebel. They made a circuit and took a considerable prey, and, coming back, left it at Clare Custle with the Nortons, the latter promising that the next should go wholly to Ballyaly. The Cuffes, suspecting an ambush, prevailed on the Clare men to accompany them on the road home. In a short time they found themselves beset in a wood and among the hedges, near Knockrow, by a strong body of Irish; and a wild skirmish began at once, both sides using the musket only. In this affair the English, being the better armed party had the advantage; and the Irish, falling back allowed the Cuffes to get into Ballyaly and the Clare Castle ward to return home "in Fafety."

From this narrative of the Cuffe manuscript if may be gathered that Barnabas, Earl of Thomond though willing to do the king some service, was a chief who sympathised with the other and wilder O'Briens of Clare, and the rest of the native chiels and gentlemen, and did not wish to be too hard on them. A little after the parliamentary general, Lord Forbes, came into Clare, and took Bunnatty Castle, Lord Thomond's residence, at the same time requesting that his lordship would march with him against a body of Irish encamped at Six Mile Bildge. But the carl excused himself, saying frankly that he did not wish to fight against his kindred and 60 many of his name; and as this course of conduct injured him a good deal with the men of the English interest, he resolved to get himself out of such a predicament, and so went away to England, where he joined the king, and received a command in the royal army. Ludlow, in his memoirs, states that though the earl said he had no money to lend the English commander, the soldiers who afterwards took possession of his castle, found two thousand pounds in gold concealed in a crevice of one of the walls; and there was probably some truth in the story. and the Local

THE PAPAL LEGALE.-Rev. Dr. Conroy, the Papal legate, sailed from Queenstown, Ireland, Thursday, en route for Quebec. He will land at Halifax, and thirsty Irish. The settlers fied to save their bacon, diccese; and is expected about the 25th inst. The beef, and bread, and to be free from the license in Irish Catholics are getting up a demonstration of

down on a Hanoverian Edinburgh; the sun of the spare her two children. "The genue Lochier was parliament, the callulation of the spare her two children, "The genue Lochier was parliament, the callulation of the spare her two children, "The genue Lochier was parliament, the callulation of the spare her two children, "The genue Lochier was parliament, the callulation of the spare her two children, "The genue Lochier was parliament, the callulation of the help of the chiefs of his own which their Irish guardians would naturally indulge welcome, chertanit all readed that a state of his own which their Irish guardians would naturally indulge welcome, chertanit all readed that a state of his own which their lists and to be free from the license in Irish Catholics are getting up a demonstration of the chiefs of his own which their Irish guardians would naturally indulge welcome, chertanit all readed that a state of his own which their lists and the state of his own which their lists and the state of his own which their lists and the state of his own which their lists and the state of his own which their lists and the state of his own which their lists and the state of his own which their lists and the state of his own which their lists and the state of his own which their lists and the state of his own which their lists and the state of his own which their lists and the state of his own which their lists and the state of his own which their lists and the state of his own which their lists and the state of his own which their lists and the state of his own which their lists and the state of his own which their lists and the state of his own which their lists and the state of his own which their lists and the state of his own which the state of his own which their lists and the state of his own which the sta