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## THE BATTLE OF THE BOYNE.

We take the following description of the charge of the Irish cavalry from the 'Harp,' a magazine published sometime since in Cork.—The article from which we extract it is a very well written one, exploding the false impressions which lying historians have created respecting the Jacobite and Williamite contest in Ireland, and doing justice to the Irish, who, ill armed, un-drilled—irregular levies, in fact, for the most parts, of peasant unused to arms—and commanded by a weak and cowardly king, fought bravely against the overwhelming odds of a well disciplined, well-provisioned army, composed of English, Dutch, Danish, and Huguenot tried veterans.

The Williamite army, at that famous battle of the Boyne, was three to one larger in numbers than the raw levies who fought for James. Yet it was almost a drawn battle; for though the Irish were 'defeated,' the Williamites did not dare to follow up their victory.

Here is the story of how the native Irish fought at the Boyne.

### THE IRISH CHARGE.

'Now was time for Hamilton at the head of the only well-disciplined Irish force on the field—the horse, to act. The hedges, which had not been levelled for the purpose, did not prevent their charge. The ground shook beneath the onset of this irresistible cavalry. The third battalion of Dutch Blues were charged in the stream and hurled back; the Brandenburgers fled affrighted, the Huguenots were broken through and their commander Calimotte cut down. Schomberg, who had remained at the entrance of the gorge of King William's Glen, with a chosen body of foot, as a reserve, hearing of the fall of his old friend, dashed forward without awaiting for his helmet or cuirass, to rally the French Huguenots. 'Come on, gentlemen, behold your persecutors!' said the veteran, alluding to the portion of the French infantry on the Irish side, who remained on that part of the field, and were acquitting themselves bravely; and against whom Schomberg sought to awaken the vengeful recollection of the refugees. They were the last words he ever spoke. Tyrconnell's Irish horse guards returning from their charge, again broke through the Huguenots gave him two sabre wounds in the head, and lodged a bullet in his neck, and when they retired he was found quite dead. About the same time Doctor Walker, now Bishop of Londonderry, fell while exhorting the Northerners. All along the southern bank of the Boyne the battle raged with unparalleled fury. Those glorious Irish squadrons charged horse and foot with equal courage. To the numbers of the former they appeared to be perfectly indifferent. Wherever they met them they routed them at the first onset. Regardless of the deadly volleys which emptied their saddles by scores, they charged with irresistible fury on the serried spears and bayonets of the splendid infantry of their foes, and but for the difficulties of the ground, even the unworthy slandering of the Irish, the unworthy monarch, for whom they so gallantly fought, admits they would have broken them, in every instance, as they had done the horse. The words of James, in his memoirs, are:—'Tho' they did not break the enemies foot, (alluding to the Dutch Blues), it was more by reason of the grounds not being favorable than for want of vigor, for after they had been repulsed by the foot, they rallied again, and charged the enemies horse and beat them every charge.' They burst like a whirlwind on the Danes when they crossed, and notwithstanding the efforts of the commander, the brave Colonel Cutts, they turned, and like the Brandenburgers, fled back across the river, without daring once to face the heroic descendants of the victors of Clontarf. The whole Williamite forces were swept from the Irish positions on the south bank of the Boyne! With the exception of the two battalions of the Dutch Blue Guards who had first crossed. These unrivalled infantry, from the broken nature of the ground, and the adoption of tactics which no other troops could have employed, alone stood unbroken by the Irish cavalry—like the British squares at Waterloo, and the French Guards on the evening of that terrible day.

'William, who had been behind the ridge within a mile of Drogheda, waiting for the news of Schomberg's passage, at the head of about five thousand of the flower of the cavalry, learning that the centre had been repulsed, and that the now muddy Boyne flowed down from Oldbridge red with the blood of his best infantry, disengaged his wounded arm from its sling, and plunged into the stream, now swollen by the returning tide, followed by the Enniskilleners, Dutch, and the whole of the left wing of the cavalry. He gained the Meath bank with difficulty; and quickly marshalling his forces, charged furiously upon the Irish flank. He was met by the gallant Berwick, with the right wing of the Irish horse, some French infantry, and Irish

pikemen. The steady fire of the French emptied many a saddle; with a thrilling cheer the undaunted Irish cavalry, though so much outnumbered, dashed upon their foes, and broke through them; while the pikemen gallantly charged them in flank; and William and his forces were hurled back. The heavy firing from Oldbridge, announced that the struggle there had been renewed; while advancing bodies of foot assured William that a portion of his troops had crossed. Again he led his cavalry onward; and the Irish fell back along the lane to Sheephouse, a village about half-way between Donore hill and Oldbridge. William again charged furiously. But, flanked in the hedges and cabins by the infantry, he was again met by the Irish cavalry. William galloped back to urge the Dutch forward. The Enniskilleners, who were in front, received the shock; and those boasted heroes were soon spurring after their king, hotly pursued by their again victorious foes. This retreat of the Enniskilleners the Williamite historians call a mistake! Ginkell, afterwards so celebrated in the Irish war, led on the Dutch cavalry. William in person appealed to the Enniskilleners, and succeeded in rallying them. The splendid regiment of veteran Huguenot horse advanced.—Additional troops of horse arrived to support the Irish, who with a cheer that rung above the battle din dashed upon their foes. Never was a more desperate cavalry combat witnessed. The Dutch recoiled. Ginkell had to throw himself in their rear to prevent a shameful flight. William, like a gallant general, was in the thick of the conflict, and narrowly escaped being shot by one of the Enniskilleners, who took him for an enemy. The brave She'doo was amongst the foremost of the Irish, who pressed their foes with resistless energy. Brave and highly-disciplined though these foes were, again they yielded to their irresistible valor; and, again, down the lane and slopes went the struggling mass.

'Like Rupert at the battle of Edge Hill, the Irish pursued too far. The overwhelming masses of William's infantry and cavalry, notwithstanding the gallant resistance of the French and Irish foot—not excepting even the abused pikemen—had forced their way at Oldbridge, and, in detached bodies, were penetrating the inequalities of the slopes of Donore, in the direction of Sheephouse, and the Irish infantry were obliged to fall back. While the Irish cavalry were in pursuit of the Williamites, the lane leading to Sheephouse was left unoccupied. This being observed by two regiments of dragoons—Sir Albert Cunningham's and Colonel Leviston's—they dismounted, and lined the hedges of the lane. At the same time they signalled to Ginkell and his Dutch to advance. After routing their enemies, the Irish returned to resume their position. They were received with a close and deadly volley. Fresh troops pressed upon their flanks, Ginkell charged in rear, their lately dismounted foes rallied, and, three at least to one, they forced the 'outworned not outbraved' heroes of the Boyne up the lane, in upon Sheephouse.'

### Here is the story of the conduct of "SHEMUS THE POLTROON."

'Where was James all this time? It appears, at least from his own memoirs, that during the morning he had been directing operations between his station at Donore church-yard and the advancing right wing of William's forces under Count Schomberg and General Douglas. From the time when the attack upon Oldbridge became serious, he appears to have kept his post at Donore, with Sarsfield and his Lucan horse and some more of the flower of the Irish forces as a body guard! Does he even now send them down to support the brave men, who, against overwhelming odds, are so gallantly fighting for him? No! Sarsfield, like a chained lion, has inactively to witness fresh bodies of the Williamites, successively attack the outworned Irish, whose ammunition nearly spent, with pike and clubbed musket still struggle desperately, but fruitlessly, to resist the swarming masses of their foes, who, by close volleys and sheer weight of numbers, pressed them up towards Donore—Tyrconnell doing everything which his want of skill could accomplish to present a steady front to the assailants.'

The battle was renewed again and again. Ten times the gallant, though undisciplined, Irish troops charged the vast Williamite army, and when, at last, they were forced to fall back, the enemy dared not to follow up their advantage.—The Irish retreated, slowly, and in good order, beyond Duleek, and prepared to resist attack again, but the Williamite army did not venture to attack them; and the Duke of Berwick says, in his memoirs, 'I believe they were well content to make a bridge of gold for us!' So much did the disciplined and veteran Dutch, English, and Huguenot soldiers fear the charge of these desperate Irish. This is the much boasted victory of the Boyne. 'Change kings with us,' cried the brave Celts, indignant at the cowardice and ingratitude of the beggarly poltroon, James,

'Change King with us, and we will fight the battle over again!'

Here were the odds of numbers on that eventful day:—

### THE RELATIVE FORCES AT THE BOYNE.

'Not even the baseness of their leader could daunt the gallant Irish soldiers of the Boyne.—About fifteen thousand of them—more than half of whom were undisciplined pikemen—with five thousand brave French and Swiss, fought from six o'clock in the morning until nine at night against over fifty thousand of the flower of the warriors of the bravest nations of Europe, in addition to a host of volunteer sharpshooters; with six small pieces of cannon, against sixty large ones, independent of mortars; and one to three as to cavalry; behind a river which their foes crossed at seven principal fords and a bridge, and so low that the drummers could beat across without raising their drums above their knees; retired in the evening unmolested; and challenged their foes, at every defile, to renew the combat.'

'Before the dawn of the morning after the battle, the sleepers in Dublin were aroused by the flourish of trumpets, the rattle of kettle-drums, and the proud notes of hautboys, announcing the arrivals of the heroes of the Boyne—the Irish horse—in excellent order, and with the gallant bearing of men who must have felt the world had rarely seen their equals: for, throughout a long summer's day, they had beaten three times their number of the first cavalry of Europe, 'in every' charge. They were accompanied by a large body of foot; and, after a short rest, marched out again to meet their foes, who were believed to be approaching. But no foe appeared. Nor did they until eight o'clock on the following day. Meantime, those undaunted squadrons, and their companions-in-arms, removed at leisure, with baggage and all warlike munitions, to Limerick.'

### THE ALLOCUTION OF POPE PIUS IX.

PRONOUNCED IN THE SACRED CONSISTORY OF THE 26TH OF JUNE.

Venerable brethren,—Amid our heart-rending griefs we esteem it a singular pleasure and consolation to enjoy once more your precious presence and discourse, as well as the privilege of addressing you in this magnificent assembly—you who have, in effect, been conducted to this city, from all the regions of the earth by the intimation of our desire, and the inspiration of your piety. Called to share in our solicitude, you have nothing more at heart in these calamitous times than contributing your aid toward enabling us to defend Catholicity and secure the salvation of souls, assuaging our multiplied sorrows, and furnishing more convincing proofs from day to day of your fidelity, your devotion, your obedience, to this Chair of St. Peter.

We are, therefore, profoundly delighted at your appearance, and in connection with this new evidence of your piety and love, we willingly recall whatever you have hitherto done with such concord, with such an entire zeal, without regarding care, without suffering yourselves to be turned aside by adversity. Hence, it is this remembrance, so pleasant and so sweet, so deeply imprinted in our soul, and which must ever remain there—it is this remembrance, we say, which renders the sentiment of our gratitude and our affection more ardent and vivid than heretofore—under the necessity of manifesting itself thus loudly and publicly toward you all by signs the most striking and brilliant.

But if this rapid survey of the past fills us with such consolation, you yourselves, venerable brethren, will easily understand, we are persuaded, with what joy and love our hearts burn to day on having again the happiness of your presence, and the proof of your affection; you who, from the most distant Catholic provinces, have come hitherto meet us, in response to our desire, and loved hereto by your piety and your attachment.

Nothing, indeed, could be more desirable, nothing more delightful, than to find ourselves in this assembly—than to enjoy the fruits of our reunion—above all these, to take part in those solemnities in which all that is passing before our eyes speaks of the unity of the Catholic Church, of the immovable foundation of that unity, and of the solicitude with which their unity ought to be protected and maintained. Yes, everything speaks of that admirable unity, by which, as by a sort of channel, ere running through the mystical body of Christ, the gifts and the graces of the Holy Spirit, creating in each of its members those examples of faith and charity which attract the admiration of the entire human family.

We now in fact contemplate, venerable brethren, decreeing honors to the saints and illustrious heroes of the Church, the greater number of whom have fought the glorious fight of martyrdom, some in defence of the supremacy of that Apostolic Chair which is the centre of truth and unity, and others again to recall to the Ca-

tholic Church men estranged from it by schism, have suffered voluntarily a precious death. So that the marvellous design of Divine Providence shines out manifestly here, since it has given these examples of attachment to Catholic unity, and the triumphs of its adherents precisely at the time when the Catholic faith and the authority of the Apostolic See were attacked by machinations the most implacable.

It is also contemplated to celebrate by solemn rites the memory this day of such favorable augury in which the blessed Peter and his co-apostle Paul, having suffered 1,800 years ago in this city the most illustrious martyrdom, consecrated with their blood the impregnable citadel of Catholic unity.

What then, venerable brethren could be more desirable for us, and more in harmony with the triumph of such martyrs, than to cause to shine in the honors which are rendered them, and with an éclat and magnificent light, the most beautiful examples and most splendid spectacle of the unity of the Catholic Church? What more just than the joy at the triumphs of the Prince of the Apostles, who belong to the whole Catholic universe, should again be increased by your presence and your zeal? What more suitable, in fine, than the splendor of spectacles, so many and so grand, should be rendered yet more brilliant by the accession of your piety and rejoicing?

But this piety and this intimate union with the Apostolic See are not only in accord with the circumstances and with your sentiments, venerable brethren: it is, above all, of the greatest importance that we should derive the most salutary fruits from it, as well for repressing the audacity of the impious as for turning it to the common advantage of the faithful and yourselves. It is necessary that the adversaries of religion should understand from it what are the force and life of that Catholic Church which they cease not to pursue with their hatred. It is necessary that they learn how insensate, and inept is the injury which they inflict on it when they accuse it of being destitute of vigor and unsuited to the times. It is necessary they should learn how evenly inspired are all who rely on their own efforts, on their own enterprises, and their own enterprises, and they should perceive that they cannot break a faisceau of forces like that which Jesus Christ and his divine virtue have consolidated on the rock of the confession of the Apostles. It is necessary in fact, that now more than ever, venerable brethren, all men should see clearly that there is an intimate and sure bond between the spirits where reigns over all the sole spirit of God, and that if men abandon God, and despite the authority of the Church, they cannot attain that felicity which they seek in the way of crime, but are precipitated miserably into the most cruel discords and calamitous tempests.

If we consider the common advantage of the faithful, venerable brethren, what can be for Catholic nations a more salutary and favorable time for increasing their obedience towards us and the Apostolic chair than witnessing how dear are the rights of Catholic unity to the parties, and contemplating these pastors travelling vast spaces of land and sea without any concern about the inconvenience of the journey, in order that they might haste to Rome and the Apostolic See—that they might revere in our humble person the successor of Peter and the Vicar of Jesus Christ here below. That exemplar authority will lead them to recognize much better than the most subtle teachings how they ought to be filled with veneration, with submission towards us, to whom, in the person of Peter, it has been said by our Lord Jesus Christ: 'Feed my lambs, feed my sheep,' and to whom, by these words, have been confided the care and supreme power over the Church universal.

You yourselves, venerable brethren, in performing your sacred ministry, will obtain excellent fruit from that dependence to the Apostolic See. In a word, the more the bonds of faith, of tenderness, and of love, attach you to the angelic work of the mystic edifice, the more also as the memory of all the ages of the Church teaches us you will find yourselves invested with that force and that courage which are required by the grandeur of your charge, against the assaults of the enemy and the adversities of fortune.

Is this anything else than what our Lord Jesus Christ wished to indicate when he charged Peter with supporting the firmness of His brethren, and said: 'I have prayed for thee, that thy faith may not fail thee, and that when thou shalt have been converted, thou mayest confirm thy brethren.' In fact, as St. See, the Great says, the Lord takes a particular care of Peter, and specially prays for the faith of Peter, as if the condition of the others were more sure when the heart of their prince is unconquered. In Peter, therefore, all strength is deposited, and the aid of Divine grace is made co ordinate, so that the firmness given by Christ to Peter is conferred by Peter upon the other Apostles.

We have, therefore, been always persuaded

that it was necessary that this power with which Peter was clothed by a special gift of the Lord, should descend upon you every time when you approach the person of Peter living in his successors, or even when you visit this city, which the Prince of the Apostles has moistened with his sacred sweat and with his triumphant blood. We even have never doubted, venerable brethren that from this very sepulchre in which repose the ashes of the blessed St. Peter amidst the everlasting veneration of the universe, proceed a certain hidden power, a salutary strength, which inspires the pastors of the flock of the Lord with bold enterprises, great designs, magnanimous sentiments, and thanks to which their restored fame reflects upon the impudent audacity of the enemy, unequal to the power of the Catholic unity, a certain defeat and ruin in an unequal fight.

Why, in fact, should we conceal it? Venerable brethren, for a long time we have been on the field of battle and have fought for the defence of religion and of justice against perfidious and violent enemies: the combat is so protracted, so formidable, that all the united forces of the sacred army appear to be barely sufficient for resistance. As regards us, combatting for the cause of the Church, for the free exercise of the rights of our supreme trust, we have, thanks to the aid of Almighty God, hitherto escaped fatal perils. We are tossed by winds and adverse waves, but we fear not shipwreck; for the assistance of our Lord Jesus Christ does not permit us to fear; but we are afflicted with a profound grief at seeing so many monstrous and novel doctrines, so many crimes and impieties committed against the Church and the Apostolic See. We have already condemned them on another occasion, and in order to fulfil the duty of our office, we to-day again condemn and censure them.

Nevertheless, in the present circumstances, and in the midst of the joy which your presence affords us; we do not wish to recall so much solicitude, sorrow, and anguish which torture and rend our hearts by severe and unnatural wounds. We shall rather place them upon the altars which we have so many times loaded with our prayers and moistened with our tears. We shall again in our supplications, pour out all these sufferings into the bosom of the all merciful heavenly Father, trusting without fear, Him who can work out the glory and salvation of His Church, and who meting out justice to all who suffer injury for our cause and to all who choose to be our adversaries, will pronounce His righteous judgment on the appointed day.

Nevertheless, you understand, venerable brethren, with your approved wisdom, how important it is, in order to oppose the designs of the impious, and to repair the disasters of the Church, that your accord with us and with the Apostolic See, should day by day shine forth more and more clearly, and become deeper and deeper rooted. Still more, this love for Catholic union, which, when it is deeply implanted in the soul, strives to spread itself abroad for the good of others, ought not, assuredly, to permit you to rest where you are until by putting forth every effort you have brought to the same universal concord, to the same indestructible community of faith, hope and charity, all the ecclesiastics of whom you are the chief, and all the faithful who have been entrusted to you.

Of a certainty there can be no spectacle more beautiful in the eyes of angels and of men than the reproduction in the pilgrimage which leads us back from the land of exile to our native country, of a faithful image of that pilgrimage which the twelve tribes of Israel performed in their common journey toward the blessed land of promise. They travelled all together, each tribe directed by its chiefs, distinct in name, and having its separate place in the camp, each family rendering obedience to its own domestic head, each band of soldiers to its own captain, the multitude to its prince; and nevertheless there was in all these tribes but one people, who adored the same God and worshipped at the same altar, one people, subject to the same laws, to the same High Priest, Aaron, to the same envoy of the Almighty, Moses; one people bowing to the same laws in the labors of war, and in the fruits of the victory: one people, in fine, who, living under the same tenets, were nourished by the same marvellous food, and strove, in their common aspirations, toward a common end.

We assuredly know and have experienced that you will give every care to the preparation of this union; and have already given us so many pledges of this by your faith and your concord. Of this we are assured by your lofty integrity, your eminent and ever-shining virtue, superior to all dangers, your great zeal and the indefatigable and unchanging ardor which animates you in laboring for the salvation of souls, and for the greater glory of God. We are assured it, moreover, with a still more complete certitude, by that sublime prayer which Christ himself, before his last agony, offered up to His Father, be-