

in an expedition of which we feel called upon to give some account to the reader.

At this period, when the persecution ran high against the Catholics, but with peculiar bitterness against their priesthood, it is but justice to a great number of Protestant magistracy and gentry—nay, and many of the nobility besides—to state that their conduct was both liberal and generous to the unfortunate victims of those cruel laws. It is a well-known fact that many Protestant justices of the peace were imprisoned for refusing to execute such oppressive edicts as had gone abroad through the country. Many of them resigned their commissions, and many more were deprived of them. Amongst the latter were several liberal noblemen—Protestants—who had sufficient courage to denounce the spirit in which the country was governed and depopulated at the same time. One of the latter—a nobleman of the highest rank and acquirements, and of the most amiable disposition, a warm friend to civil freedom, and a firm antagonist to persecution and oppression of every hue—this nobleman, we say, married a French lady of rank and fortune, who was a Catholic, and with whom he lived in the tenderest love, and the utmost domestic felicity. The lady, being a Catholic, as we said, brought over with her, from France, a learned, pious, and venerable ecclesiastic, as her domestic chaplain and confessor. This man had been Professor of Divinity for several years in the College of Louvain; but having lost his health, he accepted a small living near the chateau of —, the residence of the Marquis de —, in whose establishment he was domesticated as chaplain. In short, he accompanied Lord — and his lady to Ireland, where he acted in the same capacity, but so far only as the lady was concerned; for, as we have already said, her husband, though a liberal man, was a firm but not a bigoted Protestant. This harmless old man, as was very natural, kept up a correspondence with several Irish and French clergymen, his friends, who, as he had done, held professorships in the same college. Many of the Irish clergymen, knowing the dearth of religious instruction which, in consequence of the severe state of laws then existing in Ireland, were naturally anxious to know the condition of the country, and whether or not any relaxation in their severity had taken place, with a hope that they might be able with safety to return to the mission there, and bestow spiritual aid and consolation to the suffering and necessarily neglected folds of their own persuasion. On this harmless and pious old man the eye of Hennessy rested. In point of fact, he set him for Sir Robert Whitecraft, to whom he represented him as a spy from France, and an active agent of the Catholic priesthood, both there and on the Continent. In fact, an incendiary, who, feeling himself sheltered by the protection of the nobleman in question and his countess, was looked upon as a safe man with whom to hold correspondence. The *Abbé*, as they termed him, was in the habit, by his lordship's desire and that of his lady, of attending the Catholic sick of his large estates, and administering to them religious instruction and the ordinances of their Church, at a time when they could obtain them from no other source. He also acted as their almoner, and distributed relief to the sick, the poor, and the distressed; and thus passed his pious, harmless, and inoffensive, but useful life. Now, all these circumstances were noted by Hennessy, who had been on the lookout to make a present of this good old man to his new patron, Sir Robert. At length, having discovered—by what means it is impossible to conjecture—that the *Abbé* was to go, on the day in question, to relieve a poor sick family, at about a distance of two miles from the Castle —, the intelligence was communicated by Hennessy to Sir Robert, who immediately set out for the place, attended by a party of his myrmidons, conducted to it by the Red Rapparee, who, as we have said, was now one of Whitecraft's band. There is often a stupid infatuation in villainy, which amounts to what they call in Scotland *fey*—that is, when a man goes on doggedly to commit some act of wickedness, or rush upon some impracticable enterprise, the danger and folly of which must be evident to every person but himself, and that it will end in the loss of his life. Sir Robert, however, had run a long and prosperous career of persecution—a career by which he enriched himself by the spoils he had torn, and the property he had wrested, from his victims, generally under the sanction of Government, but very frequently under no sanction but his own. At all events, the party, consisting of about 30 men, remained in a deep and narrow lane, surrounded by high whitethorn hedges, which prevented the horsemen—for they were all dragoons—from being noticed by the country people. Alas for the poor *Abbé*! They had not remained there more than 20 minutes when he was seen approaching them, reading his breviary as he came along. They did not move, however, nor seem to notice him, until he had got into

the midst of them, when they formed a circle round him, and the loud voice of Whitecraft commanded him to stand.

(To be continued.)

THE STORY OF IRELAND

(By A. M. SULLIVAN.)

CHAPTER XLVII.—HOW THE LORD PRESIDENT GATHERED AN ARMY OF FOUR THOUSAND MEN TO CRUSH DOOMED DUNBOY, THE LAST HOPE OF THE NATIONAL CAUSE IN MUNSTER.

Carew set out from Cork on April 20, at the head of his army; on the 30th they reached Dunamark, about a mile north of the town of Bantry, having on the way halted—on the 23rd, at Owneboy, near Kinsale; 24th, at Timoleague; 25th, at Roscarbery; 26th, at Glenharahan, near Castlehaven; 27th, at Baltimore, where they spent two days, Carew visiting Innisherkin; 29th, "on the mountain, at a place called Recareneltaghe, near unto Kilcoa, being a castle wherein the rebel Conoghor, eldest sonne to Sir Finniu O'Drischoll, knight, held a ward."

Carew spent a month in encampment at Dunamark, by the end of which time the fleet arrived at the same place, or in the bay close by, having come round the coast from Cork. Meantime his message for a war-muster against O'Sullivan had spread throughout Munster. On the other hand, such effort as was possible in their hapless plight was made by the few patriot leaders in the province; all perceiving that upon Dunboy now hung the fate of the Irish cause, and seeing clearly enough that if they could not keep off from O'Sullivan the tremendous force ordered against him, it must inevitably overwhelm him. Accordingly, spreading themselves eastward around the base of the Beara promontory, and placing themselves on all the lines leading thereto, they desperately disputed the ground with the concentrating English contingents, beating them back or obstructing them as best they could. Above all, the endeavor was to keep Wilmot's Kerry contingent from coming up. Tyrrell was specially charged to watch Wilmot—to hold him in check at Killarney, and at all hazard and any cost to prevent his junction with Carew at Bantry. Tyrrell posted his force so advantageously in the passes leading southward from Killarney, and held them so firmly, that for weeks Wilmot's most vehement efforts to force or flank them were in vain. At length, by a feat which merits for him, as a military achievement, everlasting praise—a night march over Mangerton mountain—Wilmot evaded Tyrrell; pushed on through a mountain district scarcely passable at this day for horsemen, until he reached Inchigeela; thence he marched through Ceaman-eigh Pass (unaccountably left unguarded), and so onward till he reached Bantry. By this junction Carew's force was raised to nearly 4000 men. While waiting for Wilmot, the daily occupation of the army, according to the Lord President's account, was sheep-stealing and cow-stealing. At Dunamark Carew was joined by the sons of Sir Owen Sullivan, uncle of Donal of Dunboy; and to the information and co-operation given his enemies by these perfidious cousins, Donal most largely owed the fate that subsequently befel him.

On May 14 a council of war was held in the English camp to determine their course to Bearhaven; whereat it was decided to march by the southern shore of the bay, called Muintervaria, to a point nearly opposite Bear Island; from this point, by means of the fleet, to transport the whole army across the bay to Bear Island; and thence across to the mainland close by Dunboy; this course being rendered necessary by the fact that Donal's forces defended the passes of Glengarriffe, through which alone Bearhaven could be reached by land from Bantry. On May 31, accordingly, Carew marched from Dunamark to "Kilnamenghe on the sea side, in Mountervary." The two next following days were occupied in transporting the army to Bear Island, upon which, eventually, the whole force was landed. A short march across the island brought them to its northern shore, in full view of Dunboy, barely a mile distant across the narrow entrance to Bearhaven Harbor.

(To be continued.)

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