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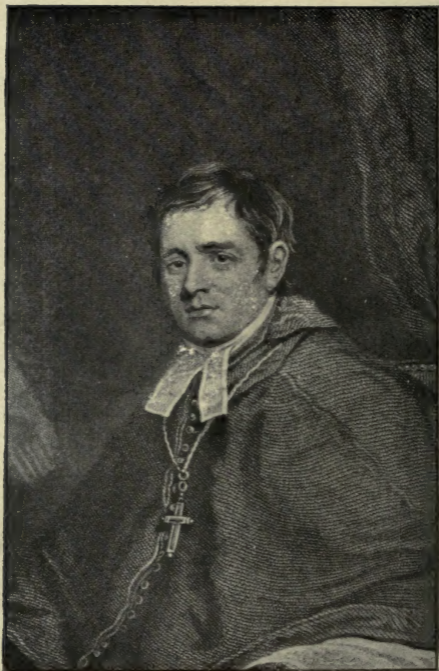
THE FATE
OF
GLENGARRY



CRASSAN AN FHRICH

B. W. KELLY

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THE RT. REV. ALEXANDER MACDONELL,
Bishop of Upper Canada,
Died at Dumfries, January 14th, 1840, Aged *circa* 80.

K295f

THE FATE OF GLENGARRY;

OR THE
EXPATRIATION
OF
THE MACDONNELLS.

An Historico-Biographical Study.

BY

BERNARD W. KELLY,

Author of

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Culloden;" "A Short Sketch of Church
History," etc

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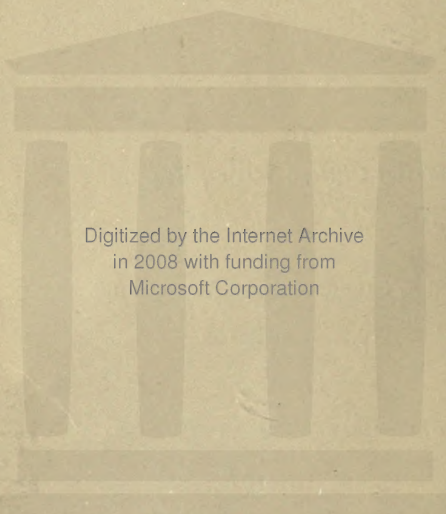
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PREFACE.



THE exodus of an historic race from the land of its fathers must always be a subject of some interest, and in the following pages an effort has been made to give a short narrative account of the emigration of the Macdonells of Glengarry to Canada a little more than a century ago. Some biographical and other details relating to the subject have been treated of incidentally, and it is hoped that the little historical study will commend itself to those concerned in clan-ship, and in the social effects remotely brought about by the '45. The writer begs to express his obligations to Professor A. Macdonell of Corpus Christi College, Oxford, Alex. Macdonell, Esq., K.C., of Greenfield, Ontario, and the Marquis of Ruvigny and Raineval, for supplying several valuable items of information, which, but for their kind assistance, would not have been forthcoming.

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THE
FATE OF GLENGARRY;
OR, THE
Expatriation of the Macdonells.

CHAPTER I.

Glengarry.

TO speak of the tragedy of the '45 is to enunciate one of the common-places of history. The career of its hero from the landing at Moidart to his death at Rome, long and bitter years after, have been and are still being made the subject of searching inquiry. The lives and fortunes of his distinguished followers come next in interest, and these, too, have received an amount of critical attention only second in degree to that of the master they served so well. But little, we venture to assert, has been done to trace the subsequent history of the clans who carried the Stuart standard triumphant well nigh to the very heart of the empire, and whose claymores

struck the last blow for right divine at Preston, Falkirk, and Culloden. In the following pages the writer has endeavoured to narrate the vicissitudes that befell one of the best known of these—the Macdonells of Glengarry—as well as to furnish some particulars of their venerable benefactor, the Right Rev. Dr. Alexander Macdonell, of Kingston, Upper Canada, whose name will ever be held in benediction by the descendants of his race in their home beyond the sea.

The name of Glengarry stands prominently forward in highland legend, song, and story. Geographically it forms the connecting link uniting the “great glen of Albyn” with the waters of Loch Hourn, while its magnificent stretch of heather and hill, clothed with intermingled red pine and weeping birch, gives the general aspect of the place a character for wild and lonely grandeur that forms the peculiar charm of the country north-west of the Firth of Forth.

Glengarry, like so many another highland vale, is but the memory of an historic past. Scattered far and wide on many a distant shore are the race that once it sheltered and the descendants of the chiefs who disputed

with the lords of Clanranald and Sleat the heritage of Somerled, "Lord of the Isles"—the famous lineage celebrated in Flora M'Ivor's song :

"O sprung from the kings who in Islay
kept state,
Proud chiefs of Clan Ranald, Glengarry,
and Sleat!
Combine like three streams from one
mountain of snow,
And resistless in union rush down on
the foe!"

Two of the allied tribes invoked in the stirring address of the Waverley heroine obeyed the martial summons in the '45, and from the date of that memorable epoch the decline and fall of the house of Glengarry may be said to have commenced. Though John Macdonell, twelfth chief of the name, with a prudence that frequently characterised the conduct of highland chief and lowland laird in those times of Jacobite risings and Hanoverian reprisal, abstained from appearing in arms for the Chevalier, his son Aeneas was "out" with a goodly muster of the clan. In all the "affairs" and episodes that marked the last struggle of the exiled dynasty for the throne the Glengarry men were ever to the front. At Clifton their claymores wrought

havoc among Cumberland's dragoons and covered the retreat of the insurgent columns. A few weeks later, amidst the raging storm and murky darkness of the night encounter at Falkirk, their prowess largely contributed to the total discomfiture of Hawley's left. But here a sudden and fearful tragedy curbed their high career. Shortly after the close of the engagement the young chieftain of Glengarry, the above-mentioned Aeneas, fell mortally wounded by a ball fired at random by one of his kinsmen, the Clanranalds. His death was purely accidental; but nothing could appease his followers short of the summary execution of the luckless cause of the disaster. A refusal would probably have led to a highland mutiny, and Charles Edward, like his great grandfather in the case of Strafford, unjustly consented to his death.

While these things were enacting in Scotland, Alastair Ruadh Macdonell, elder brother of the ill-fated Aeneas, was captured at sea on his way to the scene of the rebellion with some drafts of the Irish Brigade and the French Royal Scots.* His misfortune was

* For the French Royal Scots, see Appendix A., end.



ALASDAIR RUADH OF GLENGARRY

(The alleged "Pickle the Spy.")

From a rare woodcut in the possession of the Author.

analogous to that of Colonel the Hon. Charles Ratcliffe, *de jure* third Earl of Derwentwater, but with this essential difference—that Colonel Ratcliffe was beheaded and Alastair released from the Tower in 1747. The Government of the day, thoroughly alarmed as it was by the magnitude and gravity of the “horrid and unnatural rebellion,” long cast mercy to the winds, and the unconditional release of young Macdonell, joined to certain subsequent coincidences, has led Mr. Andrew Lang to identify him with the odious “Pickle the Spy,” the Judas of the lost cause.

It is hard, of course, to believe that this gallant, debonnair young Chief—as his portrait reveals him—who was Charles Edward’s constant companion in Paris in 1748—who received a gold snuff box from the Prince as a pledge of affection—who at Rome, in 1751, solicited Cardinal York for “a relick of the precious wood of the Holy Cross,” was the smiling villain that sold Dr. Cameron to the Government, undid the Elibank Plot of 1752, and by his timely information overthrew Conflan’s fleet, at Quiberon Bay, in 1759. Facts, however, are proverbially stubborn things, and, though the evidence is purely circumstantial, many

a wretch has gone to the gallows on less testimony than that comprised in Mr. Lang's historical indictment.*

The old Glengarry died in 1754, and Alastair ruled as thirteenth chief amidst vastly different times and no less different manners. Not a few highland proprietors, actually in possession, were now as keen as English squires on rents and dues paid in specie. Glengarry, on coming to his own, "behaved among his clan . . . with the utmost arrogance, insolence, and pride. On his first arrival to this country he went to Knoydart, and there took the advantage of his poor ignorant tenants to oblige them to give up all their wadsetts [mortgages] and accept of common interest for their money, which they all agreed to."† In spite of this and much other sharp practice of a like nature, the Lord of Glengarry was never out of difficulties. He lived "in a hutt," and the Government, he is presumed to have served at the sacrifice of his honour, repaid

* "Pickle the Spy; or, the Incognito of Prince Charles." By Andrew Lang. (Longmans, Green, 1897.) "The Companions of Pickle." (*Ibid.*)

† Armston Memoirs quoted in "Pickle the Spy."

their tool with the blackest ingratitude. His claim to a pension was ignored, and even his application for a gun licence to "shoot his own grouse" was refused. Moreover, the officer in command at Fort Augustus, Col. Trapaud, observing the murmuring attitude of his clansmen towards their laird, seized upon "all opportunities of improving this happy spirit of rebellion against so great a chieftain." Circumvented on all sides and alienated from the affections of his hereditary followers, the unhappy man passed away prematurely on Dec. 23, 1761, leaving behind him a name which even at this lapse of time may well serve to point the proverbial moral and adorn the admonitory tale.

The raising of rents, the introduction of sheep farming, and the inability to support a vast surplus population no longer needed—since claymores had given place to crooks and reaping hooks—rapidly produced their inevitable result. It was now 'Lochaber no more,' and by 1772 the tide of highland emigration had reached its high-water mark.

Whether Macdonald of Clanranald the year following began to display "some hostile feelings against Catholics," as one account avers, or merely wished

to be rid of the bulk of his now useless tenantry, is a moot question, but it is certain that at this period hundreds of his clansmen quitted Scotland for ever. The exiles were accompanied by Mr. John Macdonald of Glenaladale, one of those noble natures whom Providence raises up to comfort the afflicted and succour the oppressed. He was the same Glenaladale who at Culloden escaped death as if by a miracle, and in spite of three bayonet wounds showed himself so very active in ministering to the fugitive Prince during his lonely wanderings. He now disposed of his estate and accompanied the Macdonalds across the sea to Prince Edward Island then called St. Johns. The settlement not proving successful, many of the emigrants afterwards removed to Acadia, on the mainland of Nova Scotia. Their services during the American War will be referred to later on, but we may remark here that their benefactor Glenaladale, subsequently to that event, returned to the Highlands, where his descendants still flourish, proud in their possession of a renowned and venerable name.*

* One of these was the late Rt. Rev. Hugh MacDonald, C.S.S.R., Catholic Bishop of

The example of the Clanranald Macdonalds was quickly followed by large numbers of their kinsmen from Glengarry and Knoydart, under the leadership of Macdonell of Aberchalder, Leek, Collachie, and Scothouse. These gentlemen and their following came out at the invitation of General Sir William Johnson, Bart., "English Agent and Superintendent of Indian Affairs" for North America. The emigrants took up their abode in Tryon County, Province of New York, near the banks of the Mohawk River.

Long ere the settlers were installed in their new home, the cloud of war had burst and the storm of civil discord was raging through the land. In view of the approaching struggle, Lord North, a few months before, had passed the celebrated "Quebec Act," establishing the Catholic religion in Canada, and providing for a legislative Council. This timely measure more than probably saved this portion of North America for the British Crown, but south of the St. Lawrence it was curiously enough regarded by several of the more Puritan

Aberdeen. His brother, the Laird of Glengaladale, also recently deceased, was Colonel Commanding the 3rd Bat. Black Watch, Royal Highlanders,

colonies "as one of the last wrongs done to them by the British government!" "We think," so the Continental Congress of 1774 declared, "the legislature of Great Britain is not authorised to establish a religion fraught with sanguinary and impious tenets"—a violently worded protest framed by John Jay, many years afterwards American Minister in London.*

Though the highland emigrants had small cause to love King George or his government, their patriotism quickly gained the mastery over all other considerations, and in May 1775 it was reported to Congress that the "Roman Catholic Highlanders" in and about Johnstown "had armed themselves to the number of 150, ready to aid in the suppression of any outbreak in favour of the growing cause of liberty." At this time General Johnson was no more, but his son, Sir John, a colonel in the army, placed himself at the head of the hastily formed levies which soon swelled to over three hundred strong. All hope of resistance however was quickly dashed to the ground by the sudden appearance of General Schuyler at the head of a

* "The Catholic Democracy of America."
Edinburgh Review, April 1890.

vastly superior force. The little band of Highlanders were surrounded, forced to surrender their arms, and yield up Mr. Allen Macdonell of Collachie and some other gentlemen as hostages for their future peaceable behaviour.

Ties of country, clanship—and in many regard for a cherished Faith—all contributed to produce their full effect among the Scottish emigrants. Scarcely had the rising of the Mohawk settlers been defeated than their kindred further south came out as the “Carolina Highlanders.” Alan Macdonald of Kingsburgh, husband of the immortal Flora, Prince Charles Edward’s protectress in his perilous wanderings after Culloden, was chiefly instrumental in raising the corps which numbered among its ranks not a few of the heroes of the ’45. Tradition narrates that an effort was made by some unknown agent to get these Highlanders to assert the claims of Charles III., and commence a war on their own account for the crownless king at Rome! Be this as it may, their efforts on this occasion were not more successful than those of their countrymen under Col. Johnson. The Carolina Highlanders advanced to Moore’s Creek where a large body of the Americans were assembled, and in the

darkness of the night of February 27th, the mountaineers prepared to carry the bridge by assault. The word was given—the pipes sounded the note of war, as with dirk and claymore the children of the mist charged down on the foe. Their leader, Major Macleod, fell mortally wounded in front of a barrier that defended the bridge, and his men, who did not at first perceive this obstacle, strove in vain to force a passage. A few like Captain Campbell got past the stockade, cut down several sharpshooters with their broadswords, and then fell covered with wounds. The remainder retreated after heavy loss, and next day finding the situation desperate, surrendered to Generals Moore and Caswell, with all their colours, military chest, and munitions of war. The rank and file were dismissed, but the officers including Macdonald of Kingsburgh, then seriously ill, and his eldest son were incarcerated in the common jail at Reading, Pennsylvania. It is gratifying to know that at the conclusion of the war, the husband of the heroine of the '45 returned to his native Skye where for the rest of his life he enjoyed with his family that peace and prosperity which he failed to find amidst the internecine strife of the New World.

The defeat of the Highlanders of the Mohawk and Carolina did not end their opposition. Their patron Sir John Johnson was accused to Congress of "secretly instigating the Indians to hostilities," and to avoid the consequences of this denunciation that gentleman and his Scottish dependants hastily set out for Canada which they reached in nineteen days, after "having encountered all the sufferings that it seemed possible for man to endure."

The refugees were enthusiastically welcomed by the Canadians, and the Governor Sir Guy Carlton, afterwards Lord Dorchester, lost no time in embodying these and other Scotch loyalists in "The Royal Regiment of New York," "Butler's Rangers," and the 84th, or "Royal Highland Emigrant Regiment." In this latter corps which was commanded by Col. Allen Maclean, served most of the Highlanders from Glengarry, once more arrayed in the picturesque garb of their fathers, and armed with the much-dreaded claymore.* The Scottish

* The claymore was withdrawn from the privates of the highland regiments during the progress of the war on the ground that it was an incumbrance in a tangled and rugged country. Its loss was much regretted, and General Sir David Stewart in

loyalists remained in arms during the whole course of hostilities, and as soldiers rendered some notable services to the Crown. Under the command of Col. St. Leger they signally defeated the Americans in the fierce conflict at Oriskany on the 6th of July 1777, in which over four hundred of the enemy were killed. They raided with all the daring and cunning of Caterans on a *creagh* the State of New York, reached their old abode, the banks of the Mohawk, and carried off in safety such of their families as they had been forced to leave behind the previous year. In May 1780 they repeated the experiment under the command of Sir John Johnson himself, and were rewarded by securing the family plate of their leader, which had been hastily buried in the grounds of Johnson's Hall at the time of the flight to Canada in 1776.

When the strife between "loyal blue

adverting to its superiority over the bayonet remarked that "from the battle of Culloden when a body of undisciplined highland shepherds and herdsmen with their broadswords cut their way through some of the best disciplined and most approved regiments of the British army . . . down to the time when the swords were taken from the Highlanders, the bayonet was in every instance overcome by the sword."

and royal scarlet" finally closed with the Treaty of Versailles and acknowledgment of the independence of the United States, ample grants of lands were bestowed on the Highlanders for their services and sufferings during the war. Those from Glengarry chiefly settled in what afterwards became the Province of Upper Canada, and to the district of their abode was given the name of the far-off region in Scotland, the cradle of their race for so many centuries. As to the rest of the mountaineers, some disposed themselves in the adjoining counties of Stormont and Dundas, some on the shores of the Bay of Quinte, and others on the banks of the St. Lawrence—a veritable "land of the leal" amidst the trackless forests and pathless wastes of the New World.

CHAPTER II

Father Macdonell.

ALEXANDER MACDONELL, destined to be "the guide, philosopher, and friend" of his expatriated fellow-clansmen in their new home beyond the sea, was born July 17, 1760, or, according to some, 1762, at his father's house in Glen Urquhart, a romantic vale on the banks of Loch Ness, forming part of the property of the Earls of Seafield. The glen was among the many in the neighbourhood devastated by Cumberland's "blood-hounds" after Culloden, when the only house that escaped destruction was that of Alexander Grant, of Corrimony. It chanced that as the soldiers were about to set fire to the building the captain in command of the party—an Ogilvie—saw his own arms sculptured over the doorway, and spared the house for the sake of the coincidence.*

It is uncertain whether the subject of this notice was sent for the first part

* See Drummond Norrie's "Life of Prince Charles Stuart," Vol. III.

of his education to the famous highland "hedge school" which in those days of penal laws against the ancient Church existed at Bourblach on Loch Morar, famous as the spot where Simon Fraser, Lord Lovat, was run to earth by the military in June, 1746. Latin, Greek, English, and the Douai Catechism were taught at the "Seminary" of Bourblach, and those youths who gave signs of a vocation to the priesthood, were afterwards sent to pursue the requisite philosophical and theological studies at one or other of the Scots Colleges on the Continent.

"All the Macdonell sons were educated at Douai," says the Rev. Stebbing Shaw in his "History of Moray," but in this case the tradition was broken through, for young Macdonell was sent to the Scots College, Paris, which he entered probably about 1775. He remained here till his sixteenth year, when, having elected to study for the priesthood and "labour for the spiritual good of his countrymen at home," he proceeded to Valladolid in March, 1778, and was matriculated at the Royal Scots College.

He seems to have entered this latter seat of learning at the express wish of the Rt. Rev. Bishop Hugh MacDonald,

Vicar Apostolic of the Highland district, who, like Bishop Hay of Edinburgh, was resolved to send no more students to the Scots College of St. Andrew at Rome. This, of course, was owing to the unhappy change that had recently come over that venerable institution by reason of the removal of the Jesuit superiors following on the suppression of the Society by Pope Clement XIV. "A change of masters at a great public school," to quote the theme of the Byronic poem, is always a momentous affair, but in this case the result was in every way disastrous.*

The Rector of the Valladolid College at this time was the Rev. Dr. Alexander Cameron, who afterwards succeeded Bishop Hay in the Vicariate of the Lowland district. No traditions, however, are preserved at Valladolid of young Macdonell's student days. He

* As late as July, 1793, the Scotch Vicars Apostolic addressed a joint letter of protest on the subject to Propaganda. The details given of the effect on Catholicity in Scotland owing to the deplorable state of the College are very painful. The Scots College, after being suppressed by the French Revolutionists in 1798, was restored about 1820 by Pius VII., since when its career has been one of steady, if uneventful, progress.

was ordained priest on Feb. 16, 1787, and on the 20th of August of the same year returned to the Scottish mission. At the request of Bishop MacDonal'd he undertook the spiritual care of Badenoch, a remote district in the south-east part of Inverness-shire, famous for its towering mountains, far-extending lochs, and rushing streams. According to a well-authenticated tradition, Catholicity in Badenoch was almost uprooted at the time of the Reformation, although a "respectable congregation" came afterwards to be formed owing to the influx of persons from other localities. At the head of Loch Laggan stands the ruined church of St. Kenneth, long a favourite place of burial, like the celebrated Clonmacnoise, on the banks of the Shannon.

The Catholic MacDonal'ds of Kerpoch had immense influence in the neighbourhood up to 1745, and, about 1720, two of this family acquired farms at Upperarder and Tullochcrom, where they maintained chapels for the use of their followers. The first priest permanently attached to the mission was the subject of this memoir, and here, "amidst the Alpine regions of the north," he laboured for five years.

A few months after his settlement

in Lochaber, news arrived of the death of Prince Charles Edward at Rome (Jan. 31, 1788). In his later years Father Macdonell used to describe the profound sensation caused by this event amongst his people, many of whom had been "out in '45," and in whose hearts lay enshrined the memory of the *Rìgh na Gàel*—the idolized hero of Scotland's undying romance. None of that primitive race knew, even by dim report, the appalling story of the Prince's subsequent miserable fall, or caught a glimpse of the shadows that darkened the life once teeming with hope and promise.

Outside his own sphere of influence Catholicity in Scotland at this time was in no very flourishing condition. The long and rigorous execution of the penal laws, and perhaps still more, the measures taken by Government after '45 to destroy clanship and the power of the chiefs, had produced their inevitable results. The almost continuous emigration of the Highlanders subsequent to 1760 also served in a very marked degree to lessen the number of the faithful. As far as locality was concerned Catholicism was strongest in Aberdeenshire owing to the traditional influence of the Dukes

of Gordon who were Catholic down to shortly before the rebellion. A secret "College" of priests existed among the stills of "mountain dew" at Glenlivet, a centre that long continued to keep alive among the Scottish Gael "the Faith of their fathers a thousand years before the hateful sound of the Saxon drum was heard upon the Highland Border."* The Relief Act of 1778, notwithstanding its meagre character, served in a marked degree to assure the existing state of things Catholic in Scotland, as in England, and about this time a few chapels were opened in various remote parts. When Father Macdonell commenced his missionary labours, the social and economic change already referred to, was fast making itself felt in his native glens. In 1784 commenced the system of converting the small farms into sheepwalks, and letting them to Lowland shepherds who could pay much higher rents than the poor tenants already in possession were able to afford. The immediate result of this was a large number of "clearances" or evictions.

* Dying declaration of Farquhar Shaw, one of the three gentlemen privates of the Black Watch shot for "desertion" in London, July 12th, 1743.

In the words of Father Macdonell, "it was not uncommon to see from one to two hundred families turned adrift and the farms which they had occupied converted into one sheepwalk, for the accommodation of a south country shepherd, or as it was termed in the country, a hundred and fifty or two hundred smokes went through one chimney."

The unfortunate people thus ruthlessly cast forth from their little holdings were without a remedy. The wholesale emigrations, which reached an alarming figure in 1772, had caused a sensation throughout the country, and in view of possible depopulation the Government at the instigation of the highland proprietors, passed an "Emigration Act" which made it practically impossible for people to leave the country under a sum of £50. To enforce a measure which aggravated but did not remove the existing evil, men-of-war and armed sloops were sent to watch the highland lochs and persons attempting to emigrate were liable to be pressed into the Navy.

It fortunately happened at this time that the mill-masters of Glasgow were advertising for labourers for the then rapidly growing cotton industry of that city. Father Macdonell, on being in-

formed of this, lost no time in proceeding to Glasgow and personally soliciting employment for his poor people who had suffered severely by the recent agrarian changes. "Having procured an introduction to several of the professors of the University and the principal manufacturers of the city, he proposed to the latter that he would induce the Highlanders who had been turned out of their farms . . . to enter into their works." He likewise used his influence on behalf of a number of poor emigrants of the Isle of Barra who had just recently been wrecked off Greenock, and were now wandering about the country in a state of destitution.

The commercial magnates received the worthy priest with great cordiality, but reminded him that the two chief obstacles to taking the Highlanders into their service were—first, that they did not understand English; and secondly, that "a large portion of them were Roman Catholics." The Catholic Relief Act of 1778-9 had led to serious local disturbances besides the Gordon Riots. For several days Glasgow had been in a state of uproar during which a pottery kept by a Mr. Bagnall was wrecked, and some other property destroyed.

The manufacturers were naturally fearful of a recurrence of these disorders, and although personally desirous of assisting in the present case, hesitated to run the risk of another popular outbreak. They further reminded him that the bulk of the penal laws were legally in force, and that "the danger was still greater to a Catholic clergyman who was subject not only to the insult and abuse of the rabble, but to be arraigned before a court of justice."*

Father Macdonell in reply said that although the letter of the law remained in force, its spirit was very much modified, and that if they would only give the Highlanders employment, he would "take his chance of the severity of the law and fanaticism of the people," and accompany the mountaineers to the factories "in order to serve them in the double capacity of interpreter and clergyman."

The manufacturers who were much impressed by this courageous assurance, eventually promised to take the dispossessed Highlanders into their

* Mr. Mitford's second Catholic Relief Act passed in 1791, did not apply to Scotland where Catholics continued under their many disabilities till 1793.

service, and in May, 1792, Father Macdonell, with the approbation of both Vicars Apostolic, took up his residence in Glasgow. In the short space of a few months he was able to secure employment for about 800 of the hill folk who gave "every possible satisfaction." The much apprehended religious animosities were not only conspicuous by their absence, but the estimable priest soon came to be much loved among all classes of society. Up to this time the few Catholics in Glasgow had met for Mass in an obscure attic "up two or three pair of stairs," but by the advice of the Rev. Dr. Porteus, an influential Presbyterian clergyman and uncle of Sir John Moore, the hero of Corunna, Father Macdonell hired a chapel opening on the street, and officiated there without any interruption. Amidst such surroundings he might have continued till the end of his days, ministering to and watching over the several interests of his lowly flock, but far wider spheres of influence were to be his. The French Revolution which shook the thrones of Europe to their foundations, wrought havoc also with the trade of Glasgow, and again brought to the front that problem of existence, which for many was only to be finally

solved in the distant land beyond the Atlantic waves.*

* The immediate successors of Father Macdonell in the Badenoch districts were:— (1) the Rev. Roderick Macdonald, a scion of the house of Clanranald, who remained till about June 1803, (2) the Rev. Evan MacEachen, 1803-6, who built the chapel, (3) the Rev. Wm. Chisholm.

CHAPTER III.

The Glengarry Regiment.

THE dawn of the French Revolution was hailed in England as a veritable political and social renaissance for France. Ardent young minds like Coleridge, Southey, and Wordsworth deemed it "bliss," nay, "very heaven," to have lived in those days and breathed the first pure air of Gallic liberty.

It is, however, one thing to smile on reform clothed in the robes of "sweet reason" and another to tolerate the presence of bloodstained anarchy blatant with "the rights of man" and casting before the thrones of Europe the head of a king! Burke, with the serene and lofty eloquence that will ever stir the generous heart and move the sympathetic tear, first sounded the alarm, and England turned from the perusal of the "Reflections on the French Revolution" to arm itself as it had never armed before against the regicide republic.

It was not a moment too soon. Some of the most anarchical principles

of the Revolution raging across the Channel found a congenial home on our shores, and for a brief moment threatened the very existence of "this ancient and splendid monarchy." Jacobin clubs started up in every large town, where night after night doctrines were advocated such as might have been heard from the lips of a Hébert, a Robespierre, or an Anacharsis Clootz! The king was hooted and stoned on his way to open Parliament—trade declined amidst the general unrest and apprehension—such questions as the reform of the rotten boroughs, the amelioration of the criminal code, and the other topics of recent moment were forgotten, for revolution had created a kind of terror in the land, and as long as its influence lasted even the advocates of moderate reform were set down as dangerous innovators, nay, secret rebels, aiming some fatal blow at the time-honoured constitution.

The fear of red republicanism made every man with anything to lose not only a patriot, but a soldier. Side by side with the revolutionary coterie, where opinions fearful to the staid ears of conservative Englishmen were nightly applauded and discussed, sprang up the Volunteer or Fencible regiment,

all loyalty for king and country. The long neglected militia assumed a vast importance, the sudden and enormous increase of the "standing army" passed without comment, even among those politicians who up to now had never ceased to regard the royal troops as a sort of Pretorian Guard.

The clang of military preparation and the decline of commerce owing to the agitation everywhere spreading on the Continent, produced severe industrial stagnation at home. In no part of the kingdom was the trade-destroying effects of the Revolutionary crisis felt more acutely than in Glasgow. The cotton mills were closed, labour came to a stand-still. But the very cause which, lower south, tended to swell the Jacobin clubs with democrats and "sons of liberty" produced in the "Venice of the West" an entirely contrary result. Her citizens, at least the majority of them, saw perfectly well that the temporary commercial depression arose from that very desire of political disruption which was covering France with horrors and striking at the very root of social order. A patriotic resolve to keep such pernicious principles from getting the upper hand at home arose, and Glasgow took her

stand in the ranks of the national phalanx.

The martial spirit was nowhere more conspicuous than among the highland operatives, and it was with feelings akin to satisfaction that these hardy sons of the heather looked forward to "the pomp and circumstance of glorious war." Father Macdonell entered with zest into the new found aspirations of his clan, but finding that the Catholic mountaineers—the bulk of those eligible for military employment—were obliged on entering the army to declare themselves Protestants, in pursuance of the statute of George I., he conceived the happy idea of raising "a Roman Catholic Fencible Regiment" for the service of the Government during the present crisis.

In February, 1794, a large and representative meeting of Catholic Highland gentlemen was held at Fort Augustus, the focus of Cumberland's atrocities after Culloden, but long since the peaceful retreat of the cloistered sons of St. Benedict. A loyal address to the King was drawn up assuring his Majesty of the devotion of his Catholic subjects in Scotland and their desire to serve the throne against its enemies. The address was carried to London and

presented to King George III. by the young Chief of Glengarry and John Fletcher, Esq., of Dunans, a gentleman who had done much during the previous year to further the passing of the "Relief Bill," extending to Scottish Catholics the rights of the English Act of 1791.

The address was "most graciously received by the King," and not long afterwards a letter of service was issued by the Government for the raising of the "Glengarry Fencible Regiment," the first of its kind since the Reformation. Furthermore, a commission was sent to Father Macdonell nominating him chaplain to the corps, although the law as it then stood was contrary to such an appointment. Thus this public-spirited priest became the first Catholic chaplain officially connected with the British Army in later times.*

The uniform of the newly-raised corps was a close-fitting scarlet jacket, kilt and shoulder plaid of the dark green, blue, and red Macdonell tartan,

* A Presbyterian clergyman was appointed as religious instructor to such members of the corps as belonged to that persuasion; but my informant, T. Napier, Esq., has been unable to ascertain his name.

and the bonnet of black "ostrich" feathers associated with the martial glories of the highland regiments on many a hard fought field. Every private had a flint-locked musket or fire-lock, which with the bayonet weighed some 11lb. 4oz. as against the 10lb. 5oz. of the present Lee Metford and its small sword. The officers had each the broad-bladed basket-hilted, claymore, a dirk and *skene dhu*, in addition to the long steel highland *tacks* or pistols.

More than half the regiment—which numbered some 800 men—came from the neighbourhood of Glengarry, and that keen enthusiast for clanship and Celtic lore, General Sir David Stewart of Garth, described the Glengarry Fencibles "as a handsome body of men." The first parade on *the Green* at Glasgow went off amidst the greatest enthusiasm, and the sight must have aroused among the older spectators many a mental contrast, comparing the present brave array of scarlet and tartaan with the way-worn and ragged appearance of the Glengarry men and the rest of the clans when, in the memorable January of 1746, they defiled past the same spot after the raid to Derby and the long stern chase of Cumberland's dragoons.

Colonel.

Alexander Macdonell of Glengarry.

Lieut.-Colonel.

Charles MacLean.

Major.

Alexander Macdonell.

Captains.

Archibald M'Lachlan	James MacDonald
Donald MacDonald	Archibald Macdonell
Ronald Macdonell	Roderick MacDonald
Hugh Beaton.	

Captain-Lieut.

Alexander Macdonell.

Lieutenants.

John MacDonald	James M'Nab
Ronald MacDonald	D. M'Intyre
Archibald M'Lellan	Donald Chisholm
James Macdonell	Allan M'Nab

Ensigns.

Alex. Macdonell	Donald MacLean
John MacDonald	Archibald Macdonell
Charles MacDonald	Alex. Macdonell
Donald Macdonell	Andrew Macdonell
Francis Livingstone.	

Adjutant.

Donald Macdonell.

Quarter Master.

Alexander Macdonell.

Surgeon.

Alexander Macdonell.

Chaplains.

Catholic, Rev. Alex. Macdonell
 Presbyterian, —

Uniform, *scarlet*; facings, *yellow*.

Motto, *Creagan an Fhithich*.

The *Glengarry Fencible Regiment*, 1794.

The command of this formidable clan-regiment was entrusted to Colonel Alexander Ranaldson Macdonell, hereditary laird of Glengarry and famous among his contemporaries as "the last of the highland chiefs." He came to his estates in 1788, and till the end of his life—which closed with a tragedy—always assumed the dress, rank, and state of his class as it existed in the good old times before the decline of highland institutions and manners subsequent to the '45. "He seems to have lived a century too late," wrote his friend Sir Walter Scott of him many years afterwards, and the author of *Waverly* selected this "Quixote in our age" as the prototype of Fergus MacIvor, under whose delineation much of the character of Col. Macdonell is described.*

* Elsewhere Sir Walter thus writes of Glengarry who was "Pickle's" grand-nephew: "To me he is a treasure as being full of information as to the history of his own clan

The Glengarry Fencibles having been duly "placed upon the regular establishment," its commander and officers now took a step which gave the utmost satisfaction to the government of the day. Fencible regiments were only legally bound to serve in the district, or at most in the country where they were enrolled, and about this time several of the other corps raised in Scotland, refused point blank to do duty even in England, whereas the desire of the War Office was to detail militia regiments for garrison duty on the home station, and so leave the regulars free for active service abroad. The Glengarry Fencibles "by the persuasion of their chaplain offered to extend their services to any part of Great Britain or Ireland, or even to the islands of Jersey and Guernsey." This offer was most gratefully accepted by the Rt. Hon. Henry Dundas, Secretary-at-War on behalf of the Government, and in the summer of 1795 the

and the manners and customs of the Highlands in general. Strong, active, and muscular, he follows the chase of the deer for days and nights together, sleeping in his plaid when darkness overtakes him."—*Lockhart's Life of Sir Walter Scott, Edinburgh, 1845.*

Glengarry regiment was ordered to Guernsey.

The war that had broken out between England and France in February 1793 was then at its height, and its progress so far showed, it must be confessed, a curious balancing of results. Lord Howe's "Glorious First of June" (1794) had effectually disposed of a large part of the French fleet, while on the other hand the English army in Holland, under the command of the brave but inefficient Duke of York, could make no head against Pichegru and his fierce republican legions. The Glengarry regiment was not sent to the Channel Islands without a purpose. Nearly every war with France has been characterised by an attack on these our last Norman possessions, and on the present occasion there were ominous rumours of another such attempt. Fourteen years before, at the close of the American struggle, the Baron de Rullecour swooped down on Jersey, and the quiet streets of the quaint secluded town witnessed for the last time in its history a furious conflict between the invaders and the local militia under the youthful Major Pierson, whose death in the moment of victory afforded a pathetic subject for the brush of Singleton Copley, R.A.,

father of Lord Chancellor Lyndhurst.* No such warlike incident, however, was destined to occur during the almost three years that the stalwart mountaineers garrisoned Castle Cornet, Guernsey's rocky stronghold. The regiment was beginning to tire of the unbroken round of peaceful monotony, when in the spring of 1798 a call to arms came in the shape of immediate orders to Ireland, the home of perennial tragedy and sorrow.

* "The death of Major Pierson," now in the National Gallery. The artist's son—the future Chancellor—wife, and domestic servant figure in the picture.

CHAPTER IV.

Ninety-Eight.

IT is not easy to give in a few sentences even a cursory sketch of the rise and progress of events that made this one of the darkest years in Ireland's sombre history. The Volunteers of 1782 had succeeded in wringing from Lord Rockingham's Ministry a reluctant acknowledgment of her legislative independence, but the work still remained incomplete. No amount of Parliamentary patriotism could rid the Senate of the 228 rotten boroughs by which the predominant partner continued to render of no avail the self-denying labours of a Grattan and a Flood. The remedial measures for Erin's long suffering—the removal of the dread penal code, the unshackling of trade from commerce-destroying fetters, the settlement of rack rents and tithes, to mention but a few of the most pressing reforms—were thus stifled at the very source, and high-minded patriots like the Duke of Leinster, Lords Moira, and Charlemont retired from the hopeless contest in despair.

As might be expected under such circumstances, constitutional effort was quickly supplanted by revolutionary agitation. The United Irish League gathered to its bosom "Irishmen of every denomination." The young and triumphant republic of France was eagerly looked to as the destined deliverer of enthralled Erin. The failure of Hoche's Bantry Bay expedition in 1796 awoke Ireland from her dream, and let loose upon the country the long-matured vengeance of the Government. Then the maddened peasantry of the south-east turned on their oppressors, and the Irish Jacquerie began.

The unequal conflict raged from May 24th till June 21st, 1798, when the inevitable and miserable end came on the crown of that historic hill which surveys amidst the silence of a profound solitude the beautiful and romantic scenery of the vale of Arklow. The gallant struggle of a primitive peasantry in the face of the death-dealing grape-shot and heavy rolling fire of thousands of disciplined troops has in it something of the chivalrous romance of the almost contemporary war in La Vendée, and Irishmen of every shade of political opinion may well be proud of the lowly heroes of '98.

The Macdonell Highlanders landed at Ballenack, whence they marched immediately to Waterford and New Ross for the purpose of reinforcing General Johnson. They had a severe encounter with the insurgents at Laggan Hill and some subsequent skirmishes at Kilkenny, Hackett's Town, and New Ross, everywhere winning golden opinions by their humane behaviour towards the vanquished, which was in striking contrast to the floggings, burnings, and hangings which formed the daily occupation of the rest of the military. Father Macdonell, who accompanied the regiment in all their enterprises, was instrumental in fostering this spirit of conciliation, and his efforts contributed not a little to the extinction of the rebellion. The Catholic chapels in many places had been turned into stables by the yeomanry, and these he caused to be restored to their proper use. He often said Mass himself in these humble places of devotion, and invited the inhabitants to leave their hiding places and resume once more their wonted occupations, assuring them of the king's protection "if they behaved quietly and peaceably." Such timely exhortations had an almost magical effect, though the terror-

stricken population could scarcely believe their eyes when they beheld "a regiment of Roman Catholics," speaking their language and among them a *soggarth*, a priest, assuring them of immunity from a Government immemorably associated with every species of wrong and oppression.

The only episode of any permanent interest connected with the service of the Glengarry Highlanders in Ireland, is that of their attempted capture of the celebrated Michael Dwyer. As leader of the last band of '98 men in arms, the "Captain" long defied all efforts at seizure, and for months kept the countryside in a state of continual disquiet. One night in January 1799, when he chanced to be with three companions in the house of a small farmer named Connell in the Glen of Imail, the place was surrounded by a company of the Glengarry Highlanders under the command of a Captain Bacon, an officer of another regiment who acted as their guide. The house was fired and the Highlanders stood with levelled muskets expecting every minute the furious outrush of a band of desperate men. To save his friend and leader, McAlister, one of the doomed party, nobly dashed forth first from the blazing

building, received the fatal volley, and thus allowed Dwyer to escape in the confusion of the moment. The invincible guerilla chief, we believe, subsequently obtained a free pardon on condition of leaving the country, although another account relates that he perished in the *mêlée*. His deeds of daring are still commemorated among the hills of his native land in a song of great sweetness, but one most unjustly abusing the Glengarry men for having merely performed what was after all their obvious duty.*

* "But kilted foes around them set,
And fired the house of Connell;
Those hungry Scots, the hounds of death,
Ah, shame on you Macdonell!
Spirits of the dead, the butchered of
Glencoe,
Look down with vengeful ire
On you, degenerate sons, the murdering
crew,
That sought the life of Dwyer,
Of the freedom-loving Dwyer."
—From *The Press*.

CHAPTER V.

Emigration.

THE Glengarry Fencibles remained in Ireland till the end of the "troubled times," their services being chiefly confined to stamping out the last embers of insurrection among the mountains and protecting isolated farms and villages from roving bands of broken men and outlaws. Their return to Glasgow coincided with the short-lived peace of Amiens which was signalised by an almost immediate disbandment of the auxiliary forces. Among the regiments discharged from service were the Macdonells, though most of the officers were given commissions in the regular army. The chief returned to the Highlands, where the following year (1803) he became Colonel Commanding the Morar and Letter-Finlay volunteers. The bulk of the late Fencibles, however, remained in Glasgow in the hope of resuming their former employment. Their expectations on this point were doomed to disappointment. Owing to the war the Scottish

cotton manufacture had been brought to the verge of ruin, and do what he would, Father Macdonell could not find civil occupation for his poor fellows. It was clear that "fresh fields and pastures new" must be sought if the calamities of destitution and starvation were to be averted.

In the midst of his dilemma the perplexed priest resolved to go to London and lay before the Government a scheme of emigration by which an important colony might be very considerably benefitted, and a large body of men who had deserved well of their country, effectually provided for. The wish in this case was father to the thought, and in the summer of 1802 he arrived in the capital. His meritorious services were already well known, and he experienced therefore little difficulty in securing a private audience with the Rt. Hon. Henry Addington, who from Speaker of the House of Commons had lately become Prime Minister of England.

The premier "received Mr. Macdonell with great condescension," extolled the loyalty and courage of his countrymen the Highlanders, and expressed the utmost sympathy for the wretchedness to which so many of them were reduced. The question of evictions or "clearances"

was then gone into, but Mr. Addington, while condemning them in general terms, declared that His Majesty's Government could not interfere in the matter, as landed proprietors had every right to dispose of their estates as they pleased. He listened with much interest while Father Macdonell explained the Canadian emigration scheme which had so long been uppermost in his mind, agreed with the main idea of Colonial settlement as a practical solution of the present difficulty, but urged the advisability of Trinidad in the West Indies as the future country of the dispossessed Highlanders. The island had recently been ceded to Great Britain by Spain, and as an inducement to settle, Mr. Addington offered every colonist eighty acres of land, stock for a farm, and the services of a physician and schoolmaster for each township or community.

To a less far-seeing man, these proposals—coming from the first minister of the realm, and supported by much that was obviously advantageous—might well have appeared irresistible. But Father Macdonell after mature deliberation respectfully declined to fall in with such a scheme. The tropical climate of the West Indies was by no means

suitied to the hardy race born and bred in Scotia's "mottie misty clime," and moreover he already had his heart fixed on the distant Glengarry beyond the sea where so many of his race were settled amidst happy surroundings and bright prospects. He therefore begged the Premier to obtain for his people lands in Upper Canada, and thus secure to British North America a brave and strenuous people whose toil would enrich and valour defend the country of their adoption.

Such weighty reasons as these made a considerable impression on Mr. Addington who promised to give them his utmost consideration.

Father Macdonell also took care to submit the details of his emigration scheme to such distinguished officers as Sir Archibald Campbell, sometime Governor of New Brunswick, and Colonel Stewart, of the Black Watch, Royal Highlanders. These gentlemen warmly approved of the course he had adopted, and Col. Stewart even offered to take command of the military colonial expedition, if the plan received the sanction of the Government.

The Addington ministry went out of office not long after this, and of course for a time the matter of the emigration

was set aside. In March 1803 the persevering philanthropy of Father Macdonell was rewarded by a grant of land "under the sign manual of the King" for every officer and soldier of the late Glengarry regiment whom he might induce to settle in Upper Canada.

The persistent advocate of his countrymen's cause, however, was not yet out of the wood. Indeed, his troubles were only just commencing, for no sooner was King George's gracious act generally known than the Highland lairds and proprietors took the alarm. The old depopulation theories were revived, the regulations of the Emigration Act were stringently enforced, and in fact nothing was left undone that could prevent or hinder the projected colonisation. Such influential persons as Lord Moira, Sir John MacPherson, formerly Governor of India, Sir Archibald Macdonell, Baron of the Exchequer in Scotland, and many others of high position in the State were commissioned to represent to Father Macdonell "the imprudence and folly of his undertaking" and to dissuade him from persevering in it. In the midst of all this opposition Lord Hobart, the Colonial Secretary, sought to solve the difficulty by sug-

gesting to Father Macdonell that if the emigrants *must* go they should, at least, enter Canada by the United States, and so obtain the extra grant of two hundred acres at that time allotted to all who quitted the country of the Stars and Stripes to settle north of the St. Lawrence. In this way, Lord Hobart argued, the end in question would be attained; while the odium of directly assisting the emigration from the Highlands would be taken from his—Father Macdonell's—shoulders. But once more the determined priest had his ready *non possumus*. The adoption of so circuitous a route, he replied, would lead to very heavy additional expense, and, moreover,—this surely an *argumentum ad hominem*—he had no desire of seeing the Highlanders indoctrinated with the radical principles of the Americans. He further warned the Ministers that the minds of the mountaineers were fast becoming embittered against the Government, and especially the lairds, owing to the tyranny of the Emigration Act, so that a little more opposition from either quarter might turn smouldering discontent into open disaffection.

These objections apparently carried the day, for between the latter part of

1803 and the end of 1804, "Mr. Macdonell and his followers found their way to Upper Canada in the best way they could." Still the spirit of opposition in high quarters was by no means dead, and many were the vexatious restrictions thrown across his path, so that he may be literally said "to have smuggled his friends away."

To a generation that has learnt "to think imperially," such wilful and calculated obstruction in the way of colonial expansion, seems well nigh incredible. But a century ago Dame Britannia had room and to spare for all her children, and, like the strict old parent that she was, did not care to see them "leaving home." The colonies were generally regarded as no place for respectable people. The popular mind associated them with Botany Bay and the convicts, with overseers and slaves, yellow fever and dismal swamps. Such was the idea of the "man in the street," and even publicists seemed not ungrateful to Mr. President Washington for having relieved the country of so large a portion of our then unappreciated "Greater Britain."

CHAPTER VI.

New Glengarry.

ONCE arrived in Upper Canada, Father Macdonell lost no time in presenting his credentials to Lieut.-General Hunter, Governor of the Province, and, in accordance with the royal "sign manual," obtained the promised grant of land for his followers. Notwithstanding all his exertions, it seemed as if trouble and delay had followed him across the Atlantic, for, in consequence of some of the Highlanders not having secured proper title deeds for their properties, he was obliged to undertake a long and arduous journey to Quebec to have the matter adjusted. The various legal formalities having been duly fulfilled, the indefatigable priest returned to the Mission of St. Raphael's in Glengarry, which was to be his headquarters for some twenty-five years.

Canada at this period was one vast and tangled forest, the home of innumerable game big and small, making up the yet undisturbed happy hunting ground of a few *trapeurs* and Indian

tribes. By the Canada Act of 1791—the measure that led to such a violent explosion in the House of Commons and the final rupture between Burke and Fox—the colony was divided into two Provinces, Upper and Lower, each with its own Governor, Legislative Council, and Representative Assembly. In Upper Canada the newly-established local Government, fired by the progressive and far-seeing policy of **Sir** John Simcoe, the Governor, passed the famous “Eight Acts” establishing English law, providing for forest clearances, prairie cultivation, and facilitating the influx of settlers. The wisdom of such a course soon became apparent. A band of thrifty Germans, under one Berczy, came over from New York, and about the same time many of the French *noblesse* and gentry, fleeing from the horrors of the Revolution, arrived in the country under the leadership of the Comte de Chalûs and the Comte de Puisaye, the latter styled by Lamartine “an orator, a diplomatist, and a soldier.” The skill and address, however, that had shone so conspicuously in European courts and camps utterly failed to command success in the New World. The colony under his control never really took

root, in spite of the fact that Canada was then largely the France of Louis XIV., untouched by the levelling influences and infidel doctrines of Rousseau, Voltaire, and the *philosophes*.

The "more practical though less celebrated colony of Highland soldiers and settlers" that came out with Father Macdonell was more happy. The hardy mountaineers occupied a compact series of hamlets along the northern bank of the St. Lawrence near the shores of Lake Ontario. Their presence was most agreeable to the authorities, who saw in them a further pledge for the safety and well-being of the country. Though in a sense exiles from their native land, they were not entirely cut off from home memories and associations. They found many of their kith and kin already veteran colonists in the county that bore their clan name, and now each head of a family as a further link with the glens and corries of Scotland gave to his allotment the name of his former holding in the far-off Highland home.

Just as Lower Canada was old France on a miniature scale, so the Upper promised to become a second Caledonia. Father Macdonell's example was quickly followed by the Earl of Sel-

kirk, a nobleman whose admiration for the Scottish Gael was that of an enthusiast. His Lordship, in 1805, personally conducted a large body of Highlanders to Prince Edward Island; but many of these emigrants with true clannish instinct afterwards struck westward to the extreme corner of Upper Canada, not far, comparatively speaking, from the "country" of the Macdonells. In 1811, Lord Selkirk founded the "Selkirk Colony" on what is now Manitoba.

The War of 1812, and still more the Great Peace that followed the Battle of Waterloo, gave a strong impulse to Scottish emigration, and thousands of Highlanders came out to join their countrymen both in the Glengarry district and Nova Scotia. The Glengarry County, Ontario, had 15,005 inhabitants in 1848, and now its population is reckoned at some 50,000. Thus the race that was described by the implacable enemy of all Highlanders as "the very dregs and refuse of mankind," "a set of villains," and the like, has obtained its meed of prosperity in another sphere, and carried unimpaired its language, dress, and martial prowess to the "forests of the west" as an ever-living memorial of its lost heritage.

Some account must here be given of those devoted spiritual labours which Father Macdonell, with the thoroughness that pervaded all his undertakings, now entered upon for the benefit of his co-religionists.

At the time of his arrival in Canada there was but one bishop in the whole country, viz., at Quebec, which had been erected into a See as far back as 1674 by the joint action of Pope Clement X. and the Grand Monarque. The Catholic religion, owing to the labours of the Jesuits among the Hurons, Algonkins, and other Indian tribes, as well as the slow but steady influx of French settlers, had taken firm root in the Lower Province; but in Upper Canada things were far different. The churches numbered three and the clergy two, one of whom, a Frenchman, could not speak a word of English, to say nothing of Gaelic.

Father Macdonell's labours produced before his death some marvellous results. By 1839 the Catholic churches had risen to forty-eight and the clergy to forty, but the process of this expansion was only achieved at the inevitable price of toil and self-sacrifice. He had to travel hundreds of miles in all kinds of weather visiting his scattered flock in

their remote settlements. Roads and bridges did not then exist, and the apostolic priest was forced to make the journey "sometimes on horseback, sometimes on foot, and sometimes in Indian bark canoes, traversing the great inland lakes and descending the rapids of the Ottawa and St. Lawrence."

The method adopted by Father Macdonell was so designed as to enable him to afford the greatest good to the greatest number. In all his rounds he carried—"often on his Herculean shoulders through wilds and fastnesses"—a case containing vestments, chalice, missal, candlesticks, and the other requisites for the celebration of Mass. The log cabin of some backwoodsman served both for church and presbytery, and here the worthy pastor would remain several days offering up Mass, catechising the children, and giving suitable instruction to the congregation which on these occasions always assembled at the "station" in large numbers.

The details of these spiritual labours are not only appropriate to the subject of this memoir but may serve as some reply to those inclined to think that in Father Macdonell the aspect of the *ecclesia militans* was more conspicuous than

that of the *ecclesia docens*. As a matter of fact, the subject of this memoir was wont to say that every gentleman of his name should be either a priest or a soldier, and certainly, as has been remarked, the British army lost a splendid officer when Alexander Macdonell elected to study for the Church at Valladolid. During the space of less than a century (1758-1840) no fewer than *eighty-five* of his kith and kin held the King's commission in one or other of the Highland regiments whose prowess has extended and consolidated in every quarter of the globe Britain's imperial sway.*

Even his own life, dedicated as it was to a warfare of another kind, was destined to be associated throughout its long course with the affairs of the camp. During his interview with Mr. Addington, it will be remembered, Father Macdonell pointed out the dangerous contingencies likely to arise from the illiberal conduct of the Government and the despotic action of certain highland proprietors in the matter of emigration. The war between the United States and the mother country

* For names of some of the Macdonell officers see Appendix B.

of 1812-14 now proved this surmise to be only too true. The ranks of the enemy were filled with Highlanders who had left home under the rankling influence of oppression, just as the guns of the American battleships were largely manned by British seamen driven to desertion by the savage discipline, poor pay, and generally wretched conditions of service then existing in the "King's Navee." The contest as everyone knows arose from our claims to search American vessels for these deserters, as well as the friction caused across the Atlantic by the famous Orders in Council—England's reply to the French Emperor's Milan decrees. The war, which was declared by Congress on June 18th, 1812, is noticed at some length here from the fact that a large part of the struggle was fought out on Canadian soil and Canadian waters. The first aggressive move made by the Americans took place in July when Brigadier-General Hull, Governor of Michigan, crossed the Detroit River with 2500 men, and raided Upper Canada. Among the troops raised for the defence of the country and the prosecution of the war was the Highland Militia, better known as the Glengarry Light Infantry Fencible Regiment. This body of troops,

like the Fencible Corps of 1794, owed its existence to the patriotism and public spirit of Father Macdonell assisted by Captain, afterwards Col. George Macdonell, late of the Royal Regiment of New York. The Macdonells took part in no fewer than fourteen general engagements, and on all occasions where fighting was to be done, the chaplain—*Maighster Alastair*, as the Highlanders called him—was at hand to see that it was well done. In this way he was under fire with his clansmen at the taking of Ogdensburg, the attack on Fort Covington, and the battle of York.

One of the fiercest engagements in the whole war took place on October 13, 1812, when the Americans under General Van Rensseler crossed the Niagara and attacked Queenston. General Brock, the British commander, fell shortly after the commencement of the engagement, and he was quickly followed by the gallant Col. John Macdonell who was mortally wounded by a musket ball when in the act of calling upon the Glengarry Highlanders to charge the enemy with the bayonet. His men pressed forward up a steep and rocky hill, and by dint of sheer fighting compelled the Americans to abandon a strong position defended by several

guns. Col. Macdonell, who in civil life held the position of Attorney-General of the Province, met his death as became a Highland gentleman of ancient and martial lineage, and both he and General Brock were interred in one grave.*

A desultory warfare occupied the whole of the winter, the contest now assuming the character of a sharp skirmish, as at Lacolle and New Brunswick, and now a mere affair of posts along the frontier. In May the Glengarry militia took part in the defeat of the Americans at Miamis. The Peninsula war was rapidly coming to a conclusion among the rocks and ravines of the Pyrenees, and the relaxation of the great European struggle now enabled the home authorities to put sixteen thousand veterans of Talavera, Salamanca and Badajos at the disposal of Sir George Prevost, Commander of the Forces in Canada. Powerful as this reinforcement was, it came by no means too soon. The Americans had an unlimited supply of troops and munitions practically at the very base of operations, and since the

* Col. John Macdonell was born at Greenfield, Glengarry, Scotland, April 19th, 1785, and was therefore but twenty-seven at the time of his death. He was called to the Bar of Upper Canada in Easter term 1808.

defeat of the British fleet by Commodore Perry on Lake Erie (Sept. 10th, 1813), their incursions into Canada amounted to a serious invasion. It is impossible in a general narrative such as the present to do anything like justice to the history of this unhappy war or afford many details of the brilliant services rendered by the Macdonells. Their stubborn determination retrieved the day in the fierce encounter at Chateauguay (Oct. 26), and more than likely saved Montreal. In the terrible battle of Lundy's Lane or Bridgewater, July 25, 1814, they formed the right wing of the British army under General Riall. For five hours nought was heard but the reverberating echoes of artillery and musketry, broken ever and anon by the low distant echoes of the Niagara Falls. The efforts of the Americans were chiefly directed against the left and centre, and so determined were their repeated attacks, that in several instances they all but captured the British guns. Their efforts to carry the hill held by the Royal Scots and 8th Regiment were equally unsuccessful, and shortly after midnight they were in full retreat for Chippeway. The British losses were estimated at eight hundred and fifty-eight, the American at upwards

of fifteen hundred. The Glengarry Regiment computed its total casualties at fifty-seven.

Happily for mutual interests, the Congress of Ghent shortly afterwards put an end to a struggle which racially if not politically almost amounted to a civil war. The only lesson of any value arising from the expenditure of so much blood and treasure was the incontrovertible fact that Canada had no sympathy whatever with the neighbouring republic; while the active part played by British North America in its own defence gave the colonists that feeling of self-reliance and solidarity which forms the essential quality of a truly great people.

CHAPTER VII.

Last Years.

THE war having come to an end, Father Macdonell took the opportunity to visit England and give an account of his stewardship to the authorities of the Colonial Office. He arrived in London early in 1816, and waited upon Mr. Addington, now Lord Sidmouth, "who received him most kindly and introduced him to Lord Bathurst," then Colonial Secretary. Lord Bathurst expressed the liveliest satisfaction at the prosperous condition of the Glengarry colony and the loyal conduct of the settlers during the late war. He presented Father Macdonell to the Prince Regent—four years later George IV.—at the next levee, and, as a mark of his esteem, authorised the worthy priest "to appoint three clergymen and four schoolmasters to his flock "at a salary of £100 a year each."

As early as 1806, Monsignor Plessis, eleventh Bishop of Quebec, was desirous of dividing his immense diocese; but, owing to the disturbed state of

Europe, the Napoleonic War, and the diplomatic conflict between the Holy See and the French Emperor, the British Government was unable to bring the matter before the Court of Rome. At length, in 1817, an agreement was come to between Lord Castlereagh and the Cardinal Secretary of State, Consalvi, by which the Upper Province of Canada was erected into a Vicariate. Two years later, Father Macdonell was nominated by Propaganda first Vicar Apostolic of the district, though his consecration as Bishop of Resina, *in partibus*, did not take place till Dec. 31, 1820. The ceremony was performed in the chapel of the Ursuline Nuns at Quebec in the presence of a distinguished ecclesiastical and civil assemblage. Six years later the Vicariate was raised to the rank of a Bishopric in ordinary, with Kingston as its See. The city is now an Archbishopric with two suffragans.

While on the subject of Bishop Macdonell's episcopal honours, we may remark here that his Lordship visited Rome in 1825 to negociate in person on some intricate matters relating to his high spiritual charge. He celebrated the golden jubilee of his ordination to the priesthood on Feb. 16, 1837,

in the parish Church of St. Raphael's, so long the scene of his strenuous and devoted labours. A large concourse composed of the leading Catholic and Protestant gentlemen of the district attended the High Mass and listened with close attention to the eloquent Gaelic sermon, in which his Lordship recounted the spiritual and temporal history of the Province since his first landing in the country in 1804 and the favours which Providence had ever vouchsafed to his undertakings. In all his efforts for the temporal welfare of the land of his adoption Bishop Macdonell ever had at heart the interests of the whole community without distinction of religion, and in a public paper written by him in 1836 gratefully acknowledged the kindly co-operation of all classes and creeds of his fellow-citizens. He pointed with evident pleasure to the strong "bond of friendship" existing between the Catholic and Protestant sections of the Scots Highlanders as one of the happiest auguries for the future union and prosperity of the colony.

His public services were rewarded with a seat in the Legislative Council—the Senate of the old Canadian Government—where his great business

capacity and genius for organisation made his influence almost paramount. It is, however, as an enthusiastic Highlander that his name will probably be longest remembered, and the race whose blood, language and ideals were his, was ever the object of his never-failing solicitude. In conjunction with the Hon. William MacGillivray—a near kinsman of the immortal John More MacGillivray, who with the remnant of the Clan Chattan nearly annihilated Burrell's and Monroe's regiments at Culloden—he founded in 1818 the Highland Society of Canada, which for nearly ninety years has fostered the efforts and assuaged the sorrows of his countrymen in the land united to Caledonia by so many ties of race and affection.

Lord Bathurst's grant of salaries, already referred to, was not ratified by the Canadian authorities, and in spite of his memorials on the subject, the Bishop could obtain no redress, and was therefore compelled to pay the parties concerned out of his own privy purse. Dr. Macdonell's known attachment to the Throne and his horror of anything that savoured of radicalism was no doubt the cause of this species of persecution which was chiefly set on foot

by the influential leaders of a party whose inflammatory writings and speeches laid the train that fired the abortive insurrection of 1837. However, to show their thorough appreciation of one who had literally spent his years in serving the community, the Canadian government in 1826 settled upon the Bishop an annual pension of £400, and shortly afterwards granted a further sum of £750 for the education of candidates for Holy Orders. These allowances which were subsequently increased to a considerable amount, were regularly paid till the suppression of the ecclesiastical budget by William Lyon MacKenzie and "his radical associates."

The Papineau rebellion of 1837 again afforded the Glengarry Highlanders an opportunity of displaying their attachment to the cause of loyalty. The seething discontent of the Lower Province over such local grievances as the constitution of the Legislative Council, the clergy reserve lands, and other sore subjects, showed but too clearly that the scope and usefulness of the Canada Act of 1791 had passed away. In November, 1837, Joseph Papineau and William MacKenzie inaugurated "the War of Independence" at Toronto, and

a pitched battle with the royalists under Sir William McNab ensued, ending in the total discomfiture of the insurgents. Then followed the mission of the democratic Lord Durham to Canada—the issue of the famous “Report” that swept away at a stroke acknowledged abuses, and united the entire country under the one government, which has since been that of a contented and prosperous people.

During the short-lived, but on the whole, salutary insurrection, no fewer than four regiments of Glengarry Highlanders were raised in the eastern part of Upper Canada alone, exclusive of other fencible and volunteer associations. These met and signally defeated a determined incursion of United States adventurers and filibusters, who, despite President Van Buren’s declaration of neutrality, crossed the St. Lawrence with the intention of joining the malcontents.

At the time of the Canadian rebellion the last link—territorially speaking—that bound the Glengarry Highlanders to their native land had been severed. The old laird, Colonel Macdonell, was no more, having played to the end his part of “last of the chiefs”—keeping open house at Invergarry castle, astonish-

ing George IV. at Holyrood with the state and splendours of a highland potentate as they were before the '45, squandering his substance on the feudal and patriarchal extravagances of "the good old times."* He perished in the wreck of the steamship *Stirling Castle* on January 14th, 1828, while on his way to London to make some settlement with regard to his encumbered estates. By this calamity, his son—a lad scarcely out of Eton—was left to make the best shift he could, and it is not surprising that after some years of striving to retrieve the irretrievable, the young laird—sadly for old associations' sake, but wisely for himself and dependants—should have resolved on quitting his native shores. The ancestral acres were disposed of to the Marquis of

* "When Fergus and Waverley met, the latter was struck with the peculiar grace and dignity of the chieftain's figure. Above the middle size and finely proportioned, the highland dress which he wore in its simplest mode set off his person to great advantage . . . he had no weapons save a dirk very richly mounted with silver. His page, as we have said, carried his claymore, and the fowling-piece which he held in his hand seemed only designed for sport."—*Description of Fergus MacIvor (Macdonell of Glengarry)*. *Waverley*, chap. 18.

Huntley, and Macdonell of Glengarry, the coheir of a hundred chiefs, was landless in the very home of his fathers! In or about 1840 he emigrated to Australia with his family and immediate dependants, leaving Scotland the poorer by one historic name. "We cannot regard this expatriation of the head of an old highland family, with its clan associations, its pipe music and its feudal recollections from the battle of Inverlochy downwards, without some regret and emotion," remarked a contemporary journal, and there are few we think who will not join in this brief but happily expressed sentiment of sorrow.

The young chief whose sad lot it was to witness the ruin of his house, was born in 1808, and married in 1833, seven years before the final exodus. He died prematurely in 1851 or, according to "The Eton School List," in 1852, leaving two sons, Alexander who died in New Zealand in 1862, and Charles in 1868.

The race of Glengarry is, however, not extinct in its main branch, the family and name being represented by Aeneas Ranald Macdonell, Esq., 21st chief—a descendant of Donald Macdonell of Scotus, slain at Culloden. The Inver-

garry property was disposed of by the Marquis of Huntley to Lord Ward, who in turn sold it to Edward Ellice, Esq., for several years member of Parliament for the St. Andrews Burghs. A mansion in the well-known Scottish style, erected in 1869, is the modern representative of the castle where, the day after Culloden, Prince Charles slept one night on the bare floor, and which not many hours later was reduced to a picturesque ruin by Cumberland's avenging flame.

Such in brief is the last chapter of a melancholy history, though it is pleasant to be able to relate that a glimpse of the old state of things, at their best, was afforded in Canada, in 1837-8, when Colonel Duncan Macdonell, of Greenfield, appeared at the head of such a muster of the clan as certainly none of his kinsmen, the Glengarries, had commanded either in 1715 or 1745. Major General Sir James Macdonell, K.C.B., a distinguished Peninsula and Waterloo officer, and brother of Alexander, "the last of the Chiefs," who was in Canada at this time in command of the Brigade of Guards, had thus the satisfaction of seeing his family and name resuming in their new home a portion of the state that

recalled some of the stirring memories of the heroic past.*

In his "Dispatches" on the Canadian difficulty Lord Durham paid a high tribute to the valuable support afforded by the Catholic clergy against the prevailing "revolutionary violence" and their efforts "to conciliate the good will of persons of all creeds." The great development of Upper Canada in things spiritual as well as temporal made it now desirable to establish a local college where ecclesiastical as well as secondary education might be given to natives of the country. A large and representative meeting to consider the requisite "ways and means" was held at Bishop Macdonell's house in Kingston, on Oct. 10, 1837, and as a result of the deliberations it was determined that his Lordship should be asked to go to Great Britain and collect funds. The consent was readily given, despite the

* Colonel Duncan Macdonell, 2nd Batt. Glengarry [Canadian] Militia, was in 1857 succeeded in the command by his son Archibald John, Barrister-at-Law and Recorder of Kingston. These Macdonells, who are of the Lochgarry branch, are sometimes referred to as of "Glengarry," from the district in Canada where the family estates lay.

fact that Dr. Macdonell was now in his seventy-sixth year!

The projected college was the famous seminary of Regiopolis (Kingston), which, after a career of usefulness extending over thirty years, was closed in 1869 in favour of other and larger foundations. Before the opening of the College of Regiopolis a small building at St. Raphael's served as the *Alma Mater* of intending candidates for the priesthood, who were prepared for their high calling under the direction of the Rev. W. P. MacDonald, a protégé of the illustrious Bishop Hay and alumnus of Douai and the Scots College at Valladolid.

No sooner was the intended departure of Bishop Macdonell generally known, than the Celtic Society of Upper Canada resolved to show its appreciation of the high character and public services of the distinguished prelate by entertaining him at a state banquet. The function took place on the evening of Wednesday, May 29, 1839, at the Town Hall of Kingston, and was attended by a large number of personages eminent for their civil or military rank, such as Sir George Arthur, Lieutenant-Governor of Upper Canada, the Sheriff of the district,

Colonel Dundas, Commander of the Garrison, Colonel Cubitt of the Artillery, etc. Bishop Macdonell was accompanied by his Coadjutor, Dr. Gaulin, as well as the immediate members of his clan—Colonel Duncan Macdonell, of Glengarry, Member of the Provincial Parliament, and the before-mentioned Major-General Sir James Macdonell, K.C.B., “the hero of Hugoumont.” During the course of the eloquent speech which he delivered on this memorable occasion, Bishop Macdonell, after eulogising the loyalty of the Celtic race in Canada to the Empire and the British Constitution, then went on to draw no exaggerated picture of the Gaelic influence on the topography of the world.

“I cannot sit down without observing with pleasure and delight,” remarked his Lordship, “that the descendants of our ancestors, the Celts, have never yet tarnished the glory and renown of their forefathers, of which we ought to be so proud. Monuments of their power and of the extent of their empire still exist in every part of Europe. In the Basque Provinces of Biscay, Guipuscoa, Asturias, and Navarre; in Brittany. Wales, Ireland, and the Highlands of Scotland the

Celtic language is still spoken, and there is not a mountain, a river, a strait, or an arm of the sea between the Mediterranean, the Black Sea, and the Atlantic, but is Celtic. This, with the certainty that nineteen out of every twenty words in the Latin Language are pure Celtic, is sufficient proof that the Celtic Empire extended from the pillars of Hercules to Archangel."*

It need scarcely be added that such a review of the ubiquity and antiquity of the Gael was rapturously applauded by an assembly where every third guest was a Highlander, deeply imbued with that love of ancestral tradition and prestige which is so noticeable a trait of the Celtic race in all parts of the world.

His Lordship, accompanied by his nephew, the Very Rev. Angus Macdonell and Dr. Rolph of Ancaster, his friend and medical adviser, landed at Liverpool on Aug. 1, 1839. In addition to his labours on behalf of the projected college, the Bishop had also definite plans in view for promoting emigration both from Scotland and Ire-

* Report in *British Whig*, of Kingston, June —, 1839.

land to the land of his adoption. His first business in this direction was a series of interviews with the authorities of the Colonial Office, and his Lordship was doubtless glad to find that since the memorable year 1803-4 much had been done to facilitate imperial expansion in its most utilitarian sense. Parochial boards by a recent statute were now empowered to assist in certain cases those who had resolved to better themselves by emigration—a great and wondrous change from the days when apathy, and even opposition, was the characteristic note of governing bodies on this vitally important question.

The official work in London concluded, Dr. Macdonell visited, after an absence almost of a life-time, the old Glengarry country, deep in the mountains of Inverness. We have lighted upon no details of the visit, but it is safe to say that the changes through emigration and other social workings which had come across the land of heather and hill must have made this return to the familiar scenes of the past a fruitful occasion of sad recollections. After his visit to the Highlands in October, his Lordship crossed over to Ireland for the purpose

of conferring with the Hierarchy, then assembled at Cork, on the subject of the religious interests of the Irish in Canada.

As far back as 1826, Dr. Macdonell had begun to feel the weight of years, made yet still heavier by the "the care of all the churches," and, therefore, applied to Rome for a Coadjutor *cum jure successionis*. One had been granted him in the person of the Rev. Thomas Weld—son of the Squire of Lulworth, beloved of George III.—but although consecrated Bishop of Amycla *in partibus*, and eager to proceed to his new sphere of labour, ill health rendered the post impossible, and Bishop Weld retired to Rome and a Cardinal's hat.

Another prelate—Dr. Gaulin—was found for the Canadian work, though Bishop Macdonell apparently continued to enjoy the best of health and strength. It now chanced that after leaving Cork and travelling in the west of Ireland, his Lordship was on one occasion "exposed for a whole day in an open jaunting car to a cold and drizzling rain." Inflammation of the lungs and cough supervened, so that he was glad to place himself "under the care of the kind President of Carlow College, and afterwards with the Society of

Jesus at Clongowes Wood." He was afterwards indisposed in Dublin, but so far recovered as to be able to accept the invitation of the Earl of Gosford and spend a few days with his Lordship at Gosford Castle, near Market Hill. While with that esteemed nobleman—who had been Governor-General of Canada from 1835 to 1838—he seemed to have recovered so entirely as to be justified in leaving for London "to urge his views on the Government and Parliament."

On January 11, 1840, he arrived at Dumfries, and next morning said Mass at the Catholic Church. He spent the early part of the 13th with his friend, Captain Gordon of the 66th Regiment, and the evening "in cheerful conversation with a few friends." About four the next morning he awoke his valet and requested him to light the fire "as he felt a chill." The servant, seeing that something was wrong, "called up the Rev. Mr. Reid," who had just time to hear the confession of the dying Bishop, administer the Extreme Unction and last blessing before his Lordship expired "as if he had fallen into a deep sleep."

The Right Rev. Bishop Gillis, Vicar-

Apostolic of the Eastern District of Scotland, caused the remains to be conveyed to Edinburgh, where the requiem Mass and the funeral obsequies were performed with extraordinary pomp in the Church of St. Mary, Broughton Street, since 1878 the metropolitan Catholic Cathedral. The coffin was afterwards deposited beneath the chapel of St. Margaret's Convent, in the same city, where it remained till 1861, when Bishop Horan, of Kingston, had the body of his distinguished predecessor removed to Canada.

A monument with suitable inscription was set up to his memory in Kingston Cathedral, in 1843, by the Highland Society of Canada. The recording lines breathe the affectionate gratitude of his countrymen, of every creed and class, and their unfeigned admiration for his self-sacrificing labours on behalf of so many of Scotland's devoted sons. Though the motherland of the Macdonells knows the race know more, she cannot be said to be bereft of these, her children. Amidst the happier surroundings of the New Glengarry they flourish, with all their best traditions unimpaired,

and though far from the shadow of the Great Glen and the waters of Loch Hourn, are still as ever foremost among their kind—a strong and living branch of the world-wide brotherhood of the Gael.

APPENDIX A.

The French Royal Scots.

THIS celebrated body of troops, which, like the Irish Brigade, comprised several regiments, traces its origin to the Scotch Guard of Charles VI. and VII. of France. The latter reorganized the *Garde* in 1445, after which it consisted of two troops—the *Gen-darmes Ecossais* and the *Garde du Corps du Roi*. In 1671 the Scots Guard is said to have been only Scottish in name, but after James II.'s abdication in 1688, a host of highland and lowland Jacobites restored its national character. The rebellions of 1715 and 1745 continued to swell its ranks, and in 1748 the Royal Scots comprised *Le Regiment d'Ogilvie* and *Le Regiment d'Albanie*. The raising of the highland regiments in 1757 and the disruption of the Jacobite party about 1760, reduced the *Ecossais Royal* to a mere shadow of a shade, though the regiment nominally formed part of the French army down to its suppression by the National Assembly, June 25th, 1791. At the restoration of the Bourbons, 1814, Louis XVIII. was particularly requested by the English Government to raise no more British regiments for the French service, so that a project for reviving the Irish Brigade and the *Ecossais Royal* which that King is said to have entertained, was abandoned.

The predominant uniform of the historic

regiment was white laced with silver, and horse-trappings of red. The Royal Scots entered the choir with the King and princes of the blood at Mass and Vespers, and guarded the keys of the town wherever His Majesty might be staying. The Colonel-in-chief carried the royal robes at coronations, and at the death of the monarch, watched, with three other nobles, the royal corpse before burial—an office last performed by the Duke d'Azen, *Capitaine des Ecossois*, at the decease of Louis XV. in 1774.

APPENDIX B.

Some Macdonell Officers.

1. John Macdonell (Lochgarry). Served in the French Royal Scots, and afterwards as Captain in the 78th, or Fraser's Highlanders with General Wolfe at Quebec. Had been "out in the '45."
2. Charles Macdonell of Glengarry. Capt. 78th Highlanders. Killed at the capture of St. Johns, Newfoundland.
3. John Macdonell. Served under Prince Charles in the '45. Subsequently Lieut. 78th Highlanders, and as Colonel went through the American War (1775-81).
4. Alex. Macdonell. Capt. King's Royal Regt. of New York, 1776. Had been A.D.C. to Prince Charles in the '45.
5. John Macdonell of Scothouse. Capt. K. R. Regt. New York, and "a hero of the '45."
6. Chichester Macdonell. Col. 82nd Regt. Gold Medal for Corunna, 1809. Died in India.
7. Sir James Macdonell, Brother of the "Last of the Chiefs." Lieut.-General, K.C.B., etc. Lt.-Col., Coldstream Guards at Waterloo. Col. 79th Highlanders, 1842. Died 1857.

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