

True newes from *IRELAND*, sent in a Letter to a Friend
at the *Meare-maide* in *CHEAP-SIDE*.

THe Armie that went from hence is safely returned without any resistance, the Lord of *Ormond* marched as farre as *Drogheda*, and left with Sir *Henry Tuchburne* 500. men, and one battering peece, by which they are much strengthened.

These Gentlemen of the Palle submitted themselves to the Earle of *Ormond* in his journey, *viz.*

The Lord of *Donsaney*, and his sonne, Sir *Iohn Nettorvill*, *George Talbot* Gentleman, *Garrat Ellmoze*, of *Balazeth* Gentleman, *Edward Dowdall* and his sonne, *Patrecke Fox*, *Robart Welch*, *George Dallabide*, *Mikell Burord*, *Patrick Bacuwell* of *Killegrive*, *Iohn Holloword*, *Collenell Baringram*, *William Weston* Lieytenant, *Collenell Read*, the said *Read* and *Barnell*, and *Mack-mogshan*, that was first taken, were racked, and confessed much, *Barnwell* confessed that he was imployed to bring some Powder from *Washford* and that there is not a *Papish* within this Kingdome, worth Twentie Pounds *per Annum*, but knew of this rebellion.

Yesterday our men were forth at a Castle sixe miles from hence toward *Wicklowv*, into which place the day before, a Troope of Horse had driven about three hundred Rebels, and there inclosed them till more ayde came to their assistance, but the forwardnesse of our men, and the want of Ordnance at the beginning procured us a great losse. Sir *Simond Harcot*, dangrrouly wounded: In another Letter, that Sir *Simon Harcot* is shot in the belly, and is dead, and Sarjeant Major *Bere* and his Lieytenant of the *Pyaneares* are slaine together with seven or eight private Souldiers, but when the Ordnance was planted, and began to play the Rogues durst not looke forth, so that at the last we obtained the Castle, and killed both man and woman, and children to the number of three or foure hundred.

Sir *Henry Tuchburne* and the Lord *Moore* hath done great service, they have placed Garesons at *Platten Stamen*, *Gormonstone*, and *Buley*, and have burnt all the a joyning Townes, so that the Rebels, have no harbouring places neare the Towne.

Great store of Pilidges comes daily into the Towne of *Drogheda* the best Wheat is at two shillings sixe pence a Mesure, a Cow at five shillings, and a Horse at twelve and all other provision at a reasonable Rate.

Sir *Henry Tuchburne*, and my Lord *Moore* hath bin forth ever since the nineteenth of this month, in which time they have not been idell, for they have burnt slaine, and tooke the Towne of *Atherdee*, where they slew about 300. Rebels. This day there came a Post from them, signifying they are now at *Dundaleke*, and have took the Towne, the Rogues run away sauing, *A. C.* which they slew Sir *Phillem O Neale* was there but he trusted to his accustomed weapon and most valerously betooke himselfe to his heeles: Our Armie there consist of a hundred and fortie foot, and two hundred Horse.

Art *Rue-Roe*, Master *Maghan*, *Tuslough*: *Oncall Barth* of *Athcame* *Barnwell* of *Rathsket*, and *Fleming* of *Angeoze* with many others are prisoners in *Drogheda*.

There is a great Army to goe forth hence shortly to scower the Countrey, which I beseech the Almighty to blesse and send them well home.

Your loving Friend, *Robert Fletcher*:

From *DUBLIN* Castle the 28. of *March*, 1642.